

Programmed to Kill

The Politics of Serial Murder

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Charles Manson

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Kenneth Bianchi

Bobby Joe Long

Henry Lee Lucas

John Wayne Gacy

Herb Baumeister

David Berkowitz

Wayne Williams

Bob Berdella

Richard Ramirez

Albert DeSalvo

Cary Stayner

Marc Dutroux

Danny Rolling

Herb Mullin

Robin Gecht

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Leonard Lake

Charles Ng

David McGowan

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The Politics of Serial Murder

David McGowan

iUniverse, Inc.
New York Lincoln Shanghai

Programmed to Kill
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This book is for all the survivors.

“This man, from the moment of conception, was programmed for murder.”

—Attorney Ellis Rubin, speaking on behalf of
serial killer Bobby Joe Long

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Introduction

Mind Control 101

“[T]he experimenters will be particularly interested in dissociative states, from the abaissement de niveau mental to multiple personality in so-called mediums, and an attempt will be made to induce a number of states of this kind, using hypnosis.”

—From a declassified MK-ULTRA¹ document

It is probably safe to say that this is not your typical ‘true crime’ book. It is, instead, a journey into an even darker, more disturbing world—one that exists in the shadows of the world depicted in the hundreds of formulaic serial killer biographies that line the shelves of America’s bookstores. For many readers, much of the information contained within these pages will be unfamiliar, and some of the theories and ideas that are discussed may seem rather bizarre.

Perhaps the most controversial theory that readers will find themselves confronted with concerns a phenomenon commonly referred to as “mind control.” Although the concept of *mind control* has long been a staple of that polluted well-spring of information known as the ‘conspiracy theory’ literature (where it often mingles freely with outlandish tales of reptilian aliens and paranormal activity), it has never been a polite topic of discussion in mainstream culture. The only exposure that most people have had to the idea of *mind control* is through the often metaphorical, and frequently absurd, images that Hollywood has provided in a decades-long string of films—from *The Manchurian Candidate* and *The Stepford Wives* in the 1960s and 1970s, to such recent offerings as *Conspiracy Theory* and *Zoolander* (along with the remakes of both *The Manchurian Candidate* and *The Stepford Wives*).

1 The term “MK-ULTRA,” while actually just one of many codenames used over the years by the U.S. intelligence community, is commonly used to refer to all CIA-sponsored research on mind control.

Most people are naturally quite skeptical of the notion that someone's thoughts and actions can be controlled by unseen actors. Particularly in Western culture, where the idea of "free will" is firmly indoctrinated, theories of mind control are inimical to the omnipresent mantra that "we are all responsible for our own actions." It is quite likely then that scenarios involving mind-controlled killers—whether assassins like Lee Harvey Oswald or Sirhan Sirhan, or serial killers like Henry Lee Lucas or Charles Manson—will be summarily dismissed by many readers. Skeptics though should bear in mind that, contrary to perceptions, *mind control* is not a fictional creation of novelists and Hollywood screenwriters; to the contrary, there exists a substantial paper trail establishing that the U.S. intelligence community has devoted a vast amount of both human and financial resources, over a period of several decades, to the study of *mind control*. Along the way, luminaries of numerous social sciences have been recruited and co-opted.

Detailing all the techniques and procedures that have received attention from the Central Intelligence Agency and its brethren is, unfortunately, well beyond the scope of this book.² It is possible, however, to provide a rough sketch of what *mind control* really is—a sketch that will, it is hoped, help to demystify a phenomenon that is not, as it turns out, nearly so esoteric as it may at first appear to be.

The basic methodology of mind control was revealed many decades ago by George Estabrooks, a prominent psychologist/hypnotist who worked under contract to American intelligence agencies. In his book *Hypnotism*, first published in 1943, Estabrooks teased his audience by noting that the "intelligent reader...will sense that much more is withheld than has been told." While that was undoubtedly an accurate assessment, Estabrooks nevertheless did reveal enough to allow an informed reader to construct a reasonably accurate picture of the fundamentals of mind control.

The degree to which any given person is susceptible to being *mind controlled* is a direct function of that person's susceptibility to what are known as "dissociative states." According to the psychiatric community, dissociative states (or dissociative

2 All of the following books focus directly or indirectly on CIA-sponsored mind control research: Jose M.R. Delgado *Physical Control of the Mind* (Harper and Row, 1969); Donald Bain *The Control of Candy Jones* (Playboy Press, 1976); Walter Bowart *Operation Mind Control* (Dell Publishing, 1978); Peter Watson *War on the Mind* (Hutchinson, 1978); Peter Schrag *Mind Control* (Pantheon, 1978); John Marks *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate* (Times Books, 1979); Martin Lee and Bruce Schlain *Acid Dreams* (Grove Press, 1985); and Gordon Thomas *Journey Into Madness* (Bantam, 1989). All of these titles contain pieces of the puzzle, but all contain varying amounts of disinformation as well (as do more recent titles).

‘disorders’) include Amnesia, Fugue State, and what used to be called Multiple Personality Disorder (MPD) but is now generally referred to as Dissociative Identity Disorder (DID). All of these terms describe the same basic phenomenon: a person who is seemingly in control of his or her actions over a given time period is unable, at a later date, to recall or account for those actions.

As with any category of ‘mental illness,’ there is no dividing line that separates those who are diagnosed with dissociative ‘disorders’ from those who are ‘normal.’ Virtually everyone possesses the ability to experience dissociative states. Many people, for example, are familiar with the phenomenon sometimes referred to as “driving on autopilot.” The scenario generally plays out as follows: you suddenly ‘snap out of it’ just as you are pulling into your parking space at work, and you realize, to your horror, that you can’t remember anything since leaving your house! If this has happened to you, then you have experienced being in a dissociative state. In essence, you drove to work while in a “fugue state,” and you later had “amnesia.” In a similar vein, it could be said that an “alter personality,” which you have no conscious awareness of, drove you to work. In any event, it is clear that *someone* piloted your car to work in a safe and reasonable manner, and it was someone other than ‘you.’

Many people are also familiar with another common example of a dissociative state: you are deep in thought, oblivious to everything around you, possibly working on the solution to one of the world’s great mysteries, when suddenly your silent meditation is interrupted—perhaps by an unexpected noise, or by someone calling your name or tapping your shoulder. As you ‘snap out of it,’ you suddenly realize, much to your dismay, that you cannot remember what it was that you were so deep in thought about just moments before. If you have ever had a similar experience, or if you are familiar with the dreamlike state that some people attain just before falling asleep, or while engrossed in a book or television program, then you have experienced being in a dissociative state of consciousness.

While the ability to dissociate is likely universal, or nearly so, some people are clearly more susceptible to dissociative states than are others. There is little question that someone’s innate ability to dissociate can be greatly enhanced—although not necessarily by ethical means. The most severe of the dissociative ‘disorders,’ MPD/DID, is in almost all cases created by psychological trauma so severe that the traumatic episode(s) cannot be integrated into the experiences of the core personality. By far the most common cause of MPD is early childhood trauma—usually, but not always, resulting from horrific abuse by a parent or other adult guardian. Dr. Frank Putnam noted in 1989 that he was “struck by the quality of extreme sadism that is reported by most MPD victims. Many multiples have told me of being sexually abused by groups of people, of being forced into prostitution by family members, or of being offered as sexual enticement to their

mother's boyfriends. After one has worked with a number of MPD patients, it becomes obvious that severe, sustained, and repetitive child abuse is a major element in the creation of MPD." Dr. Deirdre Barrett, writing in 2001 for *Psychology Today*, offered a similar observation: "'dissociaters'...have the following traits in common: Many such subjects reported a history of child abuse. Although some remembered this directly, some had been told by others that they had been battered...Other dissociaters who had not been abused had suffered childhood traumas such as prolonged, painful medical conditions and before the age of 10 experienced the deaths of their parents."

As mental health professionals have long recognized, the normal human reaction to highly stressful situations is what is known as the "fight or flight" response. Children, however, typically lack the ability to either fight off or flee from their attackers and abusers. This is particularly true, of course, for very young children. The human brain, that wonderfully resilient organ, therefore reacts in the best way that it can under the circumstances: it allows the child to mentally 'flee' from the situation. When the abuse is of an extreme and sustained nature, the brain's response is to build a virtual wall around the traumatic experiences by creating a separate and distinct 'alter personality' to deal with current and future episodes of abuse.

Although MPD/DID is a 'disorder' listed in the *DSM IV*, the veritable bible of the psychiatric community, the public generally looks upon the notion of multiple personality with a healthy dose of skepticism—a skepticism encouraged by a news and entertainment media apparatus that generally mocks and ridicules the condition, and by a not insignificant number of psychologists and psychiatrists who deny the existence of MPD/DID (strangely enough, many of the most visible and vocal members of the denial crowd tend to be psychologists and psychiatrists who have received funding from the CIA).

In November 2001, researchers in Melbourne, Australia conducted what the *Herald Sun* described as a "world-first study" of Multiple Personality Disorder. The goal of the study was to help resolve the dispute within the mental health community. The conclusion reached by the researchers (at least one of whom "had been sceptical of the disorder" before working on the project) was that individuals "who suffer multiple personality disorder are not faking their alter-egos." The study involved comparing the brainwave patterns of people claiming to be suffering from the disorder with the brainwave patterns of actors portraying the condition. While the actors gave "outwardly convincing performances," the researchers found that there were "distinct changes in the brain of sufferers as they 'switch' personalities," while those changes were not detected in the brains of those who were just acting the part.

So how does all of this relate to the concept of mind control? In the simplest possible terms, what the term “mind control” refers to is the process of first *enhancing* an unwitting subject’s natural ability to dissociate (creating, in essence, the condition of Multiple Personality Disorder), and then *controlling* that subject’s dissociative states (by creating one or more alter personalities that are effectively under the control of others, and that are unknown to the ‘core’ personality).

But can this really be done? Is *mind control* is a real phenomenon, or merely the product of the fertile imaginations of various ‘conspiracy theorists’ and self-described survivors? The answer to that question lies in the answers to several other questions, beginning with:

- Do dissociative states occur naturally in the human species?

As anyone who has ever driven their car to work “on autopilot”—or been caught “daydreaming” or “spacing out”—can testify, the answer is yes (although the vast majority of people would not normally use the term “dissociative state” to describe the experience).

- Can the naturally occurring ability to dissociate be enhanced?

The answer here also appears to be yes, albeit with the caveat that enhancing that ability generally requires the infliction of severe trauma, preferably during the vulnerable childhood years.

- Would the CIA and other U.S. intelligence agencies be restrained morally or ethically from inflicting such trauma?

How this question is answered depends largely upon the individual reader’s political orientation and level of awareness of national and world events. Serious students of covert operations know that the CIA has a long and very sordid history of sponsoring countless assassinations, civilian massacres, violent coups, and barbaric torture/interrogation centers (and that is just the short list). This bloody, and very well documented,³ record suggests that there is little, if anything, that the CIA will not attempt to justify in the name of “national security.” Documents released through FOIA requests have revealed that, at the very least, the agency has not shied away from funding and sponsoring studies in which very young children have been dosed with LSD continuously for several weeks.

- If we accept that dissociation is a real and naturally occurring human ability, and that the tendency to dissociate can be enhanced, and that the intelligence

3 See William Blum’s *Killing Hope* (Common Courage Press, 1995) for a detailed look at some of what the intelligence community really does with your tax dollars.

community's hands are not tied by ethical concerns, then the final, and most critical, question becomes: can enhanced dissociative states, once created, be *controlled*?

George Estabrooks was clearly convinced that that was indeed the case. He claimed that once a person's core personality had been split, it was then possible to control one or more of the alter personalities, without the conscious awareness of the primary personality. This process, according to Estabrooks, allowed the intelligence community to create "Super Spies"—unwitting 'agents' who were willing to follow any orders unquestioningly. Among other duties, these Super Spies made ideal couriers, since they could be fed sensitive information while in a controlled dissociative state and thereafter have no conscious awareness that they were transporting important data. Even under torture, the Super Spy would reveal nothing—for as far as he (or she) was aware, there was nothing to reveal! Someone at the receiving end who was familiar with the Super Spy's programming, however, could readily extract the information—after which the Super Spy would remain blissfully unaware that a mission had been successfully completed.

As dubious as Estabrook's scenario may at first appear to be, it is not so very different from the common phenomenon of "driving on autopilot." Let us imagine that you have managed, once again, to find yourself at work with no idea how you got there. You can remember nothing beyond pulling out of your driveway. So you decide, out of curiosity, to pay a visit to a skilled hypnotist,⁴ who succeeds in "putting you under," so to speak. While in the "hypnotic trance" (another term for a dissociative state), you would be able to relate to the hypnotist (and anyone else in the room) all the mundane details of your drive to work. Once brought back to a normal state of consciousness, however, *you* would still have no conscious memory of your drive to work (unless instructed otherwise by the hypnotist). You would

4 Hypnotism is another phenomenon that is regarded with considerable skepticism by both the general public and the scientific community—although there are signs that that is beginning to change. "Despite its long history, scientists have wondered whether hypnotism is a genuine psychological state or a gimmick," noted the *National Post*, "But recent research shows it causes measurable changes in the brain." A number of mainstream media articles in recent years have begun to acknowledge the effectiveness of hypnosis, especially as a means of pain control (Lamaze childbirth techniques, for example, are really just a form of self-hypnosis). *Psychology Today* noted that hypnosis "is not an all-or-nothing phenomenon, but rather a continuum. Most people can be hypnotized to some degree—the only question is how far." The same can be said, of course, of the ability to dissociate, which largely determines susceptibility to hypnotism.

have served, in essence, as a Super Spy. All that is missing from the equation is the element of *control*.

And how would that control be attained? Estabrooks shied away from the details, only alluding to the severe psychic torture that is required to split a person's core personality and then exert control over the alter personalities that are created. The trauma is often referred to euphemistically as "a form of hypnotism." In one passage, for example, Estabrooks noted that multiple personalities "are caused by a form of hypnotism in the first place! We will see that emotional shock produces exactly the same results as hypnotism." Later, he came a little closer to the truth: "multiple personality [can] be both caused and cured by hypnotism. Remember that war is a grim business. Suppose we deliberately set up that condition of multiple personality to further the ends of military intelligence." Still later, he came even closer: "everyone [can] be thrown into the deepest state of hypnotism by the use of what [I] termed the Russian method—no holds barred, deliberate disintegration of the personality by psychic torture... The subject might easily be left a mental wreck but war is a grim business."

War is indeed a grim business, as Estabrooks was apparently fond of stating, but that argument hardly justified the type of research the doctor endorsed, including using children, who are "notoriously easy to hypnotize," as research subjects.

Decades after the publication of Estabrooks' seminal work, another psychiatrist/hypnotist, by the name of Paul Verdier, wrote an obscure book entitled *Brainwashing and the Cults: An Expose on Capturing the Human Mind*. Verdier's manuscript began on a promising note, with this acknowledgement: "It must be accepted that brainwashing...is now being used here [in the United States] by devious persons with personal gain in mind." Unfortunately, the author followed that bold proclamation with a woefully inaccurate accounting of who those "devious persons" might be. He did though provide a reasonably good description of the process of mind control (although Verdier, like Estabrooks, did not use the term "mind control").

By Verdier's account, the objective of the would-be "brainwasher" is to access those areas of the brain that are outside of the individual's conscious control. This is accomplished, the doctor explained, by circumventing the normal inhibiting response of the cerebral cortex, so that "an individual's voluntary conscious self-control [will] be bypassed or short-circuited." In order to disable what Verdier referred to as the brain's "cortical block," all of the following were recommended: alcohol; euphoric drugs; isolation; solitary confinement; and "the most dramatic and unique item in the brainwashing arsenal," hypnosis. All of these "brainwashing" techniques, significantly, have been exhaustively researched by the CIA.

Verdier went on to explain that in order to achieve truly lasting states of brainwashing (or mind control), it is necessary to subject the victim to “profound and deep emotional states.” The recommended emotional states are fear, shock, and anxiety—all of which have “an intense disinhibitive effect on the human brain.” Even more effective is *pain*—because, “according to the eminent neurologist, Dr. Wilder Penfield,⁵ sensations of pain from the muscular sensory system enter the sub-cortical brain regions directly.” With a passage seemingly lifted from Estabrooks’ writings, Verdier left no doubt that *pain* and *fear* are the most useful items in the MK-ULTRA toolbox: “Russian political scientists do support the belief that given enough punishment, all the people in any time or place are susceptible to hypnotic control.”⁶ Verdier echoed other of Estabrooks’ beliefs as well, including the idea that “brainwashing” could and should be widely utilized for “benevolent” purposes,⁷ and the notion that children are ideal candidates for mind control programming: “Brainwashing can be slow, insidious and sure when applied to children early in life...It is likely that there is a short period of time following corporal punishment when the child is in a state of decortication—hypnosis, so to speak. This is the ideal time to plant the positive instructions for better behavior in the future.” What the good doctor considered “corporal punishment” and “positive instructions” was left to the reader’s imagination.

The vulnerability of children to dissociative states brought on by traumatic abuse is one of the reasons that the CIA and other intelligence agencies have played key roles in the creation of relatively mainstream satanic groups, as well as in denying the existence of underground satanic cults engaged in violent criminal enterprises. Some of the available evidence suggests that an array of satanic groups have served as intelligence agency ‘fronts’ for mind control operations—which actually makes perfect sense, considering that if the goal is to severely traumatize

5 Dr. Penfield was an associate of the notorious medical torture practitioner, and MK-ULTRA operative, Dr. David Ewen Cameron.

6 This is a very common form of disinformation that is found frequently in the writings of CIA-affiliated writers: acknowledge that mind control is a real phenomenon, but then blame it all on those godless communists. Other agency-penned manuscripts deny that mind control exists at all, which is another common form of disinformation.

7 The final chapter of Verdier’s book, entitled “Benevolent Brainwashing In The Future,” contains the following recommendation: “The process of brainwashing... could be used effectively and economically to solve many of society’s pressing human problems which, until now, have seemed virtually unsolvable.”

children, then surely nothing compares to the seemingly outlandish stories told by those who have survived what has been dubbed “Satanic Ritual Abuse” (SRA).

Verdier took note in his book of the fact that one of “the most pronounced emotional experiences that a human being can undergo is having his or her life threatened. Threats of death are used as a basic tool by brainwashing Communists. Even among them, however, this threat is used sparingly, for they know that humans quickly adapt to this type of threat, especially if it is repeatedly given but never carried out. In order to avoid this routinization of stressful emotional situations, they have been known to casually execute prisoners for the apparent effect it has on others.” The actions that Verdier predictably attributed to “brainwashing Communists” precisely mirror the stories that have been told repeatedly by self-described survivors of ritual abuse. These victims speak of receiving frequent death threats, directed against both themselves and their family members. They speak also of having those threats reinforced through their forced witnessing of, and even participate in, the killing of others.

There has been a tremendous amount of energy expended to discredit all such stories. At the forefront of the movement to deny the validity of the stories told by countless survivors is the False Memory Syndrome Foundation, a group led by a truly vile coalition of CIA-funded psychiatrists and accused (and in some cases, convicted) pedophiles. Also playing a key role in the movement are Paul and Shirley Eberle, the authors of a purportedly authoritative book entitled *The Politics of Child Abuse*. The Eberles’ book attempts to lay the blame for virtually *all* child abuse accusations and prosecutions on overzealous prosecutors, therapists and parents. That argument might be a little more credible, however, if the Eberles themselves were not known to Los Angeles police as distributors of child pornography—a fact that media outlets conveniently and rather consistently ignore while touting the Eberles as authorities in the field of child abuse.

Contrary to conventional wisdom, claims of ritual abuse are certainly not a modern phenomenon. Such claims have actually been around for quite some time, and they were given legitimacy by no less an historical figure than Sigmund Freud. Over 100 years ago, Freud recognized that ritual abuse was likely the primary cause of the psychological problems that he observed in his female patients. Author Kevin Marron noted that Freud had commented on the marked “similarity between what [his patients] told him and the accounts of the witchcraft confessions of the 16th century.” In a letter to a colleague, written in January 1897, Freud pondered: “But why did the devil who took possession of the poor things invariably abuse them sexually and in a loathsome manner? Why are their confessions under torture so like the communications made by my patients in psychological treatment?” If Freud were alive today, he might well add: “And why are the

communications made by my patients a century ago so like the stories told to therapists today by survivors of SRA?”

Should this remarkable consistency spanning several centuries be attributed to some kind of recurring mass hysteria? Or can it best be explained by the fact that, as historians (and the *Chicago Tribune*) have noted, “satanic cults have been documented in Europe and America as far back as the 1600s”? Has there always been something dark and evil lurking in the shadows, only occasionally raising its head—at which times its existence is denied, its perpetrators cast as victims, and its real victims mocked and ridiculed? To ponder such a question, alas, requires calling into question some of our most fundamental beliefs about the nature of the world we live in—and that is a decidedly unsettling venture.

Perhaps when viewed in the context of a covert, state-sponsored mind control program, some readers can begin to understand not only why there might be those who are motivated to inflict appalling levels of abuse on some of America’s children, but also why so much effort would be expended attempting to discredit claims of horrific abuse if the claims are in fact valid.

Truth be told, the stories told by survivors of ritual abuse tend to be self-discrediting. One of the potential benefits, therefore, of cloaking mind control activity in satanic rituals is that the operations are largely immune to disclosure. Even if an operation is uncovered, the stories told by the children tend to be so outlandish, so far removed from the world that we know, that the claims are easily cast aside as the product of a child’s fertile imagination. In May 2000, however, a report commissioned by the United Kingdom’s Department of Health concluded that Satanic Ritual Abuse was not (as an earlier report ordered by the Conservative government found in 1994), a “myth.” The *Independent* noted, in anticipation of the report’s release, that a “specially commissioned government report will this week conclude that satanic abuse does take place in Britain. It will say that its victims have suffered actual abuse and are not suffering from ‘false memory syndrome.’”⁸

One of the primary authors of the controversial report was therapist Valerie Sinason, who reportedly had personally treated 126 survivors of ritualized abuse. According to a report in the *Guardian*, Sinason has said “46 of her patients claimed to have witnessed murder of children or adults during ritual abuse ceremonies that had involved up to 300 people at a time. Some 70% of the reported

8 The timing of the report on this landmark study was rather curious. The *Independent* published the story on April 30, 2000—otherwise known as *Walpurgisnacht* (Night of the Witches) or *Beltane*. Along with the summer and winter solstices, *Walpurgisnacht* is among the most significant of the occult holidays.

abuse was carried out by paedophiles and the rest by satanists.” The *Independent* added that sixteen of the victims had also claimed “they had seen induced abortions or babies killed.” Sinason’s research has led her to conclude that some children “are born for the purpose of abuse and are not registered on birth certificates.” That claim has been voiced repeatedly by U.S. victims as well.

In a report from February 2000, the *Independent* revealed that Sinason had photographs documenting “horrific injuries to children and the existence of ceremonial sites with the remains of mutilated animals.” The same article noted that Scotland Yard had begun an investigation. It is unclear where that investigation led, as it is unclear what the official response was to the release of Sinason’s study. Media outlets appear to have dropped the story just before the report was issued. Many readers of the press accounts that preceded the report’s release were no doubt predisposed to dismiss Sinason and her fellow researchers as cranks. Where exactly, readers were left to ponder, was this alleged photographic evidence showing children with horrific injuries? And where is the evidence of ritual murders being performed?

As it turns out, shockingly enough, such evidence is not that difficult to find. As hard as it may be to believe, especially for readers conditioned to think that all such stories are nothing but ‘urban myths,’ photographic evidence of exactly the sort described by Sinason is being peddled all over the Internet. But even with such compelling evidence being widely circulated, many will still be tempted to discount the stories told by the survivors of such abuse. Skeptics are advised to keep in mind the words of Detective Robert Simandl of the Chicago Police Department: “It’s difficult for us to believe such crimes are occurring, but they are, all over the United States.”

Indeed, all over the world, as we shall see in the next chapter.

“In the early 1950’s the CIA was looking for ‘specially gifted subjects’ to study ‘dissociative states,’ which could be ‘induced and controlled to some extent with hypnosis and drugs.’”

—Arlene Tyner, writing in *Probe* magazine,
July/August 2000

PART I

THE PEDOPHOCRACY

“From our comfortable seat in life...we never could have imagined that thousands of well-off adults, integrated and even cultured, find pleasure in seeing children tortured and killed.”

—From a front-page editorial in Italy’s *Corriere della Sera*
(reprinted in *The Irish Times*, September 29, 2000)

Chapter 1

From Brussels...

“The case of abduction and murder against Belgium’s infamous paedophile Marc Dutroux remains unresolved. He has not been brought to book for these heinous crimes. There appears to be a steel veil drawn over the facts at the highest level and no one is prepared to expose those involved in this blatant cover-up... The official answer is that a series of hysterical conspiracy theories forced investigators to search for paedophile networks, which didn’t exist. But for observers of this debacle, that’s exactly what didn’t happen. Far from being investigated, leads pointing to a network seem to have been blocked or buried.”

—Olenka Frenkiel for the *BBC*, May 2, 2002

To the vast majority of Americans, the name Marc Dutroux does not mean much.

Drop that name in Belgium though and you are likely to elicit some very visceral reactions. Dutroux—convicted along with his wife in 1989 for the rape and violent abuse of five young girls, the youngest of whom was just eleven—now stands accused of being a key player in an international child prostitution and pornography ring whose practices included kidnapping, rape, sadistic torture, and murder.

Dutroux was sentenced in 1989 to thirteen years for his crimes, but was freed after having served just three. This was in spite of the fact that, as prison governor Yvan Stuaert would later tell a parliamentary commission: “A medical report described him as a perverse psychopath, an explosive mix. He was an evident danger to society.” The man who turned Dutroux loose on society, Justice Minister Melchior Wathelet, was rewarded with a prestigious appointment to serve as a judge at the European Court of Justice at The Hague.

Shortly after Dutroux's release, young girls began to disappear in the vicinity of some of his homes. Though technically unemployed and drawing welfare from the state, he nevertheless owned at least six houses and lived quite lavishly. His rather lucrative income appears to have been derived from trading in child sex-slaves, child prostitution, and child pornography. Many of his houses appeared to stand vacant, though at least some of them were in fact used as torture and imprisonment centers where kidnapped girls were taken and held in underground dungeons. Some of Dutroux's homes were used in this way for several years following his early release, with a growing body of evidence to indicate that fact to the police. Authorities nevertheless failed to act on the information, or acted on it in ways that implied either complete incompetence (according to most press reports), or police complicity in the operation (according to any sort of logic).

Officials seem to have routinely ignored tips that later proved accurate, including a report from Dutroux's own mother that her son was holding girls prisoner in one of his houses. In addition, key facts were withheld from investigators working on the disappearances and lines of communication were unaccountably broken, inexcusably hindering the investigation. Police did search one of Dutroux's homes on no less than three separate occasions over the course of the investigation. On at least two of those occasions, two of the missing girls were being held in heinous conditions, imprisoned in a custom-built dungeon in the basement. Nevertheless, according to the *Guardian*, the police searches came up empty—even though the investigating officers reported “hearing children's voices on one occasion.”

It was not until August 13, 1996, four years after the disappearances began, that authorities arrested Dutroux, along with his wife (an elementary school teacher), a lodger, a policeman, and a man the *Guardian* described as “an associate with political connections”—elsewhere identified as Jean-Michel Nihoul, a Brussels businessman and nightclub owner. One of those taken into custody—Michel Lelievre, described in a May 2002 *BBC* report as a “drug addict and petty thief”—reportedly told his interrogators that at least some of the girls abducted by the ring “were kidnapped to order, for someone else.” This was just one of many statements by suspects and witnesses that would later be dismissed by Belgian officials.

Two days after the arrests, police again searched Dutroux's home and discovered the soundproof dungeon/torture center. As *CNN* reported, three years earlier “police ignored tips from an informant who said Dutroux was building secret cellars to hold girls before selling them abroad.” In addition, in 1995, the same informant had told police that Dutroux had offered an unidentified third man “the equivalent of \$3,000 to \$5,000 to kidnap girls.” Incredibly, it was later reported by the *Guardian* that police actually had in their possession a videotape

of the dungeon being constructed: “Belgian police could have saved the lives of two children [who were] allegedly murdered by the paedophile Marc Dutroux if they had watched a video seized from his home which showed him building their hidden cell.” The tape had been seized in one of the earlier searches.

At the time of the final search, two fourteen-year-old girls were found imprisoned in the dungeon, chained and starving. They described to police how they had been used as child prostitutes and in the production of child pornography videos. More than 300 such videos were taken into custody by the police.

On August 17, 1996, the story got grimmer as police dug up the bodies of two eight-year-old girls at another of Dutroux’s homes. It would later be learned that the girls had been kept in one of Dutroux’s dungeons for nine months after their abductions, during which time they were repeatedly tortured and sexually assaulted—all captured on videotape. The girls were then left to slowly starve to death. Alongside of their decimated corpses was the body of Bernard Weinstein, a former accomplice of Dutroux who had occupied one of the houses for several years. Weinstein had been buried alive.

A few weeks later, two more girls were found buried under concrete at yet another of the Dutroux properties. Autopsy reports suggest they were drugged and then buried alive. By that time, ten people connected to the case were reportedly in custody. As the body count mounted, the outrage of the Belgian people grew. They demanded to know why this man, dubbed the ‘Belgian Beast,’ had been released after having served such an absurdly short sentence. And they demanded to know why, as evidence had continued to mount and girls had continued to disappear, the police had chosen to do nothing. How many girls, they wanted to know, had been killed due to this inaction?

Adding further fuel to the fire, as a *Los Angeles Times* report revealed, were claims by “a highly regarded children’s activist, Marie-France Botte...[that] the Justice Ministry is sitting on a politically sensitive list of customers of pedophile videotapes.” The same report noted, “the affair has become further clouded by the discovery of a motorcycle that reportedly matches the description of one used in the 1991 assassination of prominent Belgian businessman and politician Andre Cools. Michel Bourlet, the head prosecutor on the pedophile case, meanwhile, has publicly declared that the investigation can be thoroughly pursued only without political interference. Several years ago, Bourlet was removed from the highly charged Cools case, which remains unsolved.”

A report in *Time* magazine alluded to murky links between the Dutroux operation and organized crime figures. Marc Verwilghen—the chief investigating magistrate on the case—stated the case more bluntly: “For me, the Dutroux affair is a question of organised crime.” Also mentioned in the *Time* article was the use

of secret “underground tunnels,” not unlike those described by children a decade earlier at the infamous McMartin Preschool.

Outrage continued to grow as more arrests were made and evidence of high-level government and police complicity continued to emerge. One of Dutroux’s accomplices, businessman Jean-Michel Nihoul, confessed to organizing an ‘orgy’ at a Belgian chateau that had been attended by government officials, a former European Commissioner, and a number of law enforcement officers. A Belgian senator noted, quite accurately, that such parties were part of a system “which operates to this day and is used to blackmail the highly placed people who take part.”

According to the *BBC*, Nihoul has brazenly claimed: “I am the monster of Belgium.” He has all but dared the state to prosecute him, claiming that he is beyond the reach of the law because he has information that, if made public, “would bring the Government and the entire state down.”

In September 1996, twenty-three suspects—at least nine of whom were police officers—were detained and questioned about their possible complicity in the crimes and/or their negligence in investigating the case. As the *Los Angeles Times* noted in a very brief, two-sentence report, the detainments “were the latest indication that police in the southern city of Charleroi may have helped cover up the alleged crimes of Marc Dutroux.” The arrests followed raids on the police officers’ homes and on the headquarters of the Charleroi police force and were based on information supplied by police inspector Georges Zicot, who had already been charged as an accomplice. Three magistrates had also reportedly been interrogated by police investigators.

Just days before the arrests, police had also arrested five suspects in the Cools assassination, including a former regional government minister named Alain VanderBiest. Strangely enough, the *News Telegraph* reported that: “Police investigating the Cools murder in 1991...have been given helpful leads by some of those arrested in the Dutroux case.” The *Telegraph* also noted that Cools “had promised ‘shocking revelations’ before his death.”

On October 14, 1996 came the straw that broke the camel’s back: Jean-Marc Connerotte, who had been serving as the investigating judge on the Dutroux case, was dismissed by the Belgian Supreme Court. Connerotte was viewed by the people as something of a rarity: a public official/law enforcement officer who actually appeared to be pursuing a prosecution, rather than a cover-up. The *News Telegraph* described him as: “the only figure in the judiciary who enjoys the nation’s confidence.” As the *New York Times* reported, Connerotte “became a national hero in August after saving two children from a secret dungeon kept by a convicted child rapist and ordering the inquiry that led to the discovery of the bodies of four girls kidnapped by a child pornography network.” He had also

arrested three men in 1994 as suspects in the Cools assassination—just before the case was transferred to the jurisdiction of another magistrate.

A May 2002 *BBC* report revealed that, after Connerotte's removal, a "special team of police officers interviewing Regina Louf and the other 'X' witnesses, as they were called, were the next to be sacked." The "X" witnesses were victims of the pedophile ring who had come forward to tell harrowing tales of their victimization.

A woman named Regina Louf was the first of eleven such victims to be interviewed by police officials. Louf claimed that she had been victimized by the ring—which included her parents and her grandmother—from the time that she was a very young child. She described the operation in detail to authorities, supplying them with names—names that included "senior judges, one of the country's most powerful politicians—now dead—and a very influential banker." According to Louf, the operation "was big business—blackmail—there was a lot of money involved." Many of her victimizers, she said, were secretly filmed for blackmail purposes.

Louf identified Michel Nihoul as a regular organizer of 'parties.' These parties, she said, "not only involved sex, they included sadism, torture and murder." She described in detail the murdered victims, and how and where they were killed. The *BBC* reported that when police checked into Louf's claims, they were able to verify "key elements of Regina's story and found [that] at least one murder that she says she witnessed matched an unsolved murder." Nevertheless, the same *BBC* report revealed that, "today in Belgium Regina Louf's reputation is destroyed. The Prosecutor General of Liege, Anne Thilly, declares she's completely mad despite numerous statements from independent psychologists to the contrary." According to the judges now on the case, "her testimony has been declared worthless" and will not be presented in any trial of Dutroux or his associates.

Connerotte's removal from the Dutroux case fanned the smoldering flames of public outrage; as the *Times* reported, "Hundreds of thousands of people had petitioned the high court to retain the judge." Adding yet more fuel to the fire, prosecutor Michel Bourlet was claiming that evidence indicated a pedophile ring, composed of the wealthy and powerful, had been protected for twenty-five years. With the families of Dutroux's victims calling for a general strike, men and women all across the country walked away from their jobs in protest as railway workers and bus drivers shut down public transportation, bringing some cities to a virtual standstill. The *Telegraph* reported that, "in Liege, firemen turned their hoses on the city's court building" to symbolize the massive clean-up that was in order.

On October 20, 1996, 350,000 citizens of the tiny nation of Belgium took to the streets of Brussels dressed all in white, demanding the reform of a system so corrupt that it would protect the abusers, rapists, torturers, and killers of children. The political fallout from the case ultimately brought about the resignation

of Belgium's State Police Chief, Interior Minister, and Justice Minister, who became sacrificial lambs tossed to the outraged masses to avoid what could easily have exploded into a full-scale insurrection by the people, particularly after police 'incompetence' allowed Dutroux to 'escape' and remain at large for a brief time in April 1998.

There were in fact calls from the people for the entire coalition government to step down. Months later, an opinion survey by Brussels' *Le Soir* newspaper found that only one in five Belgians still had confidence in the federal government and in the nation's criminal justice system. As the *Los Angeles Times* reported in January 1998, "the conviction remains stubbornly widespread that members of the upper crust—government ministers, the Roman Catholic Church, the court of King Albert II—belonged to child sex rings, or protected them."

The lingering distrust of the people was not alleviated by the fact that a parliamentary inquiry had identified, in April 1997, thirty officials who had, as the *Times* tactfully put it, "failed to uncover Dutroux's misdeeds." Nearly a year later, none of them had yet suffered any repercussions. Additionally, at least ten missing children suspected of having fallen prey to Dutroux's operation have never been found.

Just a few months before the parliamentary commission issued its report on the Dutroux case, viewed by many as a shameless cover-up, the *Telegraph* reported, "grim rumors...have been circulating that a second paedophile network at least as appalling may have been operating in parallel to that said to involve Dutroux." The bodies of seven children were believed to have been hidden by the ring, which was thought could be linked to Dutroux through Michel Nihoul. Two months after that, a man named Patrick Derochette and three of his family members were arrested following the discovery of the body of a nine-year-old girl. Rumors quickly began circulating linking that crime to Dutroux as well. Like Dutroux, Derochette had previously been convicted on multiple counts of child rape. He had been committed to a psychiatric institution from which he was released after just six weeks. Authorities quickly denied that there was any connection between the cases. In January 1998, however, the *Telegraph* reported, "new evidence from a lawyer involved in the investigations blows a hole in previous police claims that there was no link between the cases involving the alleged child murderers Marc Dutroux and Patrick Derochette." Once again, the connection was said to be through Nihoul.

In April 1999, the *Guardian* weighed in with this report: "the highly respected chairman of a parliamentary inquiry into the [Dutroux] case claims that his commission's findings were muzzled by political and judicial leaders to prevent details emerging of complicity in the crimes...Mr. Verwilghen claims that senior political and legal figures refused to cooperate with the inquiry. He says magistrates

and police were officially told to refuse to answer certain questions, in what he describes as ‘a characteristic smothering operation.’”

As of May 2002, nearly six years after Dutroux was taken into custody, his trial had yet to begin. Parents of victims continued to loudly shout of a cover-up, and the *Telegraph* was reporting that: “It was recently learnt that scientific tests on 6,000 hairs found in the [underground dungeon] began only this year.” Those tests, of course, could reveal how many victims passed through Dutroux’s chamber of horrors. Perhaps more importantly, they could also, as a *BBC News* report noted in January 2002, “establish whether the girls had any other visitors.”

Anne Thilly, the aforementioned Prosecutor General of Liege who dismissed as “mad” a key prosecution witness, has been quoted as saying, “there was no need to get the hairs analysed as no one else entered the cage. There was no network so there was no need to look for evidence of one. In any case, the hairs have all now been analysed.” Thilly gave no indication of how she knew there was nothing to find before even bothering to look. And contrary to her claims, the *BBC* reported in May 2002 that the hairs had “still not been analysed,” according to “sources central to the investigation.” Thilly has also claimed “the bodies [recovered from Dutroux’s properties] were too decomposed to test for DNA.” The *BBC* though noted “the autopsy states quite clearly that the bodies were not decomposed. Samples were taken. It is just that no one seems to know what has happened to the results.”

The January *BBC* report came on the heels of an interview that the imprisoned Dutroux granted a Flemish journalist and a Belgian senator. Therein, Dutroux was quoted as admitting, “a network with all kinds of criminal activities really does exist. But the authorities don’t want to look into it.” He also acknowledged the existence of “a well-grounded [paedophile] ring. I maintained regular contact with people in this ring. However, the law does not want to investigate this lead.”

Another lead that was never seriously investigated involved allegations of satanic cult involvement in the abductions. In 1996, police had found a note at Bernard Weinstein’s home that led them to investigate the *Abraxas* organization and its high priestess, Dominique Kindermans. Some segments of the Belgian press speculated that the organization was a satanic cult that assisted in obtaining young girls for ritual sacrifices.

If the Marc Dutroux case were some kind of aberration, it would still be a disturbing story for the level of unspeakable corruption and depravity of the Belgian political and law enforcement establishment of which it speaks. Far more disturbing is the fact that it does not appear to be an isolated case at all.

As 1999 drew to a close, the nation of Latvia was rocked by a child prostitution/child pornography scandal that reached to the very top of the political power

structure. The case first broke in August, when police uncovered a massive operation involving as many as 2,000 severely abused children. When media reports began linking top Latvian officials to the case, a special parliamentary commission was assembled to investigate the emerging allegations. In February 2000, the chairman of the commission delivered a report to Parliament linking the country's Prime Minister and Justice Minister, the director of the State Revenue Service, and a number of army and law enforcement officers to the case. A campaign was immediately begun to discredit the committee chairman, including allegations that he is tied to the former KGB—a classic case of redbaiting that enabled the allegations to be dismissed as 'Communist' propaganda.

On November 27, 2002, *The Guardian* reported that many among Portugal's elite were linked to a pedophile ring as well: "A scandal over a paedophile ring run from a state orphanage gripped Portugal yesterday as it threatened to engulf diplomats, media personalities and senior politicians. Photographs of unnamed senior government officials with young boys from Lisbon's Casa Pia orphanage were among the evidence reportedly available to police after they arrested a former orphanage employee called Carlos Silvino." One revelation in the case was "that systematic sexual abuse of children at the home had allegedly been going on for more than 20 years and had been known to police and other authorities for most of that time." Teresa Costa Macedo, a former secretary of state for families, has said that she sent a dossier to police twenty years ago containing "damning proof" of the abuse, including photographs and eyewitness statements. The information was not acted upon, and, for her trouble, Macedo became the victim of a campaign of threats and intimidation.

In June 2003, the *Independent* reported that police "at first denied her reports existed," but then later produced them. Macedo has testified before parliament that the former president, Antonio Ramalho Eanes, the former foreign secretary, Jaime Garcia, and elements within the police all knew of the ongoing abuse. An official report claims that, "among the children still living at Casa Pia, at least 128 had been subjected to sexual abuse. Many are deaf and dumb." Countless other victims have passed through the facility over the last thirty years. Among those detained or questioned in the case were Carlos Cruz, known in Portugal as "Mr. Television"; Manuel Abrantes, a former director of Casa Pia; Joao Ferreira Diniz, a doctor at Casa Pia; Jorge Ritto, a former ambassador to UNESCO; Hugo Marcal, Carlos Silvino's former attorney; Eduardo Ferro Rodrigues, Portugal's Socialist Party leader; television talk show host Herman Jose; and Paulo Pedroso, a former Labour minister.

A follow-up report in the *Independent* noted that Casa Pia, founded by a police superintendent, first "came under scrutiny 20 years ago when a young inmate died...Officials found the home's doors open all night and youngsters in

a cruising area for male prostitutes. Four children aged between eight and 12, missing for a fortnight, were found in a luxury flat in nearby Cascais owned by a diplomat." That diplomat was Jorge Ritto. It is now alleged that Silvino, an employee and former resident of Casa Pia, acted for years to procure young boys for rich and powerful pedophiles, including Ritto. Adolescent witnesses have claimed on Portuguese television that they were offered enticements and "then raped...and recruited for sex parties with powerful 'friends.' Others, now adult, have told of chilling experiences long suppressed." A Portuguese organization calling itself *Innocence in Danger* has been working for years to publicize the problem of child abuse and child abductions in the country, but have been unable to penetrate what they describe as a "media blackout."

As of February 2003, a campaign was underway in Scotland to unseal records that have been sealed for 100 years under special order. The records concern the activities of Thomas Hamilton, a notorious child molester/murderer who was credited with killing sixteen schoolchildren and a teacher, and then himself, in 1996. One police report sealed under the order "concerns Thomas Hamilton's activities at a summer camp in Loch Lomond in 1991, five years before the shootings," and allegedly links Hamilton to "figures in the Scottish establishment, including two senior politicians and a lawyer," according to the *Guardian*.

A report in Scotland's *Sunday Herald*, from March 2003, revealed that 106 documents had been sealed. These included "a letter connected to Hamilton, which was sent by George Robertson, currently head of NATO, to Michael Forsyth, who was then Secretary of State for Scotland," as well as "correspondence relating to Thomas Hamilton's alleged involvement in Freemasonry." A deputy justice minister, Michael Matheson, was quoted in the article questioning the official justification for sealing the documents: "The explanation to date about the 100-year rule was that it was put in place to protect the interests of children named in the Central Police Report. How can that explanation stand when children aren't named?"

On September 29, 2000, *The Irish Times* reported that yet another pedophile network had surfaced: "Eight people were arrested in Italy and three in Russia, and police said 1,700 people were being investigated in Italy." The images traded by this ring were "divided into several categories...The most gruesome, police said, was coded 'Necros Pedo,' in which children were raped and tortured to death."

And so it is that we first confront that most disturbing of topics—snuff films, which most people assume do not actually exist. As recently as February 1999, the *New York Post* assured readers that: "Snuff films are the stuff of urban legend...how did this legend get started? No one knows." The unfortunate truth though is that snuff films do actually exist, and they likely have existed for as long as film has existed, though they were not always known by that name. According

to the *Post*: “The term ‘snuff’ was actually coined during the Charles Manson case, when press reports repeated a rumor that the Manson ‘family’ had filmed home movies of the brutal slayings.” Other reports hold that the term was coined in 1976 by a writer for the *New York Times* who was in need of a phrase to describe reports of murders following sexual activity being captured on film.

In the late 1970s, as Carl Raschke noted in *Painted Black*, the “Texas House Select Committee on Child Pornography disclosed...that investigators probing leads to organized crime in Houston, Dallas, and other major cities found that ‘slave’ auctions for sixteen- and seventeen-year-old boys were routinely held in Mexico. Some of the boys were featured in brutal snuff or ‘slasher’ movies.” Raschke also quotes from a study by U.S. mental health professionals that claims that a child from Mexico “can be packaged, delivered, and sold deep within [the United States] in a short time,” and that many are purchased solely “for the purpose of killing.”

In *Enslaved*, Gordon Thomas reported that: “At the start of the year [1991] Britain’s Scotland Yard was continuing to investigate reports that up to twenty children in London had been murdered last year in [snuff films] and the video tapes sold on the Continent.” Journalist Nick Davies, writing for the *Guardian* in November 2000, revisited that investigation, which was centered on a group of British pedophiles living in Amsterdam. The investigation revealed that the men were running gay brothels that were essentially ‘fronts’ for trafficking underage boys, many purchased from the streets of economically ravaged Eastern Europe, and others collected from the streets of London. Prominent among the group of pedophiles were a man named Alan Williams, known as the “Welsh Witch,” and another named Warwick Spinks, who according to Davies, “pioneered the trafficking of boys as young as 10.”

The men used the boys in the production of child pornography and, according to several witnesses, in the production of snuff films. Davies wrote: “not just once but repeatedly, evidence had come to the attention of police in England and the Netherlands, that, for pleasure and profit, some of the exiled paedophiles in Amsterdam had murdered boys in front of the camera.” Indeed, witnesses had independently given descriptions of snuff films that were remarkably consistent in the details of the types of torture used and the manner of death, though the descriptions of the victim and the filming location differed, indicating that a number of such films had been made. One witness claimed to have seen five such films.

In the fall of 1998, British detectives flew to Amsterdam to investigate a particularly detailed account provided by a witness. The investigators had in their possession: a detailed description of the apartment where the witness had viewed the tape; the name of the owner of the apartment and videotape; the name of the man who committed the murder; a detailed description of events on the tape;

and the first name and approximate age of the victim. With all that in hand, says Davies, the detectives “hit a wall.” Dutch police “said it was not enough” to warrant launching any sort of an investigation. By that time, investigators had been hearing accounts of the snuff films for nearly eight years. At one point, they had recruited an undercover officer “to pose as a child abuser and befriend Warwick Spinks,” who acknowledged to the officer that he was actively involved in trafficking boys. He also revealed that he knew “some people who were involved in making snuff movies and how they did it was, they only sold them in limited editions, made 10 copies or something, 10 very rich customers in America, who paid \$5,000 each or something like that.” There is no indication that any thorough investigation was ever conducted, or that any arrests were ever made.

In September 2002, the *Chicago Sun Times* carried a brief report of two brothers who were arrested and charged with possessing an enormous collection of child pornography. Seized from the brothers were 5,000 photographic images, along with about 100 videotapes and 8mm films. Among this evidence were images of “young girls apparently tortured, raped and killed.” The American media has shown no inclination to shine any additional light on the case.

An account of the recent Italian case carried by the *Guardian* affirmed the existence of snuff films: “Police have discovered a massive international paedophile network selling violent child-pornography videos to clients in Italy, the US and Germany... (authorities are) trying to identify 5,000 people who are suspected of attempting to purchase the videos, some of which appear to contain images of children being tortured and murdered.” The UK’s *Independent*, in a follow-up published in November 2000, also confirmed that the seized materials included child snuff films: “Horried investigators gathered images of more than 2,000 children who were filmed while being abused, raped, and...killed.” By that time, close to 1,500 people had been charged in the case, but not—as the *Guardian* noted—“those in high places who are believed to form a ‘paedophile lobby.’”

As in the Belgian, Latvian, and Portuguese cases, there were indications in the Italian case of high-level complicity and a strong belief among the people that the facts of the case were being covered up. And as with the other cases, the *Independent* reported that the magistrate heading up the inquiry “provoked a furore by denouncing a ‘paedophile lobby’ supported by politicians which he said openly obstructed the investigators and worked to prevent tougher sanctions for the consumers of child pornography.” The *New York Times* reported in March 1997 that there is “growing public indignation in France and elsewhere about the recurrent reports of kidnapping, rape or incest involving the very young.” The same *Times* report revealed that French police had “detained more than 250 people and confiscated some 5,000 videocassettes” in conjunction with an investigation into a massive child pornography ring. Those detained by police were

described as “mainly married professionals.” A dozen of them soon turned up dead, allegedly by their own hand.

The *BBC* filed a brief report on a 1996 case that was otherwise almost completely ignored by the English-language press: “Mexican police broke up an international child pornography ring based in the resort of Acapulco which they said had at least *four thousand clients in the United States*,” (emphasis added). A UN envoy investigating the case said that the “child pornography sometimes involved babies of less than one month old.”

In June 1997, the *News Telegraph* spoke of over 800 French homes being raided and 204 suspects being taken into custody. Among those detained were “more than 30 teachers...and a number of priests,” as well as the deputy mayor of the town of Saint Mihiel. By the end of the week, four had committed suicide, including a school headmaster. Three years later, the *BBC* filed a very brief report noting that a verdict was due “in the trial of more than sixty people accused of possessing child pornography. One of the judges hearing the case said examining the video evidence made him feel physically sick.” In a familiar refrain, it was reported that: “the French courts have been accused of attacking the easy targets—porn consumers—rather than producers and distributors. And one children’s rights group has alleged that senior public figures were among those investigated—but their cases were dropped before coming to court.”

In 1998, another large-scale international ring was discovered operating out of the Netherlands and Berlin, Germany. The *New York Times* reported that investigators called the case “nauseating,” in that “images of abuse of even babies and infants were peddled via the Internet and other media.” Police discovered “voluminous records of what appear to be clients and suppliers from countries including Israel, Ukraine, Britain, Russia and the United States.” The ring was first uncovered when a key member was found dead in Italy. According to the *Irish Times*, he was murdered by another member of the ring. His apartment in the Dutch town of Zandvoort was found to contain “thousands of digital images stored on computer disks,” as well as “hundreds of addresses of suspected suppliers and clients,” according to the *New York Times*. The images shocked even veteran sex-crimes investigators, one of whom stated that the seized evidence “left [him] speechless...It looks like the perpetrators are not dealing with human beings but with objects.”

The *BBC* reported in June 1999 that two unnamed German men had “gone on trial, accused of running a child pornography ring in Germany, Poland and the Czech Republic.” The pair, along with at least eleven identified but unindicted accomplices, “made video recordings of the gang sexually abusing children between the ages of three and 14 since 1993.” A large but unspecified quantity of “videos, photography, magazines and CD-ROMs containing child pornography

were confiscated.” Also noted was a possible connection to the Dutroux case: “There have been cases of Slovak children being taken to Vienna to make pornographic films. The Belgian paedophile Marc Dutroux...was a regular visitor to one Slovak town.”

In September 1998, another ring had been raided—one that the *BBC* described as “a larger and more sinister paedophile network called Wonderland.”⁹ The *San Jose Mercury News* reported, “police in...22 states and 13 foreign countries conducted coordinated raids...aimed at breaking up an Internet child-pornography ring...The ring involves as many as 200 people around the world,

9 The network was so named in honor of Lewis Carroll’s revered children’s book, *Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland*. Carroll, whose real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, was widely known to have a predilection for underage girls and boys, and is now something of a patron saint of pedophiles around the globe. A concerted effort has been made over the decades to cover up Carroll’s pedophilic tendencies, but the truth is evident even in the heavily whitewashed profiles of him that can be found in modern encyclopedias. “Always a friend of children, particularly little girls, Carroll wrote thousands of letters to them,” notes Microsoft’s *Encarta*, adding that Carroll “gained an additional measure of fame as an amateur photographer. Most of his camera portraits were of children in various costumes and poses, including nude studies.” A *New York Times* report from August 1998 states: “Dodgson exhibited a lifelong affection for little girls, seeking them out not only to enjoy their company and tell them stories, but also to photograph them, at times naked. His university colleagues thought this bizarre.” The *Times* also noted that the mother of Alice Liddell, the pre-pubescent girl that inspired Carroll’s most famous book, had banned Carroll from the Liddell home by the time the book was published. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* reports that Carroll’s photographic hobby was abandoned in 1880, but dismisses suggestions that “this sudden decision was reached because of an impurity of motive for his nude studies.” Carroll’s interest in child sexuality certainly hadn’t diminished; as the *NY Times* reported, “[Carroll] remained attached to his ‘child friends’ after giving up photography, even sketching some naked girls as late as 1885.” *Britannica* also notes that Carroll—who was raised in an environment where there were “few friends outside the family,” and who was ordained a deacon in the Church of England on the winter solstice of 1861—generally lost interest in his child ‘friends’ when they reached the age of twelve. *Wonderland* is also the name of the quarterly publication of an organization calling itself the Lewis Carroll Collector’s Guild, which bills itself as a “voluntary association of persons who believe nudist materials are a constitutionally protected expression and whose collective interests include pre-teen nudes.” As Gordon Thomas has noted, “in *Wonderland* the ‘delights’ of ‘transgenerational sex’ pepper the pages.” Such is the legacy of the man whose literary works are peddled to our children.

who exchanged over the Internet thousands of sexually explicit images of children as young as 18 months.” The *Independent* later reported that the ring “shared pictures of children being abused—in some cases live via web-cam broadcasts over the internet.” The raids included homes in “Australia, Austria, Belgium, Finland, France, Germany, Italy, Norway, Portugal and Sweden,” according to the *New York Times*, which added that: “Several dozen people were arrested, but officials said they expected more than 100 to be charged.” The *Independent* later reported that 107 suspects were ultimately arrested. The *Mercury News* implied that that was only the tip of the iceberg: “The ring actually extends into 47 countries.”

The case was described by a British official as “stomach-churning.” The *Times* reported, “Wonderland Club members are believed to have posed their own children for pictures...In other cases...parents may have taken money to let their children be used.” The *Guardian* reported that over 1,250 children were featured in the photos and videos, “many of whom suffered appalling injuries and were seen sobbing uncontrollably as they were being sexually violated.” The *Independent* added that the victimized children were “mostly under [the age of] 10.” A *BBC* report held that the combined raids resulted in the seizure of more than “750,000 computer images of children.” A Detective Superintendent with the British National Crime Squad called these images “disgusting” and added that “the behavior that has been carried out is absolutely appalling.” The *BBC* also took note of the fact that, while ignored by the American press, “Wonderland originated in the United States.”

Among the scores of U.S. homes raided in connection with the case, one yielded a “database of more than 100,000 sexual photographs of naked boys and girls.” Interestingly enough, the *Times* also noted that another raid, “in Missouri, turned up a cache of weapons as well as child pornography in a heavily fortified trailer”—illustrating once again, as did the Dutroux case, the close ties between organized pedophilia and other terrorist assaults against society.

As with the earlier raids in Europe, a rash of ‘suicides’ followed the Wonderland arrests. By October 24, 1998, the *Mercury News* was reporting that no fewer than four of the thirty-four American suspects had killed themselves. These included a retired Air Force pilot, a microbiologist at the University of Connecticut, and a computer consultant in Colorado. In the UK, the Wonderland raids—dubbed Operation Cathedral—resulted in the indictments of eight suspects. One of the eight turned up dead four months later—another alleged suicide. The other seven were given ridiculously light sentences in February 2001 for their complicity in inflicting unfathomable abuse on countless children. Sentences ranged from 12 to 30 months. Just a few weeks before the sentences were handed down, the *Guardian* was reporting that: “Police today arrested 13 suspected paedophiles in the largest ever UK operation against child pornography.” Once again, a massive

amount of appalling evidence was seized, with most of the material featuring “scenes of children being raped and sexually abused.”

The *Independent* reported in February 2001: “Detectives working on the [Wonderland] case discovered that many of the paedophiles were also members of other child pornography groups.” One of the groups most closely tied to Wonderland was a ring known as the Orchid Club, which had been exposed by a 1996 investigation in San Jose, California. That investigation had led to the indictment of sixteen men on charges of conspiring to produce and exchange child pornography. Members of the club were identified in at least nine states and three foreign countries. By the time of the Wonderland raids, the *Mercury News* was able to report that the purported ringleader of the Orchid Club and “twelve others either have pleaded guilty or have been convicted in connection with that case.” Their crimes included recruiting “young relatives and friends of their own children to be molested and photographed.”

The club was also, like Wonderland, involved in “real-time exploitation of children” on the Internet. Club members were able to send in requests and have them acted-out on live feeds. The club also held a pedophile ‘summit,’ at which members “traded stories about pre-teen girls they had molested and photographed in sexually explicit poses.” The summit was held, appropriately enough, on April 20—the birth date of Adolph Hitler and a significant occult holiday.

In late March 2001, yet another interlinked, global pedophile network was exposed. That month, the *Independent* reported, “US authorities announced the arrest of four American citizens for involvement in an international child-porn ring called Blue Orchid.” The *Los Angeles Times* added further details: “the United States and Russia have shut down a Moscow-based international pornography ring that used the Internet to sell videotapes of children engaged in sexual acts.” These tapes were said to sell for “between \$200 and \$300.” As an *Associated Press* release revealed, “police seized some 600 videotapes, 200 digital video disks and many boxes of photographs.” Video duplication equipment and sales and shipping records were also seized, leading to “criminal inquiries in 24 nations... Many of the tapes were bought by people in the United States; others went to Germany, Britain, France, Denmark, China, Kuwait, Mexico and scores of other countries.”

The *Times* reported that nine people had been arrested and fifteen search warrants had been issued in the case. The *AP* report noted that four of those arrests were in Russia, where two suspects, alas, had “committed suicide.” The ring was also said by the *Times* to offer what were cryptically referred to as “custom-made videos” for the hefty price of \$5,000 each. The contents of these videos were not revealed, but it was revealed that the “prevalence of child pornography has increased dramatically with the growth of the Internet. There are approximately 100,000 web sites worldwide associated with child pornography.”

This point was reinforced the next day when the British press reported police raids on yet another pedophile ring. A report in the *Guardian* held “more than 30 people, including a...man working for a national youth organization, were arrested yesterday in dawn raids on the homes of suspected paedophiles.” Once again being sold and traded were images “which showed children being abused.” A report on the case in the *Independent* quoted a law enforcement spokesman as revealing, “that those arrested included members of ‘some interesting professions,’” though the source demurred from revealing what those professions might be. The official did say that they had “a disturbing scenario of one or two juveniles who have been caught in this way. One of them appears to be a 13-year-old boy.” The police acknowledged that the arrested boy was “also a potential victim and would be treated in that light,” which seems rather obvious. Nevertheless, a follow-up to the story that the *Independent* ran in May held that the boy had become “one of the youngest people to be listed on the sex offenders’ register.”

The next month, the *Guardian* carried a report on Eric Franklin Rosser—accused child pornographer, one of the FBI’s ten-most-wanted criminals, and a former keyboardist for John Cougar Mellencamp’s band. According to the report, “investigators believe Rosser’s material is among pornography circulated by a British paedophile ring...More than 1,800 members are thought to belong to a club called Teenboys. Its website features boys aged around 12...Teenboys is considered bigger than the notorious Wonderland Club.”

In September 2001, the *Scottish Daily Record* reported that a “salvation army couple working on a British army base have been arrested in a massive paedophile crackdown.” Seized from the couple’s home were “some 400 videotapes...computers, discs, photographs and other material...images of children as young as two have been found.” The same report claimed “a massive vice probe into kiddie porn in the USA would expose some of the biggest names in Hollywood as paedophiles. A federal investigation, codenamed Operation Avalanche, has already resulted in over 100 arrests—and the US Department of Justice say there will be hundreds more, including celebrities.” Lori Rabjohns, identified as a Justice Department spokeswoman, was quoted as saying: “These are people who appear upstanding members of society...We’re talking doctors, lawyers—and celebrities.”

The investigation came about as a result of a raid on the Ft. Worth, Texas home of Thomas and Janice Reedy, who had been operating a business called Landslide Productions, which offered child pornography for sale over the Internet. The Reedy’s website, according to the *Independent*, functioned as a portal to “more than 5,700 websites with names such as Child Rape and Cyber Lolita.” The Reedys had made millions of dollars from their child porn business, which “employed more than a dozen staff, including a customer service represen-

tative and a receptionist.” This financial empire was built with “money raised from the torture, rape and sexual abuse of children as young as two.”

The raid on the Reedy’s home, conducted in September 1999, unexpectedly yielded a database of the names and addresses of a reported 75,000 subscribers around the world. According to a report carried in February 2002 by *TechTV*, “more than 35,000 [of those] individual subscribers [were] in the United States.” Nevertheless, only 100 arrests had been made at that time of the report—a number that remained unchanged in the months after the initial arrests. By early 2003, the story had dropped out of sight with little indication that there would be any further arrests, despite Chief Postal Inspector Kenneth Weaver’s earlier insistence that the initial arrests were just “the tip of the iceberg.”

More than 7,000 subscribers to the site were British citizens. Their names, addresses and credit card information were provided by the FBI to British authorities, who launched an investigation paralleling Operation Avalanche that was dubbed Operation Ore. As in America, only a few of the known offenders have thus far been arrested. Included among those questioned by police have been television personality Matthew Kelly and legendary guitarist Pete Townshend.

Rushing to Townshend’s defense was *The Nation* columnist Alexander Cockburn, who earlier played a prominent role in denouncing the McMartin prosecutions. In a posting on his *Counterpunch* website from February 2003, Cockburn grossly misrepresented the nature of the charges against Townshend. He charged that, according to the Supreme Court, “‘porn’ encompass[es] even clothed images of children if they are construed as arousing. ‘Child’ means anyone under 18.” Cockburn labeled Townshend’s arrest “absurd,” and claimed that if you “have a photo of a kid in a bath on your hard drive, and the prosecutor says you were looking at it with lust in your heart, [then] that is tantamount to sexually molesting an actual kid in an actual bath.”

Cockburn was clearly trying to convey the impression that Townshend and others are the innocent victims of overzealous prosecutors. It will be recalled, however, that the images that the Landslide website was offering to Townshend and other subscribers were images of “the torture, rape and sexual abuse of children as young as two.” Those are not the types of images that would easily be mistaken for innocent pictures of a child taking a bath.

Also included among the 7,272 suspects in the United Kingdom, according to the *Observer*, were “hundreds of child welfare professionals, including police officers, care workers and teachers,” all of whom were “identified as ‘extremely high-risk’ paedophiles.” Particularly well represented on the list were law enforcement personnel: “Investigators now believe as many as 90 police officers have so far been identified from an initial trawl of 200 of the British names found in the U.S.

Many of the other suspects work in other sensitive professions, often linked to the criminal justice system.”

On November 4, 2002, the *Independent* carried a brief report that noted that virtually all of the British suspects had “yet to be investigated despite the police having their details for four months.” All the information on the suspects was sent in July 2002 to the fifty-one police departments throughout Great Britain, but “despite detailed intelligence, nearly all of the suspected paedophiles remain at large.” No mention was made of why it took U.S. authorities nearly three years to get the information to their UK counterparts. In January 2003, the *Sunday Herald* announced that the “police inquiry which plans to arrest a further 7000 men across the UK...is set to end in disaster with many suspects walking free.” Detective Chief Inspector Bob McLachlan, the former head of Scotland Yard’s paedophile unit, told the *Sunday Herald*, “the lack of urgency in making arrests will lead to suspects destroying evidence...before they are arrested.” McLachlan also told the *Herald* that claims made by police chiefs and the government that they are prioritizing pedophile crime are nothing but “smoke and mirrors.”

The final line of the *Sunday Herald* article revealed that, according to police, there were enough “rich and famous Operation Ore suspects [to] fill newspaper front pages for an entire year.” According to *The Register* and the *Sunday Times* (which reportedly obtained, but did not publish, all 7,272 names), the list of suspects included “at least 20 senior executives,...services personnel from at least five military bases, GPs, university academics and civil servants.” Also on the list were a “famous newspaper columnist...along with a songwriter for a legendary pop band and a member of another chart-topping 1980s cult pop group, along with an official with the Church of England.”

It is unlikely that any of those suspects, nor the “high-profile former Labour Cabinet minister” mentioned by the *Sunday Herald*, will ever be prosecuted. In August 2003, *Scotland on Sunday* reported that the Scottish arm of the “massive internet child pornography investigation Operation Ore has ended...without anybody being charged with sex abuse.” An unnamed Scottish police chief said that that outcome “would not trouble us if we thought that all the men who were looking at child porn on their computer were just sad creeps who did not pose a risk to the children in their lives, but that is not the conclusion that was drawn from every raid.” To the contrary, what investigators repeatedly encountered was evidence that suspects were engaged in the ongoing abuse of children.

In March 2002, *Knight Ridder* carried a report that stated: “Postal inspectors, the FBI and Canadian authorities have broken up an underground network of adults who traded pornographic videos of children—sometimes their own—being brutally beaten.” At the time that the report was filed, ten perpetrators had already been convicted and “more arrests are expected in the ongoing investigation of what

authorities described...as a unique case.” According to Raymond Smith, head of the Postal Service’s child exploitation investigations: “We’ve seen organized networks of sadomasochistic beatings with adults before, but this is the first time we’ve seen it with children.”

In an apparent attempt to downplay the appalling behavior uncovered by the investigation, a postal inspector named Michael Galuppo described the ring as “a bizarre group of people obsessed with spanking children for sexual gratification.” “Spanking,” it should be noted, is a rather odd way to describe what in fact were brutally sadistic beatings involving “whips, hairbrushes, canes and wooden paddles.” The abuse was so severe that at least one of the children depicted on videotape “suffered permanent disfigurement from beatings that investigators said went on for ‘years.’” Among those convicted in the case were “a middle school teacher...a nurse and former Boy Scout leader...[and] a former Sunday school teacher.”

Just months later, in August 2002, the *Independent* reported that U.S. authorities had “announced the discovery of a ‘despicable’ child pornography ring stretching to Britain and continental Europe, in which parents sexually abused their children and distributed photographs of them over the internet...Robert Bonner, The Customs Commissioner, said he was particularly shocked to see the degree of collusion by parents. ‘If this isn’t unusual, God help us...I’ve rarely seen crimes as despicable and repugnant.’” Of the sixteen suspects arrested in the U.S., one “committed suicide shortly after being arrested.”

These cases were not, of course, in any way “unique” or “unusual,” as veteran Customs and Postal Service officials, with experience investigating cases of child exploitation, should know.

In September 2003, the *International Herald Tribune* carried a report from Berlin concerning “an international police investigation [that] had uncovered an immense child pornography ring involving 26,500 suspects who swapped illegal images on the Internet in 166 countries.” More than 500 homes in Germany were searched and hundreds of computers were seized, along with tens of thousands of CD-ROMs, diskettes, and videotapes. One seized image “showed a baby of four months being abused.” A statement issued by the German Interior and Justice Ministries warned that many of the suspects, a number of whom are reportedly teachers and police officials, “are extremely dangerous pedophiles and are from all walks of life.” About 800 of those suspects reside in the United States.

Curt Becker, the justice minister for the German state of Saxony-Anhalt, called for tougher laws to contend with the growing market for child pornography. He also directly challenged the notion that mere possession of such images is largely a victimless crime. “Every case of child pornography is a document of the sexual abuse of a child,” Becker noted, and “every look at that image kills a child’s soul.”

A January 2003 *Sunday Herald* article revealed that police investigators had discovered “that images of Fred West abusing one of his children are among child pornography available for downloading from the Internet. It is unclear whether the child was West’s murdered daughter Heather.” Fred West was one of the UK’s most notorious, and most prolific, serial killers. Shortly after being charged with twelve counts of murder, he died while in police custody, allegedly by his own hand. Like Dutroux, West had constructed a torture chamber in his cellar where his victims were filmed being raped, tortured, murdered and mutilated. The remains of nine of his victims, minus some missing parts, were discovered buried under his house and in his yard.

While we are on the subject of serial killers, *The Irish Times* carried the following report in July 1998:

Police suspect a series of gruesome gay hate killings in the Sydney region could be the work of a serial killer whose victims might be linked through a notorious paedophile ring. The latest mutilation murder was that of Australia’s longest serving mayor, Frank Arkell, aged 68, who was bludgeoned to death in his flat and who had previously faced 29 child sex charges. In the past few months two other men, one a convicted child sex offender, were attacked in their homes in similar circumstances and also suffered horrific injuries. Arkell, the former Lord Mayor of Wollongong, 50 miles south of Sydney, was a key witness in a royal commission into police corruption which uncovered a network of paedophiles.

Those serial killers sure come in handy sometimes.

“Bruno Tagliaferro, a Charleroi scrap metal merchant who knew Dutroux, claimed to know something about the car in which Julie and Melissa were kidnapped. But he was soon found dead, apparently of a heart attack. His wife Fabienne Jaupart, refused to accept the verdict and arranged for his body to be exhumed. Samples sent to the USA for analysis showed he’d been poisoned. Soon after, her teenage son found her dead at home in her bed, her mattress smouldering. Publicly it was declared suicide, or an accident. There have been 20 such unexplained deaths connected with Dutroux.”

—Olenka Frenkiel for the *BBC*, May 2, 2002

Chapter 2

...to Washington

“...several prosecutors, policemen and crucial eyewitnesses have committed suicide. Important evidence has also disappeared. So maybe Dutroux is being protected from on high. What other explanation can there be for such a disgraceful chain of events?”

—Andrew Osborn in the *Guardian*, January 25, 2002

While the size and scope of pedophile rings have grown rapidly in recent years, America, as it turns out, has long been a nation whose laws were friendly to purveyors of child pornography. It was just twenty-five years ago, in 1978, that the very *first* federal statute on child pornography was passed into law. While forbidding production and sale, the statute placed no restrictions at all on the possession or trade of such materials. New laws enacted in 1984 forbid the trade of child pornography regardless of whether any money changed hands, though possession remained legal. In fact, as recently as 1990, private possession of child pornography was legal in 44 of the 50 states, despite the inescapable fact that all such materials were, by necessity, illegally produced and/or illegally obtained.

Technology has for some time now played a key role in greatly expanding the availability of child pornography. The Polaroid camera, for example, eliminated the need for child pornographers to have access to complicit photo labs. Home video cameras did likewise for moving images. Personal computers, digital cameras, web cams, scanners, and—most notably—the Internet, have vastly expanded the reach of child pornography networks. In the age of the Internet, child pornography is a booming business. The *Los Angeles Times* noted in December 1999 that: “the number of investigations for Internet-related child pornography is soaring. The FBI launched 1,125 such inquiries this year, more than twice as many as last year.”

In the wake of this rising tide, the U.S. 9th Circuit Court of Appeals issued a ruling on December 17, 1999 that struck a serious blow to the prosecution of

child pornography cases. As the *Times* reported, the decision stipulated, “the government cannot prohibit computer-generated sexual images that only appear to be pictures of children.” A later report noted that appeals court judge Donald Molloy had stated that the First Amendment bars the government from criminalizing the generation of “images of fictitious children engaged in imaginary but explicit sexual conduct.” As a result of the court’s decision, prosecutors were thereafter “barred from bringing virtual-child pornography cases in California and the eight other Western states within the jurisdiction of the U.S. 9th Circuit Court of Appeals.”

As critics have noted, graphics technology now available to the general public is so sophisticated that it is virtually impossible to determine if an image has been digitally altered, and therefore if any actual children were involved in the generation of the image. U.S. Justice Department lawyers argued that very point, noting that the “government may find it impossible in many cases to prove that a pornographic image is of a real child.” Any good defense attorney, in other words, could raise reasonable doubt as to the authenticity of an image. It could in fact be argued that *all* such computer images “only appear to be pictures of children.” Computer images are not in fact photos, but are digital computer files that display as a facsimile of the original photo. A sound legal argument could be made that all digitally transferred and displayed child pornography is therefore legal, as it does not represent ‘real children.’

That should come as great news to the international child pornography networks, given that the United States is their number-one market. According to investigative author Gordon Thomas, the majority of child pornography produced worldwide is targeted at the U.S., where by the early 1990s it was already a \$3 billion a year business, and growing. Thomas claims that—according to law enforcement figures—over 22 million copies of child pornography videos were sold or rented in the U.S. in 1991. He also writes that much of that pornographic material is produced domestically, where it is “part of the largest segment of movie making in the United States.” Jan Hollingsworth concurs with Thomas’ figures, describing child pornography as a “three-billion-dollar—per year—U.S. industry that grossed twice that worldwide. It [is] bigger than *Disney*. Much bigger.” Speaking of *Disney*, Thomas notes that child porn videos are frequently trafficked internationally by deceptively packaging them as *Disney* videos.

Strangely enough, the first man to benefit from the 9th Circuit Court decision was Patrick J. Naughton. You may remember him as the executive with the Walt Disney Co. who ran one of the company’s kid-friendly web sites. Naughton was arrested and later tried on child pornography charges. He was convicted on December 16, *just one day* before the decision was handed down in the case before the circuit court. Within hours of the appeals court ruling, Naughton was

released by federal prosecutors on \$100,000 bail. Despite the fact that he was, as the *Times* acknowledged, convicted of “possessing pictures of actual children,” a decision was made to release him “until the impact of the court’s ruling can be sorted out”—illustrating the significant undermining of existing law that could result from the circuit court ruling.

On January 22, 2001, the U.S. Supreme Court agreed to hear an appeal of the case. In April 2002, the high court rendered its decision, upholding the ruling of the lower court. By doing so, the highest court in the land extended the ban on prosecutions of “virtual-child pornography” to all fifty states. As the *L.A. Times* reported on April 17, 2002, the “ruling creates an immunity for a new generation of ‘virtual’ pornographers who rely entirely on computer images.” The *Times* noted that it was “an unexpected move” for the conservative court, describing the decision as “a surprisingly strong defense of the right to free speech.” The decision was, alas, not all that surprising, given that the Supreme Court has demonstrated in the past—most notably during the 2000 election debacle—its willingness to toss aside its alleged principles when the need arises. Noted by the *Times* once again was the concern among prosecutors that they will “have a hard time proving that children portrayed on an Internet sex site, for example, are real children.” The decision handed down by the Supreme Court, notably, “does not answer that concern.”

Closely associated with child pornography is, of necessity, child abuse. It should be self-evident that all kids used in child pornography are abused children, their abuse recorded on film and tape for the depraved enjoyment of other child abusers. As Anne Houston, the director of the organization Childline Scotland, has said: “Every image of child abuse on the internet is a crime scene.”

Also closely associated with child pornography is the always-controversial issue of ‘missing children.’ There is considerable debate as to whether there is a problem in this country with missing children. Some claim that 200,000 or more children disappear without a trace every year. Others steadfastly maintain that numbers such as those are grossly inflated, and that abduction of children by strangers with bad intent is actually quite rare. The problem is that nobody really knows for sure, since the FBI—America’s compiler of crime statistics—does not bother to keep track. As the *Los Angeles Times* reported in July 2002, there is a “lack of knowledge about the prevalence of a crime that historically has not been included in the federal government’s Uniform Crime Report. Local agencies have only sporadically kept data.” Many believe that the numbers are not compiled because the FBI does not want to know—or more accurately, the FBI does not want *the American people* to know, how many children disappear every year.

What is known though is that reports of child abuse have skyrocketed. Between 1963 and 1988, reported cases of child abuse rose from 150,000 to

2,000,000 per year, a 1300% increase in just a quarter-century. Child abuse may in fact be the most prevalent crime in American society—and possibly the most significant as well, given that it provides the breeding ground for so much of the more visible crime plaguing Western culture. As Thomas reports: “over 90 percent of the teenage prison population are now victims of child abuse.” And that population is growing rapidly. In the wake of *that* rising tide, the *Los Angeles Times* reported in March 2001 that: “President Bush’s budget will trim a program aimed at preventing child abuse and cut some child care spending...A child abuse prevention program will see an 18% cut.”

Author and e-zine editor Robert Sterling has written of what he refers to as “a pattern of trivialization of child molestation evidence” that seems to characterize high-profile media stories. He points out, for instance, that in the highly publicized Woody Allen and Mia Farrow child custody case, all the attention was focused on Allen’s illicit romance with Soon-*yi* Previn. Almost entirely ignored in the media coverage was the fact that Allen was also charged with molesting his own seven-year-old adopted daughter, Dylan. While the press dismissed those allegations as unfounded and unworthy of reporting, Sterling notes that, “Connecticut state authorities, based on the testimony of Dylan and others, have stated that they do believe Woody did molest her, but decided not to prosecute anyway,” allegedly to spare the child any further trauma.

Sterling also takes note of the “case of the Menendez brothers, who, after admitting to murdering their parents, painfully revealed that they were ruthlessly abused and molested by them over the years.” Their claims were never fully investigated and the boys were “viciously demonized for trying to escape the murder charges and accused of making up their abuse,” though there was in fact evidence of that abuse. Also referenced by Sterling is the kid-gloves treatment afforded Michael Jackson when he was charged with molestation: “even though the accusations against him are widely believed to be true, [they] are merely passed off with a laugh among other smirking monologue jokes on Jay Leno.” And of course, though not mentioned by Sterling, sister LaToya was ridiculed by the media when she came forward with stories about the sexual abuse suffered *by* the Jackson kids at the hands of their father. Other cases discussed in the Sterling piece include the over-hyped ‘au-pair’ trial, during which evidence of prior abuse of the child by his parents was consistently ignored, and the Susan Smith case, in which the media refused to consider whether Smith’s own severe childhood abuse could have been a factor in the murder of her children, despite the fact that her father admitted to the chronic abuse.

Coupled with the fact that the press have consistently downplayed the occurrence of child molestation is the equally disturbing fact that that very same media have actively promoted the sexualization of children—a trend that has been

greatly accelerated in recent years, and which has served to, to some degree, legitimize pedophilia. Taking note of the proliferation of young teen—and even pre-teen—sex symbols, Tom Junod wrote in *Esquire* (February 2001) that: “the entire culture is besotted with the erotic promise of teenage girls... The lure of jailbait now supplies the erotic energy to a popular culture desperate for what’s new, what’s young, what’s alive.” The Junod article is, strangely enough, a profile of Greg Dark, one-half of the former ‘Dark Brothers’—notorious purveyors of dark-themed, occult-tinged porno films. Dark is rather noteworthy for having openly produced and peddled child pornography, in that many of his films featured a very young Traci Lords, who began working with the Dark Brothers at the age of thirteen.

But Dark has now put those days long behind him. He is now working comfortably in the mainstream. And he is no longer marketing teen sexuality. No, now he is creating music videos...for Britney Spears, Mandy Moore and the pre-teen Leslie Carter (sister of Aaron Carter and “Back Street Boy” Nick Carter). That is, according to Dark,¹⁰ a completely different line of work.

It is not just the media that has been actively promoting the sexualization of children; certain segments of academia have been busily doing so as well. On April 19, 2002, the *Washington Times* carried a report detailing a “movement within academia to promote ‘free sexual expression of children.’” This “movement to legitimize sex between adults and children is ‘gathering steam,’ warns Stephanie Dallam, researcher for the Leadership Council for Mental Health, Justice and the Media in Philadelphia, an organization that deals with prevention and treatment of child abuse. ‘Some people view children as the next sexual frontier,’ Ms. Dallam says.” Referenced in the *Times* article is Judith Levine’s book

10 Some other interesting facts about Dark emerged from the *Esquire* profile, such as that he was raised by a Satanist father, who “used to read to Gregory from the works of Aleister Crowley, the noted occultist, when Gregory was very young.” His father’s collection of “black magick” books is one of Dark’s most cherished possessions. Also revealed was that Dark is a master manipulator, as he candidly admitted to his interviewer: “And the thing is, I like manipulating people. I’m comfortable manipulating people. I’m good at it.” Junod added that, during Dark’s porno days, he “asked people to do things...curious things...and they did them.” Such is the nature of the man who helps craft the images of America’s teen sex symbols and market them to millions of pre-teen fans. Britney Spears later revealed to *Esquire* an interesting detail of her family life: “...when I was thirteen years old, I used to walk around my house completely naked...My family just always walked around the house naked. We were earthy people.”

Harmful to Minors: The Perils of Protecting Children from Sex, published by the University of Minnesota Press. Levine's book endorses a Dutch law passed in 1990 "that effectively lowered the age of consent to 12." As the *Times* article points out, the book "is only the most recent in a series of academic arguments for 'consensual' sex involving children." Included among such academic endeavors are:

- An article published in 2000 by the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco in which the authors claimed that there was "considerable evidence" that there is no "inherent harm in sexual expression in childhood."
- An interview with San Francisco State University professor Gilbert Herdt in the Dutch pro-pedophilia journal *Paidika* in which Herdt stated: "the category 'child' is a rhetorical device for inflaming what is really an irrational set of attitudes" against pedophilia.
- Another interview with *Paidika*, given by John Money, professor emeritus at Johns Hopkins University, that spoke of "genuinely, totally mutual" sex between adult men and young boys.
- A 1998 study in a journal of the American Psychological Association argued that "value-neutral" terms such as "adult-child sex" should be used to describe a "willing encounter" between an adult pedophile and a child. One of the study's co-authors, Robert Bauserman, with the Maryland Department of Health and Mental Hygiene, has written previously for *Paidika*. This 1998 study, according to the *Times*, "has already been used as evidence to defend accused child molesters in at least three court cases."

Many of these recent arguments in favor of the expression of child sexuality were influenced by the work of Indiana University professor Alfred Kinsey, who claimed in his notorious late-1940s/early-1950s reports on human sexuality that children "are sexual from birth." The professor was, oddly enough, another devoted disciple of Aleister Crowley. Kinsey died shortly after paying a visit to Crowley's Thelema Abbey in Sicily with filmmaker and fellow occultist Kenneth Anger—who was the roommate and probable lover of Manson Family member Bobby Beausoleil...but we will get to that later.

Like child molestation and child abduction, child prostitution is also closely associated with child pornography. And make no mistake about it; child prostitution is a booming business. *A&E*'s "Investigative Reports" has noted that law enforcement figures indicate that there are currently some 600,000 child prostitutes working in the United States and Canada, in an industry that generates \$5 billion a year worldwide. *A&E* also reported that, throughout North America,

there is “growing use of children in the sex trade.” Young boys make up 51% of that trade. The FBI, alas, has turned a blind eye; for the last quarter-century, “federal prosecutions of major pimp operations have been virtually nonexistent.” As Dr. Lois Lee has noted, “It’s not a high priority with the FBI to go after kids that are being transported across state lines. It’s really a disgrace.”

Dr. Lee is the founder of Children of the Night, an organization devoted to helping repair the shattered lives of child-sex-trade victims. Her facility, said to be the only one of its kind in the world, has seen 10,000 kids pass through its doors. Fully ninety percent of them have suffered a lifetime of abuse—first at home, and later on the streets and alleys of America’s big cities. Most of them suffered their first abuse before the age of three. Many of these victims are runaways recruited from small towns across the country, and then brought to prime child prostitution markets like Los Angeles and Las Vegas. Once there, they have an average life span of just seven years; many of them do not make it through their teenage years. For as long as they survive though, they reap enormous financial rewards for their pimps. The younger the child, the more popular they are with the ‘Johns,’ and therefore the more profitable for their exploiters.

A landmark study on the commercial sexual exploitation of children was concluded by the University of Pennsylvania’s School of Social Work in 2001. The chilling report issued by the researchers was completely ignored by the U.S. media. That no doubt was due in part to the rather curious timing of the release of the report: it was issued on September 10, 2001—less than twenty-four hours before the World Trade Center towers came crashing down. Written by Richard J. Estes and Neil Alan Weiner, the study notes that the era of “economic globalization, internationalization, and free trade” has been accompanied by a “dramatic rise worldwide in the incidence of child exploitation...Child pornography, juvenile prostitution and trafficking in children for sexual purposes have emerged as significant problems on the national, regional, and international stages. So, too, has child sex tourism.”¹¹ The ugly reality is that, in the global marketplace, everything

11 According to the publication *Only in Russia*, globalization has been accompanied by another dramatic rise: “In an already crime-ridden country, Russia’s Interior Ministry has identified yet another malefactor to be dealt with—the Devil. Deputy chief of the Ministry’s Main Crime Directorate, Aleksander Greshanin, informed the press on February 3 [2003] that a special department has been set up to investigate the activities of Satanist sects. He said that the Ministry was very worried by the country’s descent into the ways of black magic and devil worship, adding that Satanists often conduct ritual sacrifices and, in some cases, their activities involve serious crimes like murder or grievous bodily harm.” The tone of the article was decidedly skeptical.

has a price tag—including the sexual services of our children. The study also revealed, “CSE [child sexual exploitation] and the CSEC [commercial sexual exploitation of children] appear to be related in complex ways with other forms of child exploitation, such as the use of children in labor, drug and warfare settings.”

Among the findings summarized in the report’s Executive Summary are all of the following:

- “About 20% of children we encountered in this study were being trafficked nationally by organized criminal units using well established prostitution tracks.”
- “Children are trafficked into, and within, the U.S. by a variety of private and public means—e.g., cars, buses, vans, trucks, planes.”
- “Most trafficked children have available to them a variety of false identity papers for use in case of arrest.”
- “The majority of nationally trafficked children both use drugs and engage in drug sales.”
- “[A]bout 10% of the children we encountered are trafficked internationally.”
- “Most internationally trafficked children are the citizens of developing countries located in Asia, Africa, Central and South America, and Central and Eastern Europe.”
- “International trafficking in children is highly lucrative—a single trafficked child can earn a trafficker as much as \$30,000 or more in trafficking fees.”
- “In many cases, trafficked children also are required to serve as ‘mules’ in transporting illicit drugs either into or across the U.S., or both.”

Obvious in these findings is the fact that the trafficking of children—both nationally and internationally—is an immense, and immensely profitable, criminal enterprise¹² requiring “the involvement of a wide range of functionaries—including recruiters, trainers, purveyors of false documents, transporters, money collectors, enforcers...arrangers/investors...corrupt public officials, informers, guides and crew members...supporting personnel and specialists.” The University’s researchers also discovered “approximately 10% of pimps in the U.S. are tied into international sex crime networks.” These individuals “participate

12 The United Nations Children’s Fund (UNICEF) released a report on July 30, 2003 that declared that 1.2 million children are trafficked every year, creating a \$10 billion a year industry. The report’s authors concluded: “Trafficking is a truly global problem, affecting all countries everywhere.”

actively in the international trafficking of children—including American children and children who are nationals of other countries. Typically, these pimps also are connected in some way...to international drug networks.” The close connections between the international trafficking of children and the international trafficking of drugs is significant in that, as a number of researchers have documented, America’s Central Intelligence Agency plays a central role in the international drug trade. It would seem then to logically follow that that same organization would be deeply involved in the equally lucrative international trade in children.

Just months before the release of the University of Pennsylvania’s report, DePaul University’s International Human Rights Law Institute released the results of a three year study of sexual slavery. Researchers concluded that some two million women and children are held in sexual servitude worldwide—and those numbers are growing. As with the other academic study, the report’s authors concluded that the “advent of globalization has exacerbated the problem by creating what some call market opportunities for traffickers in human beings and for their exploiters.” Also as with the other study, researchers found clear evidence of official complicity in the trafficking rings. The report’s authors warned that trafficking victims “have no one to turn to for help. Law enforcers are frequently in collusion with the traffickers and exploiters and victims who seek to escape are returned to their captors by those from whom they sought protection. Their despondency and despair is beyond description.”

An estimated 30,000 of these victims die every year from “abuse, torture, neglect and disease.” But neither the U.S. media nor the Washington establishment have anything to say about that, leaving the America people in a state of collective ignorance and denial even as child exploitation rings, which constitute a vast underground in this country, grow exponentially.

How far does this pedophilic underground extend into the halls of power? Are America’s political, corporate and military elite—like their counterparts in Belgium, Latvia and Portugal—hiding a particularly dirty little secret from the American people? A secret that, if exposed, could shatter America’s cherished political and economic institutions and bring the house of cards crashing down? Consider the case of Craig Spence, a behind-the-scenes Republican powerbroker in Washington. In June 1989, the *Washington Times* published a story that sent shockwaves rippling across Capitol Hill. It seemed that Spence had been deeply involved with a callboy ring that supplied young boys, some of them very young boys, to the elite of both political parties, as well as to visiting dignitaries.

It was reported by the *Times* that a list of some 200 influential clients included the names of “government officials, locally based U.S. military officers, businessmen, lawyers, bankers, congressional aides, media representatives and other professionals,” only a few of whom were publicly identified. On the guest lists for

Spence's parties were former CIA Director William Casey and former Deputy Director of Intelligence Ray Cline; Congressman Barney Frank and Senators John Glenn and Frank Murkowski; political activist/propagandist Phyllis Schlafly; former Attorney General John Mitchell (who once co-hosted a party with Spence); journalists William Safire, Liz Trotta, Ted Koppel and Eric Severeid; former Ambassadors James Lilley, Robert Neumann and Elliot Richardson; General Alfred M. Gray, the Commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps, and Lt. General Daniel O. Graham, an expert on the 'Space Defense Initiative'; and former U.S. Attorneys Joseph diGenova and Victoria Toensing.¹³ Spence once held a birthday bash for the notorious Roy Cohn. He also boasted of playing host to Rock Hudson and other celebrities.

Among the revelations in the case was that Spence had taken some of his call-boy escorts on private, late-night tours of the White House. The tours, of which there were at least four, were cleared by a uniformed Secret Service guard who moonlighted as a bodyguard at Spence's parties. Spence hinted that the tours were arranged by the national security adviser to then-Vice President George H.W. Bush, Donald Gregg, for whom Spence once sponsored a dinner. One of the tours occurred just after Spence stopped by the *Nightline* studio to see his friend, Ted Koppel. Spence reportedly introduced Koppel to a 15-year-old boy, whom Koppel later claimed Spence had introduced as his son. Koppel though had been a close friend for over twenty years and surely knew that Spence did not have a teenage son. Koppel first met Spence in Southeast Asia when Koppel was serving as the *ABC* bureau chief in Hong Kong, and Spence was nominally working as an *ABC* correspondent in Vietnam.

Spence openly boasted of working with both the CIA and ranking members of the Reagan and Bush administrations. He claimed that he had been involved in covert operations in Vietnam, Japan, Central America and the Middle East. His claims were scoffed at and he was largely portrayed as a self-important blowhard.

13 DiGenova served in 1975–1976 as counsel to the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence, commonly referred to as the Church Committee. He later served as U.S. Attorney under President Ronald Reagan. During that time, and after purportedly leaving government service for private practice, he frequently attended Spence's parties. In December 1988, he accompanied Spence on a business trip to Japan. Toensing, diGenova's wife, is a former deputy assistant attorney general for the Justice Department and a former chief counsel for the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence (1981–1984). Both were investigated for their close links to Craig Spence. Both later made almost daily appearances on cable newscasts as shrill proponents of the Clinton impeachment proceedings.

There are indications, however, that Spence was involved in covert operations as far back as Vietnam, where he could well have been working under journalistic cover. An associate of his from that era told the *Washington Post*: “Spence pulled disappearing acts in Vietnam—sometimes for weeks at a time...Then he’d turn up, refusing to say where he’d been.”

“The sex? That’s done all the time,” a former Bush economic adviser told the press. “If a foreign diplomat wants a companion, the State Department provides it. It doesn’t matter if it’s a man or woman. They have a special fund set up for that.” What the unnamed adviser did not say was that such services were provided not as a courtesy to the dignitary, but as a way to compromise and control. Allegations quietly arose that the callboy ring, and Spence’s parties, were part of a CIA sexual blackmail operation. Spence’s Washington mansion was said to be overflowing with surveillance equipment, including hidden cameras and microphones and an abundance of two-way mirrors. It was also alleged that cocaine flowed freely at Spence’s parties, and that he could have been involved in bringing drugs in from El Salvador.

The Spence story never really registered on the national media’s radar screen. Despite being a largely Republican scandal, it was completely ignored by such pillars of the purportedly liberal press as the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times*. The story soon disappeared entirely and Washington and the media proceeded to pretend as though nothing had ever happened. According to a *Washington Times* reporter, the paper trail was quickly covered up. Some 20,000 documents pertaining to the case were sealed by court order and the U.S. Attorney’s office issued a gag order on the release of information. By the time that Craig Spence turned up dead in a Boston hotel less than five months after the story first broke, he had been all but forgotten. He had earlier told a friend: “I may be disappearing soon. It will be sudden. It may appear to be a suicide, but it won’t be.”

Spence was reportedly found lying on his bed in room 429 of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, wearing a tuxedo and with a telephone cradled to his ear and a Walkman headset around his neck. He had, according to the *Independent*, “no obvious signs of injury,” and “police refused to comment on the cause of death.” The door to the room was barricaded. Written on the mirror were several messages, one of which read: “Chief, consider this my resignation, effective immediately. As you always said, you can’t ask others to make a sacrifice if you are not ready to do the same. Life is duty. God bless America.” Another was an apology to the hotel: “To the Ritz, please forgive this inconvenience.” A third was an unexplained Japanese phrase: “Nisei Bei.” The hotel registry showed that the room the apparent suicide victim was found in was occupied by “C.S. Kane.”

Spence had been subpoenaed by a grand jury but had not yet been called to appear. As it turned out, very few witnesses ever did appear before that grand jury. Spence had also reportedly agreed to provide *Penthouse* magazine with “lurid details of Washington’s bisexual wonderland.” His story, needless to say, was never told.

The callboy ring, oddly enough, had close ties to the funeral home/mortuary business. Robert Chambers was convicted on charges of handling the credit card processing for Professional Services, Inc., an entity that served as a cover for an interlinked network of half-a-dozen male escort services. Chambers was a funeral director and the son of the owner of the Chambers Funeral Homes chain. He was sentenced to serve 41 months. Two of the linked services, Dream Boys and Man to Man, were reportedly run by Henry Vinson, a mortician and the former coroner of Mingo County, West Virginia. Vinson had moved to D.C. after losing his job as coroner for making harassing phone calls to rival funeral homes. While he was under investigation in Washington, his obituary appeared in West Virginia newspapers, apparently as the result of an assisted effort to fake his death. Vinson¹⁴ ultimately pled guilty and received a 63-month sentence. The presiding judge openly criticized U.S. Attorney Jay Stephens for departing from mandatory sentencing guidelines. Vinson’s legal representation was provided by *Fox News* mouthpiece Greta Van Susteren.

Also implicated in the case was Democratic Congressman Barney Frank, whose D.C. home was used as a base of operations for an escort service from late 1985 through mid 1987. The service was run by Frank’s lover, Stephen L. Gobie, the son of a Marine Corps master sergeant and Pentagon budget analyst. Frank wrote a number of letters to probation officials on behalf of Gobie, who had four felony convictions from 1982. Those letters provided the necessary cover for the ring, which Frank denied having knowledge of. Gobie also regularly operated out of Chevy Chase Elementary School, in collusion with the ‘magnet’ school’s principal, Gabriel A. Massaro, a former school counselor. The school was home to 350 students aged nine to twelve. Massaro vigorously denied that any students were involved in callboy operations, which he eventually admitted were run from the school. In addition to Barney Frank and Gabriel Massaro, Stephen Gobie had close ties to Craig Spence as well.

¹⁴ Vinson later reportedly married Dr. Diane Shafer, who was appointed to fill the Mingo County coroner position that he had once held. Shafer had previously been convicted of bribery in Kentucky. Her appointment came just after the reversal of the appointment of Gerald Chafin, a mortuary owner and former Mingo County Sheriff who had twice been indicted on federal wiretap charges.

Elsewhere in the country, a political operative named Larry King—hailed as “the fastest rising Black star in the Republican Party”—was embroiled in another high-level pedophile ring. King, whose operation was based in Omaha, Nebraska, had connections to Craig Spence as well as to Ronald Reagan, George Bush, Oliver North, and various other major players in Washington. The King story first began to emerge with the collapse of his Franklin Community Credit Union, one of many such entities that went belly-up in the 1980s savings and loan scandals. A special senate ‘Franklin Committee’ was established and tasked with looking into allegations of financial improprieties, but soon found itself instead investigating claims of child prostitution, child pornography and ritual homicide. Committee members began receiving anonymous threats.

The investigation led to the doorsteps of some of the most powerful men in Omaha, including newspaper publisher Harold Andersen (a lunch partner of George Bush), local columnist Peter Citron, a judge, the mayor, the city’s Games and Parks Commissioner, a prominent attorney, the former police chief, businessman Alan Baer, and multi-billionaire Warren Buffet (for whose son King sponsored a political fund-raiser). Some of the victim/witnesses identified George Bush as being directly complicit. The scandal was completely ignored by the national U.S. media, and appears to have been covered by the local press for the sole purpose of discrediting the witnesses and denouncing the investigation as yet another ‘witch hunt.’ The case did attract some attention from the European press though. *Pronto*, Spain’s largest circulation weekly, reported that the scandal “appears to directly implicate politicians of the state of Nebraska and Washington, D.C. who are very close to the White House and George Bush.” The report also noted “there is reason to believe that the CIA is directly implicated,” and the “FBI refuses to help in the investigation and has sabotaged any efforts” by others to do so.

A documentary film crew from the UK’s *Yorkshire Television*, working in conjunction with the *Discovery Channel*, worked for months investigating the case. The result of their efforts was a film entitled “Conspiracy of Silence,” which concluded that the child victims/witnesses were telling the truth. The documentary was scheduled to air on the *Discovery Channel* on May 3, 1994. Just days before the scheduled airing, the film was pulled without explanation and all copies were ordered destroyed. At least one production copy of the video survived the purge, however, and has been known to circulate among those derisively labeled as ‘conspiracy theorists.’ For everyone else, the conspiracy of silence continues.

The Omaha operation, described in the film as a “large ring of rich and powerful pedophiles,” appears to have been in business for several years—with the knowledge of, and for the perverse pleasure of, a variety of city, state and federal authorities. Jerry Lowe, the first investigator assigned to the case by the Franklin

Committee, reported back: “The allegations regarding the exploitation of children are indeed disturbing. What appears to be documented cases of child abuse and sexual abuse dating back several years with no enforcement action being taken by the appropriate agencies is on its face, mind-boggling.” The investigation revealed that many of the child victims had been recruited from one of America’s most revered charitable organizations—Boy’s Town, with which King had maintained close ties since 1979. Senator and committee member Loran Schmit has said that Boy’s Town was mentioned frequently during the investigation, “but we found it difficult to get information about Boy’s Town.” So too did the film crew from *Yorkshire Television*.

Republican state senator and Franklin Committee member John DeCamp, in his book *The Franklin Cover-Up*, presents a compelling body of evidence to document the charges made by the child victims and various others associated with the operation. Equally disturbing is the evidence presented of the massive cover-up that was perpetrated by the FBI, local police, a grand jury assigned to the case, and of course the ever-compliant media. The cover-up involved, according to DeCamp, the untimely deaths of at least fifteen key players in the scandal—including Franklin Committee investigator Gary Caradori, whose private plane was blown out of the sky on July 11, 1990 with Caradori and his eight-year-old son on board. Caradori had been threatened frequently, as had the witnesses from whom he was gathering information. His vehicle had also been repeatedly tampered with. His brother claimed that Gary had told him that he had recently come to possess a key piece of evidence (a book of addresses and phone numbers) that was so damaging, “if they knew he had it, they’d kill him.”

The wreckage of Caradori’s plane, as a reporter on the scene noted, was “strewn over a $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 mile stretch.” A National Transportation Safety Board investigator acknowledged that the “fact that the wreckage is scattered over a large area certainly demonstrates that it did break up in flight.” Family members claimed that there were items missing from the plane’s wreckage, most significantly Caradori’s briefcase. Within twenty-four hours of the crash, all of his records had been impounded by the FBI. Nevertheless, the NTSB ruled that the crash had been accidental, with no evidence of sabotage. The Franklin Committee—led by Senator Schmit, who suspected sabotage—ordered a private investigation into the cause of the crash. Strangely enough, the man selected to conduct that inquiry was William Colby, a fifty-year veteran of intelligence operations whose career began in the OSS during World War II. Colby’s hiring was urged by his protégé, Senator DeCamp.

In the 1950s, Colby served as the CIA station chief in Italy, overseeing the notorious Operation Gladio. In the 1960s, he ran the Phoenix Program, a campaign of assassination, torture and terror that claimed, by Colby’s own account,

some 20,000 Vietnamese lives. The program was steeped in mind control operations, including the use of prisoners-of-war as unwilling participants in terminal experiments. One of Colby's top aides in Vietnam was none other than John DeCamp. After Vietnam, Colby served as the director of the CIA under President Nixon (Nixon's appointed successor, Gerald Ford, replaced him with George Bush). Considering his past history, Colby was certainly an odd choice to lead an inquiry aimed at ascertaining the truth. Colby's conclusion, according to the *Omaha World Herald*, was that although "the crash had some strange aspects, there was no specific evidence of sabotage."

Just as appalling as the trail of dead witnesses was the fact that the child *victims*, rather than the perpetrators, were arrested and thrown in prison. One of them, a young female victim, achieved the rather dubious honor of spending more time in solitary confinement than any other woman in the history of the Nebraska penal system. She was sentenced to 9–25 years in prison for allegedly committing perjury. Her sentence was ten years longer than the one Larry King received for looting his financial institution of \$40 million. DeCamp explained to the "Conspiracy of Silence" film crew that a message was being sent "to every kid who is a potential witness." Senator Schmit, who told the filmmakers that his pursuit of the investigation had cost him his career and his financial security, believed that a clear signal was being sent to Nebraska politicians as well: a signal to not pursue the investigation any further.

A visibly shaken and disillusioned Schmit explained to the film crew that he "used to be a firm believer that the system would work and that people who did things wrong would be punished. And we discovered victims who claimed to have been abused, and who the grand jury *acknowledged* had been abused, but they did not try to find out who had abused these individuals. Instead, they convicted Alisha Owen of perjury...indefensible from my point of view." It was a full decade before any of the victims received even a semblance of justice, and that came not from the criminal justice system, but from a civil court. In early 1999, a judgment was entered against defendant Larry King in favor of plaintiff Paul Bonacci, who was one of the most severely abused of the child victims. His abuse at the hands of King began when he was just six years old and included his forced collaboration in the production of child snuff films. The memorandum of the district court's decision, issued on February 22, 1999, reads as follows:

Between December 1980 and 1988, the complaint alleges, the defendant King continually subjected the plaintiff to repeated sexual assaults, false imprisonments, infliction of extreme emotional distress, organized and directed satanic rituals, forced the plaintiff to 'scavenge' for children to be a part of the defendant King's sexual abuse and

pornography ring, forced the plaintiff to engage in numerous sexual contacts with the defendant King and others and participate in deviate sexual games and masochistic orgies with other minor children. The defendant King's default has made those allegations true as to him...

The now uncontradicted evidence is that the plaintiff has suffered much. He has suffered burns, broken fingers, beatings of the head and face and other indignities by the wrongful actions of the defendant King. In addition to the misery of going through the experiences just related over a period of eight years, the plaintiff has suffered the lingering results to the present time. He is a victim of multiple personality disorder, involving as many as fourteen distinct personalities aside from his primary personality. He has given up a desired military career and received threats on his life. He suffers from sleeplessness, has bad dreams, has difficulty in holding a job, is fearful that others are following him, fears getting killed, has depressing flashbacks, and is verbally violent on occasion, all in connection with the multiple personality disorder and caused by the wrongful activities of the defendant King.

For the years of unspeakable abuse he suffered, Bonacci was awarded one million dollars. While a bittersweet victory at best, it was considerably more than most other victims of such abuse have gotten. The man primarily responsible for inflicting that abuse, Larry King, has been released from prison and is a free man at the time of this writing.

Chapter 3

Uncle Sam Wants Your Children

“I cannot accept promotion in a system that at first refused to acknowledge and now refuses to deal with the victims of extensive child abuse that occurred at the West Point Child Development Center.”

—Army Captain Walter R. Grote, refusing
a promotion to Major in June 1985

One of the names that surfaced at the Bonacci trial was that of Michael Aquino, the ‘High Priest’ and chief executive of the Temple of Set, an overtly satanic cult that split off from the Church of Satan in 1975. Besides tending to those duties, Aquino has also been known to occupy his time serving as (according to his official biography, circulated by the Temple) a “Lieutenant Colonel, Military Intelligence, U.S. Army.”

Aquino was identified in court, by the mother of a victim, as being a key player in a nationwide pedophile ring. Paul Bonacci himself has also positively identified Aquino as an associate of King who was known to Bonacci and the rest of the children only as ‘the Colonel.’ King’s former personal photographer has identified Aquino as the man to whom he saw King hand over a suitcase full of cash and bonds. The photographer, Rusty Nelson, has also said that he was told by King that Aquino was part of the Contra guns and cocaine trafficking operation run by George Bush and another notorious Lt. Col. named Oliver North. Aquino has also been linked to Offutt Air Force Base, a Strategic Air Command post near Omaha that was implicated in the investigation by the Franklin Committee (and that was also, strangely enough, where George W. Bush opted to hide out on the afternoon of September 11, 2001). Aquino was also claimed to have ordered the abduction of a Des Moines, Iowa paperboy.

This was certainly not the first time that Aquino had been identified as a key figure in organized pedophile/child pornography rings. In July 1988, not long before the King and Spence cases broke, the *San Jose Mercury News* ran a lengthy exposé on the Presidio Child Development Center run by the U.S. Army in San Francisco. Allegations of abuse being perpetrated at the center first emerged in November 1986. Alarmed by accusations made by her child, a parent had sought a medical examination that confirmed that her three-year-old boy had in fact been anally raped. The boy identified his rapist as ‘Mr. Gary,’ a teacher at the center named Gary Hambright. Even with this conclusive medical evidence, however, “it took the Army almost a month to notify the parents of other children who had been in ‘Mr. Gary’s’ class that the incident had taken place.”

Within a year, at least sixty additional victims had been identified, all between the ages of three and seven, and further “allegations would be made by parents that several more children were molested even after the investigation had begun.” Amazingly enough, the center remained open for more than a year after the first case of abuse was reported, although, as noted by the *Mercury News*, “day care centers under state jurisdiction are routinely closed when an abuse incident is confirmed.” And this was considerably more than a simple abuse incident that had been confirmed. The children told stories that implicated many other perpetrators in addition to Hambright. They also told of being taken away from the center to be abused in private homes; at least three such houses were positively identified. And they told of being forced to play “poopoo baseball” and the “goo-goo” game—‘games’ that involved the children being urinated and defecated upon, and being forced to ingest urine and feces. Many of the children also spoke of having guns pointed at them and of being told that they and/or their parents and siblings would be killed if they told anyone what had been done to them.

Despite the mounting number of victim/witnesses, and the numerous crimes alleged by these children, only one suspect, Gary Hambright, was arrested—on January 5, 1987—and he was charged with abusing just a single child. Even then the charges were dismissed just a few months later, in March 1987.

There is little doubt that literally dozens of children were in fact severely abused at the center. There undeniably was medical evidence to document that fact. Five of the children had contracted chlamydia, a sexually transmitted disease; many others showed clear signs of anal and genital trauma consistent with violent penetration. Authorities chose to ignore such evidence. One mother complained to the *San Francisco Chronicle* that the FBI never interviewed her or her son, even after doctors had confirmed the boy’s abuse. In addition to the medical symptoms, there were psychological symptoms as well. As *The American Journal of Orthopsychiatry* noted in April 1992, the “severity of the trauma for children at the Presidio was immediately manifest in clear cut symptoms. Before the abuse

was exposed, parents had already noticed the following changes in their children: vaginal discharge, genital soreness, rashes, fear of the dark, sleep disturbances, nightmares, sexually provocative language, and sexually inappropriate behavior. In addition, the children were exhibiting other radical changes in behavior, including temper outbursts, sudden mood shifts, and poor impulse control. All these behavioral symptoms are to be expected in preschool children who have been molested.”

The journal article, written by Diane Ehrensaft, Ph.D., also noted that the “Presidio case has confronted both the public at large and the mental health community with an extraordinary and abhorrent situation of grave psychological proportions: the willful molestation of young boys and girls by representatives of the most patriarchal and supposedly protective arm of the American government—the U.S. Army.” Ehrensaft observed that a nearly pathological hatred had manifest itself in the fathers of children abused in this way, particularly as they saw their children’s cases stonewalled and swept under the rug. One father was quoted as saying: “When something about the Presidio comes on TV, I want to blow someone away.” Another father echoed that sentiment: “I was ready to blow the army base away.”

One of those who the fathers would have liked to blow away was Michael Aquino. One child positively identified Aquino and his wife, Lilith (known to the kids as ‘Mikey’ and ‘Shamby’), and was also able to identify the Aquinos’ private home and to describe with considerable accuracy the distinctively satanic interior décor of the house. The young witness claimed to have been photographed at the Aquinos’ home. On August 14, 1987, a search warrant was served on the house. Confiscated in the raid were numerous videotapes, photographs, photo albums, photographic negatives, cassette tapes, and name and address books. Also observed was what appeared to be a soundproof room. Neither of the Aquinos was charged with any crimes, nor have they been to this day—a fact that Aquino points to as proof of his innocence.

A month after the raid, a fire—which the Army deemed to be accidental—destroyed the Army Community Services Building adjacent to the Presidio’s day-care center. Strangely enough, “the fire occurred on the autumnal equinox, a major event on the satanic calendar,” as the *Mercury News* noted. The fire also destroyed some of the Child Development Center’s records. “Three weeks later, fire struck again, this time at the day care center itself.” A building that housed four classrooms, one of which was Gary Hambricht’s, was completely destroyed. Investigators from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms determined “both fires, contrary to the Army’s finding, had been arson.” In between the first and second fires (with evidence indicating that a third arson attempt had been made as well), Hambricht was again indicted, this time charged with molesting

ten children. In February 1988, all but one of the new charges were dropped. Shortly thereafter, the remaining count was dropped as well. No further charges were brought against him.

In January 1988, Aquino filed suit against the Army to have it cleared from his record that he had been investigated as a suspected pedophile. According to court records, he also had the gall to charge "Captain Adams-Thompson [the father of a victim] with conduct unbecoming an officer because the Captain reported the allegations of child abuse to the San Francisco police." In denying Aquino's motion, the court concluded "there was probable cause to title Aquino with offenses of indecent acts with a child, sodomy, conspiracy, kidnapping, and false swearing," despite the fact that "the San Francisco police department (SFPD) closed its investigation and filed no charges against the plaintiff or anyone else."

Aquino and some of his defenders have consistently claimed that no one was ever prosecuted in the case due to a lack of evidence. This is cited as proof that the entire affair was no more than a 'witch hunt.' Of course, the failure to prosecute the federal charges could have been due to the fact that, at the time, the U.S. Attorney in San Francisco handling the case was Joseph Russoniello. Russoniello would later be identified by reporter Gary Webb (of the *San Jose Mercury News*) as a player in the Contra cocaine smuggling operation led by Lt. Col. Oliver North and company, just as witnesses would later identify Lt. Col. Michael Aquino as an operative in the very same sordid affair.

In May 1989, Aquino was again questioned in connection with child abuse investigations; this time, at least five children in three cities were making the accusations. The children had seen Aquino in newspaper and television coverage of the Presidio case and immediately recognized him as one of their abusers. Three of the children lived in Ukiah, California, where Police Chief Fred Keplinger was overseeing the investigation of the allegations. The *Mercury News* quoted the chief as saying "the children are believable. I have no doubt in my mind that something has occurred." Aquino was also identified by children in Santa Rosa and Fort Bragg, California. In the Fort Bragg case, "allegations of ritual abuse erupted...in 1985 when several children at the Jubilation Day Care Center said they were sexually abused by a number of people at the day care center and at several locations away from the center, including at least two churches." Aquino was identified as having been present at one of those churches.

According to the *Mercury News*, there was clear evidence of satanic cult activity on the grounds of the Presidio base, including an abundance of satanic graffiti, a satanic altar, and numerous artifacts of satanic rituals. A former MP at the base told the *News* "we've got a cult on the Presidio of San Francisco and nobody cares about it...We were told by the provost marshal to just forget about it." On April 19, 1988, the eve of Adolph Hitler's birthday, an open house was held on the

grounds of the Presidio heralding the opening of a new daycare facility built to replace the fire-damaged Child Development Center. Meanwhile, a report in the *Marin Independent Journal* revealed that Aquino owned a building in Marin County—inherited from his mother, Betty Ford-Aquino—that was jointly leased to the Marin County Child Abuse Council and Project Care for Children. The stated purpose of Project Care was, interestingly enough, to assist parents in locating daycare for their children.

As disturbing as the Presidio case was, it was just one of many ritual abuse cases directly tied to one or more branches of the United States armed forces. As the *Mercury News* reported, “by November, 1987 the Army had received allegations of child abuse at 15 of its day care centers and several elementary schools. There were also at least two cases in Air Force day care centers,” and another in a center run by the U.S. Navy. In addition, “a special team of experts was sent to Panama [in June 1988] to help determine if as many as 10 children at a Department of Defense elementary school had been molested and possibly infected with AIDS.” Yet another case emerged in a U.S.-run facility in West Germany.

These cases erupted at some of the country’s most esteemed military bases, including Fort Dix, Fort Leavenworth, Fort Jackson, and West Point. Many of those making the accusations were career military officers who had devoted their lives to unquestioned allegiance to the U.S. armed forces. Many would resign their posts in outraged protest.

The West Point case, among others, was alleged to be linked to the Presidio case. As *The Times Herald Record* reported in June 1991, the “incidents [at the West Point Child Development Center] unfolded against a backdrop of satanic acts, animal sacrifices and cult-like behavior among the abusers, whose activities extended beyond the U.S. Military Academy borders to Orange County and a military base in San Francisco, parents charged.” The case first broke in July 1984, when a three-year-old girl found herself in the emergency room of the West Point Hospital with a lacerated vagina. She told the examining physician that a teacher at the daycare center had hurt her. The next month, the parents of another child leveled accusations of abuse at the center. As the *Mercury News* reported, “by the end of the year, 50 children had been interviewed by investigators. Children at West Point told stories that would become horrifyingly familiar. They said they had been ritually abused. They said they had had excrement smeared on their bodies and been forced to eat feces and drink urine. They said they were taken away from the day care center and photographed.”

Despite abundant medical and psychological evidence and literally dozens of child witnesses, and despite “950 interviews by 60 FBI agents assigned to the investigation,” the investigation, “led by former U.S. Attorney [and future mayor] Rudolph Giuliani” produced “no federal grand jury indictments,”

according to the *Herald Record*. “In 1987, Giuliani said his detailed investigation showed only one or two children were abused.” Giuliani’s contention was directly contradicted by an independent investigation, as the *Herald* report divulged: “a still-secret, independent report—produced by one of the nation’s top experts on child sexual abuse—confirms the children’s accusations of abuse.”

This was not the first time that prestigious West Point had shown an appalling willingness to overlook military personnel directing extreme levels of abuse at children. A year before the abuse case broke, a 22-month-old child was murdered by an Army staff sergeant. The *Mercury News* reported that following “a court martial hearing, the sergeant was given an 18 month suspended sentence and dishonorable discharge.” In other words, he was essentially given a free ride after murdering a child. With help from Giuliani, the FBI, the U.S. Army, and the grand jury, the abusers of dozens of children at the daycare center (which was, appropriately enough, building number 666 on the academy grounds) were likewise given a free ride.

As with the Franklin case, the children and their parents found justice only through the civil courts. The *Herald Record* revealed that, in a suit brought by the parents, “lawyers for both the government and the 11 child plaintiffs agreed that some children were sexually abused at the center two years ago.” The government, however, claimed that it could not be held responsible, due to the “assault exemption in the Federal Tort Claim Act.” As the *New York Times* explained, “under federal law the government cannot be held liable for assaults committed by its employees and thus cannot be sued for assault.” In other words, the Army did not dispute the allegations; it just rather cavalierly maintained that it was exempt from being sued for what had occurred at one of its daycare centers. The court saw otherwise, however, and awarded \$2.7 million to nine of the child victims—paltry compensation for their suffering, but a victory of sorts nonetheless. The *Times* opined that the settlement amount “was large for a child-abuse case in which no criminal charges were filed.” The article claimed that the case was not pursued because “the Federal Bureau of Investigation found ‘insufficient evidence to prosecute,’” when in fact the Bureau appears to have deliberately ignored and/or covered-up that evidence.

And so ended the West Point case, except that—as one mother noted—it was hardly over: “These people stole our children. She’s nothing like she used to be. She’s a very angry little girl. She doesn’t trust anyone. She’s nothing like she was before this happened. It’s never going to be over for them, or for us.” The mother of a Presidio victim had this to say: “People keep telling us we’ve got to let it go—just forget about it and go on... Three weeks ago, our youngest daughter was having nightmares and our other daughter was closing out the whole

world, going to her room and sitting there, with no radio, no TV, no nothing. Tell me it's over."

Chapter 4

McMolestation

If there is anyone who can relate to the sentiments expressed by the Presidio and West Point parents, it is the mothers and fathers of the children who attended the infamous McMartin Preschool. The McMartin case was, of course, the largest and most well publicized of the multi-victim, multi-perpetrator ritual abuse cases that captured headlines in the 1980s. It was also a case that was grotesquely misrepresented by the media, both mainstream and ‘alternative’—perhaps nowhere more so than in the appalling writings of *Nation* columnist Alexander Cockburn, who went so far as to write an op-ed piece entitled “The McMartin Case: Indict the Children, Jail the Parents,” which ran in *The Wall Street Journal* on February 8, 1990.

Virtually everyone agrees that the children of McMartin were victimized. There is considerable debate, of course, over whether that victimization was by abusive caretakers, or by overzealous therapists and prosecutors. Either way, Cockburn’s stance on the case was unconscionable and should have sent a clear signal to the progressive community that there was considerably more to the McMartin allegations than met the eye. The harsh reality is that the McMartin Preschool, in conjunction with at least two other Manhattan Beach preschools and one babysitting service, was the center of a very large child prostitution and child pornography ring whose operations appear to have been protected and covered up by any number of local, state and federal officials.

A glimpse of the true nature and scale of the McMartin case is offered by an official correspondence from Sergeant Beth Dickerson of the Los Angeles County Sheriff’s Department to Agent Kenneth Lanning at the FBI Academy’s Behavioral Sciences Unit in Quantico, Virginia, dated February 10, 1985:

In August 1983, the Manhattan Beach Police Department began an investigation regarding allegations of sexual abuse occurring at the McMartin Preschool...Altogether, approximately 400 children were

evaluated by therapists at Children's Institute International. All interviews were videotaped and 350 children disclosed sexual behavior...

In all, the victims named seven teachers (six women and one male) at the preschool as having molested them. These individuals are currently charged with 209 counts of child molestation. Also named are about 30 other individuals still uncharged, as well as numerous unidentified 'strangers.'

McMartin victims allege sexual abuse occurred on school grounds as well as at a local market, churches, a mortuary, various homes, a farm, a doctor's office, other preschools and other unknown locations...

Most children state they were photographed in the nude...They mention drinking a red or pink liquid that made them sleepy...Children disclose animal sacrificing (bunnies, ponies, turtles, etc.) and some of this occurred in churches. Victims describe sticks put in their vaginas and rectums and also being 'pooped' and 'peed' on. Children say that the adults sometimes dressed in black robes, formed a circle around them and chanted.

In May 1984, another preschool investigation began in the same policing jurisdiction stemming from a McMartin victim who identified the Manhattan Ranch Preschool as a place where he was taken and molested...additional children have begun disclosing sexual abuse (approximately 60) and they have named six or more additional suspects...These children talk of strangers coming to the school and molesting them, being taken off campus and molested, being photographed nude and some talk of animals being abused. The children talk of being hit with sticks and of being 'peed' and 'pooped' on...

[T]he resources of the police department and the District Attorney's office were not sufficient in order to follow up on the multitude of uncharged suspects in both preschools...The Task Force became operational on November 5, 1984. It should be noted that the Task Force has two other preschools under investigation for alleged sexual abuse in addition to McMartin and Manhattan Ranch. One, the Learning Game Preschool, is clearly linked to McMartin.

An astounding 460 children reported being sexually abused at the three closely linked Manhattan Beach schools. Even more astounding, investigative author Michael Newton (among others) has noted that Children's Institute International determined "a full eighty percent displayed physical symptoms, including vaginal or rectal scarring, anal bleeding, painful bowel movements, and the 'anal wick reflex' associated with violent penetration." The stories told

by the victim/witnesses were remarkably similar as to the nature of the abuse, the locations where the abuse took place, and the perpetrators of the abuse. And these were not, as is commonly believed, only preschool children telling such stories; some of the witnesses were former students in their teens and twenties, and their stories corroborated those of the children.

The older witnesses were not allowed to testify at the McMartin trials, however, as the statute of limitations for the crimes committed against them had expired. Many of the younger witnesses were unable to offer testimony as well, for various reasons—most notably because they were too severely traumatized. Even so, as author Jan Hollingsworth has pointed out, prosecutors had at their disposal “more than a hundred child witnesses as old as eleven and a truckload of medical reports bearing documentation of scarred genitals and anuses.” The stories told by these children, it should be noted, were not fed to them by some diabolical team of therapists and headline-seeking journalists. Many of them were offered spontaneously to hundreds of parents and scores of childcare specialists. And many of the victims of the McMartin Preschool, all adults now, still tell the same stories today.

Anyone suggesting that the allegations in the McMartin case were true and that a massive cover-up concealed the true nature and scope of the case is likely to be labeled a ‘conspiracy theorist.’ The most preposterous conspiracy theory surrounding McMartin, however, has always been the notion that some cabal of overzealous therapists was able to implant ‘false memories’ of heinous abuse in the minds of nearly 500 individuals, and have them persist to this day.

Despite the vast number of eyewitnesses—most of them bearing physical evidence of abuse—and despite the fact that the judge who presided over more than a year of pre-trial testimony ruled that the state had more than enough evidence to proceed to trial, District Attorney Ira Reiner inexplicably dropped all charges against five of the seven McMartin defendants on January 17, 1986. Six days before that, he had summarily dismissed two prosecutors on the case.

At least three-dozen suspects who had been independently identified by numerous witnesses were never indicted at all. One of these was a man named Robert Winkler, who was arrested in neighboring Torrance, California and charged with running a baby-sitting service out of the Coco Palms Motel that authorities described as a front for a sexual abuse ring. Children in the McMartin case recognized Winkler in news footage as the man they had known as the ‘Wolfman.’ The kids described Winkler as being a frequent visitor to the school, who oftentimes delivered drugs for use in abusive rituals, which were sometimes conducted in churches, a cemetery, or a crematorium. The Wolfman, conveniently enough, turned up dead on the eve of his trial, allegedly of a drug overdose.

Winkler was not the only one to miss his day in court in conjunction with the McMartin case. Judy Johnson, the first McMartin parent to lodge a complaint, never delivered her scheduled testimony. Her body was found sprawled naked on the floor of her home, her death said to be due to complications from her chronic alcoholism. Before her death, she was regularly derided by defense attorneys and their media allies as a deranged crank. In truth, Johnson was not known to have any mental problems, or a drinking problem, before learning of the unthinkable abuse her child had suffered. Considered a key prosecution witness, Johnson received frequent threats before her death and she was followed when she ventured out in public. Many of the other McMartin parents were openly skeptical of Johnson's stated cause of death.

A former Hermosa Beach police officer named Paul Bynum, who had been hired by the parents of victims as a private investigator, turned up dead on the eve of his scheduled testimony as well. His death by gunshot was ruled a suicide, though those close to Bynum dispute that finding. Among other things, Bynum may have testified about his examination of the tunnel excavation project conducted at the school site. This was, of course, the object of much derision by the media. The fact that the children repeatedly told stories of tunnels under the property by which they could be secretly transported to and from the school, and in which they were subjected to horrific abuse in a secret room, was frequently cited as 'proof' that the children's stories were fabrications. It was universally accepted that the tunnels did not actually exist, that being the consensus view of the media and law enforcement authorities. Nevertheless, while it is true that the investigation commissioned by the District Attorney's office found no evidence of tunnels, another investigation, ignored by the media, certainly did.

Many of the parents were not satisfied with the superficial examination by the DA's office and commissioned another investigation of the site when the property was sold in April 1990. To lead the project, they hired E. Gary Stickel, Ph.D., a highly regarded archeologist recommended to them by the Chair of the Interdisciplinary Program of the Archeology Department at UCLA. Stickel's résumé included serving as a consultant to George Lucas on the *Indiana Jones* movies. Also brought on board were several other technical specialists. As Stickel wrote in his report on the excavation, "by engaging a highly recommended professional archeological team, [the parents] hoped to bring scientific authority to whatever might be found or a definitive resolution for whatever was not to be found." And what the team found was precisely what the children, for the previous seven years, had been telling them they would find:

The project unearthed not one but two tunnel complexes as well as previously unrecognized structural features which defied logical explanation. Both tunnel complexes conformed to locations and functional descriptions established by children's reports. One had been described as providing undetected access to an adjacent building on the east. The other provided outside access under the west wall of the building and contained within it an enlarged, cavernous artifact corresponding to children's descriptions of a 'secret room.'

Both the contour signature of the walls and the nature of recovered artifacts indicated that the tunnels had been dug by hand under the concrete slab floor after the construction of the building...Not only did the discovered features fulfill the research prequalifications as tunnels designed for human traffic, there was also no alternative or natural explanation for the presence of such features...

If the stories of the children were bogus fantasies, there is no excuse for the tunnels discovered under the school. If there really were tunnels, there is no excuse for the glib dismissal of any and all of the complaints of the children and their parents.

This investigation was completed *before* the McMartin trials concluded, and yet this devastating evidence was never presented in court by the prosecution team. The existence of this detailed report—complete with photographs and maps of the tunnel complex—was known to the local and national press, but it was never reported. To this day, it is denied that any tunnels ever existed under the McMartin Preschool. The denial of the tunnels is necessary to maintain the illusion that the children were not credible witnesses, that illusion being an essential component of the cover-up. For if the children *were* credible, the implications run far deeper than the tunnels under the school. There are, for example, the stories told by the children of being pimped out as child prostitutes in private homes and businesses all over the community. They also spoke frequently of being photographed and videotaped while being abused. District Attorney Robert Philibosian publicly declared the McMartin Preschool to be an elaborate front for a massive child pornography operation. Twenty-three parents filed a civil lawsuit making the very same claim.

Other stories told repeatedly by the children were even more disturbing. They told of being forced to witness and participate in the ritual torture, killing and mutilation of animals and, on occasion, of human babies and children as well. They spoke of being forced to drink the blood and eat the flesh of the slaughtered corpses, of witnessing the beheading of infants, and of being forced to stab infants themselves. They told as well of being sealed in coffins with the mutilated

corpses. And they spoke of being subjected to every sort of depraved sexual activity imaginable, including necrophilia, coprophilia and bestiality.¹⁵ The abuse was of such stunning brutality that it is almost beyond human comprehension that anyone could inflict such physical and psychological torture on children. And yet these stories were soon being told by thousands of other kids across the country as preschool abuse cases spread like wildfire. Young children from all walks of life, and from all parts of the country, were all telling remarkably similar stories of horrific ritual abuse.

How was this possible? If they were all victims of ‘false memories,’ how vast a conspiracy would be required for therapists all across the country to implant the very same memories in all of these children? Experts have noted that the victimized children show a level of knowledge that defies rational explanation if the kids have not experienced what they claim to have experienced. For instance, these child victims can accurately describe the look, smell, texture and colors of human viscera. This is an ability, it has been argued, that very few adults possess, other than those who have been trained as surgeons or coroners. These children also display a remarkable level of knowledge of a wide variety of unconventional human sexual practices, including many acts that, again, most adults do not have knowledge or awareness of. If these children did not experience these things firsthand, then how *did* they gain such knowledge?

In February 1985, officer Sandi Gallant of the San Francisco Police Department submitted a report to her superiors noting the similarities in numerous ritual abuse cases. She had gathered evidence from fellow officers and police departments across the country and summarized the evidence referenced in the police reports submitted to her. An excerpt from her report reads as follows:

The information contained herein is distasteful and bizarre, to such a degree that one would choose to discredit it. However, research that I have done in this area has revealed that numerous cases of this type are surfacing around the country and in Canada. The similarities in the stories of each child victim used in these crimes tend to give credibility to the information revealed by others. Additionally, the psychiatrists and therapists who have been treating the victims state that the consistency

15 Barron's *Dictionary of Medical Terms* defines necrophilia as a “morbid liking or desire for dead bodies, esp. the desire to have sexual contact with a dead body.” Bestiality is defined as “sexual involvement of a human with an animal.” Coprophilia is defined by *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language* as “an abnormal, often obsessive interest in excrement, especially the use of feces for sexual excitement.”

of the stories and the explicit details revealed cause them to believe that these children are telling the truth. It is also the belief of each law enforcement officer who submitted information for this report that the victims are being truthful and that, in fact, children would be unable to make such stories up.

During my research, similarities began surfacing which indicate the strong probability that there exists a network of people in this country involved in the sexual abuse and possible homicides of young children. These cases appear to differ from isolated cases of abuse towards children in that the crimes mentioned here have been committed with one common goal in mind—that of mutilating and murdering children for ritualistic or sacrificial purposes. Many of the cases reported also reveal the possibility of child pornography beyond the normal type of ‘kiddie porn’ in that these children are photographed during rituals with some members in robes or other garb and candles, snakes, swords, altars and other types of ritualistic material being used.

Gallant requested that the report be sent on to the chief of police for him to review and then forward to the FBI. Following his review, however, the chief declined to submit the report. Gallant next tried to get the U.S. Department of Justice to review the paperwork, but she was rebuffed there as well.

As for the McMartin case, there has never been any question that the children there were horrifically abused. Though rarely noted in press reports, the jurors were clearly of the opinion that that was, in fact, the case. The hung juries and acquittals in the various proceedings were the result of the jury members’ inability to identify the perpetrators of the abuse, not the reflection of any belief that there wasn’t any abuse. The jurors attributed their inability to identify the perpetrators to the inept presentation of the prosecution’s case.

Also rarely noted in the reporting on the trials is that the matriarch of the McMartin family—Virginia McMartin—admitted on the stand that one of her own granddaughters believed that her own children had been molested at the school. Virginia McMartin, incidentally, was more than just your run-of-the-mill preschool operator. In the mid-1960s, she achieved a sort of semi-celebrity status in the childcare field, and traveled extensively as a consultant, including stops in New Zealand, Australia, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and England.

Another notable aspect of the McMartin trials is that the defense team was allowed to subject the child witnesses to the longest pretrial hearing in the nation’s history. Facing a battery of as many as seven rabid defense attorneys, the already severely traumatized children were verbally assaulted for weeks on end in

a deliberate attempt to break them. The state made little effort to protect these young victim/witnesses.

In the final analysis, the logical conclusion to be drawn from the McMartin case is that 460 kids did not all conspire to lie about the abuse they suffered. They also did not likely lie about their involvement in child prostitution and child pornography. They certainly did not lie about the tunnels under the school. They probably did not lie about their forced involvement in satanic rituals, in which adults sheathed in black ceremonial robes uttered chants. In fact, at least one such robe was seized from the home of a defendant. And perhaps most tragically, there is good reason to believe that they did not lie about the blood sacrifices either.

Chapter 5

It Couldn't Happen Here

Prosecutor Dan Casey: *"Did you exercise any kind of mind control over your wife in order to get her to have sexual contact?"*

Frank Fuster: *"If I had that power, you think I would use it against...? You know...I don't...I have never. I'm a normal human being."*

On August 8, 1984, Bobby Dean stood on the front lawn of the Fuster home in the Country Walk housing development—a picture-perfect, planned community of relatively upscale, suburban homes in Dade County, Florida. By all appearances, this was a small slice of paradise, an oasis untouched by the grim realities of American society. On this day, however, Dean had a loaded gun tucked in his waistband, and he fully intended to use it. He was there to finish the job that someone else had failed to complete on December 18, 1980, when an unidentified assailant had confronted Francisco Fuster Escalona (*aka* Frank Fuster) at his place of business and shot him once in the side of the head.

Fuster survived that attack, which he explained to the police as a botched robbery, though the officers thought it looked more like an attempted execution. Dean did not get the chance to make another attempt; police were on the scene in short order to arrest him. Fuster himself surrendered to police two days later in response to the issuance of an arrest warrant. He had been under investigation following accusations by neighborhood parents that Frank and his wife, Iliana, had been brutally abusing the children who were left in the trusted care of the Fuster's babysitting service, which was run out of their Country Walk home.

Fuster had, shall we say, rather questionable qualifications to run a daycare center. On January 16, 1969, Fuster fired two shots into the chest of a fellow motorist in New York City, killing him instantly. An off-duty police officer was, curiously enough, an eyewitness to the summary execution. Even more curiously,

Fuster chambered another round and pointed his gun directly at the armed officer—and yet was not shot. He was arrested though, and convicted and sentenced before the year was out. On Halloween day, he was sentenced to a ten-year prison term, but was back on the streets in less than four, receiving psychiatric care. In November 1982, he was convicted again, this time on charges of committing a lewd assault on a nine-year-old girl. Despite that being his second felony conviction, Fuster was sentenced to just two years probation. It was while on probation for the child molestation conviction that Fuster and his underage wife started the babysitting service.

Fuster's probation officer apparently had no problem with that business venture, even though it violated the terms of Frank's probation by bringing him into unsupervised contact with at least fifty kids, at least thirty of whom later reported being horrifically abused. Fuster's probation officer also managed to overlook the fact that Frank had self-terminated his court-ordered psychiatric treatment in August 1983. No one really seems to have been too concerned about Fuster's babysitting service, which—in addition to being run by a convicted murderer and child molester—was operating without proper licensing and in violation of local zoning laws, which stated that commercial enterprises were expressly forbidden in the residential community. Nevertheless, the service operated with the full knowledge of the entity managing the complex. In fact, Fuster's service used the name Country Walk Babysitting Service, implying that his was an officially sanctioned service provided by the management.

After Frank's past and present activities were exposed, the management company, Arvida, denied that it had ever any official links to the Fuster operation. That, of course, was not surprising, given that Arvida was a subsidiary of the Walt Disney Company, which had little interest in being perceived as having connections to a child molestation operation. The fact remains, however, that the company took no actions against Fuster for the illegal expropriation of the 'Country Walk' name or for violating zoning regulations. Dade County also took a hands-off approach to the Fuster business enterprise. Despite the fact that Frank lacked other required licenses, he was issued an occupational license to run the babysitting service.

Detective Donna Mezmarich was the first police investigator sent to look into the allegations being made by the Country Walk parents. She was openly skeptical of the charges before she even knew what they actually were. The parents felt that she came calling with an unmistakable attitude of disbelief. Nevertheless, enough evidence was obtained to issue an arrest warrant for Frank Fuster for probation violations. Considerably more evidence could have been gathered had police conducted a timely search of the Fuster home. Facing imminent arrest, Fuster was observed by his Country Walk neighbors hastily packing boxes into a

white van. Fearing the loss of valuable physical evidence, parents contacted Detective Meznarich—who failed to respond. She did execute a search warrant the next day, on a home largely—though not entirely—cleansed of incriminating evidence.

Once Fuster was safely in custody, the stories told by his child victims grew increasingly disturbing. They told of being forced to play “pee-pee” and “ca-ca” games. A photo was later produced at trial showing Fuster’s young son Jaime—one of the most severely abused of the victims—sitting in a bathroom smeared thickly with excrement. The children also told of being forced to drink “magic punch,” later revealed by Fuster’s wife to be a mixture of Gatorade, urine, and various drugs. It was revealed at trial that a close friend of the Fuster family owned a pharmacy, which provided a reliable source for drugs. This friend was particularly close to Fuster’s mother and uncle.

The young victims also told of having their lives threatened repeatedly, and of having their parents’ and siblings’ lives threatened as well. They had been compelled to play a game, they said, called “who’s gonna lose their head?” This game frequently ended with the ritual decapitation of an animal, typically a bird. Finally, perhaps inevitably, the children claimed that they were frequently photographed and videotaped, both while being sexually abused and during occult rituals. Fuster claimed to have never owned any video equipment, and none was found in the belated search of the Fuster home. Jaime Fuster though recalled seeing video equipment—as well as guns—being packed into the boxes that were loaded into the van just before Fuster’s arrest.

Some investigators have speculated that Fuster was in the business of producing and selling custom, made-to-order, child pornography videos. He certainly lived quite well for a self-employed mini-blind installer. He had no problem, for example, coming up with the down payment for his Country Walk home, and he maintained no fewer than six bank accounts. He was in the habit of making lump sum deposits of as much as \$20,000 in cash. Fuster apparently liked to screen home videos for the kids, one of which was said to be a snuff film that the children described as depicting two men butchering a woman in a bathtub and then eating her. Some of the kids also, as a side note, spoke of being hypnotized by Iliana Fuster, who they said wore a ‘hypnotizer’ on a chain around her neck.

The trial of Frank Fuster had notable parallels to the McMartin prosecutions, although it differed in significant ways as well. The Country Walk parents who actively and vocally worked to see Fuster brought to justice were subjected to death threats by phone, obscene messages in the mail, and dead chickens left on their doorsteps—similar to the harassment suffered by their counterparts in Manhattan Beach. Also like McMartin, the primary defense strategy was to bring in a hired-gun ‘expert’ of questionable qualifications to attempt to discredit the

children's testimony. The children had been brainwashed by the overzealous therapists, it was claimed, as the treacherous therapists were crucified as being the true guilty parties in what was cast as a 'witch hunt.'

The man originally slated to play the starring role for the defense was Ralph Underwager, at the time a prominent mouthpiece for a group calling itself VOCAL, for Victims of Child Abuse Laws. As the name implies, this group was largely composed of indicted and/or convicted pedophiles. Underwager had been present at the birth of the organization. The defense suffered a bit of a setback when it was revealed at a pretrial deposition that Underwager's credentials as an 'expert' in the field of child development were nonexistent. He was quietly dropped by the defense and replaced with Lee Stewart Coleman, who also had close ties to VOCAL. Coleman had played a key role in the unsuccessful prosecution of the defendants in one of the McMartin-linked preschools.

Coleman did not succeed in his mission in the Country Walk case. Fuster was found guilty on all fourteen of the counts brought against him. One reason for that is that the children were protected from the abusive pretrial treatment received by the McMartin kids. In addition, police and prosecutors—with some notable exceptions—seem to have actually made an effort to win the case. Why was this prosecution not subverted as so many others were? That is difficult to say, although the answer may lie in the make-up of the parents seeking justice for their children; among them were a police sergeant, a police lieutenant, two former state prosecutors, a former chief assistant state attorney, and a gun-toting vigilante named Bobby Dean.

In the end, Frank Fuster—the man who appeared at his pretrial hearing in what was described as a "catatonic trance"—was sentenced to be imprisoned until the year 2150. Not even the Santeria priest who attended the trial with Fuster's mother and uncle had the power to save him. And Arvida—which is to say, the Walt Disney Co.—paid \$6 million to seven of his victims. Even so, justice was not necessarily served. According to the victims, at least two other adults were involved in the abuse. The state knew the identity of at least one of them, but he was never charged with any crimes. Had he been, there is no telling where the investigation might have led; his wife had once run her own babysitting service.

With the heightened awareness of the issue of child abuse engendered by the high-profile Fuster case, a number of other cases surfaced in the Miami area. In the course of one investigation, police inadvertently stumbled upon a collection of hundreds of photographs of a convicted child pornographer engaged in sexual acts with young boys. The man was promptly arrested. Two days after his release on bond, he was found in a Miami hotel room with a bullet hole in his head. His death was, naturally, ruled a suicide. His timely suicide preempted an investigation

that could, it seems reasonable to conclude, have led to the elementary school that was directly across from his home/studio.

Another case that broke in the wake of Country Walk was that of Harold “Grant” Snowden, whose wife had also run a babysitting service. Dozens of kids had passed through her care over the course of a decade. It took two trials, but Snowden was ultimately convicted. In 1983, he had been named the South Miami Police Department’s “Officer of the Year.” Stepping up to handle the appeal of his conviction was F. Lee Bailey, who in the late 1960s had represented a U.S. Air Force Captain in South Carolina accused of molesting multiple child victims. Bailey will be revisited later in this book.

Years later, in August 2002, Florida authorities issued a warrant for the arrest of a former minister and radio evangelist named Troy Cecil Snowden. A search of his Cape Coral home had yielded weapons, child pornography and other unspecified items.

Chapter 6

Finders Keepers

“People want to believe that I am at the centre of everything. They are mistaken...I did things of which I was not the driving force. I was used as an instrument by others, who were themselves used as instruments by others.”

—Marc Dutroux

Just a few years after the conviction of Frank Fuster, another child exploitation case surfaced briefly in the state of Florida. On February 7, 1987, not long before the Larry King and Craig Spence operations were exposed, the *Washington Post* ran an interesting story that, at the time, did not seem to have any particular national significance. The article concerned a case of possible kidnapping and child abuse, and read in part as follows:

Authorities investigating the alleged abuse of six children found with two men in a Tallahassee, Fla., park discovered material yesterday in the Washington area that they say points to a 1960's style commune called the Finders, described in a court document as a 'cult' that allegedly conducted 'brainwashing' and used children 'in rituals.'

D.C. police, who searched a Northeast Washington warehouse linked to the group removed large plastic bags filled with color slides, photographs and photographic contact sheets. Some photos visible through a bag carried from the warehouse at 1307 Fourth St. NE were wallet-sized pictures of children, similar to school photos, and some were of naked children.

D.C. police sources said some of the items seized yesterday showed pictures of children engaged in what appeared to be 'cult rituals.' Officials of the U.S. Customs Service, called in to aid in the investigation, said that the material seized yesterday includes photos showing

children involved in bloodletting ceremonies of animals and one photograph of a child in chains.

Customs officials said they were looking into whether a child pornography operation was being conducted... Their links to the D.C. area have led authorities into a far-reaching investigation that includes the Finders—a group of about 40 people that court documents allege is led by a man named Marion Pettie—and their various homes, including the duplex apartment building in Glover Park, the Northeast Washington warehouse and a 90 acre farm in rural Madison County, Va....

The children, identified in a court document only by the first names of Honeybee, John, Franklin, Bee Bee, Max and Mary, were described as 'dirty, unkempt, hungry, disturbed and agitated.' They had been living in the rear of the van for some time, the document said. Yesterday, police spokesman Hunt said one of the children, a 6 yr. old girl, 'showed signs of sexual abuse'...

Five of the children were uncommunicative, according to police, and none seemed to recognize objects such as typewriters and staplers. However, the oldest was able to give investigators some information. She said that the two men 'were their teachers,' according to Hunt...

Before their arrests in the park, [the two adult caretakers] had told police that they were teachers from Washington 'transporting these children to Mexico and a school for brilliant children,' according to Hunt. When police asked the men where the children's mothers were they said they were being weaned from their mothers.

It was nearly seven years before the press revisited the Finders case, with the follow-up provided by *U.S. News and World Report*. Most likely, the strange saga of the Finders would have disappeared forever if not for the rumors surrounding the case that just would not seem to go away. These rumors were addressed in the *U.S. News* report as follows:

One of the unresolved questions involves allegations that the Finders are somehow linked to the Central Intelligence Agency. Customs Service documents reveal that in 1987, when Customs agents sought to examine the evidence gathered by Washington, D.C. police, they were told that the Finders investigation 'had become an internal matter.'

The police report on the case had been classified secret. Even now, Tallahassee police complain about the handling of the Finders investigation by D.C. police. ‘They dropped this case,’ one Tallahassee investigator says, ‘like a hot rock.’ D.C. police will not comment on the matter. As for the CIA, ranking officials describe allegations about links between the intelligence agency and the Finders as ‘hogwash,’ perhaps the result of a simple mix up with D.C. police. The only connection, according to the CIA: A firm that provided computer training to CIA officers also employed several members of the Finders.

It should probably be noted here that the firm that supplied the training to CIA officers didn’t just employ several members of the Finders, but appears to have in fact been a wholly owned subsidiary of the Finders organization. It should also be noted that the CIA does not, as a general rule-of-thumb, assign the training of its officers to outside contractors, unless, that is, the ‘private’ firm utilized in such a capacity is a CIA front. In the last paragraph of the *U.S. News* report, more intriguing connections to Langley are revealed: “the CIA’s interest in the Finders may stem from the fact that [group leader Marion Pettie’s] late wife once worked for the agency and that his son worked for a CIA proprietary firm, Air America.” Aside from acknowledging these by then widely known (in Washington) CIA connections, the *U.S. News* reporters did their very best to bury the Finders story once and for all:

The case is almost seven years old now, but matters surrounding a mysterious group known as the Finders keep growing curiouiser and curiouiser.

In early February 1987, an anonymous tipster in Tallahassee, Fla, made a phone call to police. Two ‘well dressed men’ seemed to be ‘supervising’ six disheveled and hungry children in a local park, the caller said. The cops went after the case like bloodhounds, at least at first. The two men were identified as members of the Finders. They were charged with child abuse in Florida. In Washington, D.C., police and U.S. Customs Service agents raided a duplex apartment building and a warehouse connected to the group.

Among the evidence seized—detailed instructions on obtaining children for unknown purposes and several photographs of nude children.

According to a Customs Service memorandum obtained by *U.S. News*, one photo appeared ‘to accent the child’s genitals.’ The more the

police learned about the Finders, the more bizarre they seemed: There were suggestions of child abuse, Satanism, dealing in pornography and ritualistic animal slaughter.

None of the allegations was ever proved, however. The child abuse charges against the two men in Tallahassee were dropped; all six of the children were eventually returned to their mothers, though in the case of two, conditions were attached by a court. In Washington, D.C., police began backing away from the Finders investigation. The group's practices, the police said, were eccentric—not illegal.

The article closed by complaining, “some of the rumors can last an awfully long time.” Indeed they can, though they have had to circulate outside of the media, which has never again mentioned the case. That does not mean, however, that there is no additional information available on the subject. As the *U.S. News* reporters noted in their report, there is a certain Customs Service memorandum that was written at the time of the original 1987 investigation. As that document was in the hands of the *News* reporters at the time the story was written, as they readily acknowledged, it should logically follow that any pertinent information contained therein would have been faithfully reported. And as we know, the *News* concluded: “none of the allegations was ever proved.” Still, it might be instructive to review the document to see what kind of “eccentric—not illegal” practices it was that the group was involved in.

The memo in question is actually a series of memos that were written by U.S. Customs Service Special Agent Ramon J. Martinez. In the officer's own words, this is what he observed while participating in the investigation:

On Thursday, February 5, 1987, this office was contacted via telephone by Sergeant JoAnn VanMeter of the Tallahassee Police Department, Juvenile Division. Sgt. VanMeter requested assistance in identifying two adult males and six minor children ages 7 years to 2 years.

The adult males were tentatively identified by TPD as Michael Houlihan and Douglas Ammerman, both of Washington, D.C. who were arrested the previous day on charges of child abuse.

The police had received an anonymous telephone call relative two well-dressed white men wearing suits and ties in Myers Park, (Tallahassee), apparently watching six dirty and unkempt children in the playground area. Houlihan and Ammerman were near a 1980 Blue Dodge van bearing Virginia license number XHW-557, the inside of

which was later described as foul-smelling, filled with maps, books, letters, with a mattress situated to the rear of the van which appeared as if it were used as a bed, and the overall appearance of the van gave the impression that all eight persons were living in it.

The children were covered with insect bites, were very dirty, most of the children were not wearing underwear and all of the children had not been bathed in many days.

The men were arrested and charged with multiple counts of child abuse and lodged in the Leon County Jail. Once in custody the men were somewhat evasive in their answers to the police regarding the children and stated only that they both were the children's teachers and that all were enroute to Mexico to establish a school for brilliant children...

U.S. Customs was contacted because the police officers involved suspected the adults of being involved in child pornography and knew the Customs Service to have a network of child pornography investigators, and of the existence of the Child Pornography and Protection Unit. SS/A Krietlow stated the two adults were well dressed white males. They had custody of six white children (boys and girls), ages three to six years. The children were observed to be poorly dressed, bruised, dirty, and behaving like wild animals in a public park in Tallahassee...SS/A Krietlow was further advised the children were unaware of the function and purpose of telephones, televisions and toilets, and that the children had stated they were not allowed to live indoors and were only given food as a reward...

Upon contacting Detective Bradley, I learned that he had initiated an investigation on the two addresses provided by the Tallahassee Police Dept. during December of 1986. An informant had given him information regarding a cult, known as the 'Finders' operating various businesses out of a warehouse located at 1307 4th St., N.E., and were supposed to be housing children at 3918/3920 W St., N.W. The information was specific in describing 'blood rituals' and sexual orgies involving children, and an as yet unsolved murder in which the Finders may be involved. With the information provided by the informant, Detective Bradley was able to match some of the children in Tallahassee with names of children known or alleged to be in the custody of the Finders. Furthermore, Bradley was able to match the tentative ID of the adults with known members of the Finders. I stood by while Bradley consulted with AUSA Harry Benner and obtained search warrants for the two premises. I advised acting RAC SS/A Tim

Halloran of my intention to accompany MPD on the execution of the warrants, received his permission, and was joined by SS/A Harrold. SS/A Harrold accompanied the team which went to 1307 4th St., and I went to 3918/20 W St.

During the execution of the warrant at 3918/20 W St., I was able to observe and access the entire building... There were several subjects on the premises. Only one was deemed to be connected with the Finders. [He] was located in a room equipped with several computers, printers, and numerous documents. cursory examination of the documents revealed detailed instructions for obtaining children for unspecified purposes. The instructions included the impregnation of female members of the community known as the Finders, purchasing children, trading, and kidnapping. There were telex messages using MCI account numbers between a computer terminal believed to be located in the same room, and others located across the country and in foreign locations. One such telex specifically ordered the purchase of two children in Hong Kong to be arranged through a contact in the Chinese Embassy there. Another telex expressed interest in 'bank secrecy' situations. Other documents identified interests in high-tech transfers to the United Kingdom, numerous properties under the control of the Finders, a keen interest in terrorism, explosives, and the evasion of law enforcement. Also found in the 'computer room' was a detailed summary of the events surrounding the arrest and taking into custody of the two adults and six children in Tallahassee the previous night. There were also a set of instructions which appeared to be broadcast via a computer network which advised the participants to move 'the children' and keep them moving through different jurisdictions, and instructions on how to avoid police attention...

On Friday, 2/6/87, I met Detective Bradley at the warehouse on 4th Street, N.E. I duly advised my acting group supervisor, SS/A Don Bludworth. I was again granted unlimited access to the premises. I was able to observe numerous documents which described explicit sexual conduct between the members of the community known as Finders. I also saw a large collection of photographs of unidentified persons. Some of the photographs were nudes, believed to be of members of the Finders. There were numerous photos of children, some nude, at least one of which was a photo of a child 'on display' and appearing to accent the child's genitals. I was only able to examine a very small amount of the photos at this time. However, one of the officers presented me with a photo album for my review. The album contained a

series of photos of adults and children dressed in white sheets participating in a 'blood ritual.' The ritual centered around the execution of at least two goats. The photos portrayed the execution, disembowelment, skinning and dismemberment of the goats at the hands of the children. This included the removal of the testes of a male goat, the discovery of a female goat's 'womb' and the 'baby goats' inside the womb, and the presentation of a goat's head to one of the children.

Further inspection of the premises disclosed numerous files relating to activities of the organization in different parts of the world. Locations I observed are as follows: London, Germany, the Bahamas, Japan, Hong Kong, Malaysia, Africa, Costa Rica, and 'Europe.' There was also a file identified as 'Palestinian.' Other files were identified by member name or 'project' name. The projects appearing to be operated for commercial purposes under front names for the Finders. There was one file entitled 'Pentagon Break-In,' and others referring to members operating in foreign countries. Not observed by me but related by an MPD officer were intelligence files on private families not related to the Finders. The process undertaken appears to be have been a systematic response to local newspaper advertisements for babysitters, tutors, etc. A member of the Finders would respond and gather as much information as possible about the habits, identity, occupation, etc., of the family. The use to which this information was to be put is still unknown. There was also a large amount of data collected on various child care organizations.

The warehouse contained a large library, two kitchens, a sauna, hot-tub, and a 'video room.' The video room seemed to be set up as an indoctrination center. It also appeared that the organization had the capability to produce its own videos. There were what appeared to be training areas for children and what appeared to be an altar set up in a residential area of the warehouse. Many jars of urine and feces were located in this area.

Contrary to the claims of *U.S. News*, running an international terrorist organization specializing in the trafficking of children is definitely more than just "eccentric." Unless, that is, the organization doing the trafficking is run by the Central Intelligence Agency. Group leader Marion Pettie shed additional light on his non-connections to the agency in an interview with *Steamshovel Press* in 1998. Recounting the history of his group, Pettie reminisced: "Going back to World War II, I kept open house mainly to intelligence people in Washington. OSS people passing through, things like that." Pettie was not, mind you, an intelligence

asset himself. In fact, he has spent his entire life serving as a counter-spy. As a private citizen, he has taken on the job of monitoring the agency. As for his wife, Pettie claims that he sent her “in as a spy, to spy on the CIA for me. She was very happy about it, happy to tell me everything she found out. She was in a key place, you know with the records, and she could find out things for me.” Presumably, the same applies to Pettie’s son.

Pettie sums up his relationship with CIA by acknowledging that there “are some connections, but not to me personally.” Interestingly enough though, the group that claimed no direct connection to the intelligence community quite obviously had very powerful people within that community protecting it. As the final Customs Service memo reveals:

On Thursday, February 5, 1987, Senior Special Agent Harrold and I assisted the Washington D.C. Metropolitan Police Department (MPD) with two search warrants involving the possible sexual exploitation of children. During the course of the search warrants, numerous documents were discovered which appeared to be concerned with international trafficking in children, high tech transfer to the United Kingdom, and international transfer of currency.

On March 31, 1987, I contacted Detective Jim Bradley of the Washington, DC Metropolitan Police Department (MPD). I was to meet with Detective Bradley to review the documents seized pursuant to two search warrants executed in January, 1987. The meeting was to take place on April 2 or 3, 1987.

On April 2, 1987, I arrived at MPD at approximately 9:00 a.m. Detective Bradley was not available. I spoke to a third party who was willing to discuss the case with me on a strictly ‘off the record’ basis.

I was advised that all the passport data had been turned over to the State Department for their investigation. The State Department, in turn, advised the MPD that all travel and use of the passports by the holders of the passports was within the law and no action would be taken. This included travel to Moscow, North Korea, and North Vietnam from the late 1950s to mid 1970s.

The individual further advised me of circumstances which indicated that the investigation into the activity of the Finders had become a CIA internal matter. The MPD report has been classified SECRET and was not available for review. I was advised that the FBI had withdrawn from the investigation several weeks prior and that the FBI Foreign Counter Intelligence Division had directed MPD not to advise the FBI Washington Field Office of anything that had transpired.

The initial arrest of the Finders in Tallahassee went almost completely unnoticed by the media. So too did another arrest in that same state in August 2000, just before Florida gained newfound fame as the land of the 'hanging chads.' The arrested man was Wayne Camolli, and the charge was operating an on-line child pornography site. The *Los Angeles Times* reported that the West Palm Beach home in which Camolli was arrested, not unlike the Finders' van, "was filled with so much rotting garbage, trash and cat feces that the agents had to borrow oxygen masks and hazardous materials suits from the county fire department to carry out the search." Seized in the raid were numerous videotapes and a computer. What makes Camolli's arrest of significance here is that, as the *Times* noted, it was initiated by police "investigating Belgium's most notorious pedophile murder case." It seems that Camolli had close connections to "Felix DeConinck, a suspect in the kidnapping and molestation of a 14-year-old girl...[and] DeConinck in turn had links to Marc Dutroux."

And so it is that we end up right back where we began, with the case of the 'Belgian Beast.' The brief *Times* report closed with these words: "U.S. officials couldn't elaborate on the connection between DeConinck and Dutroux, but said they were part of the same 'child pornography, molestation and murder investigation.'" It is unlikely that the press will ever revisit the case of Wayne Camolli. Tellingly, the *L.A. Times* article quickly disappeared from the newspaper's online archives. As with so many other cases, the final words of the U.S. Customs Service memorandum on the Finders investigation will likely provide the epitaph for this case as well:

No further information will be available. No further action will be taken.

The *Guardian* reported in January 2001 that Interpol, the international police agency, "has agreed to set up an electronic library of child sex victims at its headquarters in Lyon, France." The first images that were to be processed into that database were 750,000 photos seized by British authorities in the Wonderland raids. In April 2003, Britain's *The Register* reported that the U.S. Justice Department was setting up an even larger database:

A huge database system designed to find sexually abused children is under development in the US...The US Justice Department's Child Victim Identification Program will include a catalogue of thousands of illicit pictures seized from suspects and collected from the Web. This

could make the Justice Department the “owner of the world’s largest collection of child pornography,” *AP* reports.

According to that *AP* report, child pornography investigators in several countries had already contributed images to the database, as had “the FBI, Secret Service, Postal Inspection Service and exploited-children groups.” The goal is for the system to “eventually include most of the illicit photographs in circulation on the Internet.” Advanced image recognition software will be utilized in an attempt to match and identify the children in the photographic images, which will, as *The Register* noted, make it easier “to identify and locate sexually abused children.” That is certainly an encouraging development, if, that is, it represents a sincere effort by law enforcement personnel to gather evidence against the child exploitation rings and aid the physically and emotionally ravaged victims.

However, there could also be a very sinister goal being pursued. Researcher Arlene Tyner, who has spent a considerable amount of time interviewing and corresponding with victims of mind control operations, noted in a *Probe* magazine article that some of these victims “were turned over to military/CIA doctors by pedophile fathers or other sexually abusive relatives. CIA officials also blackmailed family members known to produce ‘kiddie porn’ in order to gain control of their already abused and psychologically fragmented children.” It is certainly within the realm of possibility that the high profile child pornography raids in recent years, which invariably result in relatively few arrests and even fewer prosecutions and convictions, are not intended to punish the victimizers, but to identify and compromise them. And is it not inconceivable that the databases being compiled will be utilized as something of a recruitment list to identify those persons who have been ‘preconditioned,’ so to speak, for future mind control operations?

One thing can be stated with certainty about the thousands of victims of today’s child pornography and child prostitution rings: some day, many of them will come forward to tell harrowing stories of their early childhood abuse. They will speak of acts of depravity committed against children that are so heinous as to be almost beyond human comprehension. And yet, as difficult as their stories will be to believe, they will be documented by the images stored in Interpol’s computers, and in the U.S. Justice Department’s computers.

But how many of these victims will be believed?

PART II

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT HENRY

"You don't understand me. You are not expected to. You are not capable of it. I am beyond good and evil. Legions of the night, night breed, repeat not the errors of the Night Prowler and show no mercy."

—Richard "The Night Stalker" Ramirez

"There are other 'Sons' out there—God help the world."

—David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz

"What about your children? You say there are just a few? There are many, many more, coming in the same direction. They are running in the streets—and they are coming right at you!"

—Charles Milles Manson

*"The really scary thing is that there are a lot of people who are not in prison, a **lot** of people who are not in prison, who were **far** more successful than I."*

—Theodore Robert Bundy

"All across the country, there's people just like me, who set out to destroy human life."

—Henry Lee Lucas

Chapter 7

Sympathy for the Devil

“Henry is an unusual prisoner. He’s been given a high security cell and a few special amenities...”

—Jim Boutwell, Sheriff of Williamson County, Texas

On June 30, 1998, Henry Lee Lucas—arguably the most prolific and certainly one of the most sadistic serial killers in the annals of American crime—was scheduled for execution by the state of Texas. Given the advocacy of the death penalty by then-Governor George W. Bush, things were not looking good for Henry. Bush had not granted clemency to any condemned man throughout his tenure as governor. In fact, no governor of any state at any time in the history of the country had carried out more judicial executions than Governor Bush. So Texas was definitely not the place to be for a man in Henry’s position. And considering the nature of Lucas’ crimes, it seemed a certainty that nothing would stand in the way of his scheduled execution.

Henry did not attract any high-profile supporters, the way that Karla Faye Tucker did. Then again, even personal appeals to Bush from the likes of Pat Robertson failed to dissuade the governor from proceeding on schedule with Miss Tucker’s execution. There was nothing to indicate that Henry would fare any better, particularly since his crimes were of a particularly brutal nature, involving rape, torture, mutilation, dismemberment, necrophilia, cannibalism, and pedophilia. His tally of victims ran as high as 300–600 by some accounts—including Henry’s own, at times—though such figures are likely inflated. What seems certain is that Lucas—frequently working with erstwhile partner Ottis Toole, a self-described arsonist and cannibal—savagely murdered dozens of victims of various ages, races, and genders. All indications were then that Henry’s execution was a foregone conclusion.

Then a most remarkable thing happened. On June 18, just twelve days before Henry’s scheduled demise, Governor Bush made a special request that the Texas

State Board of Pardons and Paroles, whose members were all Bush appointees, to review Henry's case. Strangely enough, eight days later the Board uncharacteristically issued a recommendation that Henry's execution *not* take place. The next day, just three days short of Henry's scheduled exit from this world, Lucas became the first—and ultimately the only—recipient of Governor Bush's 'compassionate conservatism.' The official rationale for this act of mercy was that the evidence on which Lucas was sentenced did not support his conviction. There was a possibility, said the Board, that Henry was in fact innocent of the crime for which he was convicted.

The problem here is that many of the 150+ death-row inmates who did not receive special gubernatorial attention prior to their executions had evidence supporting their claims of innocence, and yet their appeals to the governor were met with scorn and mockery. So why had Bush suddenly developed a keen interest in not executing innocent convicts? And why, once Henry's life was spared, did he promptly lose this passing interest and begin once again rubber-stamping every execution order that crossed his desk—including one for a great-grandmother in her sixties who was convicted of killing her chronically abusive husband? And why is it that Henry was granted full clemency, rather than a temporary stay during which his case could have been reviewed? That is exactly what Bush did in the case of convicted murderer Ricky Nolen McGinn. Tellingly, the proliferation of press reports on the McGinn case made no mention of the governor's earlier actions on behalf of Lucas.

And what if Lucas was in fact falsely convicted, and what if his innocence was so obvious that the governor had no choice but to commute Henry's sentence? What then does that say about the Texas criminal justice system and the ease with which it sends innocent men to their deaths? Are we to believe that Henry's case was an isolated one and that none of the other men put to death during Bush's reign had equally credible claims of innocence? And what are we to make of the rather peculiar fact that while Henry has been convicted of no fewer than eleven homicides, the only death sentence he ever received was the one that the governor had no problem setting aside? Maybe Henry just had uncannily good luck. He had at one time been scheduled to stand trial for four additional homicides—crimes for which his partner had already been convicted. The trial, however, was canceled on economic grounds, said to be a waste of taxpayer money since Henry was already scheduled to die.

Was Henry just extraordinarily lucky to have his only death sentence set aside by a governor who handed out but one commutation? Or was there something more at work in the Lucas case? Surely there had to be some reason why Bush would take uncharacteristic actions to spare the life of a man who had led a life of such brutality. And this was certainly not the first time the criminal justice system

had shown such inexplicable leniency towards Lucas. The first big break for Henry came in June 1970, when he was released early from a sentence he was then serving following his first murder conviction. Sentenced to 20–40 years, Henry was released after serving ten, just after he appeared before the parole board and explained to them that he was not ready to return to society and would surely kill again if released. As Henry told it, the questioning went something like this: “Now, Mr. Lucas, I must ask you, if we grant your parole, will you kill again?” Henry: “Yes, sir! If you release me now, I will kill again.”

Nevertheless, the board decided that ten years was an adequate amount of time to serve for the crime of killing his mother. Within a year of his release, Henry found himself back in prison after attempting to abduct a young girl. Despite his prior criminal record—which began long before the killing of his mother—Lucas served just four years before again being granted an early release, this time in August 1975. Beginning shortly thereafter, and continuing for nearly eight years, Henry and his new friend, Ottis, committed an untold number of lurid murders. Henry was finally arrested in October 1982 on suspicion of committing two murders, but he was promptly released. He was not arrested again, for the last time, until June 1983.

After the final arrest, Henry was taken on tour, so to speak, by various law enforcement officials around the country, during which time he confessed to committing some 600 murders in 26 states. There were various charges made at the time that Henry was being used by his escorts to clear troublesome, unsolved murders in places he had never even been. That quite likely was the case. Henry seemed to have a very chummy relationship with his captors, particularly the Texas Rangers, and provided a valuable service to them by taking the rap for an amazing array of murders. That alone, however, does not explain the personal attention given to Henry’s case by Governor Bush.

For that, we need to look at some of the more infrequently noted details of Henry’s life history, many of which have been provided by Lucas himself. Henry, as it turns out, has some interesting tales to tell. Just a couple years into his incarceration, he told his story in a book written for him by a sympathetic author. The book, entitled *The Hand of Death: The Henry Lee Lucas Story*, tells of Henry’s indoctrination into a nationwide satanic cult. Lucas claimed that he was trained by the cult in a mobile paramilitary training camp in the Florida Everglades. His training, he said, included instruction in abduction and arson techniques, as well as in the fine art of killing, up close and personal. Henry further claimed that leaders of the camp were so impressed with his handling of a knife that he was allowed to serve as an instructor. Following his training, Henry claimed that he served the cult in various ways, including as a contract killer and as an abductor of children, whom he delivered to a ranch in Mexico near Juarez. Once there,

they were used in the production of child pornography and for ritual sacrifices. Henry has said that this cult's operations were based in Texas, and included trafficking in children and drugs, among other illegal pursuits.

What Henry claimed, essentially, is that what appeared to be the random work of a serial killer was in fact a planned series of crimes often committed for specific purposes. Some of the murders were political hits, according to Henry, including assassinations of foreign dignitaries, local politicians and wealthy businessmen. This was not true for all of Henry's crimes. Some he did just because that is what he liked to do. And it was the one thing that he was really good at. The beauty of this arrangement was that it allowed Henry to conceal the true motive for many of his crimes. Those performed as contract hits looked like all of his murders—senseless and random acts of violence.

In Henry's version of events, it was Toole who was responsible for Henry's recruitment and training by the cult, and for many of the pair's exploits thereafter. Interestingly, in all the standard biographies of the pair, Toole is said to have been Henry's severely retarded, and decidedly junior, partner. It is quite clear though from reading an interview granted by Toole to a journalist (of sorts) that he was not by any means retarded. Uneducated, no doubt, but certainly not severely retarded. Ottis was able to express himself quite clearly, though perversely, and displayed a substantial level of knowledge about the practices of Satanism—which isn't really surprising given that he was, as Joel Norris has written, "raised as 'the Devil's child' by his Satanist grandmother."

Toole has described a childhood that was complete with all the trappings of satanic ritual abuse. He has told of being forced to have sex with numerous family members and others—including his father, his stepfather, his stepfather's friends, and his older sister Drusilla. His grandmother, who lived with Ottis' father as man and wife, although they were actually mother and son, is said to have been a member of a multi-generational death cult. Toole once explained to an interviewer how he had "been involved in all this since I was a child, through the cult, you know." He has spoken of having urine poured on him, of eating dog meat, and of watching two cats fight to their death while their blood dripped down upon him. Ottis also had this to say of his childhood years: "I used to go with my grandmother into graveyards—we used to dig up all kinds of bones—and she used to take the bones and do devil worship." He has also told of once being forced into a grave to pluck the bones from a freshly rotting corpse. Young Ottis was also frequently dosed with barbiturates, and he has said that he "used to hear voices."

Toole's older sister, Drusilla, spent time in a mental hospital, after which she reportedly committed suicide. Her children were placed in the care of their Uncle Ottis and his friend Henry Lee Lucas. Two of them, Frieda and Frank Powell,

accompanied the pair on their homicidal wanderings and were forced to witness, and at times participate in, the rape, killing and mutilation of the victims. Frieda (*aka* Becky) ended up scattered in a field after suffering years of sexual abuse at the hands of Henry and Ottis. Frank fared slightly better; he was committed to a mental hospital. A third sibling, Sarah Pierce, who shared with her Uncle Ottis a passion for arson, was convicted and imprisoned for indulging her passion.

Lucas also suffered through an incomprehensibly abusive childhood. In fact, when it comes to early childhood abuse, there are few parents of future serial killers who can compare to Viola Lucas, Henry's mother. So severe was her physical abuse of young Henry that he once slipped into a coma for a day following a particularly brutal beating. On another occasion—through a combination of abuse and neglect—Henry lost one of his eyes. Viola was, as is the case with the mothers of many serial killers, a prostitute. She routinely entertained her customers in the presence of Henry, who was compelled to watch. Viola also dressed young Henry up as a girl for the first seven years of his life and prostituted him out to her customers. Toole has also spoken of being forced to dress as a girl.

Though Henry and Ottis may represent extreme cases, their horrific childhoods should not come as much of a surprise to most readers. That serial killers have suffered abusive childhoods has become something of a cliché. It is a fact that is acknowledged in most serial killer biographies, though it is usually followed by the caveat that such a childhood history does not excuse subsequent actions. Western society preaches that we are ultimately responsible for our own actions. Scapegoating society, or a horrendously abusive childhood, is simply not acceptable. Do we not all, after all, act of our own free will, regardless of our past?

That is certainly what we have been conditioned to believe. But what if we do not all act of our own free will? What if a lifetime of being bombarded with propaganda has, to some extent, deprived us all of that ability? And what if some of us have been completely robbed of the ability to exercise free will? And what if suffering through a chronically abusive childhood lays the groundwork for that to occur? What if Viola Lucas was right when she told young Henry: "I'm going to teach you the beauty of pain and you're going to be my slave for the rest of your life." And what if Henry could only break the bonds of that slavery by killing dear old mom? And, finally, what if by killing her, Lucas only succeeded in acquiring a new slave-master?

What are we to make of Henry's bizarre tale of being a contract killer? And what of Henry's other stories, including the one about being a close friend of Jim Jones of the People's Temple? Henry claimed on numerous occasions that it was he who was taken on a chartered plane to Guyana to personally deliver the cyanide to Jones that was allegedly used in the now infamous Jonestown massacre. What are we to make of such stories? Could Henry have been telling the

truth about being a contract killer? And if so, did the contracts he was receiving have some kind of government connection? Though Henry did not address the subject in his book, the training camp, as he described it, clearly had military connections. And Henry has explicitly stated that the cult included among its members various socially prominent individuals, including high-level politicians.

Could that be the reason for the actions taken by Governor George W. Bush in June 1998?

“They think I’m stupid, but before all this is over everyone will know who’s really stupid. And we’ll see who the real criminals are.”

—Henry Lee Lucas

Chapter 8

Henry: Portrait of an MK-ULTRA Assassin?

“[It is] being like a movie star...you’re just playing the part.”

—Henry Lee Lucas, describing what it is
like to be a serial killer

A U.S. Navy psychologist...claims that the Office of Naval Intelligence had taken convicted murderers from military prisons, used behavior modification techniques on them, and then relocated them in American embassies throughout the world...The Navy psychologist was Lt. Commander Thomas Narut of the U.S. Regional Medical Center in Naples, Italy. The information was divulged at an Oslo NATO conference of 120 psychologists from the eleven nation alliance...The Navy provided all the funding necessary, according to Narut.

Dr. Narut, in a question and answer session with reporters from many nations, revealed how the Navy was secretly programming large numbers of assassins. He said that the men he had worked with for the Navy were being prepared for commando-type operations, as well as covert operations in U.S. embassies worldwide. He described the men who went through his program as ‘hit men and assassins’ who could kill on command.

Careful screening of the subjects was accomplished by Navy psychologists through the military records...and many were convicted murderers serving military prison sentences.

So said the *Napa Sentinel*, in a series of articles published in August-November, 1991. Anyone familiar with the intelligence community’s long-standing obsession

with the concept of mind control will immediately recognize what Dr. Narut was describing as an MK-ULTRA project. The existence of this particular manifestation of the project was first reported by British journalist Peter Watson of the *Sunday Times*, who attended the conference and interviewed Dr. Narut, who told him that they looked for candidates who had shown a proclivity for violence. This was at a time when numerous pseudo-investigations of the intelligence community were being undertaken, including those by the Rockefeller, Pike, and Church Committees. Narut told Watson that he was revealing what was obviously highly classified information only because he assumed that it was about to surface anyway.

As it turned out, Narut seriously overestimated the interest of the various committees in practicing full disclosure. After making his unauthorized comments, Narut promptly disappeared from public view. He reappeared briefly to make a feeble attempt at retracting his prior statements, but at that point, it was a little too late. Watson went on to expand upon his initial research to produce a book, *War on the Mind*, which was one of the better books from the late 1970s on the subject of mind control and psychological warfare research by the intelligence community. Walter Bowart referenced Watson's work as well, in his difficult-to-find *Operation Mind Control*. So this cat, once let out of the bag, proved rather difficult to stuff back inside.

The intelligence community, it seemed, was recruiting from prisons to make use of the natural talents of convicted killers to produce the fabled 'Manchurian Candidates'—otherwise known as mind controlled assassins. The operation described by Narut involved killers drawn from military prisons, though there is a good possibility that parallel programs were being conducted in civilian prisons as well. Prisons, after all, have provided fertile ground for any number of MK-ULTRA sub-projects for decades. As the *Napa Sentinel* article noted, "Mind control experiments...permeate mental institutions and prisons." That was particularly true in the 1960s and 1970s.

The NATO conference at which Dr. Narut dropped his bombshell was held in July 1975. Strangely enough, the very next month, August 1975, Henry Lee Lucas was released early from prison to begin his eight-year reign of terror. Strangely enough, during his prior ten-year prison stay, Henry spent *four-and-a-half* of those years in a mental ward. Throughout that time, he received intensive drug and electroshock treatments. He later described that period of incarceration as a "nightmare that would not end." During that time, he complained constantly about hearing voices in his head, taunting him day and night. This was ostensibly the reason for his confinement in the mental ward, though it could just as well have been the result of his confinement and treatment. Henry later spent additional time in an institution in 1980, in the midst of his killing spree.

Is it possible that Henry was recruited and programmed while in prison, so that he could later be used by the so-called Hand of Death cult? Lucas himself said that he emerged from prison a changed man: before his incarceration, he killed only in the heat of the moment, but when he re-entered society it was with a cold-blooded determination and the professed desire to kill as many people as possible. And he certainly had shown a voracious appetite for violence, enough so to make him a very attractive candidate for an assassin-training program. Indeed, Henry is just the kind of man who would be considered a valuable asset by the intelligence community.

For anyone who doubts that the CIA (or any other of the numerous interwoven intelligence agencies) would recruit such a man, it is important to remember that we are talking here about the same agencies that recruited some of the most notorious war criminals of the Third Reich—men like Klaus Barbie, Joseph Mengele, Adolph Eichmann, Otto Skorzeny, and Reinhard Gehlen. Henry's depravity pales in the shadows of men such as those. Lucas probably couldn't even hold his own against some of the organized crime figures—like Lucky Luciano, Meyer Lansky and Santos Trafficante—who were likewise recruited by the U.S. intelligence community. Or against the numerous thugs that the CIA has propped up as dictators around the world—men such as Somoza, Pinochet, Duvalier and Pahlavi, to name just a few.

In the company of such men, Henry would be just one of the boys—no less valuable an asset than, say, Dan Mitrione, the CIA torture aficionado who was a boyhood friend of the infamous Jim Jones. Mitrione—known for having homeless persons kidnapped for the purpose of giving torture demonstrations to South American security forces in his sound-proof, underground chamber of horrors—was hailed as a hero and martyr when he himself was tortured and killed. Frank Sinatra and Jerry Lewis even flew into his hometown and performed a benefit show to raise money for the widow of such a great American. So in the world of spooks, Henry would be in good company, as would his partner, Ottis Toole, who would not even have the distinction of being the only cannibal recruited by the CIA. As Douglas Valentine revealed in *The Phoenix Program* (the CIA's assassination, torture and terror program waged against the people of Vietnam), the Phoenix teams consisted of U.S. Navy SEALs working with "CTs," described by one participant as "a combination of ARVN deserters, VC turncoats, and bad motherfucker criminals the South Vietnamese couldn't deal with in prison, so they turned them over to us." The spooks were only too happy to employ the services of these men, who "taught [their] SEAL comrades the secrets of the psy-war campaign." So depraved were the agency recruits that some of them "would actually devour their enemies' vital organs." All in a day's work for America's premier intelligence agency.

Also included in the CIA rogues' gallery of distinguished alumni, according to a number of researchers, is Lucas' self-described "close friend," the aforementioned Jim Jones. What then are we to make of Henry's professed connection to the tragic People's Temple? Several investigators have documented that the Jonestown massacre was not by any means a case of mass suicide, as was reported by the U.S. press. It was in fact a case of mass murder. The Guyanese coroner, Dr. C. Leslie Mootoo, concluded that only a handful of the 913 victims at Jonestown died by means of suicide on that fateful day. All of the rest were summarily executed, some by lethal injection, some by strangulation, and some simply shot through the head. It is apparent then that if Lucas was in fact at Jonestown at the time of the mass murder, he was quite likely doing considerably more than just serving as a delivery boy. A man of Henry's talents would be an invaluable asset in a clean-up operation of that type. And what was being cleaned up was, of course, itself an MK-ULTRA project—complete with vast stockpiles of drugs, sensory deprivation equipment, and a band of zombie-like assassins who gunned down Congressman Leo Ryan's entourage just before the massacre (thus necessitating the clean-up operation).

It is strange then that Henry would claim a connection to a man whose operation was notable primarily for being a breeding ground for mind control, assassins, and mass murder.

Several years after the publication of Henry's book, journalist Maury Terry told a story with chilling parallels to the one told by Henry and Ottis. What Terry revealed, in *The Ultimate Evil*, is that the murders attributed to the Son of Sam and the Manson Family, as well as numerous other interconnected killings, including possibly the Zodiac murders, were not what they appeared to be. Rather than the random work of serial/mass murderers, many were actually contract hits carried out for specific purposes by an interlocking network of satanic cults. In other words, they were professional hits orchestrated and disguised to look like the work of yet another 'lone nut' serial killer. That is, of course, exactly what Henry claimed his crimes to be, several years before Terry published his compellingly documented work.

Terry's book has been unfairly maligned by much of the media. His contention is that David Berkowitz had nothing to do with the planning of the killings; he was just one of several gunmen. Berkowitz was essentially a patsy who took the fall to protect the rest of the cult, particularly those members who travel in the upper strata of society. That scenario has been roundly ridiculed. Many of Terry's critics have pointed to the fact that Ed Sanders' *The Family*, which in a sense laid the groundwork for Terry's later work, was recalled by its publisher and reissued *sans* two crucial chapters. That is purported to be proof that the allegations both authors make, particularly the allegations regarding the

Process Church, are without substance. What such critics unerringly fail to mention is that it was only the U.S. publisher that bowed to pressure to recall the book. The book's publisher in the UK, on the other hand, stood behind the book and its author—a decision that withstood legal challenges.

Terry's numerous critics also unerringly fail to mention that Queens' District Attorney John Santucci reopened the Son of Sam case in 1979 after concluding that Berkowitz did not act alone: "I believe David Berkowitz did not act alone—that in fact others did cooperate, aid and abet him in the commission of these crimes." Among other things, Santucci pointed out "the sketches of the individuals—the composites—were at wide divergence from Berkowitz." And indeed, they were. In fact, the sketches were "at wide divergence" from one another; as the *New York Post* noted, "the identikit drawings of the NYPD, which some say are better than photographs, give seven different looks to the killer." Santucci also noted, as did the *Post*, that "an unusual number of people" who were connected to the case, and who were identified by Berkowitz as being complicit in the crimes, "are no longer living." Berkowitz, by the way, had a number of interesting connections. Police found numerous telephone numbers scrawled on the walls of his apartment, including: the unlisted, private home numbers of prominent doctors living on Long Island; the number for a large Scientology training center in Florida; and the number for the Montauk Golf and Racquet Club, an exclusive country club on Long Island that lies adjacent to a purportedly closed military base that has been tenuously linked by researchers to ongoing mind control operations.

A more recent case, unreported in the American press, closely mirrors the scenario portrayed by Terry—complete with a patsy taking the fall for the crimes of the socially prominent and a trail of dead witnesses/accomplices. In 1994, a farm-hand named Pietro Pacciani was convicted of fourteen serial killings committed in Italy's Tuscan woods. In April 2001, the UK's *The Times* reported that the case had "returned to haunt Italy—and in a new, even more sinister guise...police in Florence have reopened the case 'in the light of new evidence.' And the evidence suggests that while Pacciani may indeed have carried out the murders, or some of them, the real masterminds behind the gruesome killings were a group of 'high society satanists' who carried out—and perhaps still carry out—'weird rituals that beggar belief' behind the respectable facades of their Tuscan villas, led by a 'distinguished doctor' with a 'sick and twisted mind.'"

In August 2001, the *Guardian* added: "Police now believe that a group of between 10 and 12 wealthy, sophisticated Italians orchestrated ritualised murders over the course of three decades and got away with it, allowing their careers and reputations to blossom to this day." These unidentified suspects were described as an "occult group which directed the...murders." The *Times* article noted that

Pacciani's "conviction was overturned on appeal, but he was about to be retried—which is possible under Italian law—when he died, supposedly of a heart attack." According to the investigating magistrate on the case, Paolo Canessa, Pacciani's death was definitely not due to natural causes: "Someone was prescribing medicine that killed rather than cured Pacciani."

Pacciani's defense attorney, Carmelo Lavorino, has noted that, at the time of Pacciani's death, "he wasn't in any danger." He has also said that evidence at the scene suggested that Pacciani had been dragged by his feet after his death. The most likely explanation is obviously that Pacciani was eliminated, as the *Guardian* put it, "lest he reveal the real monster, or monsters." According to the *Times*, a number of other suspicious deaths have surrounded the case: "Renato Malatesta, Pacciani's close friend, was found hanging in a stable with his feet still resting firmly on the ground...Malatesta's daughter Milva was found dead with her three-year-old son in a burnt-out Fiat Panda...another burnt-out car was found containing the body of Milva Malatesta's lover, Francesco Vinci, another Pacciani acquaintance...A year later came the murder of Anna Milva Mettei, a local prostitute who had had an affair with Vinci's son, whose body was also burnt."

Investigators have now come to the belated realization that a large network of people were involved in the killings, some "studying the most likely spots in which to strike," while others served "as lookouts. They all took orders from one person who...then took part himself in the actual killings and mutilations." Investigators also now believe "the female body parts [the left breasts and the genitals] were used in black masses at night in remote Tuscan farmhouses." Among those now being sought by authorities is a "'mystery woman,' perhaps a member of the doctor's circle, who beat up Pacciani's elderly wife in January 1996, knocked her out with sleeping pills and searched the house from top to bottom." Also sought is an artist who Pacciani worked for as a gardener, and whose home was found to contain incriminating evidence. He disappeared just days before the trial began and he is believed to be hiding out in, of all places, Belgium.

By September, yet more of the cover-up was unraveling. The *Observer* dropped a bombshell: "The 'Monster of Florence' may have been a Satanic sect bankrolled by the secret service." Suspects by then included "a doctor, ambassador and an artist." Pacciani's death was "being treated as a murder," and questions were being raised about his unexplained wealth—which included two houses and more than \$75,000 in cash. Michele Giuttari, the investigating magistrate on the case, who has received death threats, has said that the Monster of Florence was not Pacciani, but a "cultured man of great professional success, esteemed and powerful, but with psychopathic hidden impulses. It makes you wonder how many Jekylls and Hydes there are in civilised cities like Florence." Indeed, it does.

Consider the “civilised” city of Auxerre, France. In late March 2002, the *Guardian* ran a brief report by correspondent Jon Henley that began as follows:

The French justice ministry took disciplinary action yesterday against three prosecutors involved in the case of an alleged serial killer who escaped prosecution for more than 20 years.

The justice minister, Marylise Lebranchu, sacked one prosecutor, Daniel Stilinovic, and transferred another, Jacques Cazals, from his post in the Paris public prosecutor’s office, for their negligence in the case of Emile Louis...

A third, retired, prosecutor, Rene Meyer, was stripped of his honorary title. All three magistrates worked in the northern Burgundy city of Auxerre in the 1980s and 1990s and were found guilty by a disciplinary panel of a range of serious errors, including “lack of professional honour.”

Fifteen months before that report, Emile Louis had confessed to murdering seven mentally handicapped women who had disappeared without a trace between 1977 and 1979. He had subsequently withdrawn his confession and asserted that the girls had been “abused, abducted and finally killed by a ring of high-ranking local men.” At the time of the women’s disappearances, investigations had been hastily dropped and the missing women listed as runaways. It was not until more than two decades later, following Louis’ confession, that a serious inquiry was made into the fate of the missing girls. That inquiry led to what the *Guardian* referred to as “further, even more disturbing discoveries”:

The chief prosecutor in Auxerre, Suzanne le Queau, said late last year that almost all the inquiries into the cases of about 30 young women who vanished in Burgundy over the past 30 years had been either mysteriously shelved or deliberately mishandled.

Moreover, the files relating to most of the criminal inquiries shelved in Auxerre between 1958 and 1982—including 17 missing young women—had been either stolen or destroyed, and a dozen post-1982 inquiries involving missing young women for which the files still remained had all been inexplicably dropped.

Lawyers for the victims’ families are talking of a sex ring which abducted, raped and murdered up to 30 girls in the 70s and 80s and was powerful enough to stifle any subsequent investigation. A full

inquiry into what may prove the biggest cover-up in French legal history is under way.

In July 2002, the Monster of Florence case was in the news once again. A series of profaned corpses were turning up, and there were indications that these crimes, committed against the corpses of the elderly, were linked to the case. The first such corpse had been discovered the previous month, on the summer solstice. A report in the *Sunday Herald* indicated that the satanic rites performed in conjunction with the Monster of Florence killings had been conducted at a senior citizen's home where Pacciani had once worked as a gardener. Resident's at the home at that time included the father of Florence's deputy attorney. Some of the profaned corpses surfacing in the summer of 2002 were also connected to the home.

Also revealed in the *Herald* report was that, in 2001, police had raided the home of Aurelio Mattei, a psychiatrist for the French secret services. In 1992, Mattei authored a book that alluded to evidence in the Monster case that was not uncovered by investigators until a decade later. The home of Francisco Bruno, a criminologist and prominent television talking-head, was also raided. Bruno's name was on one of the drug prescriptions that killed Pacciani. Any additional information on the case may be difficult to obtain, since the *Herald* report also noted that police had issued a news blackout on the ongoing investigation. It seems quite likely, however, based on the evidence that has surfaced, that Pacciani was in fact a fall-guy for a cult of powerful individuals.

In May 2003, the UK's *Guardian* reported that convicted French serial killer Patrice Alegre was "not the lone psychopath he was made out to be at his trial last year," according to the sworn statements of former prostitutes. "He is alleged to have acted for most of the 1990s as the leader of a sado-masochistic sex ring, supplying women and drugs for debauched, and at times violent, evenings frequented by senior policemen, judges, businessmen, sports personalities and politicians." The claims surfaced "during a police investigation into allegations that Patrice Alegre, a serial killer who is serving a life sentence for killing five women, was for years offered illegal protection by corrupt police and magistrates in the south-western city of Toulouse."

According to a *BBC* report, Alegre, a policeman's son and an employee of the police department's cafeteria, "is also under investigation in connection with a criminal network in Toulouse said to have involved minors and cocaine." Other allegations, as recounted by the *Observer*, involved "white slavery, sado-masochism, rapes, sex with minors, drug dealing and appalling brutality—all in the heart of the government of one of France's most historic and most civilised cities." It is alleged that these crimes were committed at "Toulouse's Palais de

Justice and...at a chateau owned by Toulouse council.” Toulouse’s prosecutor-general, Jean Volff, was fired for “covering up links between senior officials and the exploitation of vulnerable girls.” Three judges were scheduled for questioning about “acts of torture and barbaric acts, pimping and rapes of under-age girls.”

Alegre claimed that at least some of the murders he committed were ordered by some of Toulouse’s most prominent citizens. The killings, he said, served to silence witnesses and eliminate blackmail threats arising from what the *Guardian* described as “somasochistic orgies involving politicians, judges and police.” Two former prostitutes who had been recruited by Alegre for some of those parties corroborated his allegations. One judge admitted that there was “some truth” to the story told by the two women of “an official cover-up of Alegre’s crimes.” Another judge “has admitted to drinking with Alegre,” who is known to have run Toulouse’s prostitution business in the early 1990s.

As the investigation progressed, Dominique Baudis, a former television host, found himself at the center of the scandal. He was perhaps the most prominent politician in Toulouse, having served as mayor from 1983 to 2001, preceded by his father from 1971 to 1983. Baudis was named as one of the four powerful figures that reportedly ordered the murders. The other three were not named, but one was said to be a high-ranking police officer, and another a senior magistrate. Baudis reportedly owned a lake house, equipped with hidden cameras, where somasochistic orgies were held. The French periodical *Le Monde* sought to assure readers that the accusations arising from the orgies were “not about simulated acts of torture and erotic games among consenting adults. This was real torture, accompanied by other degrading acts, committed against prostitutes, some of whom were under age.”

By early June 2003, the *Sunday Herald* was fretting over the potential fallout from the investigation: “Such is the damage to the police, the judicial system and the municipal administration that some have suggested the underpinnings of the state and its democratic institutions are under threat...Magistrates, politicians, journalists, businessmen, policemen and sportsmen are lining up to be questioned as part of the inquiry.” Police were under fire, scrambling to explain why many of Alegre’s murder victims had been officially listed as suicides. The investigation was being expanded to include twenty additional cases. And a French magazine, as the *Guardian* reported, had “revealed allegations that the former mayor, Dominique Baudis, had a sexual relationship with the murderer, Patrice Alegre.”

Also in June 2003, Michel Barrau was appointed as the prosecutor-general for the case. His appointment immediately raised concerns among lawyers, according to the *Observer*, owing to the fact that Barrau had previously been “credited with stopping an investigation into corruption among senior right-wing politicians in

Paris before last year's general election." Barrau was, in other words, no stranger to political cover-ups. Before the month was out, the evidence in the case, according to a *Reuters*' headline, had "evaporated." Alegre reneged on his confession after one of the prostitute witnesses purportedly admitted lying about seeing senior officials at S&M orgies. She was promptly jailed, recalling the jailing of witnesses in the Franklin case: "one of two prostitutes who accused Alegre of procuring young women for politicians to chain to walls and abuse in sadomasochistic orgies has been placed behind bars as judges investigate the authenticity of her story." With the cover-up firmly in place, the European media moved on to other things.

Henry Lee Lucas' story then, as bizarre as it may initially appear to be, is certainly not without precedents or parallels. Other events that have transpired since Henry first began telling his tales of The Hand of Death lend further credence to various aspects of his story. For example, the 'Finders' case, discussed in Chapter 6, illustrated that there are in fact coordinated efforts by networks of individuals to transport abducted children to clandestine locations in Mexico. Of course, Henry could have just been making lucky guesses when he talked about the networks of satanic cults running murder-for-hire operations and child abduction rings. And there could be nothing to the fact that Toole, who was convicted in the state of Florida, shared with Henry the fate of having his death sentence commuted. Florida is, of course, a state that is also overly zealous in its application of the death penalty, although not zealous enough to execute the likes of Ottis Toole.

In any event, it's interesting to note that both of these men had their death sentences set aside in a state that was, until January 2001, run by a member of the Bush family. It is interesting also to take note of the case of the man known as the "Railroad Killer," Rafael Resendez-Ramirez. On July 13, 1999, Ramirez was reported to have walked across a bridge from Juarez, Mexico into El Paso, Texas and turned himself in. At the time, he was wanted for a string of nine alleged serial killings. Mirroring the circumstances surrounding Henry's final arrest, Ramirez had been taken into custody several weeks prior by the U.S. Border Patrol, only to be promptly released—despite his presence on FBI most-wanted lists, and despite the issuing of alerts to the immigration service, and despite the fact that a nationwide manhunt was underway.

Between this detainment and his surrender, Ramirez claimed four more victims. Apparently, he still had a little work left to complete. Having done so, Ramirez then made the incomprehensible decision to surrender to Texas authorities. Crossing the border into Texas, Ramirez left a country with no death penalty and entered the execution capital of the Western world. The *Los Angeles Times*, in reporting on his surrender, noted he was "adamant he wanted to surrender to a Texas Ranger," and "he had not requested an attorney and was cooperating with

detectives.” In the same article, it is noted that authorities say Ramirez is “strikingly intelligent.”

Strikingly intelligent? Not based on the actions he took on July 13, 1999. But then again, perhaps Ramirez knows something about the Texas criminal justice system that the rest of us do not. Interestingly enough, Lucas was reportedly fascinated by the Ramirez case. While the manhunt was underway, he told the *Houston Post*: “I follow his case on the TV...I’d like to meet him.” They presumably would have much to talk about.

Ramirez, by the way, was born in Matamoros, Mexico and, according to his mother, was raised there outside of the home by non-family members.

“At some time I have start(ed) to hear funny voices, like a person calling me, but no one call me.”

—Rafael Resendez-Ramirez, in a letter to a reporter
in Houston following his surrender to authorities

“Can I tell you who really I am, with all the secrecy that’s in the family? I only have one purpose in life, and that’s to express some of my views and some of the views that I have been instructed—anything that can put down Christianity, anything that can put down democracy, anything that can put down freedom.”

—Rafael Resendez-Ramirez, delivering his closing
argument to a jury in St. Louis, March 1989

Chapter 9

Rancho Diablo

“No one wants to believe the cult story. The TV people cut it out. The writers don’t write about it.”

—Henry Lee Lucas

One of the more compelling aspects of Henry’s story was his contention that he had ties to cult-run ranches just south of the U.S. border. In 1989, just such a ranch was excavated in Matamoros, Mexico—just south of Brownsville, Texas—yielding the remains of fifteen ritual sacrifice victims. The Matamoros case so closely paralleled the stories told years earlier by Lucas that some law enforcement personnel in Texas chose to take a closer look at Henry’s professed cult connections. In fact, Jim Boutwell—the sheriff of Williamson County, Texas—later told a reporter that investigators had *verified* that Lucas was indeed involved in cult activities.

Following the discovery in Matamoros, Clemmie Schroeder—identified as Henry’s spiritual adviser—sent to the state attorney general a map Lucas had drawn for her in 1985 that identified locations where murder, kidnapping and drug-running operations were conducted. She told a reporter for the *Brownsville Herald*: “Henry told me there were a lot of different cults in Mexico who were involved in satanic worship and everything. I found the map and realized he had marked this cult and drug ring near Brownsville.” The attorney general’s office chose not to take any action. In an interview conducted following the exposure of the Matamoros cult, Ottis Toole claimed that it was not the specific ranch with which he and Henry were associated, but he also emphasized that there were many such interconnected operations along the Texas/Mexico border.

Though downplayed in most press reports, the Matamoros cult was largely an American entity. Its leader was Adolfo Constanzo, a Cuban-American born in Miami, Florida and raised in Miami and San Juan, Puerto Rico. Its ‘high priestess’ was Sara Aldrete, an honor student at Southmost Texas College in

Brownsville. One of the cult's top lieutenants, Serafin Hernandez Garcia, also lived in Brownsville and attended Southmost—as a law-enforcement major. Serafin's grandfather was the owner of Rancho Santa Elena, where the cult performed its ritual sacrifices and buried many of its victims. Another cult member, drug baron Elio Hernandez Rivera, also hailed from Brownsville. Yet another lived in Weslaco, Texas.

Constanzo has been described by chronicler Clifford Linedecker as a “thoroughly ruthless and malevolent genius with a messianic ability to command the loyalty and blind obedience of followers who joined him, zombie-like, in a loathsome blood feast of dope dealing, terror, torture, and human sacrifice”—a description that sounds as though it were written with Charles Manson in mind. Born November 1, 1962 to a fifteen-year-old Cuban immigrant (likely an under-age prostitute), Constanzo was blessed by a Palo Mayombe high priest at the age of six months and declared “the chosen one.” Until the age of ten, he was trained by satanists in San Juan and Haiti, before returning to Miami in 1972. Back in Florida, Constanzo was mentored by another satanic high priest who taught him, among other things, the art of grave robbing. His mother, meanwhile, busied herself with being arrested some thirty times. But as Michael Newton has written, the “charges never seemed to stick, and she always escaped with probation.” Dade County neighbors considered Constanzo's mother to be a “witch” or a “sorceress.” Authorities once found her living in a vacant, dilapidated apartment that was heavily smeared with blood, feces and urine. She was charged with trespassing and child neglect.

By mid-1984, Adolfo had moved to Mexico City, where he served as something of a ‘psychic to the stars,’ earning extravagant fees and living quite lavishly. His fastidiously neat and orderly home in a high-dollar suburb of Mexico's capital city was, interestingly enough, located directly across from an elementary school. Described as having a magnetic personality, Constanzo attracted an array of famous and colorful people—including entertainment stars, fashion models, transsexual nightclub performers, politicians, businessmen, crime lords, police officials and civil servants. One of his followers was Irma Serrano—a singer/actress and the high-profile mistress of a former president of Mexico. Another admirer was Florentino Ventura, the head of the Mexican branch of Interpol. Ventura was such a devoted disciple that he considered himself to be Constanzo's ‘godson.’ He allegedly killed himself in Mexico City on September 17, 1988, after killing his wife and another woman. Strangely though, all three were killed with the same burst of gunfire.

The Matamoros cult was first exposed in early April 1989. Police searching the ranch on April 1 discovered drugs and occult paraphernalia. Returning on April 9, authorities arrested four members of the cult, all of who were members of the

Hernandez drug family. Two days later, the first bodies were exhumed from Rancho Santa Elena. Some of the victims had been beheaded, while others had been grotesquely disfigured by machete blows to the head. Brains, hearts, lungs and other internal organs had been cut or torn from many of the bodies, and some of these were found stewing in cauldrons in a shed at the ranch. Spines had been ripped from the decomposing corpses to fashion ceremonial necklaces. One victim was reportedly boiled alive, another skinned alive; all were mutilated to varying degrees.

These victims included the owner and secretary of a company that served as a front for a cocaine-processing lab, an informant for the Federales and his mistress, two federal narcotics officers, three former police officers, and the American nephew of a U.S. Customs agent. There were also a number of law enforcement personnel within the cult, including Salvador Vidal Garcia, a Mexico City Federal Judicial Police agent who was in charge of narcotics investigations. Juan Benitez, the Commandante of the Federal Judicial Police, claimed that there “were another six agents involved, but we have no proof at this time to bring charges.” In addition to the victims found at the ranch, the cult was also said to be responsible for the deaths of at least seven members of a drug trafficking family who were killed in a mass slaughter because they had evidence of police complicity in the drug trade that they had threatened to expose. That massacre occurred on, of all days, *Walpurgisnacht* of 1987. The victims’ bodies showed clear signs of sadistic torture. Fingers, toes and ears had been removed and genitals had been excised. Two brains were missing and a portion of a spine had been ripped from one of the bodies.

On April 17, Serafin Hernandez Rivera—said to be the patriarch of the cult—was arrested in Houston, Texas. The next day, just two days shy of Hitler’s birthday, a U.S. grand jury issued indictments for the still-at-large Constanzo and ten of his followers on various drug trafficking charges. Three days later, on April 21, Mexican authorities formally charged the four captured cultists with multiple counts of murder, kidnapping and drug trafficking. Just two days after that, a large contingent of heavily armed Mexican Federales burned down the death shed at Rancho Santa Elena, destroying a wealth of valuable evidence. Constanzo and most of his followers remained in hiding and the subjects of a massive manhunt. On May 6, police searching for a missing child are said to have inadvertently stumbled upon the apartment hideaway of Constanzo and four of his followers in Mexico City. Shots were allegedly fired from the apartment, which resulted in nearly 200 police officers virtually instantaneously surrounding the building.

A ferocious gun battle ensued, with thousands of rounds fired in a forty-five-minute exchange. Amazingly though, none of the cultists were shot and only one officer was wounded—and that was in the initial gunfire that came from the

apartment. Constanzo and his male lover were reportedly executed in a closet on the orders of the high priest himself. The three survivors were captured alive and charged with a multitude of crimes. Reports immediately surfaced claiming that Constanzo had faked his death, by substituting the body of another cultist. The two bodies in the closet had been riddled with automatic weapon fire, making identification difficult. Mexico City newspapers carried reports of witnesses claiming that two men had been seen fleeing the scene of the shoot-out. The body identified as Constanzo's was claimed by U.S. consular officials—allegedly acting on behalf of Constanzo's mother—and flown to Miami to be promptly cremated.

As the investigation proceeded, reports on the case grew more disturbing. Police reported finding blood-spattered altars in the homes of many of the suspected cultists, and Mexico City newspapers openly speculated that human infants had been ritually sacrificed by the group. Some reporters opined that babies might even have been bred specifically for that purpose. Michael Newton has reported that from 1897–1989, there were seventy-four unsolved ritual homicides in Mexico City; fourteen of those victims were infants. Other reports noted that in custody, high priestess Sara Aldrete displayed what Linedecker described as “signs of a split personality. As the days wore on, three separate personas became evident.” A U.S. Customs agent told the *Houston Chronicle* that she clearly had a “dual personality.” Like most of the other cultists, Aldrete, who had married on Halloween day, 1983, had links to the Hernandez drug family. A particularly compelling report in the *Brownsville Herald* revealed that the drug trafficking Matamoros cult was part of a massive, hemisphere-wide, drug trafficking network: “federal agents have established a pattern of drug trafficking from the Hernandez family in Matamoros to top Chicago mob bosses.” Interestingly enough, Constanzo was reportedly sighted in Chicago during the time that he was the focus of the manhunt, but those reports were scoffed at by authorities.

In the wake of the Matamoros case, two members of the Texas state legislature, Senator J.E. Brown and Representative Sam Johnson, introduced a bill aimed at combating cult-related ritual crime, which they asserted was a burgeoning problem in Texas and elsewhere in the country. After a decade had passed, the problem had not abated, as became evident when yet another excavation was begun, at a ranch near Juarez, Mexico. That property was, strangely enough, located precisely where Henry Lee Lucas had claimed that the ‘Hand of Death’ cult maintained a ranch. The first reports on the Juarez ranch surfaced on December 1, 1999, less than five months after Resendez-Ramirez had surrendered to U.S. authorities at a location on the U.S. border very near the ranch; a *Los Angeles Times* report noted that the “clandestine burial grounds [were] practically within sight of the U.S. border.”

Early reports indicated that authorities anticipated exhuming between 100 and 300 bodies from mass graves on the ranch, including twenty-two missing U.S. citizens and a number of former FBI and DEA informants. The investigation was quickly expanded to include at least three more possible burial grounds in the area. U.S. authorities, perhaps having learned a lesson from the well-publicized Matamoros case, immediately moved in to take charge of the investigation. The brazen violation of Mexico's sovereignty was roundly condemned by the Mexican press. A group of irate Mexican Senators grilled the country's foreign minister on the FBI's aggressive role in the investigation and loudly denounced the fact that exhumed bodies were being transferred to the U.S. for forensic examination. By mid-December, with the U.S. firmly in control of the case and with all evidence being clandestinely transferred onto U.S. soil, Mexico's attorney general was claiming that the early reports had been wildly off the mark. The new reports claimed that only nine bodies had been found at the three separate burial sites and no more were expected to be uncovered. Press coverage of the case almost immediately ceased, after the media had assured everyone that 'there's nothing to see here, folks.'

The final report carried by the *Los Angeles Times* maintained that some victims had "reportedly disappeared after being detained by men in Mexican police uniforms, raising questions about the extent of police corruption in Mexican law enforcement." Peter Smith, the director of Latin American studies at UC San Diego, echoed that sentiment: "The clandestinity raises the issue of potential complicity on the part of local or state authorities." Not surprisingly, reports made no mention of the extent of police corruption in *American* law enforcement.

Officials were quick to claim that there was no connection between the bodies exhumed at the ranch and the unsolved murders of hundreds of young women in the Juarez area. There is no consensus on the number of women that have been brutally raped, tortured and murdered since the killings began in 1993, but estimates run as high as 500, with hundreds more reportedly missing and possibly dead.

As the website *Americas.org* recalled, "Free trade supporters once claimed the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) would turn Ciudad Juarez into the city of the future." And perhaps that is exactly what the city has become—a city where NAFTA's 'free trade' rules ensure that "a company's right to profit trumps the rights of government and the protection of citizens."

In the 1960s, the Mexican government offered Western corporations a sweet-heart deal: build factories on the Mexican side of the border to manufacture and/or assemble goods, operate with wanton disregard for environmental and labor laws, and, to top it off, pay no local taxes. So-called *maquiladoras*, which

had previously been known as sweatshops, soon began to dot the U.S./Mexico border. Before long, they numbered in the hundreds. The highest concentration of those maquiladoras is in Juarez, which currently is home to about 500 factories employing 200,000 workers. About 80% of the factories in Juarez are American owned.

As the labor-intensive maquiladoras proliferated, the populations of border cities like Juarez quickly swelled. But as the population grew, there was no corresponding investment in the cities. As the *Observer* noted, there has been “no attempt to create infrastructure—no roads or housing. Taxation is voluntary for companies, and most pay none.” According to official estimates, the population of Ciudad Juarez has tripled, to 1,200,000; unofficial estimates run as high as 2,000,000. Many of the new arrivals are young women, since the workforce employed by the maquiladoras is 70% female. Most of these young women end up living in the shantytown neighborhoods that have sprung up in cities like Juarez. These neighborhoods have no real roads, no street names, no addresses, no utilities, and no public services. Violence is endemic. Drug lords rule the streets. According to *La Prensa*, life in Juarez is “punctuated by narco-related executions and kidnappings in broad daylight committed by death squads working for the lords of the lucrative trade.” The *Guardian* described Juarez as “a city associated with grinding poverty and home to one of Mexico’s foremost drug trafficking organizations.”

It is against this backdrop that the murders have been committed. Most of the victims have been maquiladora workers. Some of them have disappeared while traveling alone late at night, after having their work shifts changed at the last minute, or after being locked out for arriving at work late. Recent reports reveal that eerily similar murders are now occurring in other maquiladora towns along the U.S./Mexico border, including Chihuahua City, Nueva Laredo and Matamoros. Many of the Juarez victims have had ‘modeling’ photographs taken of them while they were at work in the factories. Some circumstantial evidence suggests a disturbing scenario: the photographs, taken by ‘recruiters’ working within the maquiladoras, are arranged in albums that are then used as catalogues from which victims are selected.

The first Juarez victim’s body, by most accounts, was found on January 23, 1993. The first suspect, Abdel Latif Sharif Sharif, was arrested two years later, in 1995. Sharif had an interesting history—one with close parallels to many other alleged serial killers, as will be seen in later chapters.

Born in Egypt in 1947, Sharif was reportedly sexually abused as a child, including being frequently sodomized by his father and other male relatives. In his early twenties, Sharif immigrated to the United States, landing first in New York City and then in New Hope, Pennsylvania. By 1981, he was living in Palm

Beach, Florida, where he worked as a chemist and engineer. In May of that year, Sharif beat and repeatedly raped an unidentified 23-year-old woman. For those offenses, he received only probation. In August of the same year, he was charged with another rape. He was again convicted, but he served just 45 days. The next year, he was married briefly in Gainesville, Florida, until he beat his bride unconscious. She divorced him shortly after that. In March 1983, Sharif beat and repeatedly raped yet another victim. In January 1984, while awaiting sentencing, he managed to escape, but he was soon recaptured and, on January 31, sentenced to serve twelve years. Not quite six years later, in October 1989, Sharif was paroled. At that time, he was to be deported, but instead he was allowed, for unexplained reasons, to remain in the country.

Sharif quickly found work in Midland, Texas at Benchmark Research and Technology. While employed and living in Texas, the thrice-convicted rapist was photographed shaking hands with Senator Phil Gramm, in addition to being singled out for praise by the U.S. Department of Energy. In 1991, while still on parole, Sharif was arrested for drunk driving. He suffered no apparent repercussions for that offense. By 1993, he was once again facing charges of holding a woman captive and raping her repeatedly. In May of the following year, the state of Texas inexplicably agreed to drop all charges against the repeat offender if Sharif voluntarily left the country. He promptly moved to an exclusive residential neighborhood in Juarez and went to work at Benchmark's maquiladora. In October 1995, Sharif was arrested by Mexican authorities and charged with rape. He was convicted and given a thirty-year sentence, but the bodies of young women continued to pile up in and around Juarez.

Next to be arrested were a gang of nightclub workers known as The Rebels, who were allegedly being paid by Sharif to continue the killings. The gang was led by Armendariz Diaz, also known as *El Diablo*. All members of the gang later claimed that they had been tortured by police to coerce their confessions. In early 1999, five members of another gang—The Toltecs, led by Jesus Guardado Marquez, also known as *El Dracula*—were arrested and accused of collaborating with Sharif. The gang confessed to fifteen of the murders, but later recanted, claiming that torture by the police had produced the confessions. The arrests of the two gangs failed to slow the pace of the killings and disappearances.

After the arrest of The Toltecs, the FBI sent some of its famed 'profilers' to Juarez. Among them was Robert Ressler, who advanced the dubious theory that the murders were the work of Resendez-Ramirez. The arrest of Ramirez in July 1999, however, had not put a stop to the killings. Before the year was out, more young women would go missing, more bodies would surface, and the mass graves at the ranch would be discovered.

On November 6 and 7, 2001, eight bodies were discovered in a vacant lot just 300 yards from the headquarters of the Association of Maquiladoras. Confessions were quickly obtained from two bus drivers, Victor Javier Garcia and Gustavo Gonzalez Meza, also known as *El Cerillo* and *La Foca*. Following the pattern set with previous suspects, police reportedly obtained the confessions through the use of torture. The two men had visible burn marks on their bodies, marks that Oscar Maynez Grijalva, the chief forensic investigator on the case, determined had been made with stun guns used by the police.

Maynez thoroughly searched a van that the bus drivers had purportedly used to abduct women, and he found no evidence to support the allegations. According to Maynez, he was then asked “to help plant evidence against two bus drivers who were charged with the murders. A couple of police officers brought us items for us to put in the van they said was used to abduct the women.” Maynez refused to take part in the framing of the suspects, and, in January 2002, he resigned in protest over the handling of the case. He has said that he now believes that some police are involved in the murders. The outspoken Maynez has reported receiving death threats intended to silence him.

Also in January 2002, Jorge Campos Murillo, a federal deputy attorney in Mexico City, told reporters that “juniors”—the sons of wealthy, powerful Mexican families—were connected to the killings. Campos was promptly transferred and he now refuses to discuss the Juarez case, which next landed in the lap of Irma Rodriguez Galarza. Rodriguez’ daughter and husband were gunned down on the family’s porch with AK-47 assault rifles.

Campos is not alone in linking the Juarez murders to the sons of the rich and powerful. The UK’s *Observer* has reported that those involved in the killings come from prominent families that “include landowners, major drug dealers, construction barons, energy suppliers—and officials in both government and the police.” A spokeswoman for a victim’s group noted that the killers “take no trouble to cover up evidence, like most murders. With these, the evidence is brazen, right there, every time.” The killers, in other words, have no fear of the police. The *El Paso Times* alleged that the guilty parties are “prominent men who cross the border regularly, are involved in major businesses, are associates of drug cartels and have ties to politicians in President Vicente Fox’s administration.” According to some Mexican officials, six people from the Juarez-El Paso area are having the women abducted for orgies, after which (or perhaps during which) they are killed.

On February 5, 2002, Mario Escobedo, Jr., the attorney representing Gonzalez (one of the two truck drivers), was killed by police. Escobedo was reportedly pursued at night by police in unmarked vehicles, until the attorney lost control of his car and crashed. He was then cut down in a hail of police

gunfire. Escobedo's partner, Dante Almarez, reported that he was advised to "drop the case, [or] we'll kill you the same way we did Escobedo."

In August 2002, *PBS* aired the documentary film "Senorita Extraviada," produced by Lourdes Portillo. The film revealed that some of the victims were missing for long periods before their deaths. Some of the their bodies display evidence of ritual sacrifice. In many cases, the only remains that are ever found are clothes and bones, and the bones are often mismatched. Frequently these bones are found in far less time that it would take a corpse to be reduced to a skeleton. Sometimes these skeletal remains show up in areas that have just recently been searched. Juarez police have refused to investigate a number of viable leads, and they have deliberately destroyed evidence, including more than 1,000 pounds of victims' clothing that was burned. One female witness, who was arrested and then raped in prison, told the filmmakers that her captors had showed her photos of a woman being gang-raped and beaten, and then doused in gasoline and burned alive.

Some of the victims have indeed been burned alive. Others have been strangled, stabbed, bludgeoned and/or shot. According to *Americas.org*, "When they're not skeletal remains, most of the women's bodies are found in the nearby desert with evidence of torture and gang rape. Forensics evidence shows many are kept alive during this for days or longer. The bodies are usually mutilated, laid out in cross formation, and branded with signature carvings on various parts of their bodies." Some reports hold that many of the recovered bodies exhibit similar slashing wounds to the breasts. A March 2002 report in the *Guardian* claimed "there are patterns of mutilation that have not been publicly released that could indicate narco-satanic rituals."

In October 2002, the bodies of two more victims surfaced. Three months later, in January 2003, three more were discovered. Not long after that, on February 8, almost a year to the day after his attorney had been gunned down, Gustavo Gonzalez Meza died in custody following a relatively routine hernia operation. Both Gonzalez and his wife had reported receiving death threats. Just over a week after his death, four more bodies were discovered. Police refused to acknowledge one of the bodies, despite the fact that reporters and other witnesses viewed it.

In May 2003, the Juarez murders, which had been almost entirely ignored by the Western media for a full decade, were suddenly in the news. A flurry of reports pitched the theory that the killings were the work of an organ trafficking ring, possibly with cult connections. New Zealand's *One News* reported that as many as 90 women may have been killed by the ring. Some of their organs, it was claimed, were brought to the States by an unidentified American. The *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* told of federal investigators "looking into claims that some

of the dozens of women slain in the border city of Ciudad Juarez over the last decade may have been killed for their internal organs.” A *Reuters* report listed the following as possible motives for the murders: “Satanic rituals, organ trafficking and snuff movies where women are kidnapped, sexually assaulted and then murdered on camera.” The *Guardian* spoke of “evidence indicating the women may have been victims of an international organ trafficking ring...Police also were investigating the possibility that certain mutilations—breasts were cut off on a few of the victims, and some had scars cut in designs—might indicate the involvement of a religious cult.”

Skepticism of those theories, however, was expressed by Oscar Maynez, the former head of the Ciudad Juarez forensics office and one of the very few voices of conscience in this story. According to the *Journal-Constitution* report, Maynez “said he never saw any evidence of missing organs in the bodies he examined when he worked on the case.” Whether accurate or not, the official proclamations, and the accompanying news reports, served to federalize the investigation of the Juarez murders for the first time. Before that, federal officials had steadfastly maintained that the killings were a state matter.

It is unclear whether the federalization of the investigation represents a sincere effort to stop the killings, bring the responsible parties to justice and root out local corruption, or whether it is just a continuation of the cover-up. The latter seems far more likely. As of this writing, in April 2004, women continue to disappear and incongruous piles of bones continue to surface, while residents continue to discover evidence at crime scenes after police have declared that thorough searches have been conducted. Though there have been numerous arrests over the years, no one has been formally charged with any of the hundreds of unsolved homicides.

Meanwhile, in February 2004, Mexican federal police arrested two drug cartel members who they said might have been involved in the mass murder of twelve people in a home in Juarez. Also detained were thirteen state police officers suspected of complicity. In the “city of the future,” life is cheap and ‘justice’ is for sale to the highest bidder.

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On the U.S. side of the border, in 1985, a ranch of a slightly different variety was uncovered in Kerrville, Texas, not far from Johnson City, Texas, the birthplace and childhood home of President Lyndon Baines Johnson. The ranch, run by a family of German immigrants, was found to be holding seventy-five human slaves, many of them acquired when they were young teenagers. The property was

patrolled by armed guards who kept the slaves chained together and routinely tortured them by applying electric cattle prods to their tongues and genitals. Whenever one of the slaves was killed, the body was burned to dispose of the evidence. The Texas Rangers (who maintain a museum in Johnson City) eventually raided the property, after routinely ignoring steady reports of strange happenings at the ranch. It took the state of Texas almost two full years to bring the case to trial. When it was all over with, the rancher and one of his sons received extraordinarily light sentences for their crimes: fifteen years for one, and fourteen for the other. Another indicted son was acquitted and walked away a free man. A media disinformation campaign portrayed the entire sordid affair as a trumped-up case, but investigative journalist Gordon Thomas noted that the trial transcript indicated that it was nothing of the sort.

Thomas has also written of another ranch, in Southern California, that evidence collected from a variety of sources indicates caters to powerful pedophiles. The ranch is located immediately adjacent to one of the numerous U.S. military bases that pepper the southern half of the state. The property has a rather ominous history, having previously served as a concentration camp for Japanese-Americans during World War II, and later as a 'deprogramming' center for returning Korean War veterans who it was said had been brainwashed. According to witness statements, children from around the country have been abducted and transported to the covert location, never to be heard from again. Once there, they are held as slaves to feed the depraved desires of powerful, well-connected pedophiles who torture, abuse, and at times kill their young victims. One man who may have worked at the ranch, according to reports cited by Thomas, was serial killer Leonard Lake.

Chapter 10

The Myth of the Serial Killer

“It’s more of a shadow than anything else. You know it’s a human being, but yet you can’t accept it. The killin’ itself, it’s like say, you’re walkin’ down the road. Half of me will go this way and the other half goes that way. The right-hand side didn’t know what the left-hand side was going to do.”

—Henry Lee Lucas, describing how he perceived
his victims before killing them

Most Americans are probably familiar with what is considered the classic serial killer ‘profile.’ This was a notion first put forth by the venerable FBI, which coined the term ‘serial killer,’ and pioneered the concept of ‘profiling,’ in an alleged attempt to understand the phenomenon of mass murder. It appears to be the case though that the concept of the ‘serial killer profile’ was put forth largely to misinform the public.

In the case of Henry Lee Lucas, few if any of the elements of the serial killer profile apply. For instance, serial killers are said to act alone, driven to do so only by their own private demons. So far removed from ordinary human behavior are their actions that they would not, indeed could not, share their private passions with others. In Henry’s case, this is a patently false notion. It has been officially acknowledged that Lucas worked with not just one, but at times as many as three accomplices (as previously noted, Toole’s pre-teen niece and nephew were frequently brought along to witness—and at times participate in—the crimes of Henry and Ottis). It is also claimed that serial killers target a particular type of victim, similar in age, gender, race, hairstyle, attractiveness, and other physical attributes. Again, in Henry’s case, this simply does not fit the known facts. Henry’s victims in fact had little, if anything, in common with one another. The victims’ ages ranged from children to the elderly. Both genders and all races were

also well represented. As Lucas himself once stated: “They’s been a mixed breed of people, as far as the killings themselves.”

It is further claimed that serial killers follow a readily identifiable *modus operandi*, with the means of obtaining victims and the trajectory of the crime following a well-defined pattern. Again, that was clearly not the case with Lucas, whose victims were obtained in a variety of ways, and who inflicted death by a variety of means—including bludgeoning, stabbing, strangulation, shooting, and suffocation. Some were killed in their homes, while others were abducted and taken to remote locations. Some were sexually abused, both before and after death, while others were not. Some were cannibalized. Some were left on display—for maximum impact upon their discovery—while others were left so as not to be discovered at all. In other ways as well, Henry Lee—the consummate serial killer—did not even come close to matching the profile of what he was supposed to be. Strangely enough though, perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the Henry Lee Lucas story is that it is not actually remarkable at all. In reviewing the case histories of more than two-dozen other alleged serial killers, it becomes readily apparent that few—if any—fit the supposed profile.

The victims of Resendez-Ramirez, for instance, ranged in age from 21 to 88 years, with a mix of males and females. The cause of death varied as well, with most being bludgeoned, though one was shot in the head, another stabbed, and yet another had a pick-ax buried in her head. Though not readily apparent, almost all of the weapons used for inflicting death—by both Lucas and Ramirez—had one thing in common: they are what are termed “weapons of opportunity.” In other words, they are weapons that were acquired at the crime scene immediately before the murders were committed. Notably, this precisely mirrors the means by which the CIA has historically taught its assassins to kill. A CIA training manual entitled *A Study of Assassination* advises the would-be killer: “the simplest local tools are often the most efficient means of assassination. A hammer, axe, wrench, screwdriver, fire poker, kitchen knife, lamp stand, or anything hard, heavy and handy will suffice...All such improvised weapons have the important advantage of availability and apparent innocence...the assassin may accidentally be searched before the act and should not carry an incriminating device if any sort of lethal weapon can be improvised at or near the site.” This advice has been taken to heart by a good number of ‘serial killers.’

The Mafia assassination service known as Murder, Inc.—the brainchild of the Lansky/Luciano syndicate, which had extensive connections to U.S. intelligence agencies—had a remarkably similar philosophy. As Jay Robert Nash notes in *Bloodletters and Bad Men*: “Like most of Murder, Inc.’s assassins, Pittsburgh Phil never carried a weapon in case the local police picked him up on suspicion. He would cast about, once he had selected his murder spot, for any tool handy that

would do the job.” It should probably be noted here, while we’re on the subject, that the man identified as Pittsburgh Phil, whose real name was Harry Strauss, was credited with killing at least 500 people in this manner from the late 1920s through 1940. This feat should put him at or near the top of any self-respecting serial killer list.

Henry Lee recounts in *The Hand of Death* that his training by the Hand of Death cult followed the same time-honored tradition. Of course, the FBI assures us that satanic cults and satanic crime do not exist in modern-day America. To put this assertion in its proper context, however, it is important to remember that this is the very same FBI that, during the reign of Murder, Inc., and for several decades thereafter, refused to acknowledge the existence of organized crime in America. It is also the same FBI that for years ignored and denied the resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan in the early part of the twentieth century. The FBI, in other words, has a long history of denying the existence of indigenous groups devoted to terrorizing American society.

Other than utilizing weapons of opportunity, the most common means by which professional assassins carry out their ‘contracts’ is with a small caliber bullet fired at point-blank range to the head—typically with either a .22 or .25 caliber handgun. Inflicting such a wound is quick, efficient, relatively quiet, reasonably clean and, most importantly, highly lethal. Contrary to conventional wisdom, a small caliber round to the head is more often fatal than a larger caliber bullet, because the smaller projectile has enough velocity to make the initial penetration into the dense skull bones, but not enough to make an exit wound. Once inside the brain cavity then, the slug will tend to ricochet around the curved inner bone surfaces, causing considerable damage to the brain in the process. A larger caliber round, on the other hand, is much more likely to penetrate clean through the skull, making much more of a mess, though doing less damage to the brain. The smaller weapon then, when fired from very close range, is a much more efficient killing device. Such weapons are also very easy to conceal and are the easiest weapons to silence. And even without a silencer, the report from a .22 automatic is relatively quiet. Especially to a generation raised on a steady diet of sensationalized and highly stylized violence in the media—where every gun sounds like a cannon—a small-caliber gun report can easily be mistaken for any of a number of everyday big-city sounds.

There is another reason that these are often the weapons of choice for contract ‘hits.’ Small caliber slugs, particularly those from a .22 caliber weapon—are virtually impossible to trace or to match up to any particular gun. Literally millions of .22 caliber weapons are in homes all across the country, and it is far-and-away the most popular, mass-produced ammunition on the market. And a .22 caliber bullet that has punched through the skull and careened around the skull cavity is

virtually guaranteed to be deformed to such an extent that a ballistics match will be impossible. Matching a flattened slug dug out of some victim's head to any particular gun then is something akin to finding the proverbial needle in the haystack. For this reason, and for those previously cited, a small caliber contact wound to the head—usually to the side of the head—has long been the mark of a professional assassin.

It is a most remarkable fact then that the vast majority of the victims of the 'serial killers' profiled herein were killed either by means of a weapon of opportunity, or they were shot in the head with a small caliber weapon—execution style. And far more often than not, there is no specific type of victim that is targeted, nor is there a pattern as to how the killings are carried out.

Take, for example, the other serial killing Ramirez—Los Angeles' famed "Night Stalker." Most of the Night Stalker victims were killed with contact wounds from a small caliber handgun to the left side of the head while they slept. Both .22 and .25 caliber weapons were used. The remaining victims were bludgeoned or stabbed to death with household items—including a hammer and a lamp/vase. Some of the victims were mutilated to varying degrees, including two that were hacked with machetes. Others were subjected to electrical torture. Their ages ranged from young adults to a pair of octogenarians, with both men and women well represented. And there was certainly no discrimination shown as to the race/ethnicity of the victims.

In what were dubbed the 'Sunset Strip Murders,' also in Los Angeles, the victims were also dispatched with a .25 caliber contact wound to the head—except for one victim who was shot in the chest and sliced open. Two of the victims were also beheaded. One of the dead—who had likely been an accomplice—was male, with the rest females of various ethnicities.

Santa Cruz's Herb Mullin must surely have been—if he was actually guilty of the murders attributed to him—the most creative serial killer in the annals of modern crime. The seemingly randomly assembled set of crimes credited to Mullin stands as perhaps the most ludicrous use of the term 'serial killer' on record. The first victim was a homeless man beaten to death with a baseball bat, for no apparent reason, on a lonely stretch of road. The next was a girl who was repeatedly stabbed, then sliced open, mutilated, and generally made a mess of—in what most people would think of as a typical serial killing. The next five victims were all killed in a single night at two different residences—both occupied by known drug traffickers and their families. In one house, all three victims, two of whom were children, were shot once in the head with a .22 and then stabbed a few times for good measure. At the other home, a slightly less professional job was done. The two victims at that address, who were close friends of the victims at the other crime scene, were shot multiple times with a .22 in various parts of

the body, and then stabbed. The next four victims were a group of teenage boys on a camping trip, who were each shot once in the head and multiple times in the body. Interestingly enough, the boys had their own .22 caliber rifle, within arm's reach of where they were killed. All four were allegedly killed by a lone assailant before they could reach for the gun, despite the fact that Mullin would have had to reload his six-shot .22 automatic at least once to complete the slaughter. Following the mass execution of the teenagers, Mullin next allegedly decided to test his skills as a sniper, picking off an ex-boxer as the victim strolled across his front yard.

In nearby Sacramento, California, Richard Chase got his sniper killing out of the way right off the bat. His first victim was dropped in front of his home with a .22 round fired from a parked car, just the way Mullin had allegedly done it. The rest of the Sacramento victims were killed with a .22 caliber contact wound to the left side of the head, sometimes followed by a second shot. Some were then mutilated. Ages ranged from twenty months to fifty-one years, with both males and females targeted.

Chicago's 'Ripper Crew' killed a string of women, both black and white, by a variety of means before then adding something new to the serial killer repertoire—a gang-style drive-by shooting of known drug dealers. It is always good practice, for any aspiring serial killer, to throw at least one obvious drug 'hit' into the mix. Charles Manson and Richard Ramirez understood that, as did various other serial killers, although such troublesome facts are routinely ignored in most press accounts, lest anyone catch on that 'serial killings' are not necessarily random acts of violence. Consider, for example, the case of Charles Ng and Leonard Lake. At least a few of their known victims were deeply involved in drug trafficking. Other than that, the victims had little in common. Excavated from the pair's compound were the remains of seven men, five women, and two babies—though there were likely many more undiscovered victims.

How the pair's victims were killed was impossible to determine, as was largely true of the cases of other killers who fall into the 'Collectors' category—including Jeffrey Dahmer, John Wayne Gacy, Bob Berdella, Gary Heidnik and Herb Baumeister. In all these cases, all that remained of the unfortunate victims were various bones and, in some cases, genitalia, internal organs and slabs of flesh. It is within this group that the most consistency is shown in the targeting of victims. The known victims of Gacy, Berdella, Baumeister and Dahmer were all young men—frequently gay or bisexual men. Even so, there was not necessarily a specific victim profile in all these cases; Dahmer's victims, for instance, ranged in age from fourteen to thirty-one and were of various races.

Even in those cases where the alleged killer is given a catchy moniker that supposedly reflects a distinctive 'signature' to the slayings, there is rarely a consistent

MO that is followed. The victims of the ‘Boston Strangler,’ for instance, ranged in age from nineteen to seventy-five, were both black and white, and varied considerably in physical attractiveness. And they were not, contrary to popular mythology, all strangled in the same manner. In some cases, it was done manually, in others with ligatures acquired at the scene. In addition, some were stabbed, mutilated and/or sexually assaulted as well. Most of them were left on display, though one was discretely covered with a blanket.

In the other strangler case—Los Angeles’ ‘Hillside Stranglers’—victims ranged in age from twelve to twenty-eight, and varied considerably by height, weight, race, skin tone and hair color. In addition to strangulation, various other techniques were utilized, including electrocution, lethal injection and lethal gas—all methods improvised with materials at hand and, strangely enough, all methods used by the state to perform judicial executions.

Though Edmund Kemper was dubbed the ‘Coed Killer,’ his victims were definitely not all coeds. Two of them were his grandparents, and another was his mother. Yet another was several years too young to be a coed. His victims were killed with a combination of point-blank bullet wounds to the head, and stabbing, strangulation, suffocation and bludgeoning with weapons of opportunity.

In the case of Ted Bundy, it is frequently claimed that all of his purported victims were remarkably similar in appearance. Many of the books chronicling Bundy’s alleged exploits reinforce this notion by including a carefully selected set of photos of the slain women who did resemble one another to a limited degree. Overall though, the victims varied widely in height, weight, build, attractiveness, hair color and style, and various other physical attributes. As for the manner in which they were abducted and killed, that is largely a matter of speculation. Many were never found, and of those that were, frequently only the skull was recovered. In those cases where the cause of death could be determined, it was by means of weapons of opportunity. In the infamous attack at the Chi Omega sorority house, for instance, the crimes were committed with a club acquired immediately before entering the property. The Chi Omega bloodbath, by the way, was in marked contrast to Bundy’s previous alleged crimes, which involved the abductions and killings of single victims. This crime instead seemed to borrow heavily from the rampage allegedly perpetrated by Richard Speck. Bundy’s final alleged murder before his capture, the killing of a twelve-year-old child, also did not match his supposed *modus operandi*.

As for Richard Speck, he showed no consistency in the means by which his victims were killed, other than that all died from wounds inflicted with weapons improvised at the scene. Death came by way of various combinations of strangulation, stabbing, slashing of the throat, and breaking of the neck. And so it goes for virtually all serial killer cases. New York’s ‘Son of Sam’ targeted men and

women of various ages. Arthur Shawcross, the ‘Genesee River Killer,’ killed two young children—one a boy—along with a string of women of various ages. Most were strangled and/or bludgeoned with weapons acquired at the scene, though one was drowned. Most were mutilated, cannibalized and sexually assaulted. The ‘Gainesville Ripper’—purportedly Danny Rolling—included one male among his five victims. All were stabbed and slashed to death; some were posed and one was beheaded. Finally, lest we forget, the Manson Family’s victims ranged in age from teenaged Steven Parent to middle-aged Leno LaBianca and included both men and women killed with various weapons, including a .22 caliber handgun.

Clearly then there are any number of serial killer cases in which there is no defining *modus operandi*, and in which the deceased don’t fit any kind of specific ‘victim profile.’ In fact, it is difficult to find a case study of *any* serial killer who does leave a distinct ‘signature’ at each crime scene.

And what of the notion of the serial killer as a lone predator? Was Henry and Ottis’ partnership an aberration? Not at all. There are any number of serial killer cases where it is officially acknowledged that there was more than one perpetrator. The Manson Family, of course, is probably the most well known case of multiple-perpetrator ‘serial killing.’ Less well known is the case of the ‘Ripper Crew’ in Chicago in the early 1980s. Described by authorities as a four-man satanic cult, the Rippers—led by charismatic Robin Gecht—allegedly killed as many as seventeen women in as many months. Then there is the case of Charles Ng. Though Ng was the only one to stand trial for the series of killings in Northern California, it is acknowledged that the crimes were committed with the assistance of Leonard Lake, who committed suicide upon his arrest. And evidence strongly suggests that there were others involved as well, most notably Lake’s ex-wife.

Many other serial killers have worked in pairs, including the Hillside Strangler team of Kenneth Bianchi and Angelo Buono. Working the same Los Angeles-area turf just one year after the Stranglers were stopped was the team of Roy Norris and Lawrence ‘Pliers’ Bittaker. And a few years after they were caught, the team of Douglas Clark and Carol Bundy was working the very same L.A. streets committing a series of killings dubbed the ‘Sunset Strip Murders.’ The year after they were caught, another serial killer took over the L.A. market—the notorious ‘Night Stalker.’ Media coverage to the contrary, evidence in that case clearly pointed to multiple perpetrators. It also strongly suggested that some of the killings were contract hits. As implied earlier in this chapter, much the same can be said of the evidence in the Herb Mullin case.

As will be seen as we take a more in-depth look at our illustrious roster of serial killers, evidence almost always indicates multiple assailants. With very few exceptions, that evidence is routinely ignored or rather improbably explained away by law enforcement authorities and those who chronicle the exploits of high-profile

criminals. Maury Terry, as previously mentioned, has done an excellent job of arguing the case that the 'Son of Sam' killings were carried out by multiple cult members, despite the media portrait of David Berkowitz as the proverbial lone killer. Susan Kelly has likewise done a great job of exposing the 'Boston Strangler' killings as the work of several killers. Even before the release of Kelly's *The Boston Stranglers*, there had long been speculation that the killings were not the work of one man. Most of the officials involved in the investigation, in fact, never believed that a single killer was responsible. Of the eight members of the psychiatric panel convened to develop a 'profile,' seven believed that there were at least two perpetrators.

Even in those cases that seem to come closest to matching the classic serial killer profile, such as the John Wayne Gacy and Jeffrey Dahmer cases, there is a compelling case to be made that there were others involved. That evidence will be examined in later chapters. First, we will look at the cases of two high-profile, alleged serial killers/mass murderers who were said to have acted alone. The first is a very recent case, that of Yosemite killer Cary Stayner. The other dates all the way back to 1966, the year Richard Speck allegedly went berserk in a home filled with young nursing students in Chicago, becoming the first mass murderer of the television age.

Chapter 11

Lone Nuts?

"I must have done it, if everybody says I did."

—Richard Speck

The case of Cary Stayner stands out—in a very crowded field—as one of the most bizarre serial killer cases on record. Though the crimes ultimately attributed to him were not committed until the early months of 1999, the strange saga of the Stayner family began long before that, though exactly how long before is not entirely clear. As a friend of Cary's told *Esquire* magazine: "There's just something, you know, off with that whole family." Since as far back as 1972, there has been some serious weirdness going on in the Stayner house. On December 4 of that year, Cary's younger brother Steven was purportedly abducted by a male pedophile (working with an accomplice) who proceeded to hold him as a sex slave for more than seven years.

His abductor was Ken Parnell, a Texas native who is said to have been extremely self-destructive as a child. He had reportedly damaged his eyes by staring into a bright light, attempted to pull his own teeth out, set numerous fires, and attempted suicide on a number of occasions. He had also, perhaps not surprisingly, spent a fair amount of time institutionalized in both prisons and mental hospitals—including spending much of his teen years in California juvenile lock-ups.

Stayner was not his first victim. Parnell had previously been convicted in 1951 of kidnapping and sexually assaulting an eight-year-old boy. He was back on the streets by 1955, but then incarcerated again before year's end for a parole violation. He was soon released again, only to be convicted of armed robbery a few years later. For that crime, he served some seven years. Five years after his release from that prison term, Parnell met up with Steven Stayner. It was not a chance meeting. As Parnell indicated to his accomplice, Ervin Murphy, Stayner had been selected prior to the time of his kidnapping. Following the abduction, Parnell and

Stayner lived for a time in Yosemite, where Parnell worked at the Yosemite Lodge—which happened to be located just a few hundred yards from the home of Cary and Steven's grandfather, who was universally described as an exceptionally cruel man. Following their stay in Yosemite, Parnell and Stayner moved to Santa Rosa, and then to Ukiah, from where Jim Jones' People's Temple had recently departed for San Francisco, and where Michael Aquino would later be accused of child exploitation.

In February 1980, Stayner escaped—which is to say that he broke free, to some extent, from Parnell's psychological control. There was nothing that physically prevented him from escaping at any time. When he did leave, it was prompted by his desire to spare five-year-old Timmy White, whom Parnell had just abducted on Valentines' Day, the fate that awaited him. Stayner brought White along with him on his escape, and became something of a hero in the process. He returned to the Stayner home, though he was said to feel closer to the man who had sexually assaulted him for seven years than to his estranged family. The family reportedly never talked about his ordeal. As Cary's friend remarked: "It was like it never happened, like he was never kidnapped or anything." Strangely, the Stayner parents would not allow Steven to get therapy to help deal with his shattered childhood. By the age of sixteen, he had dropped out of high school and moved out on his own.

As for Parnell, described as an accomplished manipulator, he was charged with the kidnapping and false imprisonment of both Stayner and White, as well as with sexual molestation of Steven. Investigators on the case discovered that Parnell had also molested a number of Stayner's friends (Stayner attended school under a name given to him by Parnell, and outwardly lived a normal life with his 'father'). One of Steven's friends reportedly served as Parnell's accomplice in the White abduction. Also discovered was that Parnell was fond of taking Polaroid photos of his captive sex slave, and possibly other victims as well. For unexplained reasons, his bail was set at just \$20,000, which allowed him to walk free after posting a mere \$2,000 bond. He was tried in separate proceedings for the crimes committed against White and Stayner. Parnell was convicted in both proceedings, but he received remarkably lenient sentences for his crimes. For the multitude of offenses he committed against Steven Stayner, he received just a twenty-month sentence.

Things were relatively quiet in the Stayner home for the next nine years, until May 1989 when Steven was thrust back into the limelight owing to the airing of a television movie about his case entitled "I Know My First Name is Steven." The media's reopening of the case was followed just weeks later by the untimely demise of young Steven Stayner, who was killed instantly when an unidentified car turned abruptly into the path of his speeding motorcycle. The car and its

driver promptly disappeared. Steven left behind a wife and two young kids. Parnell was by that time already out of prison and a free man once again, after serving just five years for his crimes—less time than Steven Stayner had spent as his prisoner. The following year, Jesse Stayner—Cary and Steven’s uncle—was found shot to death in his Merced home. Jesse—or as he was more commonly known, Jerry—was perhaps the family member closest to the alleged serial killer. In his youth, Cary spent more time at Uncle Jerry’s home than he did at his own; the two even lived together for a brief time. Jesse was killed with a shotgun blast to the head fired from his own gun, allegedly by an intruder he had surprised in his home.

Following the two deaths, the Stayner family again managed to stay out of the news for nearly a decade, until Cary—the Stayner son who *hadn’t* been held for seven years as a mind controlled sex slave, and who the *Los Angeles Times* described as a “man who had been a passive and kind presence for 37 years”—decided, for no apparent reason, to become a serial killer. That, anyway, is the official story.

In the early morning hours of February 16, 1999, three women allegedly were abducted from their room at the Cedar Lodge, which lies just outside the west gate to Yosemite National Park. Strangely, though, there was no indication that any abduction had taken place. There were damp towels in the bathroom, indicating that at least one of the three had showered. Other than that, the room was neat and orderly, with the beds made and the key left out. There was no blood and certainly no sign of a struggle. The three were scheduled to check out later that morning anyway, in order to catch a flight out that day, and it looked as though the women had simply decided to check out early in the morning without going to the front desk.

Jens Sund—father of Juli Sund and husband of Carole Sund, two of the three missing women—did not bother to report his wife and daughter missing when they failed to depart from their scheduled flight and also failed to contact him with an explanation for the scheduling change. In fact, Jens Sund did not bother to report his wife and daughter missing until the next day, and only then after he had played a round of golf.

All three of the missing women came from extremely wealthy families. The Sunds are a branch of the dynastic Carrington family, and the third woman—Juli Sund’s friend, Silvina Pelosso—was from a wealthy, well-connected family in Argentina. Perhaps that is why the FBI was immediately called in to assist in what was, in the beginning, a simple missing-persons case. Just ten days after the reported disappearances, the FBI announced that it was bringing in two profilers, despite the fact that there was not yet any hard evidence that the women had met with foul play. It was another three weeks before the women’s car was found,

yielding the unrecognizable remains of Carole Sund and Silvina Pelosso. Only then did it become a homicide case.

The vehicle, which was over 100 miles from the alleged abduction site, was thoroughly and, by all appearances, quite professionally burned, obliterating all forensics evidence. So badly were the bodies burned that it was difficult to even determine their gender. They were found in the trunk of the car, which the FBI did not bother to open until the day after the car was found and identified—a rather odd fact considering that the back seat was burned away, leaving the remains visible to the hunter who discovered the vehicle. Carole Sund's wallet rather incongruously turned up in Modesto, also over 100 miles from the abduction site, though in another direction. Juli Sund's nearly decapitated body was later found at yet another location, roughly midway between the Cedar Lodge and the location of the car and the other bodies. Juli's discovery was precipitated by the receipt of an anonymous, taunting letter sent to the FBI tipping them off to the whereabouts of the body.

Due to the complexities of the crime, many investigators on the case assumed that multiple perpetrators were involved. During the course of the investigation, at least a dozen people were implicated in the murders; all of them were part of a drug-trafficking network operating in the area. One of these was a man named, perhaps appropriately, Billy Joe Strange. Like Cary Stayner, Billy Joe worked at the Cedar Lodge. Strange was the night clean-up man at the lodge's restaurant, above which lived handyman Cary Stayner. Strange's girlfriend, another suspect, also worked at the lodge, as a night clerk. Also implicated was a man named Darrell Stephens, who occasionally roomed with Strange and his girlfriend. Stephens had a lengthy arrest record, as did another suspect, Michael Larwick.¹⁶ Larwick's rap sheet included arrests for attempted manslaughter, rape, kidnapping, child stealing, assault with a deadly weapon, and various drug offenses.

When police came to arrest Larwick, he led his would-be apprehenders on a high-speed chase, in which one officer was shot, before barricading himself in a house and initiating a fourteen-hour standoff. He was eventually driven out with tear gas. When he was brought to court for his arraignment, the courtroom doors were locked to the press and public. This was improbably claimed to have been an accidental oversight. Jeff Keeney, another suspect in the women's murders, also led officers on a car and foot chase, leaving a trail of drugs in his wake. His home was found to contain three portable methamphetamine labs.

16 As a rather odd side-note to this story, Larwick's father, Leroy, attained a certain amount of notoriety in the late 1960s by creating a much-debated film clip of a purported 'Bigfoot.' Cary Stayner had a lifelong fascination with the mythical creatures, which he has claimed to have once encountered.

Larry Utley, a convicted sex offender and an associate of Michael Larwick, was also deeply involved in the meth trade, and quite possibly in the murders as well. Utley was also an associate of Eugene Earl “Rufus” Dykes, Larwick’s half-brother and yet another suspect. Once in custody, Dykes claimed that Larwick had admitted to playing a role in the kidnappings. He also admitted that he had received from Larwick checks and jewelry that had belonged to the victims. A friend of Dykes’ acknowledged being asked to forge identification to access Carole Sund’s bank account, and another friend admitted to having taken her wallet to Modesto. Dykes, whose ex-convict father was also implicated, agreed to take a polygraph examination, which seemed to confirm that he was being truthful about his involvement in the kidnappings/murders. His girlfriend admitted to investigators that Rufus had confided to her that he and another man had killed the trio by slitting their throats. Dykes himself ultimately confessed, first to helping transport the bodies, and then to the murders themselves.

That he had transported at least one of the bodies was apparent from the fact that pink fibers found on Juli’s corpse, probably from a blanket her body was wrapped in, matched fibers recovered from a Jeep used by Dykes. These same fibers were also found on Dykes’ jacket, in a truck owned by a friend of his, and in Michael Larwick’s Corvette. Other fibers, which appeared to come from Sund’s clothing, were also found in the suspects’ vehicles. Though fiber evidence is inherently problematic, it should probably be noted here that several alleged serial killers have been convicted, and even condemned to die, on less substantial fiber evidence cases than the one assembled against this group of individuals. And the incriminating fibers certainly were not the only evidence that investigators had. Rachel Lou Campbell, an associate of both Dykes and Larwick, was discovered to have in her possession Carole Sund’s checking account and ATM numbers. Investigators believed that she was likely the unidentified female who had twice called the bank in the week after the disappearances to inquire about the status of the account. Another woman testified before a grand jury that she had received a ring from Larwick that two members of the Carrington clan identified as having very likely belonged to Juli Sund.

With all of these suspects in jail—on other, unrelated charges—and with the evidence against them continuing to mount, most investigators considered the case to be essentially solved. It was widely anticipated that indictments would be handed down soon. Media coverage of the case dropped off appreciably and police began directing their attention elsewhere. But then a most amazing thing happened.

On July 21, 1999, Joie Armstrong—a naturalist living in Yosemite Park—was beheaded in a brutal murder case that brought the earlier triple slaying roaring back into the headlines. Other than geographic proximity, there was nothing

linking the two cases. This time, there was only one victim, and she was not abducted. Her body was quickly and easily found. And there was, allegedly at least, a clear evidence trail leading to a sole assailant: happy-go-lucky handyman Cary Stayner. Armstrong's murder was immediately declared to be connected to the previous case, although it is anyone's guess how investigators came to that conclusion.

On July 23, Stayner was questioned and then released. Almost immediately after his release, a warrant was issued for his arrest and a manhunt reportedly ensued. Stayner appears to have made little effort to flee or to conceal his identity, and he was arrested the next day, at the Laguna del Sole nudist colony, by three FBI agents and two sheriff's deputies. Waiving both his right to an attorney and to remain silent, he is said to have promptly launched into a full confession—reportedly in a detached, emotionless voice. Within a couple of days, Stayner had also given his confession to a television reporter. He took sole credit for all four murders. The reporter, Ted Rowlands, promptly made the rounds of national news shows with his 'scoop,' and all the evidence implicating the drug trafficking ring was quickly forgotten. Apart from his confession, however, there was no evidence to support Stayner's claims.

According to his version of events, Stayner single-handedly got the jump on the three women in their room and was able to bind them all with duct tape. He allegedly used a gun, although no gun has ever been produced and none of the victims were shot. Two of the women were purportedly killed in the room. All three were then carried out, one-at-a-time, and loaded into their car. One was still very much alive and most likely resisting the efforts of her abductor. No one at the lodge saw or heard any of this activity. Stayner then allegedly cleaned up the hotel room in which the first two murders occurred, successfully removing all traces of a struggle. Stayner then drove for miles before stopping to kill the third victim, Juli Sund, and dump her body. He then supposedly drove many more miles to another remote location, which happened to be very near Michael Larwick's childhood home, and abandoned the car with the other two bodies still in the trunk. He then took a taxi back to Yosemite Valley, incurring a fare of \$125. Two days later, he returned to the abandoned car in an unidentified vehicle, and at that time he set Carole Sund's abandoned car afire, with the two bodies still inside. After that, he allegedly drove to Modesto to dump Sund's billfold, which for some bizarre reason he did not destroy with the rest of the evidence in the fire.

Even with this rather convoluted story, authorities have not been able to explain away all of the incongruous evidence. For example, the taunting letter sent by the killer revealing the location of Juli's body was sealed with someone else's saliva. The FBI reluctantly acknowledged that DNA tests verified that fact.

Spokesmen for the Bureau had an explanation, however: their theory was that Stayner had “tricked an unsuspecting male” into supplying the saliva to seal the envelope. How exactly that would be done was left to the imagination. Cary had initially given an alibi for the night of the murders: he said he had been visiting a female friend. The woman in question confirmed that fact. Then there is the rather troubling fact that evidence strongly indicates that the women were not killed that morning at the lodge, but later at an unknown location. That, needless to say, casts serious doubt on Cary Stayner’s confession.

Any number of credible witnesses came forward, or at least attempted to come forward, to attest to the fact that the three were very much alive long after the time they were allegedly killed. A private investigator working on the case discovered credit card slips for purchases Carole made at the Yosemite Lodge—former employer of Ken Parnell—after she allegedly disappeared. Carole had signed for the purchases. Yosemite Valley’s postmistress reported selling stamps to the trio on February 16, many hours after they had allegedly been kidnapped and killed. In Sierra Village, far away from the Cedar Lodge, and very close to where Carole’s car was later found, at least three witnesses reported seeing the women that afternoon. A gas station owner remembered selling them gas, and a gift shop owner remembered them stopping in her place of business as well. Both of them attempted to contact the FBI. One failed to get through despite several attempts, and messages left by the other went unanswered. The Bureau later reluctantly acknowledged that there were several credible sightings of the women, not just on February 16 but on February 17 as well.

When exactly the women disappeared remains largely a mystery, as does why the women changed plans, if indeed they did, without contacting friends or family. They were almost certainly not killed in the early morning hours of February 16—by Cary Stayner, or anyone else. One witness claimed that Juli was kept alive for several days, during which time she was held in a Modesto home and repeatedly raped. The relatives of a man found drowned in early April of 1999 claimed that the drowned man had witnessed the assaults on Sund in Modesto.

There was never any question that the Sund/Pelosso killings were the work of multiple assailants. As Nick Rossi of the FBI said early on, “the assumption is that more than one person is involved.” James Maddock, the FBI’s lead investigator on the case, added that they were “operating under the assumption this was a very difficult crime for one person to commit.” Nevertheless, on September 6, 2000, Stayner and his defense attorney accepted the terms of a federal plea-bargain agreement that had the unmistakable stench of a cover-up. Stayner professed his sole guilt in the death of Joie Armstrong and he was sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole, though he was spared a death sentence. The guilty plea eliminated the need for a highly publicized trial, and the agreement

contained a very unusual provision: "After the entry of judgement in this case until his death he [Stayner] will not speak to anyone, write to anyone, or communicate to anyone about the death of Joie Ruth Armstrong." No one, in other words, will hear Stayner's side of the story. Ever.

The federal courts were done with Stayner, but the state of California still had the option of prosecuting the triple murder. Two years later, it decided to exercise that option. The state case was presided over by Judge Thomas Hastings, who had earlier reigned over the Richard Allen Davis/Polly Klaas case. Stayner was represented by Marcia Morrissey and Michael Burt, a San Francisco-based attorney whose clientele has included Richard Ramirez and Charles Ng. As the *Los Angeles Times* reported, this defense team "conceded from the beginning that Stayner had killed the three tourists." That is not generally a very effective defense strategy, but it is one that is employed in a number of serial killer cases. The Times also noted that, while the case had at one time received massive press coverage, the "criminal court fight has trundled on in front of scant spectators and only a handful of newspaper reporters."

The trial consisted primarily of mental health professionals detailing for the jury Cary Stayner's troubled childhood. These witnesses described a family tree "littered with relatives who suffered from mental illnesses, including depression and pedophilia." They spoke of a family that considered displays of emotion to be taboo. They talked of Cary, in his youth, being molested by his uncle. They discussed Cary's fondness for child pornography, which he bartered with his FBI interrogators for in exchange for a full confession. They said that he had suffered from Obsessive Compulsive Disorder his whole life, and had taken psychiatric drugs in the 1980s. And they said that Cary Stayner suffered from uncontrollable violent impulses.

If so, then only the four victims had ever seen that side of him. To everyone else, he seemed to be a gentle soul. A local nudist/naturalist, calling herself "Sunshine," told ABC's "20/20" that she had known Cary Stayner for years as a fellow free spirit. She spoke of frequently being alone with Stayner, skinny-dipping in secluded spots along the Merced River. She could not recall him ever acting inappropriately, and never observed any hint that Stayner might be hiding a dark side.

On August 26, 2002, the jury returned guilty verdicts on nine separate counts, including three of first-degree murder and one of kidnapping. They had deliberated less than six hours. On October 9, 2002, following the penalty phase of the trial, the jury returned with the recommendation that Cary Stayner be put to death. They had again deliberated for less than six hours. Three months after the

verdict was rendered, Ken Parnell was arrested in Berkeley, California after allegedly attempting to purchase a child.

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If the available evidence in the Stayner case leaves doubts about the sole guilt of the accused, that is all the more true in the case of the infamous Richard Speck. If veteran criminal investigators are puzzled as to how Stayner was able to subdue and control three women, then it truly boggles the mind how one man was able to single-handedly subdue *nine* women, bind them all, and then systematically kill all but one of them.

According to the sole survivor, Cora Amurao, she answered the door in the early morning hours of July 14, 1966, allowing Speck entry into the house. She claimed he was brandishing a gun, though none of the victims were shot that night and no evidence was ever found indicating that a gun was used at the crime scene. Authorities claimed that Speck stole the gun from a rape victim on the very day of the slaughter, and then used it to quickly corral Amurao and five other women in the house into a room. He then proceeded to tear a sheet into strips, which he then used to tie the women up, one by one. How he was able to accomplish this while keeping all the rest at bay—and allegedly while keeping a knife in his hand at all times—is anyone's guess. Three more women arrived home after Speck's alleged entry into the house. All three were quickly bound and forced into the room with the others.

Speck then allegedly began dragging the women off one at a time and slaughtering them, spending twenty minutes or more with each victim. After he finished with one, according to Amurao, he would go into the bathroom to wash up and then return for another. This scene played out over the course of some four-and-a-half hours. During that time, the young women waiting their turn tried to hide under the beds, hoping to elude their assailant. They were, of course, found and killed. All of them, that is, except Cora Amurao, who claims that she alone avoided detection by Speck. It has been suggested that Speck lost count of his victims and falsely concluded that all the girls were dead, thereby making the crucial error of leaving behind a living witness.

That part of the story is problematic in a number of ways. The first question raised is: why did the young women choose to remain in the room in which they had been herded? If, despite their bindings, they were able to move about within the room—which they clearly were or they would not have been able to get under the beds—then why would they not leave the room altogether? And once out of the room, why not get completely out of the house? And what was to prevent the

women from untying each other? After all, the pattern was set early on; after the first couple of slayings, it had to be abundantly clear to the women that their lives were about to come to an abrupt end. For despite the claims that Speck cleaned himself up after each killing, it is ridiculous to suggest that Speck could have concealed the fresh blood that would have covered his clothes, assuming that he didn't bring eight changes of clothing with him. It also had to be quite clear to the awaiting victims that the selection of each new victim signaled that there would be a 20–30 minute window of opportunity to attempt an escape. And what was there to lose? It seems inconceivable that the women, facing certain death, would have passively awaited their fate.

But what of the survivor's story? It should be quite clear to anyone that an adult simply cannot avoid detection by hiding underneath a bed. That was amply illustrated by the fact that all but one of those attempting to do so were discovered. And yet one survived. How is it possible that Speck could have searched under the beds to locate the others, and yet failed to see Cora Amurao hiding there as well? And does it really seem likely that Speck was unable to count to nine?

If not for the existence of the sole survivor, police investigators would have immediately assumed that multiple perpetrators were responsible for the mass carnage. No theorizing was necessary, however, since an eyewitness was on the scene to provide the unlikely 'sole assailant' scenario that was later refined to become the official story. Interestingly though, the composite drawing (a crude, two-dimensional rendering that was seriously lacking in detail) of the suspect that was released by police, purportedly based on Amurao's description, did not resemble Richard Speck.

Since the trial of the man fingered by police hinged primarily on Amurao's eyewitness testimony—and very little else—the star witness was zealously protected, although if the imprisoned Richard Speck was indeed the sole assailant, then it is difficult to see how the witness was in any danger. Amurao was moved to a resort where four guards were posted around the clock, and she was held there incommunicado for months while being prepped extensively for the testimony that she was to deliver. Before being hidden away, Amurao allegedly identified the suspect, albeit in a most unusual manner.

While Speck in a hospital recovering from a failed suicide attempt, just days after the killings, Amurao was allegedly sent in to his room, dressed as a nurse, to get a good look at the suspect. From this encounter, she positively identified Speck as the killer. Leaving aside the obvious fact that this was a brazenly illegitimate means of identifying a suspect—one which would have invalidated any subsequent attempts by Ms. Amurao to pick Speck out of a police line-up—the real question here is: what caliber of police official would send a severely traumatized

crime victim, who just days before had witnessed the slaughter of eight of her friends and experienced the sheer terror of knowing that she could well be next, into a room, unprotected, to face the man who had put her through such torture? And what victim would be able to handle such an encounter, with the memories so fresh? And what guarantee was there that Speck would not recognize his accuser, given that hers *was* the first face he had seen as he entered the house that night?

Amurao's dramatic identification of Speck was just a warm-up exercise for what was to come; when the time came for her to deliver her critical testimony to a packed courtroom, she delivered a bravura performance. Amurao recited a endlessly rehearsed version of the events of July 14, and then, when the time came to identify the suspect in court, she played her trump card: rising from her seat—allegedly without any prompting or rehearsal—she calmly stepped out of the witness box, walked casually over to where Speck sat at the defense table, stood directly in front of him while looking him in the eye, and told the court, "This is the man." That was the clincher; Speck was found guilty after just forty-nine minutes of jury deliberations and sentenced to death.

There are indications though that this was hardly a foregone conclusion. Prosecutors clearly had doubts about their visibly shaky case, and they appear to have made every effort to stack the deck in the state's favor. One indication of that is the fact that the jury selection process was—as defense attorney James Gramenos has noted—"illegal and unfair." Gramenos objected strenuously to the blatant violation of his client's due process rights, but was overruled. Another indication was the remarkable fact that, even though the case was moved some three hours outside of Chicago—the first time any trial had ever been moved out of Cook County due to pre-trial publicity—the judge opted to stay on in the new venue. That same judge slapped a gag order on the press, guaranteeing that no news would get back to Chicago—or to anywhere else in the country. Coupled with the blocking of any interviews with Amurao, this gag order shut the public out from learning the weakness of the case against Speck.

City officials and the press had already assured everyone that he was guilty. Chicago's Police Commissioner had gone so far as to publicly declare Speck the killer even as he was releasing his photo to the media. Before even being arrested or formally charged with any crimes, Speck was already being presented to the public as a convicted mass murderer. And the public was hungry for a culprit to hang this heinous crime on. Never mind that the motive claimed by the state, robbery, was as ridiculous as it had been when claimed as the motive for the slaughter of the Clutter family in Kansas. Never mind that there are much easier ways to acquire \$23.00 than by savagely murdering eight women with one's bare hands. Someone had to pay for this assault on society, regardless of why the crime

was really perpetrated. Speck would do just fine. Many of the more thoughtful citizens of Chicago, however, are still waiting to learn what really happened in that house on that fateful night.

The most likely explanation? The ‘survivor’ and star witness was not actually a survivor at all; she was quite possibly an accomplice to a cult of individuals who perpetrated this slaughter. She could well have been the ‘inside man,’ so to speak. And it was not likely an accident that she was left alive; it was essential that she remain alive to sell the single assailant scenario and thereby derail an investigation before it ever began. After all, authorities noted from the beginning that the house was not highly visible and immediately assumed that the killer was familiar with the surroundings. Speck did not have that familiarity, but Amurao certainly did. And it is a rather odd fact that Amurao admitted to being the one to let the killer (or killers) into the house.

And what of Speck? He was likely little more than a patsy or fall-guy who may have been involved to some extent in the killings, but he certainly was not the sole assailant. And he might not have been in the house at all that night. He had no memory of ever leaving the bar that he had been drinking in earlier that evening, but he did remember receiving an injection from a man he did not know. There is no question that Speck was drinking in a bar that night; a number of witnesses placed him there, though most were unsure of when Speck had left. Two of the witnesses though, a husband and wife, placed him at the bar during at least a portion of the timeframe when the killings occurred. These witnesses were neither friends nor acquaintances of the accused, and they had no known reason to provide Speck with a false alibi.

It is possible that Richard Speck, like David Berkowitz and Pietro Pacciani, took the fall to protect others. That would certainly help explain the preposterously lax treatment of Speck during his confinement, as evidenced by that home videotape—produced circa 1988—that depicted Speck snorting huge piles of cocaine and flashing rolls of money, not to mention sporting a rather large and quite unattractive pair of breasts. No explanation has been forthcoming as to how it was possible for one of America’s most notorious killers, while residing in what is reputedly one of the toughest prisons in the country, was able to obtain copious quantities of drugs and money, and gain access to video equipment and hormone treatments. It could be that Speck was rewarded in prison for being such a stand-up guy.

Speck had previously caught a number of breaks from the criminal justice system in his native Texas, where he grew up in the violently abusive home of his stepfather—named, strangely enough, Carl August Lindbergh. Just the year before the carnage in Chicago, he had been convicted of savagely attacking a girl with a knife and nearly killing her. Despite the seriousness of the crime, and

despite having a lengthy police record that included forty-one arrests in a dozen years, Speck served just five months. This act of judicial leniency was attributed to a bureaucratic error.

Speck caught another break in 1972 when his death sentence was voided by the U.S. Supreme Court and he was resentenced to a term of 400–1200 years, with the possibility of parole—which was still a pretty harsh sentence for a man who quite likely was—as he maintained for over a decade—innocent. Not long after producing his infamous videotape, Speck’s luck ran out. At the relatively young age of forty-nine, he died in prison, allegedly of a heart attack. A few years later, Cora Amurao made an appearance on the Oprah Winfrey show to speak publicly about the killings for the first time in twenty-seven years.

* * * * *

Just days after Richard Speck—whose crudely tattooed arm declared him “Born to Raise Hell”—was arrested in Chicago, Charles Whitman—a former U.S. Marine sharpshooter who had received training by the Naval Enlisted Science Education Program (NESEP), an intelligence entity—ascended the Tower at the University of Texas at Austin and unleashed a barrage of firepower on the unsuspecting campus. By the time it was over, Whitman and fourteen others lay dead and another thirty-one victims were wounded.

To ascend to his perch, Whitman purportedly dragged a heavy footlocker—loaded with three rifles, three handguns, a sawed-off shotgun, 700 rounds of ammunition, two knives, enough food and water to last for several days, gasoline, an alarm clock, a radio, a compass, a hammer, a hatchet, and various other items—up the final three flights of stairs, unnoticed and unassisted. Once there, his shooting spree lasted for more than an-hour-and-a-half. Firing with uncanny accuracy, he picked off fifteen victims in the first thirty-five minutes alone, with shots coming at various times from all four sides of the clock tower. So many shots were pouring out of the sniper’s nest at times that many witnesses on the ground assumed that there were multiple gunmen. The night before the rampage, Charles had killed his wife and his mother, although it was his violently abusive father for whom he was said to have had an intense hatred. Whitman had also left a note, which read in part: “I don’t quite understand what is compelling me to type this note. I have been to a psychiatrist. I have been having fears and violent impulses.” Along with the note, he reportedly left a roll of exposed film with instructions to develop it after his death.

Both of these mass murders, one in Chicago, Illinois and one in Austin, Texas, took place just weeks after Anton LaVey had formally established the Church of

Satan and declared April 30, 1966 to be the first day of the Age of Satan. Whitman's rampage occurred on August 1—*Lammas* on the occult calendar. Just three weeks prior to LaVey's pronouncement, long-time CIA asset Henry Luce's venerable *Time* magazine had asked its readers the symbolic question: "Is God Dead?"

The face of a particularly brutal criminal enterprise, masquerading as a religion, was beginning to emerge from the shadows, and its effect on American society would be profound. As the *New York Times* observed 33 years later, on the occasion of the reopening of the Tower's observation deck, "the Whitman attack marked a new and different terror—that anyone anywhere could be killed at random." As the *Times* also noted, this new—and wholly manufactured—threat "prompted many police departments to develop the first SWAT teams."

America was under siege.

"Our goal was to create an atmosphere where there's lawlessness and disorder everywhere."

—David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz

Chapter 12

Satan's Family Tree

"The Devil can get into people and cause them to do things they wouldn't do otherwise."

—Herbert Mullin, speaking to a Bible study class

In New York City in 1875, Madame Helena Petrovina Blavatsky founded the Theosophical Society, an occult-based group that survives to this day and that supplied much of the ideology of Hitler's Third Reich. Over the course of the next decade-and-a-half, Blavatsky published *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine*, two literary works that have proven to be hugely influential with many succeeding generations of modern Satanists and white supremacists. As author Peter Levenda has written, Blavatsky "popularized the notion of a spiritual struggle between various 'races,' and of the inherent superiority of the 'Aryan' race, hypothetically the latest in the line of spiritual evolution." This belief in Aryan supremacy was echoed by philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, who during the same timeframe posited the existence of an 'Aryan Superman' and advocated racial genocide. Nietzsche's work was also liberally borrowed from by the architects of Nazi Germany.

One of Blavatsky's most devout followers was instrumental in introducing to Western Europe the infamous *Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. This notorious document, which more-or-less accurately identified the existence of an ultra-secret cabal bent on global domination and the subjugation of the world's people, identified this game-plan as a grand Jewish conspiracy, thereby fueling the rabid anti-Semitism that served to stabilize the fascist states of Europe. Blavatsky also wrote of the importance of ancient alphabets, particularly what are referred to as 'runes.' Many of these runes would later show up prominently in the symbolism of the Nazi Party, including the SS lightning bolts and the swastika, which had been identified by Blavatsky as having supreme occult significance.

With the founding of the Theosophical Society in 1875, Blavatsky was essentially being passed the torch by Abbe Alphonse-Louis Constant, who died that same year. Better known in occult circles as Eliphas Levi, Constant was a French magician, author, and former priest who wrote a series of highly influential books from 1855 to 1865: *Dogma and Ritual of High Magic*, *The History of Magic*, and *The Key of the Great Mysteries*. One of Levi's disciples was General Albert Pike, chief of intelligence for the Confederate Army and the highest-ranking Freemason in North America. In 1867, Pike incorporated Levi's ideas into the constitution that he drafted for an overtly racist, occult-based secret society that he and an alliance of Confederate generals and intelligence operatives created following the American Civil War: the Ku Klux Klan. Levi's ideas would later find favor with the occult practitioners who engineered the rise of Nazi Germany.

1875 was also the year that a certain Edward Alexander Crowley was born. Edward, better known as Aleister (or by the grandiose label that he chose for himself, 'The Great Beast 666'), was without question the most influential occultist of the twentieth century. He was also an asset of British military intelligence, just as Albert Pike was an American intelligence operative, and just as Karl Kellner, Franz Hartmann and Theodore Reuss had close ties to German intelligence entities. Hartmann, Reuss and Kellner were the primary architects of the *Ordo Templi Orientis* (OTO), a secret society formed in Germany around 1895 that claims to be in a direct line of descent from the Knights Templar, which some researchers believe to be the granddaddy of all the occult-based, secret Masonic societies. Whether or not there is any factual basis for that belief remains an open question, and one that is far beyond the scope of this book.

What is known is that the OTO was directly linked to Blavatsky through Hartmann, a Theosophist and close associate of the Madame. The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn (OGD), founded by Theosophist William Westcott in 1888, was closely allied with Blavatsky's group as well. It was in the OGD, which he joined in 1898, that Aleister Crowley first attained occult celebrity status. He created his own occult order, which he named the *Astrum Argentium* (Silver Star), in 1907 and began publishing its newsletter, *The Equinox*, a couple years later. In 1912, he forged a close association with Theodore Reuss, who introduced him to the OTO and appointed Crowley to head the order's UK chapter. That same year, Crowley penned an OTO Manifesto that included a list of those he claimed to be past 'Grand Masters' of the lodge. On that list were composer Richard Wagner and an associate of his, Friedrich Nietzsche, whose published works included *The Antichrist*.

In 1919, Crowley declared that every non-member of the occult order should be treated as a savage. Around that same time, he became known for his published works of pro-German and pro-Nazi propaganda, which he continued to

produce through both World Wars. While living in the U.S., Crowley wrote for two pro-fascist rags: *The Fatherland* and *The Internationalist*. Around 1920, Crowley moved to Sicily where he founded the Thelema Abbey, a site that quickly became known for conducting satanic rites—complete with animal sacrifices, bestiality, and blood drinking. The abbey also gained notoriety for being fraught with death and disease. Crowley's own infant child died there, as did others. At the time, Crowley was openly accused of infanticide, and he never denied the charges. To the contrary, Crowley openly and rather flamboyantly revelled in his depravity. In *Diary of a Dope Fiend* (Crowley was a life-long abuser of drugs of all types), he wrote that: "I have driven myself to delight in dirty and disgusting debauches, and to devour human excrement and human flesh."

Those close to Crowley had the rather disturbing habit of dropping dead under unusual circumstances. As Gary Valentine Lachman has written, "A study of Crowley's life and that of his disciples shows that many of them ended up mad, destitute or prematurely dead; occasionally all three." From early in his life, Crowley developed an unsavory reputation for killing his mountain climbing partners, a number of whom failed to make it home from their joint expeditions. In his native England, he was widely rumored to routinely sacrifice children and dump their mutilated remains in the Thames River. In one notable incident, Crowley and an assistant entered a locked room to perform a ritual; the assistant did not make it out alive. Immediately following that escapade, Crowley reportedly spent four months in a mental hospital.

Crowley's offspring did not fare much better than his climbing partners did. In addition to the child that died at Thelema Abbey, a young daughter of his died in 1906, and some reports claim that a son died as well, in a separate incident. The Great Beast himself died on December 1, 1947. He was at the time the worldwide head of the *Ordo Templi Orientis*, having been named by Reuss as his successor in 1923 and confirmed in 1924 (though some reports hold that Crowley appointed himself to the leadership position, as early as 1922). With his passing, a new generation of occult superstars stood ready to take the torch, each of them devoted to spreading the word of the Great Beast: "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law."

One of these disciples was Gerald Gardner, who replaced Crowley as the UK's most famous occultist. Gardner was born in 1884 into an affluent family in the UK, and he served for a time as a British customs agent. He was also the head of his own OTO lodge and a close associate of Crowley. Before his death, Crowley helped Gardner craft new rituals for what would become known as 'Wicca.' In 1949, two years after his mentor's death, Gardner penned *High Magic's Aid*. He followed that with *Witchcraft Today* (1954) and *The Meaning of Witchcraft* (1959) and the movement was off and running. More recently, Sir Laurence Gardner—

Gerald's son—penned a couple of books that attempt to justify genocide and Aryan supremacy. Laurence Gardner also serves as the Presidential Attaché to the European Council of Princes, an entity that has admitted to receiving funding from the Central Intelligence Agency.

One of the senior Gardner's early recruits was Alexander Saunders, who was raised by a grandmother who was well versed in the black arts. As a child, Saunders was shipped off for a time to live with, and be 'trained' by, Crowley himself. By the late 1960s, Saunders was a national celebrity in his native UK, having anointed himself the "King of the Witches." During the filming of "Eye of the Devil" in 1967, Saunders claimed to have initiated the film's star, Manson victim Sharon Tate, into witchcraft. His followers are said to practice Alexandrian Witchcraft, while followers of Gardner practice Gardnerian Witchcraft; both owe much to the teachings of Aleister Crowley.

Saunders' counterpart in America was the equally flamboyant Anton Szandar LaVey, who achieved minor celebrity status in the 1960s and 1970s as the clown prince of Satanism. LaVey's profile was first raised by *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen, who frequently provided free publicity. *Cosmopolitan*, *Life*, *Look*, *McCalls*, and the Phil Donahue and Johnny Carson shows also helped to steer recruits LaVey's way.

LaVey claimed to have a lengthy and very colorful résumé. He had worked, he said, as a lion tamer with the Clyde Beatty Circus and as a fortune-teller and astrologer in a carnival. He had worked with an uncle in Las Vegas who was a close associate of Bugsy Siegel and Meyer Lansky, both of whom he had met. He had studied criminology and worked as a crime scene photographer for the San Francisco Police Department, who consulted with him on "nut cases." He had been a professional hypnotist, organist and 'ghostbuster.' He had been a paramour and Svengali of a young and then-unknown Marilyn Monroe. It is unclear how much of this résumé is accurate. Following LaVey's death, his daughter claimed that his entire life story was a fabrication, which would hardly be surprising if LaVey was, as he appears to have been, an intelligence operative.

Together with Crowley-inspired filmmaker Kenneth Anger, LaVey organized the Magick Circle in San Francisco in the mid-1960s. By 1966, the group had evolved into the Church of Satan. From its inception, LaVey's group included an inordinate number of police, military and intelligence personnel. One of these was Lt. Col. Michael Aquino, who left LaVey's circle in 1975 to found his own overtly satanic order, the Temple of Set. Before his departure, Aquino had been the highest-ranking member of the Church of Satan other than LaVey. He had joined the Church of Satan upon his return from Vietnam, where he served as a psychological warfare specialist, which very likely means that he served as part of the Phoenix Program. Aquino returned from Vietnam with a Bronze Star, an Air

Medal and an Army Commendation Medal. The Colonel, who reportedly began reporting directly to the Joint Chiefs of Staff in 1981, is not the only intelligence asset in the Temple of Set; according to a police intelligence report cited by Carl Raschke in 1990, at least two of Aquino's top lieutenants at that time were intelligence operatives as well.

Although Aquino denies it, his group embraces an unabashedly fascistic ideology. The reading list that he provides to his followers includes a number of pro-Nazi books, including Adolph Hitler's *Mein Kampf*; Aquino advises members to look therein "for the discussions concerning the selection of leaders, control of the masses, and the justification for human social organization." Aquino's admiration for the Third Reich was also illustrated by his visit to Wewelsberg Castle to perform a satanic 'working.' During the reign of the Nazi Party, Wewelsberg had been lavishly restored by Heinrich Himmler to serve as the headquarters of the *Black Order of the SS*; as such, it is considered sacred ground by some modern Satanists. Aquino has been known to claim that he is the son of an SS officer, although at other times he has claimed that he is a 'homunculus' magically created by the 'Babalon Working' performed by Jack Parsons and L. Ron Hubbard.

After the Temple was incorporated in the state of California as a non-profit church, Aquino's group quickly received both state and federal recognition, as well as tax-exempt status. The Temple's members like to boast of being the only satanic church to hold such credentials.

There have been claims made that, like Aquino, LaVey also had a fondness for the Third Reich. Some reports hold that LaVey secretly forged an alliance with the National Renaissance Party, an overtly racist, neo-Nazi organization.¹⁷ Such claims are not difficult to believe, given that LaVey's writings reveal an ideology that can best be characterized as fascism cloaked in quasi-religious dogma. His best-known work, *The Satanic Bible*, contains a dedication to Karl Haushofer, one of the occult architects of the Third Reich. According to some reports, Haushofer dictated virtually verbatim an entire chapter of *Mein Kampf*, although legend holds that the tome was dictated to Rudolf Hess by an imprisoned Adolph Hitler. Hess was, it should probably be noted, a member of the *Thule Gesellschaft* (a powerful occult society behind the rise of fascism) and had been a student and protégé of Haushofer at the University of Munich.

LaVey's prolific writings are filled with pro-police and pro-authoritarian propaganda, unabashed elitism, and calls for the destruction of the weak by the

17 According to some reports, Bobby Beausoleil, who was associated with both the Church of Satan and Charlie Manson, played a key role in forging a prison alliance between the Manson Family and the Aryan Brotherhood. Other reports have linked Manson to the Nazi Lowriders, another neo-Nazi prison gang.

strong¹⁸—calls that echo Crowley’s writings in *Book of the Law*: “We have nothing with the outcast and unfit; let them die in their misery. For they feel not. Compassion is the vice of kings; stamp down the wretched and the weak; this is the law of the strong.” The Church of Satan’s promotional literature has proudly proclaimed the Church of Satan to be “an eclectic body that traces its origins to many sources...[including] the ritual magic of Aleister Crowley and the Black Order of Germany in the 1920s and 1930s.” Readers are reminded that the Black Order was the elite branch of the *Schutzstaffel* (SS) that was primarily responsible for engineering countless crimes against humanity during the reign of the Reich.

In *The Black Flame*, an official publication of the Church of Satan, LaVey once wrote: “If a neo-fascist look—or outlook—makes for men who look like men and women who look like women, I am all for it.” He also offered the following observation: “There is nothing inherently wrong with fascism, given the nature and needs of the average citizen...Now it’s not so much a case of avoiding fascism, but of replacing a screwed-up, disjointed, fragmented and stupefying kind of fascism with one that is more sensible and truly progressive.” Peter Gilmore, a ranking member of the Church of Satan, has described modern Satanism as practiced by LaVey’s group as “a brutal religion of elitism and social Darwinism that seeks to re-establish the reign of the able over the idiotic, of swift justice over injustice, and for a wholesale rejection of egalitarianism as a myth that has crippled the advancement of the human species for the last two thousand years.” Gilmore has also advocated the institution of “an American *Schutzstaffel*.”

The Temple of Set is only one of several groups that have been spawned from LaVey’s inner circle. Another is the Werewolf Order, co-founded by LaVey’s daughter Zeena and Manson-admirer Nikolas Schreck. That particular spin-off was patterned directly after the so-called Werewolf Corps (Nazi terrorist cells created in post-war Germany to thwart attempts at denazification). Zeena LaVey and Nikolas Schreck are also notable for hosting, along with publisher Adam Parfrey, a public gathering on August 8, 1988 that was organized to celebrate the anniversary of the slaughter of Sharon Tate by the Manson Family.¹⁹

18 LaVey also publicly endorsed the practice of cannibalism. At a seminar that he dubbed “On Cannibalism and Human Sacrifice,” LaVey once served guests the amputated thigh of an unidentified young woman. The main course had reportedly been donated by a Berkeley physician.

19 Nikolas Schreck is also notable for his noticeable lack of a left ear, which he sliced off in a VanGogh-like move intended to symbolize his allegiance to Satan. The 8/8/88 celebration was notable for another reason as well: it was held just one day after the 100th anniversary of the first Jack the Ripper slaying on August 7, 1888.

Another disciple of Crowley, and an occult superstar in his own right, was rocket-fuel scientist Jack Parsons. In 1939, Parsons joined the Agape Lodge of the OTO in Pasadena, California, where he also helped found the prestigious Jet Propulsion Laboratory. The Agape was the only OTO lodge in the States at that time, though there was an active lodge in Vancouver started by Charles Stansfield Jones. In 1942, Parsons took the ‘magickal’ name of “Fratr 210” and assumed leadership of the Pasadena lodge, with the blessings of Crowley. Parsons led the branch of the German-based, pro-Nazi order throughout the war years, while at the same time working on highly classified military projects purportedly aimed at defeating the European fascist powers. One of his early recruits, and most avid disciples, had just served with the U.S. Navy in the Pacific and was the son of a naval commander. Calling himself “Fratr H,” he claimed at various times to work for the Los Angeles Police Department, the FBI, and the Office of Naval Intelligence. In truth, he may very well have worked for all of them. Fratr H, perhaps better known as L. Ron Hubbard, soon became Parson’s right-hand-man. In 1946, the two ‘adepts’ performed an allegedly important ritual that they dubbed the ‘Babalon Working.’

Two years later, following the death of mentor Crowley, Parsons took the oath of the antichrist and took on an elaborate new name: Belarion Armiluss Al Dajjal Antichrist. His Pasadena mansion served as the lodge’s temple. Leadership of the OTO had, for the time being, been passed by Crowley into the hands of Karl Germer, a former Nazi spy. Hubbard, meanwhile, parted ways with Parsons and by 1950 had launched the Hubbard Dianetics Research Foundation in New Jersey. In May 1950, *Astounding Science Fiction*, a pulp magazine, introduced Dianetics as a purportedly new science. Within weeks, Hubbard’s book had hit the bestseller lists. In 1952, he moved his operation to Phoenix and renamed it the Hubbard Association of Scientologists. In June of that same year, just two days short of the summer solstice, Parsons allegedly blew himself up while at work in his private home lab. When informed of her son’s death, his mother promptly committed ‘suicide.’ Rumors surrounding Parson’s death named L. Ron Hubbard, Howard Hughes and Randolph Hearst as possible suspects.

In 1953, the Church of Scientology was formally incorporated in Los Angeles. The group grew quickly over the succeeding years, particularly in the late 1960s—when membership quadrupled with the addition of such members as Charles Manson. By 1967, Hubbard’s empire included command of a fleet of ships. Though the Church of Scientology has worked hard to gloss over its occult roots, its founder’s own son—L. Ron Hubbard, Jr.—has been quoted as saying: “Hitler was involved in the same black magic and the same occult practices that my father was. The identical ones...[my father] thought of himself as the Beast 666 incarnate...when Crowley died in 1947 my father then decided that he

should wear the cloak of the beast.” There seems to have been a lot of that going around. L. Ron, Jr. has also said that the “one super-secret sentence that Scientology is built on is: ‘Do as thou wilt.’”

In the early 1960s, two ranking members of the Church of Scientology—Robert Moore and Mary Anne MacLean, better known as the DeGrimstons—split off from London’s Hubbard Institute to form the Process Church of the Final Judgment²⁰—a group whose official logo is a modified swastika and whose literature included glowing tributes to Nazism, Satan, gore and necrophilia. The group’s bookstore reportedly stocked titles on topics such as Hitler, organized crime, hypnosis, brainwashing, and the occult. Moore, a former cavalry officer and the grandson of a British vicar, and MacLean, a one-time prostitute who was connected to the Profumo scandal and who reportedly believes that she is the reincarnation of Nazi propagandist Josef Goebbels, first left London with their followers just after the summer solstice of 1966, arriving first in Nassau and then in Xtul, Mexico. They were soon back in London.

By 1967, they had arrived in the States, first setting up shop in New Orleans’ French Quarter, where the organization was formally incorporated with the assistance of a former lawyer for the Catholic Church. In March 1968, the group moved their base of operations to San Francisco, taking up residence not far from LaVey’s Church of Satan and various other occult groups, including a branch of the OTO. Recruiters for the group had been in the Bay area since the 1967 ‘Summer of Love,’ signing on such members as ‘Brother Ely,’ a member of the Gypsy Jokers biker gang whose home/Process Church temple was located just two blocks away from the home of the Manson Family. From its inception, the Process made no effort to hide its infatuation with death, destruction and cultural terrorism. In the essay *Jehovah on War*, Moore commanded his followers: “THOU SHALT KILL.” Another essay that appeared in the official Process publication urged readers to experience the pleasures of grave robbing and necrophilia. A rant in the “Death” issue was penned by a recent transplant to the Bay area by the name of Charles Manson.

Also by 1967, the Process had already spawned at least one spin-off, probably from the group’s inner circle, reportedly known as ‘The Omega.’ The spin-off has

20 A February 2004 report from Denver’s *Rocky Mountain News* revealed that the Process Church is alive and well today after a series of name changes (Lou Kilzer “Friends Find Their Calling,” February 28, 2004). The group first became The Foundation—Church of the Millennium, then The Foundation Faith of God, then the Best Friends Animal Sanctuary, and finally the Best Friends Animal Society, which has its headquarters on a compound in the Utah desert. The group, which still includes many original members, is now known to rub shoulders with various Hollywood celebrities.

been variously referred to as the 'Four-P Movement,' the 'Four Pi' cult, or the 'Chingon' cult. The group's logo is a stylized swastika composed of four 'P's. Its members are said to share a fascination with Nazi racist doctrines. Author Michael Newton has written: "If law-enforcement spokesmen are correct, the cult is also deeply involved in white slavery, child pornography, and the international narcotics trade." The first branch of the cult was organized in Northern California, and is said to have held its early gatherings in the Santa Cruz Mountains, adjacent to that boiling cauldron of satanic activity known as San Francisco. From this primordial stew would arise, in the late sixties, the Manson Family.

Much of Manson's ideology was taken directly from the teachings of the Process Church, with whom Charlie was closely connected, as alluded to by Bugliosi in *Helter Skelter* and greatly elaborated on by Ed Sanders in *The Family* and Maury Terry in *The Ultimate Evil*. Manson was exposed to the Process as early as the spring of 1967 at San Francisco's infamous 'Devil House,' and he later claimed to have met the leaders of the Process at the Polanski home, which he is known to have visited before the killings. Manson was also linked to: the Church of Satan; the Solar Lodge of the OTO, which operated from a ranch near Blythe and a cult-owned house near the University of Southern California campus; the Church of Scientology (Charlie declared himself to be a 'Theta Clear' after 150 hours of 'auditing' while in prison); a particularly bizarre group known as the Kirké Order of the Dog Blood; and a number of occult-oriented biker gangs, including the Straight Satans (who once attended a Ku Klux Klan rally in the San Fernando Valley), the Satan Slaves, the Gypsy Jokers, the Jokers Out of Hell, and the Coffin Makers.

Terry's evidence indicates that the Family was itself a satanic cult—specifically a faction of the Process-spawned Four Pi cult and a sister group to both the New York chapter said to be responsible for the Son of Sam slayings and the Santa Cruz/San Francisco faction that may have been responsible for the 'Zodiac' murders. The Manson Family, appropriately enough, was also deeply involved in drug trafficking, just as Henry Lee Lucas claimed his cult to be. It is not likely a coincidence that Henry's partner, Ottis Toole, was known to have paid visits to the New Orleans headquarters of the Process Church.

With all that in mind, we now turn our attention to the San Francisco/Santa Cruz area and the explosion of violent murders that belched forth from that cauldron beginning in the late 1960s.

“Satan is a Fascist”

—Title of an April 1972 article by Donald Nugent in *The Month* that referred to the “unholy trinity of Adolph Hitler, Charles Manson...and Anton LaVey.”

“In as much as Fascism stands for an embracing of the Natural Order and a rejection of ‘anything goes’ attitudes that have hindered our society, particularly since the 1960’s, then Fascists we are.”

—Church of Satan Magister Peter Gilmore, in *The Black Flame*, Vol. 4/No. 1&2

Chapter 13

The Spawning Ground

Ottis Toole: I've been meaning to ask you...that time when I cooked some of these people? Why'd I do that?

Henry Lee Lucas: I think it was just the hands doing it. I know a lot of things we done, in human sight, are impossible to believe.

Toole: When we took 'em out and cut 'em up...remember one time I said I wanted me some ribs? Did that make me a cannibal?

Lucas: You wasn't a cannibal. It's the force of the devil, something forced on us that we can't change. There's no reason denying what we become. We know what we are.

On March 21, 1967 (the spring equinox), Charles Milles Manson was released from prison and given transport to San Francisco, where—despite having served virtually his entire adult life in prison—he immediately started gathering devoted followers, many recruited from the various satanic groups blossoming in the area. In the spring of the following year, 1968, Manson loaded his new followers into a bus and took them on the road, ultimately settling into the Los Angeles area where Charlie quickly and improbably established numerous prominent contacts in the entertainment industry. As Neil Young, who knew Charlie and his girls well and once tried to get the head of Warner Brothers to sign the aspiring singer/songwriter, once told an interviewer: “A lot of pretty well known musicians around L.A. knew him, though they'd probably deny it now.”

On December 20, 1968, just shy of the winter solstice, what was thought to be the first of the Zodiac murders rocked the San Francisco area when a man was shot once in the head at point blank range with a .22 and his female companion was shot multiple times with the same weapon. A detective working the case

noted that the male victim had recently learned of a major drug deal that was about to go down, and he had been talking openly about who was involved in the transaction.

It would later be speculated that the Zodiac killings actually began in the Los Angeles area on the eve of Halloween, 1966—just a few months after the rampages of Richard Speck and Charles Whitman. The victim, Cheri Jo Bates, had been stabbed in the chest and her throat had been slit so deeply that she was nearly decapitated. A wristwatch of military origin had been found at the crime scene, along with a military-style heel print. The circumstances of the murder suggested that the female victim knew her killer and had spent a portion of the evening with him before the attack. What was said to be a confession was received in the mail and, on *Walpurgisnacht* of 1967, taunting letters were sent to area newspapers and to the victim's father. The FBI would later inadvertently reveal that it had an alternate version of the 'confession,' featuring the exact same wording but set in a different typescript and with a different number of words per line.

On Independence Day, 1969, another couple was gunned down in their car, this time with a 9mm semi-automatic. The woman, Darlene Ferrin, who appeared to be the primary target of the attack (the man survived his wounds), may have known the previous Zodiac victims. She had reportedly told her friends that she had witnessed a murder by a man who had subsequently been following her. In the weeks before her death, she had been receiving mysterious packages from a man living in Mexico who Darlene had, for unexplained reasons, married in 1966 using an assumed name and then later divorced. Her companion on the night of the murder, Michael Mageau, left his home in such a hurry that the lights and TV were left on and the front door was left open. He later told investigators that he and Darlene were followed immediately upon leaving Ferrin's house. After changing his story several times, Mageau went into hiding. Shortly after the shootings, police received a call from a man claiming credit for Ferrin's murder. The call was placed from a payphone just outside the Sheriff's station.

At the end of July, the first of what proved to be a long series of letters arrived at area newspaper offices, with a request that the letter be published on August 1, the occult holiday known as *Lammas*. The series of letters were laced with codes that suggested that the writer had a background in naval intelligence, bringing the ONI (Office of Naval Intelligence) onto the case. Others agencies that investigated the Zodiac killings included the FBI, the U.S. Postal Service, the California Department of Justice, and four local police agencies. On August 4, 1969, the killer supplied his moniker in a letter that began: "This is the Zodiac speaking." Just days later, on the nights of August 8 and 9, the Manson Family committed two of the most notorious multiple murders in the nation's history: the Tate-LaBianca slayings. The Manson killings were part of a weekend orgy of

violence in Los Angeles that saw the city record twenty-nine known homicides in just four days. Before the search for the perpetrators of the high-profile murders was over, it would involve the FBI, the Mossad, the California Beverage Control Board, the U.S. Treasury Department, the L.A. County District Attorney's Office, the LAPD, the L.A. Sheriff's Office, and Colonel Paul Tate—a U.S. Army Intelligence asset, Vietnam veteran, and the father of victim Sharon Tate.

Also brought in by Roman Polanski to assist in his own investigation of the killings was famed 'psychic' Peter Hurkos. Hurkos had earlier made a high profile appearance alongside of F. Lee Bailey in the Boston Strangler case, which will be covered in a later chapter. At the time of the Manson murders, Hurkos was involved in organizing a Black Arts Festival scheduled for Halloween day, 1969. The events other organizers were Timothy Leary and Anton LaVey, who were scheduled to host the festival before it was cancelled.

The month after the Tate-LaBianca killings, and just after the autumnal equinox, a man and woman were stabbed multiple times in a San Francisco-area park. Despite the fact that it took nearly an hour for an ambulance to respond to a call as the pair lay bleeding, the man survived the attack. In what has to be the only known case of a serial killer showing up for work dressed in a logo-bearing costume, the assailant was described as wearing a strange hood with an attached apron that prominently displayed the trademark symbol of the Zodiac. The attacker reportedly had a gun, but chose instead to use a knife, breaking from the previous pattern and likely contributing to the survival of the male victim. Prints from a military-issue boot distributed primarily to U.S. naval bases on the west coast were found at the scene. The professed killer again called police, again from a payphone near the local police station. He reportedly left a clear palm print on the phone, but a "nervous" technician reportedly destroyed it.

On October 11, 1969, one day shy of the birthday of Aleister Crowley, a taxi driver was shot once in the head with a 9mm handgun, although it was a different 9mm than had been used previously by the Zodiac. At four San Francisco-area crime scenes, the 'Zodiac' had now used a different weapon at each. The latest victim had picked up his fare on Mason Street and had then driven him to an address in the Presidio Heights area of the city, where he was promptly shot. Some local kids witnessed the murder and immediately called the police with a description of the assailant. For unexplained reasons, however, the police dispatcher broadcast a description of a black perpetrator, allowing the real shooter to evade a massive police response. Two days later, a new letter from the Zodiac claimed credit for the killing and threatened a future attack on a school bus.

On October 22, a man identifying himself as the Zodiac called authorities and requested to speak, strangely enough, to either F. Lee Bailey or San Francisco attorney Melvin Belli. A spectacle then played out in which the man, calling himself

‘Sam,’ called and had a live chat on the air with the CIA-linked Belli. In November, another letter arrived from the elusive Zodiac, this one containing a bomb threat. Also in November 1969, two Scientologists were found savagely murdered on the streets of Los Angeles. Each had been stabbed more than fifty times. One of the victims had dated Manson disciple Bruce Davis in 1968, just before Charlie had sent Davis to London to visit both the headquarters of the Process Church and the local Scientology school. Davis was later convicted of other, unrelated murder charges, and he has been identified by some researchers as a possible suspect in the Zodiac killings.

Another Zodiac letter, addressed to Belli, was sent on December 20, just shy of the winter solstice. On April 20, 1970, yet another letter was sent; it was followed by a ‘dragon card’ on April 28. The next day, on the eve of *Walpurgisnacht*, the Zodiac’s bomb threat was revealed to the public, ratcheting up the already high level of fear in the Bay area. Interestingly, one of the Zodiac’s numerous letters contained a coded reference to the locations of the killings. A decoding suggested that the crime scenes formed a pattern that centered on Mt. Diablo (the Devil’s Mountain) and that utilized an obscure unit of measurement known as a radian, which is a mathematical unit based on the number Pi.

Elsewhere in the country, a man named Stanley Baker was convicted in July 1970 for the murder of a Montana resident. Baker made a candid admission to his arresting officers: “I have a problem. I am a cannibal.” As proof, he produced from his pocket a well-gnawed human finger. Baker was the talkative sort and he readily confessed his involvement in a number of other murders that he claimed he had committed as a member of the Process-spawned Four Pi cult. Police were able to confirm his complicity in a particularly brutal mutilation murder in San Francisco, thanks to his having left behind a bloody fingerprint. California courts nevertheless declined to prosecute Baker for the homicide with the remarkable claim that he had been denied a speedy trial. Despite his confessed involvement in a number of murders, and despite the fact that the murder for which he was convicted involved him ripping out the man’s heart and eating it, Baker was released from prison after just fourteen years, and according to recent reports, he remains at large today. This in spite of the fact that he distinguished himself as something less than a model prisoner during his incarceration by starting his own satanic cult and having no fewer than eleven weapons confiscated by guards.

Just as Stanley Baker and Charlie Manson had migrated away from San Francisco, so too did many other disenchanted hippies and flower children move on in the late 1960s and early 1970s. Many of them found refuge in the hundreds of square miles of sparsely settled wilderness offered by the Santa Cruz Mountains, where the abundance of rich soil and clear, running water provided ideal conditions for communal living and marijuana cultivation. By 1972, some

seventeen thousand men, women and children had taken up residence in the fertile glens and along the rich creek beds of Santa Cruz. As Margaret Cheney described the scene:

Every enterprising commune or solo Druid grew a patch of *cannabis*; but it did not end there. More enterprising men began to operate small, portable pill factories in the remoter parts of the forest, turning out LSD and amphetamines for the city market, free of police harassment. A small cult of Satanists from San Francisco liked the landscape and opened a local parish. After them came pretenders, exploiters and hangers-on. The more sensational news media promoted the black-mass aura. Small sacrificial animals were occasionally found beheaded.

Seemingly random, motiveless killings quickly began to plague Santa Cruz. On October 19, 1970, in a case closely mirroring the slaughter of the residents of the Tate house the year before, John Lindley Frazier, allegedly acting alone, killed all the occupants of a home in Santa Cruz, including a prominent doctor, his wife, secretary, and two children. Frazier, who was known to have a strong interest in the occult, was said to have started his own lifestyle as an ‘Aquarian Age’²¹ hermit living in a six-foot-square shack in the woods (a lifestyle later adopted by Ted Kaczynski, who was a subject of MK-ULTRA experiments while he was a young student at Harvard, and who has been named by some researchers as a possible suspect in the Zodiac killings). Just over a week after the Frazier killings, a Halloween card was received from the Zodiac. More cards and letters followed, the last of which arrived in 1974. The murders were never solved, though many believe that—as Inyo County District Attorney Frank Fowles has stated—“Manson and the Zodiac Killer were connected.”

Soon after Frazier’s rampage, women began going missing from around the Santa Cruz area. As early as autumn of 1968, reports began surfacing of grisly

21 The notion of an ‘Age of Aquarius’ was popularized by groups like San Francisco’s ‘Diggers,’ who occupied the aforementioned ‘Devil House,’ and by publications such as San Francisco’s *Oracle*. Perhaps no one played a greater role in popularizing the idea of the ‘Age of Aquarius’ than the *Oracle*’s Gavin Arthur. Interestingly, Arthur’s full legal name was Chester Alan Arthur III. He was the great-grandson of President Chester Arthur. He reportedly predicted JFK’s assassination before Kennedy was even elected. Some attribute that feat to clairvoyance, but it was more likely due to foreknowledge.

occult sacrifices being performed in the surrounding mountains. By the summer of 1972, it was clear that Santa Cruz had a problem. Mutilated bodies began showing up in the hills. By the time 1973 rolled around, the bodies were piling up at an alarming rate. In just the first six weeks of the year, eight bodies were found, and women were continuing to disappear. What had once been an idyllic community had been radically transformed; the murder rate had quintupled and Santa Cruz had achieved the rather dubious distinction of having the highest homicide rate in the country. Many of the area's killings were credited to two alleged serial killers, Edmund Kemper and Herb Mullin, who were said to be operating at the same time in the same city, though acting independently of each other. Kemper's bloody odyssey reportedly included eight victims brutally butchered between May 1972 and April 1973, most of them coeds whose corpses were cannibalized and sexually violated. Mullin was credited with dispatching thirteen victims in just four months, from October 13, 1972 through February 13, 1973. Mullin admitted to having a strong interest in the occult, a fact made evident by the nature of the killings attributed to him: the first victim was killed on Friday the 13th, the second on or about Halloween, and the third murder was the stabbing of a Catholic priest in his confessional on November 2, celebrated as All Souls Day.

To briefly recap, no fewer than six serial killers/mass murderers—Charles Manson, Stanley Baker, Edmund Kemper, Herbert Mullin, John Lindley Frazier, and the Zodiac—were all spawned from the Santa Cruz/San Francisco metropolitan area in a span of just over four years, at a time when 'serial killers' were a rare enough phenomenon that they hadn't yet acquired a name. And another serial killer was said to be at work not far away during the same timeframe. As Bundy chronicler Richard Larsen recounts, the bodies of at least fourteen young women and girls were found, nude and with their belongings missing, in Northern California between December 1969 and December 1973. In the immediate vicinity of each of the bodies "was found an elaborate witchcraft symbol of twigs and rocks." Remarkably enough, the crimes collectively attributed to these men did not even account for *all* the ritualized homicides that occurred in the Bay area during that time. For example, the murder of Fred Bennett, the captain of the Oakland chapter of the Black Panthers whose mutilated remains were found scattered in the Santa Cruz hills, was never solved. And many of the young students who were reported missing from local campuses were never found, either dead or alive, and were therefore never listed as homicide victims.

On October 12, 1974, the birthday of Aleister Crowley, student Arliss Perry was brutally murdered and left on display in the Stanford Memorial Church on the campus of Stanford University, nestled in the shadows of the Santa Cruz Mountains. Perry was left lying on her back, with her head toward the altar and

her legs spread wide. She was nude from the waist down and an altar candle protruded from her vagina; another altar candle was wedged between her exposed breasts. Her jeans had been neatly arranged in an inverted V-shape and placed across her splayed legs, forming the Masonic symbol of the compass and the square. Five years earlier, the very same symbol had been left carved into the stomach of Manson victim Leno LaBianca, as the “W” in the word “War.” The prime suspect in the still-unsolved murder of Perry is a man named Bill Mentzer, who knew Charles Manson and at least one of his victims: Abigail Folger. In fact, Mentzer reportedly had lunch with Folger just a few days before her death. He later was connected to David “Son of Sam” Berkowitz as well, and still later was convicted of the *Cotton Club* murder of aspiring film producer Roy Radin.

A few years after Perry’s murder, a new rash of ‘serial killings’ began in nearby Sacramento, California. These were ultimately attributed to a man named Richard Chase, also known as the “Vampire of Sacramento” and “The Dracula Killer.” These killers—Chase, Manson, Kemper, Mullin, the Zodiac, Frazier and Baker—heralded the dawn of a new era that soon had established ‘serial killers’ as an ever-present part of the American landscape. Before 1960, fewer than two serial killers a year were reported nationwide. By 1970, the number had climbed to six per year; by 1980, to nearly twenty per year. By 1990, nearly three-dozen serial killers a year were being reported across the country.

The years covered by the occult bloodbath in Northern California, 1967 through 1973, correspond precisely to the years that the Phoenix Program in Vietnam was in full operation (although similar programs, under different names, existed prior to 1967). In September 1973, the head of the Phoenix operation, William Colby, was appointed as the new Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. Phoenix had officially come home.

* * * * *

Charles Milles Manson was born “No Name” Maddox, the son of an alcoholic teenage prostitute. His mother was imprisoned for armed robbery when Charles was just a toddler, so the boy was sent to live with his grandparents. Following that, he lived for a time with an aunt and uncle in Virginia, who sent him off to his first day of school dressed as a girl, just as Henry Lee’s mother had done. By age eight, Charles was back with his mother, who occasionally sent him off to stay with a moonshiner uncle. At age nine, he was sent to stay at the Gibault Home for Boys—a ‘reform’ school in Terre Haute, Indiana. Three years later, the pre-teen boy was living alone in a single room at a boarding house, until he was discovered by authorities. How he came to be living alone remains something of a

mystery. From that point on, Manson spent the vast majority of his life institutionalized.

Charles next found himself housed at Boy's Town, identified in *The Franklin Cover-Up* as a cesspool of pedophilic operations. By the age of fifteen, Charles was no longer a ward of the state; he had graduated to being a full-fledged convict. In prison, the diminutive Manson was repeatedly raped and beaten by guards and fellow inmates, until he managed to escape at the age of sixteen and find his way to California. He was soon arrested again and sent to the rather ominously named National Training School for Boys in Washington, D.C. A few years later, he was set free and married briefly and fathered a child, while also working as a pimp. That occupation earned him a lengthy prison stay following a conviction for running an interstate vice ring. Seven years later, he was again set free, after reportedly following Henry Lee Lucas' lead by begging authorities at Terminal Island Prison not to release him.

Within months, Charlie was playing his music in bars in San Francisco's Tenderloin District and gathering a large and devoted group of followers. In his brief period of freedom, he lived with and associated with hundreds of different people, many of them prominent in the entertainment industry. He made numerous contacts in the music business, including Dennis Wilson,²² Neil Young and Terry Melcher—the son of Doris Day and the former occupant, along with Candace Bergen, of the Cielo Drive home where the Tate murders occurred. Charlie even reportedly served as a 'religious consultant' for Universal Studios on a movie about Christ, and also auditioned to be one of "The Monkeys." He was also deeply involved in a number of criminal enterprises, well before the consecutive bloodbaths that thrust him into the national limelight. As author Joel Norris has noted, Charlie was "a drug dealer and contract killer," and "had become involved in underworld crime, murder-for-hire rings, and child pornography." Interestingly enough, Manson has said that the Family's most well known victims were involved in some of the same enterprises: "Don't you think those people deserved to die? They were involved in kiddie porn." Charlie had also, as previously noted, allied himself with various satanic cult groups that, as Norris notes, were "heavily based on ritual bondage, sacrifice, and also murder." According to Ed Sanders, who interviewed numerous members and associates of the Family, Manson was also involved in the production and distribution of snuff films.

In the aftermath of the Tate and LaBianca killings, the LAPD, one of whose officers co-owned the auto shop that Charlie lived in just a few months before the murders, couldn't really be bothered with the wealth of evidence that implicated

22 Wilson and Melcher reportedly created an L.A.-area 'Hell Fire Club' known as the Golden Penetrators. Manson was likely a member.

Family members in the murders. The department also refused to acknowledge and examine the obvious connections between the two murder scenes, severely hampering the investigation. They likewise refused to explore the connections between the murder of musician Gary Hinman and the other two more high-profile crimes. The L.A. Sheriff's Department had already solved the Hinman case, no thanks to the LAPD, and had taken Bobby Beausoleil into custody just a few days before the Tate murders. The Sheriffs knew of his connections to the Family, and of the connections between the three crime scenes; two motorcycle gang members with close ties to the Family—Al Springer and Danny DeCarlo of the Straight Satans—had given the Sheriff's damning testimony concerning the Family's involvement in all three murders.

DeCarlo, who was reportedly a member of the Process Church, appears to have provided security for Charlie and the Family. He kept a large arsenal of weapons at the Family compound, including a .303 British Enfield rifle, a .22 rifle, a 20-gauge shotgun, a .30 caliber carbine, a 12-gauge riot gun, an M-1 carbine, and a sub-machinegun. The Family, it should be noted, did not operate as the hippie cult that they have been portrayed as being. Their base of operations was more of a paramilitary compound than it was a commune, complete with guard shacks at lookout points, telescopes, walkie-talkies, military field telephones, and converted dune buggies equipped with machinegun mounts.

When the Sheriffs passed along to the LAPD the information they had obtained from their informants, L.A.'s finest proceeded to do absolutely nothing. Meanwhile, on September 1, 1969—just a few weeks after the Tate murders—a .22 caliber revolver was found in Sherman Oaks and turned in to the LAPD. The gun was a rather rare and unique firearm, and just happened to match the description of the weapon suspected of being used in the killings—right down to the broken handle that provided a perfect fit for the handle pieces that were recovered at the murder scene. Nevertheless, the department tagged and filed the weapon and it was promptly forgotten. For months. The department later sent out a flyer with a photo of the weapon, failing to realize that they already had the gun in their custody. It took a phone call from the father of the boy who had found the gun to get the department to acknowledge its existence, and even then, the caller was initially told that the gun had probably been destroyed.

Elsewhere, Family member Susan Atkins had been arrested on unrelated charges and was spending time in the Sybil Brand Institute for Women. While there, she gave detailed confessions of the murders to at least two fellow inmates. She claimed that the Family had already committed eleven murders, and "many more were going to die." Both of these women tried to pass this information along to the LAPD, but both were repeatedly denied permission to do so. This was in spite of the fact that one of the female jailers to whom these requests were

made was at the time dating one of the Tate case homicide detectives. One of the inmates later said: "It was the hardest thing I've ever tried to do in my life, to get anyone to listen to me."

It would appear then that the LAPD had, among other evidence, all of the following at its disposal: the eyewitness account of a participant in the crimes; the gun used in the crimes; and the statements of two close associates of the killers directly implicating them in the crimes. Yet they chose not to act on any of this for a period of several months.

Though no serial killer/mass murderer in history has likely achieved the level of notoriety, or generated the volume of media coverage, that Charles Manson has, many of the most compelling facts of the Manson case remain largely unknown to the public. Of particular significance, perhaps, are the myriad levels on which the killers and the victims were connected. One of those connections was provided by none other than Anton LaVey. At least one of Charlie's girls, known locally as the "Witches of Mendocino," was recruited from LaVey's Church of Satan. Susan "Sexy Sadie" Atkins was one of many dancers in LaVey's stable, collectively known as the "Topless Witches Review." Atkins later credited LaVey with starting her down the road to murder. Family member Bobby Beausoleil, who was a roommate and, by some accounts, a lover of child star-turned underground filmmaker Kenneth Anger, was also recruited from the Church of Satan.

Interestingly enough, LaVey had connections to the victims as well. He had formed a close association with Roman Polanski shortly before the murders when he served as the technical consultant for Polanski on the film "Rosemary's Baby," in which he also made a cameo appearance as—who else?—Satan. On the set of an earlier film, Tate herself had reportedly been initiated into witchcraft by Alexander Saunders. Sammy Davis, Jr., who was introduced to the Church of Satan by Manson victim Jay Sebring, has said of the victims who were killed at Tate's Cielo Drive residence: "Everyone there had at one time or another been into satanism." Some newspaper reports at the time of the slayings, denounced as sensationalism, were rife with reports that the Polanskis were satanists who hosted drug and sex orgies. Indeed, just days before the murders a drug dealer was reportedly filmed being whipped at the house in an S&M ritual. Various celebrities were said to have been attendance. Actor Dennis Hopper spoke in interviews of sadistic movies filmed at the house that featured some of Hollywood's biggest names.

Another connection was provided by the Esalen Institute, a 'new age' retreat in Monterrey with ties to Crowley enthusiast Timothy Leary's like-minded Himalayan Academy. Manson had ties to both. He had in fact visited Esalen, where Robert DeGrimston of the Process Church reportedly lectured occasionally,

just a few days before the Tate killings. On the very day of the murders, someone from within the Polanski home placed a call to the Institute for reasons unknown. One of the victims, Abigail Folger, may have visited the retreat just a few days before Manson's visit. Author Robert Heinlein was also reportedly invited to lecture at Esalen. Heinlein, who, like Hubbard, first gained notice penning pieces for *Astounding Science Fiction*, is probably best known as the author of the 1961 novel *Stranger in a Strange Land*. The book provided Manson with a Crowley-inspired script to follow, and it was one of the few books that Charlie allowed his disciples to read. Heinlein was a right-winger with strong authoritarian leanings who to this day, nevertheless, continues to be promoted by various voices in the progressive community.

Another link between the principals in the case was provided by singer "Mama" Cass Elliot. Victims Voytek Frykowski and Jay Sebring, who had a history of sadism, were both part of Cass's clique, as were Manson and some of his followers. Victim Abigail Folger may have been as well. Folger had also been friends for a time with Charles Manson himself, as well as with convicted *Cotton Club* killer Bill Mentzer. Four of the LAPD's top initial suspects in the Tate murder case were members of Cass Elliot's inner circle. They remained prime suspects for the first month of the investigation. One member of that circle was Pic Dawson, the flamboyant son of a U.S. State Department official and an on-and-off boyfriend of Cass. Dawson had lived in the home of victims Frykowski and Folger in the summer before the killings while the ill-fated pair house-sat for the Polanskis at the future crime scene: 10050 Cielo Drive, later renumbered, appropriately enough, 10066 Cielo Drive.

Another connection between killers and victims was provided by their shared interest in drug trafficking. Several of the victims—including Voytek Frykowski, Abigail Folger, and Sharon Tate herself—were linked to the trafficking of hallucinogens. Rosemary LaBianca was a known trafficker of methamphetamine, and likely other drugs as well. Frykowski had reportedly secured a deal just before the murders that would have made him the exclusive distributor of MDA in the L.A. area, his operations financed with coffee heiress Folger's considerable financial resources. Jay Sebring, who before the murders had once appeared in an underground movie that also featured Mansonite Bobby Beausoleil, appears to have been involved in the drug trade as well. A man named Joel Rostau is known to have delivered drugs to Sebring at the Cielo house just hours before the murders. Rostau was found murdered the next year in New York City. Another Sebring associate showed up dead just a month later in Florida. Immediately following the killings on Cielo Drive, Sebring's house was thoroughly cleaned by friends before police arrived to conduct a search.

The Manson family was also heavily involved in drug dealing, including trafficking in LSD, hashish, marijuana and cocaine. Just a couple of days after the killings, Manson was seen driving a black Mercedes Benz possibly owned by an underling of a man named Ronald Stark. Around that same time, Stark assumed the role of banker for the 'Brotherhood of Eternal Love,' a tax-exempt 'church' that was formed by a motorcycle gang with close ties to Timothy Leary. The Brotherhood was led by a man named "Farmer" John Griggs. At the same time as the Tate murders, Griggs allegedly overdosed on PCP at the group's ranch in Idyllwild, California. A month earlier, a teenage friend of Leary's daughter had been found drowned at the ranch. The death of Griggs resulted in a massive shake-up at the organization that resulted in the shadowy Stark becoming the Brotherhood's sole banker and money manager. Under Stark's guiding hand, the Brotherhood became the largest known producer and distributor of LSD in the world, producing some 50 million doses. Stark was also closely linked to a parallel acid-producing operation in the UK dubbed the "Microdot Gang," which likewise produced millions of hits of LSD in the early 1970s. While running his empire, Stark was known to have extensive contacts with American embassy personnel and to have frequent visitors from both the British and the American consulates.

Were the Manson killings in reality part of what might be dubbed "The Great Acid Coup of 1969"? Were they the result of an operation aimed at, among other things, killing off some competitors, intimidating others, and consolidating control of the hallucinogenic drug market? The possibility clearly exists. Police originally were drawn to the theory that the killings were drug related. Other early theories were that the killings were occult inspired, or that the true motive could be found in what was dubbed 'fame-porn.' Films and videos found at the Polanski home suggested an elite Hollywood wife-swapping operation. The Folger/Frykowski home also yielded a box of erotic photos of Hollywood's elite.

There were also indications of the involvement of organized crime in the killings. Leno LaBianca had known underworld connections to whom he reportedly owed nearly \$250,000 in gambling debts. At the time of the murders, the LaBianca home—which I must add, perhaps gratuitously, was once owned by Walt Disney—was known to have its phone lines tapped. I could also add here, perhaps rather gratuitously as well, that Walt Disney was a direct descendent, on his mother's side, of George Burroughs—reportedly the 'grand wizard' of the witches executed in Salem in 1692.

One mistaken impression that many people have about the Manson case is that the homes where the attacks took place were largely chosen at random. That was hardly the case. Manson was very familiar with the Polanski/Tate home, which he had visited in the past. Manson knew both the owner of the Cielo Drive

home, Rudy Altobelli, and the previous tenant, Terry Melcher, who along with Charlie was involved with the Process Church (as was John Phillips, Cass Elliot's bandmate and another associate of Manson). Charlie was familiar with the LaBianca home as well; it was right next door to the home of Harold True, who had hosted LSD parties attended by Charlie and his followers before the murders.

One particularly bizarre fact about the Tate killings that has gone largely unreported is that the crime scene appeared to have been rearranged after the killers had left. An attempt appeared to have been made to pose the victims bodies on the home's front porch, after which the corpses were reposed inside the house. Evidence of tampering with the crime scene included an unidentified bloody boot heel print found on the front porch of the house and a number of unidentified fingerprints on the premises.

Manson was ultimately arrested on charges unrelated to the murders on October 12, Aleister Crowley's birthday, following a raid on the Family compound, and was only later charged in connection to the killings. Charlie had previously been arrested or charged on forty or more occasions. One of those arrests, in 1967, was made by a narcotics team led by the LAPD's Frank Salerno. Salerno would later lead the task forces investigating both the Hillside Strangler murders and the Night Stalker killings.

When the Manson case came to trial, there were the usual strange occurrences that seem to plague serial killer trials. The lead defense attorney, Ronald Hughes, had just passed the bar and had yet to try a single case. He was, needless to say, a rather odd choice to spearhead the defense of one of the most vigorously prosecuted and high-profile murder cases of all time. Hughes soon went missing, and later turned up dead on the very day that death sentences were returned by the jury. Family member John Philip "Zero" Haught, not charged with playing a role in the murders, also turned up dead, allegedly after playing a game of Russian Roulette. Another member of the Family was whisked away to Patton State Hospital, which was reportedly deeply immersed in overt behavior modification experiments in the 1970s. Perhaps the most troubling aspect of the trial was that the defense team rested their case without bothering to actually present one. Courtroom viewers were stunned when not a single witness was called to rebut the prosecution's case, thereby virtually guaranteeing a win for Bugliosi and the state. Also of note is that then-President Richard Nixon declared Manson guilty on national television, nearly causing a mistrial, but ultimately greatly aiding the prosecution's efforts.

When it was all over, Judge Oder pronounced death sentences for Charlie, Patricia Krenwinkel, Susan Atkins, and Leslie VanHouten. The sentences were delivered on, of all days, April 19, 1971. The year before, Bobby Beausoleil had become the first Family member to receive a death sentence when the jury trying

him returned the sentence in the Gary Hinman murder trial. The date was April 21, 1970.

Perhaps in no other serial killer case has the subject of mind control played a more central role. That Charlie had a remarkable ability to control his followers is a well-established and widely acknowledged fact. Even more remarkable is that Manson has maintained much of that control from inside a prison cell for over thirty years now. In fact, the control that he had over his disciples was the primary basis for Manson's murder convictions. While it was Charlie's face that came to symbolize the killings, he did not personally participate in the Tate/LaBianca murders. According to the official version of events, he was not even present at the crime scenes when the murders took place; he merely suggested to his followers what they should do, and they obligingly followed his commands. In order to convict Manson then, it was necessary for the prosecution to convince the jury that the actual killers were virtually powerless to disobey their leader. For this reason, the Manson trial had no real precedent in American legal history. What the Manson case demonstrated was that it could be proven in a court of law that a person could be compelled to essentially act against his/her will. That had already been established in a Danish court in a landmark case recalled by Estabrooks in *Hypnotism*:

An amateur hypnotist named Nielson had induced an hypnotic subject named Hardrup to commit a murder...Nielson, the hypnotist, got a life sentence, the maximum penalty in Denmark, whereas Hardrup, the actual murderer, received a two-year sentence on the basis of temporary insanity.

The Manson case had a slightly different outcome: Manson, the hypnotist, received the death penalty, the maximum sentence in the State of California, and so too did the actual murderers. Legally and logically, that verdict made little sense. For if Manson's control was so complete that the killers were powerless to resist his commands, then they should not have been held legally accountable for their actions. And if Charlie did not wield such power, then he should not have been held responsible for the actions of others. Prosecutor Vincent Bugliosi did not address that inherent contradiction in his prosecution strategy in his widely read book, *Helter Skelter*. He did ponder, albeit briefly, how Manson gained such control over his subjects. He concluded that that remains "the most puzzling question of all." Indeed. After spending just a few pages briefly summarizing some of the techniques Manson employed on his followers, Bugliosi surmised:

I tend to think that there is something more, some missing link that enabled him to so rape and bastardize the minds of his followers that they would go against the most ingrained of all commandments, Thou shalt not kill, and willingly, even eagerly, murder at his command.

Charlie himself once gave an indication of how he controlled his flock: "If you want to get to people and unlock their minds, the basic way you get to them is through fear." That was a concept that borrowed from the teachings of the Process Church. In a summer 1969 interview, *Beach Boy* Dennis Wilson spoke of "getting the fear." In the same interview, he referred to Charlie as "the Wizard."

While pondering the question of *how* Manson was able to exert such control, Bugliosi largely ignores a perhaps even more important question: *where* did Charlie learn the techniques that he was obviously so skilled at? Bugliosi notes only that it "may be something that he learned from others," which, of course, is only stating the obvious. The question not asked, either in the book or at trial, is: who were these others? One possible answer can be found among the personnel at the Haight-Asbury Free Clinic in the late 1960s. Two employees of the clinic—Dr. Roger Smith, a research criminologist who had started the clinic's drug treatment program, and Dr. David Smith, who founded the clinic itself—were both involved in government-sponsored research on human behavior. Both had connections to Manson and his followers. In fact, Roger Smith was Charlie's parole officer.

Another question never addressed by Bugliosi is how it was possible that a man of limited education, who had spent the majority of his life behind bars, somehow acquired those skills while U.S. intelligence agencies, after investing countless millions of dollars in decades of research aimed at attaining that very same goal, have allegedly met with nothing but failure. It defies explanation that men such as Manson—or Jim Jones, David Koresh, *et al*—have stumbled upon a secret that the CIA has yet to discover. It is a patently absurd notion, and yet that is exactly what we are supposed to believe. We are also supposed to believe that Charlie, while controlling the actions of others, was himself acting on his own free will. That is highly unlikely.

If Charlie was in fact controlling the Family, the logical question to be asked at trial was: who was controlling Manson? Was Manson himself a puppet, as well as a puppeteer? That question, naturally, was never raised and so remains largely unanswered to this day. Perhaps Bugliosi felt that question unimportant, given that, according to his book, "The Manson case was, and remains, unique." Dr. Roger Smith saw things a little differently. In December 1969, he told *Life* magazine: "There are a lot of Charlies running around, believe me."

(The story of Charles Manson is an endlessly fascinating one. It is also a story that is difficult to tell in a linear fashion, because Charlie and his victims were connected to so many people on so many different levels. For a nonlinear look at the Manson story, see <http://www.davesweb.cnchost.com/wtc13.html>.)

* * * * *

Relatively little has been written about the murder of Dr. Vincent Ohta and his family on October 19, 1970, though the crime was no less sensational than the slaughter at the Polanski/Tate residence the year before. There were two marked differences between the Santa Cruz crime scene and the Benedict Canyon crime scene: in Santa Cruz, none of the victims was a national celebrity and the job was done more professionally.

In a spectacular home overlooking the bay, Dr. Ohta, his secretary, Dorothy Cadwallader, his wife, Virginia, and his sons, Derrick and Taggert, were bound and blindfolded and then shot in the head from behind, execution style. They were then tossed into the home's pool, some of them while they were still alive. The house was then set afire in several locations, thus destroying the crime scene. The family's Rolls Royce and Lincoln Continental were parked across the home's driveway entrances, denying access to the emergency vehicles that attempted to respond to the fires. A third car, a 1968 Oldsmobile station wagon, was missing.

There was little in the way of crime scene evidence. The main portion of the house was completely gutted by the fires. The victims' bodies had been washed clean in the pool. A driving rain in the early morning hours had thoroughly washed away any footprints or other evidence that might have been left outside the home. Police initially said that they had found no scrawled messages and no evidence of burglary. When the missing Oldsmobile was found, torched and abandoned in a tunnel, it also failed to yield any evidence.

Although there was little for police to work with, one thing seemed clear enough: these murders were not the work of a lone perpetrator. Some investigators, and much of the public, immediately suspected that another homicidal cult was at work. It seemed very unlikely that a sole assailant would have been able to bind all five victims, drag all their bodies out to the pool, start multiple fires, blockade the driveway, and then make a clean getaway. Two guns were used in the commission of the crimes—the .38 caliber weapon that killed Dr. Ohta and the .22 caliber weapon that killed the others. A witness reported seeing three people in the vicinity of the abandoned Oldsmobile, and three sets of footprints were found leading from the tunnel to an adjacent river. Two people who fit the

witness' description were reportedly found in the search area, but there is no indication of what became of those potential suspects.

For obvious reasons, a Sheriff's spokesman announced at a press conference that police were seeking more than one perpetrator. A few days later, however, John Frazier was arrested and charged with being the sole perpetrator of the crimes. An initial report on the arrest falsely claimed that Frazier had waged a gun battle with police, when he was actually taken into custody without incident.

John Frazier had been placed in foster care at the age of five. He later ended up in a series of juvenile detention facilities. He was said to have a history of sleepwalking and horrifying nightmares. Despite his troubled upbringing, a friend described Frazier as having been a perfectly normal family man and competent mechanic, right up until the time that he suddenly changed his lifestyle dramatically and began speaking gibberish. On July 4, 1970, just three months before the murders, Frazier left his wife. At that time, he apparently took up residence in a shack, accessible via a drawbridge, on property near the Ohta residence. While living there, he reportedly collected guns.

Following his arrest, Frazier was assigned James Jackson, the chief assistant public defender of Santa Cruz County, as his defense counsel. Assisting Jackson was Harold Cartwright, a former U.S. Marine and police lieutenant working as Jackson's private investigator. Also brought on board by Jackson was Donald Lunde, a former Navy man and a professor of psychiatry at the Stanford University Medical School, not far from Santa Cruz. This team remained together to handle the Kemper and Mullin cases as well. Also on the same team, for all practical purposes, was prosecutor Peter Chang. It is unclear whether these four men knew each other before the Frazier trial began, but in his book, Lunde makes it clear that he, Chang, Jackson and Cartwright were fast friends by trial's end, and frequently saw each other socially thereafter. This undoubtedly made it much easier to coordinate the shamelessly fraudulent Kemper and Mullin trials.

On October 28, 1970, a grand jury indicted Frazier on five counts of murder. The defendant entered a plea of "not guilty," which was later changed, on January 19, 1971, to "not guilty by reason of insanity." A gag order was issued and the trial was moved to Redwood City, but the Santa Cruz team remained on the case. Helming the trial, which began in October 1971, was Judge Charles Franich. By late November, Frazier had been convicted on all five murder counts. It is unclear what evidence those convictions were based on. No murder weapon was ever found, so there was no ballistics evidence. There were no witnesses to the crime, and virtually all forensics evidence was destroyed by the fires and the rain. One witness reportedly identified Frazier as the driver of the abandoned Oldsmobile. It was claimed at one time by the DA's office that fingerprints had been recovered from a typewriter found in the incinerated home, but it was later acknowledged

that that statement had not been accurate. It was also claimed, implausibly enough, that fingerprints were recovered from a beer can found in the home.

Dr. Lunde seems to have played a key role in garnering the convictions when he testified (for the defense, mind you) that Frazier had confessed the crimes to him during a psychiatric examination. Lunde also assured the court: “He’s crazy.” John Frazier illustrated that point when he arrived for court during the penalty phase of the trial with half his head and face shaved clean. He was sentenced to death, but that sentence was later set aside by a 1976 Supreme Court decision.

There are many questions left unanswered in the Ohta/Frazier case. Among them is the question of what Dorothy Cadwallader was doing at the Ohta home. Cadwallader worked at Ohta’s office, not at his home, and she was not known to be a visitor to the residence. Press reports claimed that she was there to baby-sit, but Cadwallader’s husband denied those reports. He had no explanation for why his wife was there that fateful day.

Another lingering question concerns the typewritten note that a press release claimed was found under the windshield wiper of the Rolls Royce, contradicting initial reports that there were no notes or messages found. Of course, a typewritten note fits in quite well with the claim of a fingerprint-laden typewriter. That typewriter, unfortunately, did not actually exist. The note, however, lives on. It read, in part:

halloween...1970

today world war 3 will begin as brought to you by the pepole of the free universe.

* * * * *

Edmund Kemper III and Herbert Mullin—Santa Cruz’s dueling serial killers—lived what were, in many respects, strangely parallel lives.

Both were born the sons of World War II heroes, Kemper on December 18, 1948, and Mullin on April 18, 1947. Edmund Emil Kemper, Jr. was a Special Forces operative whose specialty, according to his son, was suicide missions. Martin William Mullin served as a highly decorated captain in the Pacific. According to *his* son, Martin voluntarily committed himself to a mental hospital at the close of the war. Both of these men liked to regale their sons with graphic war stories. Young Herb was taught that violence is natural, and Ed’s childhood home was filled with what Margaret Cheney described as “mementos of battle-field gore and heroics.”

In their youth, both Herb and Ed received training in firearms from the National Rifle Association while at summer camp. Both would later be accused and convicted of killing with the cold precision of a professional assassin. Both were also labeled ‘serial killers,’ though both were convicted of crimes that evidence suggests they did not commit—at least not alone.

Both of their alleged killing sprees began in 1972 in Santa Cruz, California and both were arrested in early 1973. Following those arrests, the two were assigned adjoining jail cells, appointed the same defense attorney, examined by the same psychiatrist, and their cases were prosecuted by the same district attorney, at least until Chang bowed out of the Mullin case due to a medical emergency. Kemper and Mullin were both found guilty, both determined to be sane, and both were sent to California’s Vacaville Medical Facility, which has been well documented as a hotbed of covert intelligence operations. Not long before their killing sprees began, both men spent a considerable amount of time in mental institutions, both voluntarily and involuntarily. In the two years leading up to the convictions of Kemper and Mullin, at least seventy-four men, women and children were killed in the state of California by released mental patients.

* * * * *

Herb Mullin was, by all outward appearances, the quintessential All-American boy. He was a bright student, a talented athlete, and was popular enough to have been voted “most likely to succeed” by his graduating class at San Lorenzo Valley High School. But he was also known to consume large quantities of hallucinogenic drugs and he had “Legalize Acid” boldly tattooed across his stomach.

On April 21, 1968, just three days after his 21st birthday, Mullin was arrested for possession of the substance referenced in another of Herb’s tattoos: “Eagle Eyes Marijuana.” He cryptically wrote to his parents of that experience: “That day the GAME started.” For the ‘crime’ of possessing marijuana, Herb was given probation and, on Halloween day, committed to San Luis Obispo General Hospital. The personable young man—who was known to have a keen interest in astrology, numerology, reincarnation, magic and the occult—was institutionalized at least four more times over the next few years, including a voluntary commitment to Mendocino State Hospital near Ukiah. On July 30, 1970, Herb was again arrested on drug charges and ordered into the psychiatric ward of the county hospital.

That same year, he met an older woman named Pat Brown at a Santa Cruz commune, and she soon thereafter convinced him to accompany her to Maui. Once there, Herb was once again committed to a mental hospital. According to

Manson chronicler Ed Sanders, the hospital was run by the U.S. Army. Sanders also claimed, in a letter to famed ‘conspiracy’ researcher Mae Brussell, that a mind control project in operation on the Hawaiian Islands at the time was specifically aimed at creating ‘serial killers.’ While on Maui, Mullin—whose other tattoos read “Mahashamadhi,” “Kriya Yoga,” and the word “Birth” with two crosses—also spent time at the Krishna Temple. Upon his return to the mainland, he was met at the airport by the son of a prominent local doctor, Richard Koch. Mullin reportedly revealed to him that he had received electroshock treatments while on Maui.

On March 28, 1971, Mullin was again arrested, this time for being drunk in public and resisting an officer. He served ten days in jail and then, in May, moved to San Francisco, where he remained for the next sixteen months, although later he had only vague memories of that lengthy period. For the most part, he could not account for that entire one-and-a-half-year slice of his life. He lived in the city’s ‘Tenderloin’ district, where Charlie Manson had taken up residence just a few years earlier. Herb stayed in the company of young male hustlers in a series of seedy hotel rooms and, at times, in his car. Friends and acquaintances from that period of his life universally described him as sweet, tender, sensitive, and completely incapable of killing anyone. Strangely though, he also appears to have been a Golden Gloves boxer during that time.

Throughout his adult life, Herb complained frequently of voices in his head, haunting his thoughts. He regularly told those around him that he was receiving messages, including commands to kill, that were delivered in his father’s voice. Herb would later state: “I feel that I was under my father’s control, like a robot.” Mullin was also known to tell people that his father, a Mason, was a mass murderer responsible for countless unsolved killings up and down the California coast. During the largely blacked-out period that he spent in San Francisco, Herb engaged in what is known as backward writing, a hypnotically conditioned skill that is frequently indicative of mind control programming. Mullin was ultimately diagnosed as suffering from MPD; his alters were said to include a Mexican laborer, an Eastern philosopher, and, bizarrely enough, local columnist and unofficial Anton LaVey publicist Herb Caen.

Herb returned from San Francisco to his parent’s Santa Cruz home in September 1972, and allegedly began his killing spree just a few weeks later. He allegedly purchased a six-shot .22 revolver from a gun shop on December 22, the winter solstice. Around that same time, the former Conscientious Objector inexplicably decided to enlist in the U.S. Marines. On January 15, he passed both the physical and mental entrance examinations, a rather remarkable feat considering that at the time he was just a few weeks away from being arrested and charged as a serial killer. He also had a criminal record, which his recruiter opted to waive.

Herb's arrest preempted his military plans. Once in custody, he was interrogated by police, throughout which he robotically chanted the single word "silence" to virtually all questions posed to him, as if repeating an instruction that had been programmed into his brain. He later claimed that, once incarcerated, he began receiving telepathic messages instructing him to kill himself, but he was able to resist acting on those orders. Had Mullin elected to commit suicide, the state surely would have breathed a sigh of relief. After all, they would have been spared the burden of staging a blatantly fraudulent trial.

From the moment of Herb's arrest, there were clear indications that he was being railroaded—by the very same team, as noted previously, that sent John Frazier to death row. There were also clear signs from early on that Mullin may not have been responsible for many of the crimes for which he was charged, most of which looked for all the world like contract hits. The killing of Father Tomei, for example, was very likely a professional hit. Tomei, who was raised in an orphanage during World War I, was internationally known both as a hero of the French resistance during World War II, and for having organized a chorus for troubled youth made up primarily of boys from abusive homes. This chorus toured internationally, which, though it is merely speculation, would have provided an ideal 'front' for an underage male prostitution racket.

An eyewitness to the slaying of Tomei described his assailant as young, white, 6' tall, and wearing a black leather jacket. Herb was only 5' 7" tall and never owned a black leather jacket. Although he certainly could have borrowed the jacket, the five-inch height discrepancy is a little harder to explain. Mullin did have a connection to Tomei: Herb's second cousin, Monsignor Edwin Kennedy, was a close friend of the slain priest.

Mullin may or may not have been responsible for the nearly simultaneous mass murders at the homes of Jim Gianera and Bob Francis. One witness described the possible assailant as being short and of medium build, which accurately described Herb. But the witness also stated that he thought the man was Mexican, which Mullin definitely was not, although, as previously mentioned, one of his alter egos was. One thing that is known for sure is that Herb knew the victims quite well, which illustrates yet another flaw in the public's perception of the nature of serial crime. In fact, a number of the killers profiled herein knew at least some of their victims, and sometimes knew them quite well.

Another thing that is quite clear is that the Gianera and Francis families were not randomly selected victims. Rather, they were almost certainly the targets of professional hits. Both Francis and Gianera were known drug dealers, as were Gianera's two brothers. And word on the street at the time of the killings was that Jim and Bob were snitches. It is, therefore, extremely unlikely that the simultaneous assaults on their two homes were random acts of violence.

Bob Francis was not at home at the time of the killings, but his wife and two young sons were summarily and quite professionally executed with a .22 round to the head. One of those sons, Herb's youngest alleged victim at just four years old, was named Daemon—which is a nice name to give to your kid, if your name happens to be, say, Lucifer. At the Gianera home, both Jim and his wife Joan were killed with multiple gunshot and stab wounds. Strangely, both Jim and Joan's families arrived at the crime scene before the police were notified. The house looked as though it had been thoroughly searched, though whether by the killers or by the victims' families is unclear. Police later found two .22 casings in Bob Francis' car, though that is obviously far from being conclusive evidence of guilt.

Another mass murder attributed to Mullin, the slaughter of four teenaged campers, appeared to have been the work of multiple perpetrators—unless, that is, one chooses to believe that one man wielding a six-shot revolver can overpower four healthy young men armed with a rifle. This crime also looked very much like a professional job. All four victims were coldly and methodically dispatched with a single small caliber shot to the head from point-blank range. Evidence at the scene suggested that there had definitely been a struggle, yet the boys loaded and unfired rifle was found still lying within easy reach of where the teens' bodies lay dead.

The final murder attributed to Herb was the sniper shooting of a retired boxer who was felled with a single shot to the chest from 100 feet away, in what appeared to be yet another professional hit. Just days later, prosecutor Chang filed six murder counts against Mullin, even though three witnesses were unable to pick him out of a police line-up. Eight days later, four more murder counts were added and a sweeping gag order was issued barring any public statements on the case from anyone involved. On March 1, Mullin appeared before a judge, accompanied by attorney Jackson, and shocked the courtroom by entering a *nolo contendere* plea and a request to represent himself. When the judge rejected both the plea and the request, Herb immediately offered up a guilty plea. The judge, however, insisted on going through with the mockery of a trial. Dispensing with a preliminary hearing, the case was instead sent to a grand jury, which issued indictments on all ten murder counts on March 14. The transcript of those proceedings, naturally enough, was sealed by the judge.

Mullin's defense counsel, Jackson, got things rolling by introducing a number of pre-trial motions that rather shamelessly sold his client out. Jackson told the court that there was no reason to change the venue of the trial, despite a massive amount of pre-trial publicity demonizing Mullin, and despite the unprecedented climate of fear in Santa Cruz engendered by the alleged actions of Kemper, Frazier, Mullin, *et al.* He also made an unprecedented request that jury questioning, known as *voir dire*, be conducted in the judge's chambers. The request was granted and the jury was, without precedent, selected away from the eyes of the press and public.

As California law requires that a defendant pleading “not guilty by reason of insanity” also maintain their factual innocence, two trials are generally required to dispose of such a case: one to determine factual guilt; and the second to determine sanity, and therefore legal guilt. In a most remarkable move, however, Jackson agreed with the prosecutor and the judge that the two should be combined into one, since it was universally claimed that there was no question about factual guilt. The ‘trial,’ in other words, began with the presumption of guilt as its starting point, completely doing away with the notion that, in the American criminal justice system, all defendants are presumed innocent until proven guilty in a court of law.

When the trial began on July 30, 1973, the judge opened the proceedings by explaining to the secretly selected jurors the five possible verdicts they were to consider: guilty of first degree murder; guilty of second degree murder, guilty of voluntary manslaughter; guilty of involuntary manslaughter; or not guilty by reason of insanity. Notably absent from that list, from the very beginning of the trial, was “not guilty.” Not to be outdone, defense counsel Jackson began his opening statement by declaring: “Friday the 13th, October 1972, Herbert William Mullin took a baseball bat and clubbed one Lawrence White to death.” Not only had he declared his client guilty of murder, *he had implicated him in a crime he had never even been charged with*. Jackson’s opening act also included this little gem: “We do not, as you know, intend to argue the proposition that [Herb] did not commit these killings.” He did not, in other words, intend to actually defend his client.

With Mullin’s guilt having been predetermined—albeit with no actual physical evidence to support that conclusion—the state presented its case in just four days, with the ‘facts’ established rather perfunctorily and without a hint of any objections from the defense table. The defense team, in fact, did not bother to challenge any of the supposed facts of the case, which would not have withstood any sort of scrutiny. Truth be told, the state need not have presented a case at all; the defense did a fine job of establishing Mullin’s guilt. Playing a central role in that charade was Dr. Donald Lunde, who took the stand and proceeded to reveal what was purportedly Herb’s own account of the murders, which the doctor claimed that Mullin had confessed to both he and Cartwright.

Not long into this testimony, Herb objected and requested that Jackson promptly terminate his questioning of Lunde, which was obviously eliciting testimony that was damaging to Herb’s case. Mullin noted of Lunde’s testimony: “different aspects and different facets of the story which I related are being portrayed completely false as to how I made them.” He also informed the judge that, “in conference, they [Lunde and Jackson] explained that they would portray the reasons for my derangement.” The judge, needless to say, declined to halt Lunde’s

testimony, which was essential for establishing Mullin's alleged guilt, which is why, I suppose, the testimony was being solicited by the *defense* team.

Herb voiced numerous other complaints during his trial and frequently questioned the competence and integrity of his appointed defenders, noting at one point the fact that Jackson, his lead attorney, refused to communicate with him in writing. Herb also strenuously objected to the misuse by Lunde of videotapes that the doctor had made of Herb's supposed confessions. Mullin even went so far as to state, rather bluntly, that he was the victim of a huge conspiracy. Despite his deep mistrust of Lunde, the doctor was nevertheless able to convince Mullin to take the stand in his own defense, which any first year law student knows almost never benefits anyone other than the prosecution. While on the stand, Herb was asked directly by Jackson to explain why he had killed thirteen people, to which he responded: "All right. First of all, you have heard me say before that I am a scapegoat, sort of an outcast who has been made to become a scapegoat."

That was not, it seems safe to say, the response that Jackson had hoped to elicit.

On August 19, 1973, the jury returned with guilty verdicts on all ten murder counts. The failure of the pitiful attempt at an insanity defense was due in no small part to a statement from Lunde to the jury: "as a practical matter, whether somebody is dangerous or not, there is no place to put him." The message was quite clear: finding Mullin to be insane would essentially mean setting him free. The jury had essentially been instructed to find Herb guilty, and it did just that. He was sentenced to life in prison and promptly shipped off to Vacaville, before ultimately landing in San Quentin. Over the years, he was periodically shipped back to Vacaville, perhaps in need of a tune-up.

To fully understand the depths of Lunde's cravenness, one need look no further than the doctor's own words, written in his self-serving book on the case: "I had learned years earlier that the best course after a psychiatric interview of a criminal defendant is for me to return to my office, immediately dictate a summary of my notes, and destroy the originals." That is, needless to say, a course of action to be taken only when one feels the need to cover something up, and a course of action that should have disqualified Lunde as a credible witness in the case.

The final words on the Mullin case were written by Kenneth Springer, the jury foreman, who wrote to then-Governor of California Ronald Reagan: "I hold the state executive and state legislative offices as responsible for these 10 lives as I do the defendant himself—none of this need ever have happened." Springer probably had no idea how true those words really were. Nor did he likely know that the very same words could be as accurately applied to the case of Edmund Kemper.

When Ed Kemper was just a toddler, his father headed off for the Pacific, where he spent two years working on the U.S. atomic bomb testing program, as did the father of the so-called “Sunset Strip Killer”...but we’ll get to that later.

Though it appears that efforts have been made to whitewash Kemper’s childhood, there are clear indications that it was a horrifyingly abusive one. At one point in his young life, Ed was made to live in a dank, dark basement for eight consecutive months, the only access to which was through a trapdoor hidden beneath a kitchen table. From the age of eight, Ed engaged in an incestuous relationship with an older sister. At ten, he killed and beheaded his first cat, planted the severed head on a spindle and thereafter prayed over it. According to chronicler Margaret Cheney, he was prone to “zombie-like fits of staring,” which is another way of saying that he had a strong tendency to dissociate.

At the tender age of fifteen, Kemper summarily executed both of his grandparents with single .22 caliber rounds to the backs of their heads. He was judged insane and, on December 6, 1964, was remanded by the California Youth Authority to Atascadero State Hospital, an enormous facility filled with convicted rapists, child molesters and other violent sex offenders. Kemper remained at Atascadero for five years. On staff there, near the end of his confinement, was none other than Dr. Donald Lunde. It is indeed a small world.

Remanded back to the CYA as ‘cured,’ Kemper was paroled three months later to his mother’s care. Not long after, Ed began work on a particularly brutal string of murders, while at the very same time he successfully petitioned to have his juvenile record sealed. In pursuit of that latter goal, he reportedly once drove to Fresno for a required psychiatric exam with a freshly severed head in the trunk of his car.

Kemper spent a considerable amount of his free time hanging out at a bar called the “Jury Room,” which served as a watering hole for local cops, sheriffs and prosecuting attorneys. Kemper was quite well known there, where he was affectionately known as “Big Ed,” even by the regulars who were aware of his colorful history. This theme of alleged serial killers maintaining close ties with various law enforcement agencies and personnel is one that will be revisited frequently in this book. In fact, many of the men profiled herein, including Ed Kemper, aspired to careers in law enforcement themselves.

By April 1973, Kemper had been charged with savagely murdering six female hitchhikers between May 1972 and February 1973. He followed those killings up with his swansong—bludgeoning his own mother to death, beheading her, raping her headless corpse, and then, according to some reports, using her severed head as a dartboard. Ed then called to invite his mother’s friend over to the house that he shared with his mom and, upon her arrival, quickly dealt with her in a similar manner. This double murder occurred, strangely enough, on April 21,

1973—exactly five years to the day from the date on which Herb Mullin had noted that the “GAME” had begun. Kemper quickly fled the state, ending up in Pueblo, Colorado after a making a stop at the University of Nevada campus for reasons unknown.

On April 23, Big Ed called some of his drinking buddies at the Santa Cruz Police Department and promptly began confessing his crimes. Pueblo police arrested him as he stood at a public payphone talking to the Santa Cruz officers. In his nearby car were 3 guns and 200 rounds of ammunition. He had apparently left some of his arsenal at home; his sister claimed that Ed owned at least six guns, including a .22 Ruger pistol, which is the one that he allegedly used to inflict the fatal head wounds that killed many of his victims. Why Ed chose to turn himself in and give up without a fight, after making his roundabout escape equipped with a mini arsenal, remains a mystery.

Though there is no question that Kemper was involved in the killings (he did, after all, document his handiwork with Polaroids), there is evidence to suggest that others may have been involved as well. An eyewitness to the abduction of one victim, for instance, described a “fairly tall male Caucasian” driving a “cream or tan-colored sedan.” Kemper’s car was bright yellow, and he was hardly what would be considered “fairly tall.” Kemper, in fact, was known as Big Ed for good reason: he was a giant of a man, standing 6’ 9” tall and weighing in at 280 pounds. It would have been nearly impossible for any potential eyewitnesses not to notice his imposing stature.

One particularly bizarre aspect of the crimes attributed to Ed Kemper and Herb Mullin is that the body of one of Ed’s alleged victims and the body of one of Herb’s alleged victims were found buried in the virtually the same isolated, remote location. As Kemper himself noted, the body of his victim was discovered “amazingly close to where the girl from Cabrillo was found up there, stabbed.”

Kemper’s trial was a largely pointless affair that featured the very same cast of characters that had starred in the Frazier and Mullin trials. No one in the courtroom ever questioned whether Ed was factually guilty of the crimes, or whether he had acted alone. After all, he had given what Cheney described as “one of the most detailed, articulate, and chilling confessions of sadism, murder, mutilation, cannibalism, and necrophilia in the annals of crime.” He had also taken the time to document his barbarity with a large collection of ‘snuff’ photos. What the confessions and photos revealed was a series of unbelievably sadistic crimes that were laced with occult symbolism. This had led some avenues of the media to theorize, prior to Ed’s arrest, that the yet-to-be-identified killer was a member of a devil-worshipping cult.

Just as Mullin had unwisely chosen to take the stand in his own defense, so too did Kemper. He testified that the killings arose from fantasies that began to build

in his head during his confinement at Atascadero. Attorney Jackson elaborated, adding that Ed had told California Youth Authority officials of “evil forces within him which tried to control his behavior.” Incidentally, John Frazier, like Kemper, had spent time with the CYA; he also claimed, like Mullin, to hear voices in his head. The phenomenon of hearing voices, though considered by psychiatrists to be auditory hallucinations indicative of delusional thought processes, is actually a quite logical manifestation of both Multiple Personality Disorder and mind control programming, the two frequently going hand-in-hand. Many researchers have put forth the idea that the hearing of such voices, and particularly the receiving of specific commands, is a result of various high-tech forms of electromagnetic mind control, such as inter-cerebral implants. However, while such technology no doubt exists, it really is not necessary to explain the phenomenon of hearing voices—a phenomenon that long predates the development of any technological means to produce it.

In all probability, what the voices represent are the various alter personalities of a person with a severe dissociative disorder communicating with that person’s core personality, which has no conscious awareness of the alters and so experiences their voices as disembodied “voices in the head.” The voices, in other words, are essentially a one-way internal conversation between different personalities inhabiting the same body. In a sense then, the voices are not a delusion at all, for the afflicted person is not imagining that someone is talking to him; someone *is* talking to him. The problem is that the person is unaware that the person talking to him is actually within him. He is, in a very real sense, talking to himself.

Ed Kemper was probably familiar with the notion of voices in the head. As he once said, “I believe...that there are two people inside me.” He also described experiencing a dissociative state while going about his grisly work: “It’s almost like a blacking out. You know what you’re doing but you don’t notice anything else around.” Ed was judged sane and guilty of eight counts of first-degree murder, giving him a career total of ten homicide convictions, just like Herb Mullin. He was sentenced to life in prison and sent to Vacaville, then later transferred to Folsom.

* * * * *

It seems somehow redundant to review the case of the so-called Vampire of Sacramento, Richard Chase, given that his story closely parallels that of Herb Mullin. Nevertheless, a brief review is in order.

Chase was born into a household where inter-familial violence was the order of the day. His parents reportedly fought constantly, and his father was

euphemistically described as a “strict disciplinarian.” By the age of eighteen, Richard was receiving regular psychiatric care. In the late 1960s, Chase was twice arrested for possession of marijuana, the same charge that first brought Mullin into the orbit of the criminal justice system. Richard was also a suspect in a 1968 shooting, although he was never charged with the crime. In 1973, he was arrested for carrying a concealed weapon and, on December 1, he was admitted into the American River Hospital by order of the court, but was discharged not long after into the care of his mother. As Herb had done with his father, Richard took to accusing his mother of controlling his mind. Chase also began claiming in the mid-70s that he was receiving telepathic messages. He was known to hold conversations with people nobody else could see. And like Mullin, Chase reportedly had a healthy appetite for hallucinogenic drugs. His mother later claimed that her son’s problems were due to him being the victim of LSD abuse.

Richard was again arrested in 1976 and, on April 28, just two days shy of *Walpurgisnacht*, was again admitted to American River Hospital. In June of that same year, his mother was granted a one-year conservatorship of the troubled young man. He was then transferred to Beverly Manor, where he became known to staff and fellow inmates as “Dracula.” In September 1976, he was released. In June or July of the following year, Richard Chase made a very odd solo journey to Washington, D.C., for reasons unknown. He never explained to anyone, before or after the trip, the reason for his abrupt and unexpected sojourn. Immediately after that, on August 3, 1977, Chase was arrested at California’s Pyramid Lake. Two loaded and bloodstained rifles were on the seat of his truck, along with Richard’s bloodstained clothes and shoes. Also in the vehicle was a large bucket of blood in which was floating a fresh liver (later claimed to be from a cow). Chase—naked, dripping with fresh blood, and with dried blood caked in his hair, whiskers and ears—fled from the officers upon their approach. He was apprehended, arrested and charged with federal gun law violations. In a rather unlikely turn of events, all the charges were subsequently dropped.

Less than five months later, Chase’s alleged killing spree began, just after he purchased a .22 semi-automatic handgun in early December 1977—just as Mullin had done in December 1972. On December 29, an engineer with the Federal Bureau of Land Management was picked off by a sniper in a car wielding a .22 caliber weapon—precisely mirroring one of the crimes attributed to Herb Mullin. Not quite a month after that, Teresa Wallin was killed with two contact wounds to the head from a .22, one pumped into her left temple. The slugs recovered from her head were said to be “similar” to the one that killed engineer Ambrose Griffin—which is not saying much, since any .22 slug would be similar to the one that killed Griffin.

Teresa Wallin was carved up and left on display. She was ripped open from her neck to her groin, with her sternum and breastplate split open. Some of her organs were removed and her left nipple was sliced off. She was then posed in the master bedroom on her back, with her splayed legs facing the hallway. Her corpse was found to contain a three-month-old fetus. Just four days later, in a scene reminiscent of the Ohta house after John Frazier's alleged visit, or the Francis home after Herb Mullin's alleged visit, Evelyn Miroth was found dead in her home, the victim of a .22 round fired above her left ear at very close range. A man described as a friend, Danny Meredith, caught two slugs to the head, one between the eyes and another next to his left ear. Young Jason Miroth, Evelyn's son, was shot above the left ear and in the back of the head. Missing from the home was twenty-two-month-old David Ferreira, Evelyn's nephew. He was also shot in the head, though his body was not discovered until much later.

Evelyn Miroth was also brutally mutilated after her death, as was young David Ferreira. Miroth was found nude, ripped open and with her legs splayed. Two household knives lay near her body. Her right eye had been partially removed and there were multiple cuts and stab wounds about her neck. She had been split down the middle, with a second cut across her abdomen intersecting the first gaping wound, thereby forming an inverted cross on her corpse—as was the case also with Mullin's alleged 'ripper' victim, whose body was discarded nearly alongside of one of Kemper's alleged victims. Another cut ran up the back of Evelyn Miroth's buttocks; tests revealed that semen was present in the wound. This semen was never matched to that of her alleged killer. The bathroom of the home was a gruesome sight, with blood all over the floor and bloody water left standing in the bathtub, indicating that Miroth was probably butchered there before being posed elsewhere.

Mirroring the situation five years earlier in Santa Cruz, the homicide rate in Sacramento soared during Chase's alleged murder spree. In the twenty-nine days between his first and last killings, no fewer than fourteen largely unexplained murders plagued the capital city. Included among the dead were a baby girl killed by her father and a baby boy killed by his mother. Both of these infanticidal parents drew three-year sentences, illustrating once again the appalling job done by the criminal 'justice' system in protecting the most vulnerable of Americans.

On January 28, just one day after the Miroth bloodbath, Richard Chase was arrested by a three-man team of detectives that had been working the case. Despite the fact that these were arguably the most sensational crimes in the city's history, the three were all rookies whose *combined* experience working homicide cases totaled just six months. It seemed almost as though the police, rather than turn the case over to its most seasoned homicide detectives, had opted to bring in a team of newcomers to handle the investigation.

At the time of his arrest, Chase believed that he was under investigation not for murder, but for killing dogs, which he apparently was in the habit of doing. The detectives quickly made clear that Richard was being charged with multiple counts of murder, which he repeatedly denied knowing anything about. He readily admitted though to killing the dogs, whose blood covered virtually everything in his apartment, including his handwritten notebook that reportedly featured drawings of swastikas. Chase was grilled relentlessly by detectives, who showed him photographs and filled him in on the details of the crimes they claimed he was guilty of committing. Steadfastly though, Chase maintained his innocence, at one point saying: "I just...I don't know. I don't understand how it could be me."²³

Eventually two other detectives took over the questioning of Chase, showing him yet more graphic crime scene photos and hurling yet more accusations at him. Nevertheless, Richard continued to steadfastly deny any involvement in the murders and the detectives ultimately gave up and sent him to a cell. Once there, amazingly enough, Chase promptly confessed the murders to a trustee inmate. That is, at any rate, the way the official story reads.

To say that the case against Chase was weak would be a serious understatement. No forensics evidence placed him at, or even anywhere near any of the crime scenes: not one drop of blood, not one strand of hair, not a single fingerprint. No witnesses could place him at any of the scenes and no ballistics evidence linked him to any of the killings. The only evidence recovered at the Wallin crime scene consisted of latex glove prints and fresh shoeprints on the kitchen floor. The latter, oddly enough, were not noticed until hours after technicians began searching the home, and hours after investigators had been freely trampling over the

23 That statement by Chase may have been a telling one. Such speculative statements about one's own guilt or innocence, seeming to imply that the accused cannot say for certain, are quite common in the serial killer literature. Ted Bundy, who gave what are said to be 'confessions' by speculating on what the killer *may or may not* have done, was particularly notorious for such comments. These types of statements are generally attributed to the killer's desire to match wits with, and play games with, their pursuers, and/or to a desire to confess their crimes without actually giving a legally admissible confession—to take credit for their crimes without actually incriminating themselves. However, there is another explanation: it might be that many of these alleged killers cannot honestly say whether they are guilty. They know that the persona being questioned is not guilty, but they may not be able to rule out the possibility that another persona, utilizing their body, may indeed be guilty. That would be particularly true if the person has 'blacked-out' the timeframe when the crimes occurred.

alleged evidence. One detail of the crime scene strongly indicated that the killer was not Chase, but rather someone known to Teresa: her ever-vigilant German Shepherd, Brutus, was in the house at the time of the killing.

Two sisters of David Wallin—Teresa's husband, who discovered the body—suspected one of David's former significant others, who claimed to possess psychic powers and who had bragged to the two women that she was in a "devil cult." One such cult that was active in the area, strangely enough, was the Manson Family, who had relocated to the area to be near their leader's new home in a California prison cell. Indeed, the Family's Lynette "Squeaky" Fromme had been arrested just two years before, in 1975, in the city's Capital Park following a failed assassination attempt on then-President Gerald Ford.

At the Miroth crime scene, all that was left behind by the killer was again shoeprints, this time in the outside soil, and latex glove prints. A cigarette butt that may or may not have been left by an assailant was found on the porch. There is no indication that saliva on that butt was ever matched to Chase. Richard's car was apparently parked nearby, adjacent to the Country Club Centre, a fact that prosecutors pointed to as an indication of guilt. If so, Chase had parked the car rather inappropriately for use as an intended getaway car: it was quite conspicuously parked in a clearly marked no-parking zone. And oddly enough, the car was not actually used; the Meredith car was driven away from the home by the killer(s). It appeared as though Chase's car had been deliberately left, by someone, in such a way that it would not fail to be noticed, and in a location that would establish Richard's presence near the crime. There is a distinct possibility that whoever killed the inhabitants of the Miroth home arrived in the Meredith car as well as leaving in it, which would mean that the killer almost certainly knew the victims. Neighbors across the street, who were keeping a fairly close eye on the house, saw no one enter or leave the Miroth home, saw no other cars arrive, and neither saw nor heard any signs of a struggle.

Perhaps the clearest indication that Chase did not act alone in committing the crime, if indeed he was involved at all, is that the tiny body of David Ferreira was found adjacent to a church nearly two months *after* Richard had been arrested. The discovery was made when a gate that was normally kept locked was found to be unlocked and left ajar. There in a box lay Ferreira's remains—stabbed, slashed, shot and beheaded. Also in the box were the child's clothes and Danny Meredith's car keys. According to prosecutors, the body had been decomposing there since before Chase's arrest. Common sense and the circumstances of its discovery suggest otherwise.

When Chase's trial began on January 2, 1979, Richard stood before the court looking very much like a concentration camp inmate. Already a thin man, the 5'

11” Chase’s weight had dropped to a nearly skeletal 107 pounds. He sat emotionless at the defense table, his mind seemingly miles away.

As recounted by Lt. Ray Biondi, who headed the investigation and co-authored a self-congratulatory book on the case, the most “damning” pieces of evidence presented in support of the state’s case were two items that Chase allegedly had in his possession at the time of his arrest: a .22 caliber handgun and Danny Meredith’s wallet. The .22 though could not be matched to any of the slugs recovered from the victims, and the possibility certainly exists that the wallet was planted, or was acquired by Chase after the murders. As it turned out, the strongest card in the state’s hand was Chase himself, who took the stand in his own defense, just as Herb had done. Despite having entered pleas of “not guilty” and “not guilty by reason of insanity,” Chase proceeded to give a long and rambling confession on the stand, during which he “freely and accurately used psychiatric and legal jargon,” according to Biondi. What he could not do, however, was accurately recall many of the details of the crimes.

Chase’s defense counsel greatly aided the prosecution’s efforts by asking the jury to return second-degree murder convictions against his client. Echoing the immortal words of James Jackson, he stated: “I just feel that to tell you that there is something less than murder here is not a reasonable way to argue to you.” On May 8, 1979, after just five hours of deliberations, the jury returned with six first-degree murder convictions. Six days later, after just 65 minutes of deliberations, they found the defendant sane. Four more hours of deliberations produced death sentences, after Chase once again took the stand during the penalty phase of the trial.

Richard Chase never made his appointment with the executioner. On December 26, 1980, he was found dead in his cell from the toxic ingestion of an enormous quantity of anti-psychotic drugs. His death was ruled a suicide. He allegedly had hoarded his daily medicine until he accumulated a lethal dose. His daily medication packet for that day, however, was found untouched.

Not long before his premature death, Chase spent four months incarcerated at—where else?—Vacaville.

Chapter 14

Superstars

“[W]e locate a number of good hypnotic subjects among the criminal class. We then isolate and train these subjects...If allowed a free hand, the authorities could proceed to plant such prepared subjects from the criminal class where it would do the most good...”

—George Estabrooks in *Hypnotism*

As the mid-1970s rolled around, the FBI’s Behavioral Sciences Unit came of age, the ‘science’ of criminal profiling was thrust upon the American people, the term “serial killer” entered the national lexicon, and the marauding mass murderer suddenly became the new American anti-hero. As soon as there was a name for this new and feared breed of criminal, the country bore witness to the media giving saturation coverage to the alleged exploits of these individuals, creating larger-than-life figures out of the likes of Henry Lee Lucas, David “Son of Sam” Berkowitz, Theodore Robert Bundy, John Wayne Gacy, and Angelo Buono and Kenneth Bianchi, collectively known as the “Hillside Stranglers.”

Henry Lee Lucas, already discussed in previous chapters, had the longest reign of any of the serial killer superstars, spanning from 1975 to 1983. The alleged Son of Sam had a much shorter though quite spectacular reign just a year into Henry’s killing spree. That string of execution-style shootings has been far more thoroughly examined in Maury Terry’s *The Ultimate Evil* than would be possible here. Interested readers are advised to pick up a copy of Terry’s book, a thorough reading of which will facilitate a better understanding of this book.

The twelve victims attributed to the Hillside Stranglers were killed between October 17, 1977 and February 17, 1978, closely mirroring the alleged murder spree of Herb Mullin, whose thirteen alleged victims were killed during almost the exact same span of time just five years earlier: October 13, 1972 to February 13, 1973. The last killing attributed to Ted Bundy occurred just eight days before

the last Hillside Strangling, on February 9, 1978. Bundy had been killing for four years or more, according to varying accounts. John Gacy's reign also ended in 1978, and he too had been killing for about four years—longer by some accounts.

There were a number of parallels between the cases of these high-profile killers. Kenneth Bianchi, like Charles Manson, was born the son of an alcoholic, teenage prostitute. His alleged partner, Sicilian-bred Angelo Buono, was also born the son of a prostitute. Like Lucas, Buono spoke of being taken along by his mother while she serviced her tricks. According to some accounts, Ted Bundy's mother was an abusive young prostitute as well, who also plied her trade in the presence of her young son.²⁴

24 Prostitution is a theme that runs rampant through the serial killer literature. In addition to being born the sons of prostitutes—frequently underage prostitutes—some future predators have themselves been forced into child prostitution, probably far more often than has been reported. A large percentage of the victims of alleged serial killers make their living as prostitutes as well. More than a few serial killers have worked as pimps, running their own prostitution rings, as was already seen in the case of Manson. Of the alleged killers profiled in this chapter, both Gacy and Buono were involved in running prostitution rings, with both specializing in child prostitution rings. Other killers we will meet elsewhere in this book had close ties to the sex trade as well. Serial murder and prostitution are such frequent bedfellows precisely because both of these activities tend to carry the heavy stench of mind control. As numerous studies have shown, the vast majority of prostitutes begin their careers at a very young age—as child prostitutes. As was noted in an earlier chapter, almost all child prostitutes are borne of a lifetime of abuse. They work the streets either because the conditions in their own homes are so horrendous that the street life is actually preferable, or because a family member has forced them into prostitution. These are people who will—to an overwhelming degree—have a very strong tendency to dissociate, and who are, therefore, prime targets for mind control operations. Any good pimp has at least a general understanding of that fact. That is why the image of the abusive pimp maintaining control over his brazenly exploited flock is such a pervasive one. Psychologists and sociologists have long stumbled over mountains of jargon and double-talk attempting to explain why prostitutes will remain fiercely loyal to a man who regularly beats and berates them while appropriating nearly all of their earnings. The same is true of the proverbial battered wives who refuse to leave the men who repeatedly rape and beat them. Meaningless terms such as ‘battered wife syndrome’ are routinely tossed out to try to explain this phenomenon. When asked, none of these victims, housewife or prostitute, can really explain why they choose to remain in such a chronically abusive environment. The ugly reality is that all of these women, whether

Bianchi, Bundy and Gacy all had an intense interest in law enforcement work. Bianchi, for example, studied police science in college, went on ride-alongs with the LAPD, joined the Sheriff's Reserves, and was known to carry a California Highway Patrol badge. Gacy was described by his wife as a "police freak"—a description that was applied to him by others as well. From an early age, Ted Bundy also expressed a strong interest in pursuing a law enforcement career, and at various times worked for the Seattle Crime Prevention Advisory Committee, the King County Law and Justice Planning Office, the Seattle Crime Commission, and as a self-employed law enforcement consultant, billing himself as T.R.B. Associates.

Another common thread that ties the cases of these men together is an early experience in the workforce that exposed them to the depravities that one human can inflict upon another. Kenneth Bianchi, for example, worked for a time as an ambulance attendant. So did John Wayne Gacy, who also was employed at a mortuary. Such an experience is what the intelligence community refers to as a 'bleeding.' In a similar vein, the entire country is being 'blooded,' though on a lesser level, through near constant exposure to a television and videogame diet increasingly dominated by scenes of graphic violence. The effect of this is to radically desensitize individuals, or an entire society, to appalling levels of bloodshed and carnage.

Another commonality among some of the more high profile serial killers profiled in this chapter and others are seemingly improbable connections to very high-ranking members of their respective political parties. Gacy, for example, was a fixture in Chicago Democratic Party circles. Despite his colorful and at times criminal past, he had a high enough security clearance to have once had a face-to-face meeting with then-First Lady Rosalynn Carter. Ted Bundy was equally well connected to various Republican Party officials.

As a final note here, before taking a closer look at the stories of these men, it should be noted that the era in which their crimes were committed was a time when reported cases of Multiple Personality Disorder skyrocketed. Before the decade of the 1970s was over, twice as many cases had been reported in that ten-year span as in the previous 100 years. There are indications that all of these alleged killers suffered, to varying degrees, from a dissociative disorder. Bianchi

on the streets or in the home, are—to varying degrees—victims of mind control. And a careful reading of the literature reveals that virtually all such victims have suffered a lifetime of abuse, beginning long before their current abusers entered the picture. Of course, most of them are not victims of the systematic and highly refined techniques practiced by the intelligence community, but they are mind control victims just the same. And so it is with those we think of as serial killers.

was diagnosed as such by a number of therapists, though this diagnosis was disputed by others—including the CIA's own Martin Orne and Margaret Singer.

Though never formally diagnosed, Ted Bundy displayed unmistakable signs of a dissociative disorder as well. Not only could Bundy's personality change at a moment's notice, but his physical appearance could as well. Bundy had a chameleon-like ability to alter his appearance, an ability that is clearly displayed in the numerous photos of him that grace the pages of the various books he has inspired. A neighbor of his in Florida once offered this observation: "He always looked different...I don't know, sometimes he just didn't even look like the same person at all." Diana Smith, a therapist and Bundy family friend, wondered how Ted could "be so many different things to so many different people." An investigator on the Bundy case, Joe Aloï, claimed that he once observed Bundy react to a particularly stressful situation by spontaneously, and quite radically, altering his physical appearance; Ted's body and muscle tone changed markedly, and he suddenly became sweaty and began emitting a noticeable odor. The judge who presided over Ted's Colorado trial referred to him as a "changeling," noting the unsettling way in which his appearance could change dramatically with his mood. The judge drew a comparison to Vincent Bugliosi's description of Charles Manson's similar ability. Bugliosi was not the only one to make that observation about Manson; disciple Susan Atkins once said: "Charlie changes from second to second. He can be anybody he wants to be. He can put on any face he wants to put on at any given moment."²⁵

Although John Wayne Gacy did not have the ability to alter his physical appearance, as Detective David Hachmeister of the DesPlaines police observed, "His personality could change in a split second." Gacy was viewed by many as a pillar of the community—a man who was politically active and well-connected, who gave of his time freely to entertain children, who was a valued neighbor who regularly hosted parties with hundreds of guests, and who was a successful businessman and a loving father. On the other hand, he also had the unique distinction of being convicted of thirty-three counts of first-degree murder. How are we to reconcile these two sides of John Gacy? Men such as he are usually said to be 'sociopaths.' They are said to be lacking a conscience. The persona that is

25 That ability is a very real, though extremely rare, physiological phenomenon. George Estabrooks explained it decades ago, in his seminal work *Hypnotism*, as a hypnotically induced phenomenon that is indicative of a severe dissociative disorder. Estabrooks also explained such religious/supernatural phenomena as speaking in tongues, the appearance of stigmata, and the channeling of 'spirits' by 'mediums,' as hypnotic/dissociative phenomena.

presented to the public is said to be nothing more than an elaborate ruse, an emotionless facade disguising the monster within.

But is it not just as likely, if not more so, that the public self is, in fact, a legitimate personality—separate and distinct from the one that does the killing? And when the monster emerges, does this represent the facade slipping away, or an alter personality emerging? Or is there any difference? Is the ‘sociopath’ label not, in the final analysis, just another way of describing multiple personality disorder?

* * * * *

Kenneth Bianchi is, like many other serial killers, of unknown parentage. He was born the son of an alcoholic teenage prostitute on May 22, 1951 in Rochester, New York, and then privately adopted by the Bianchis. His adoptive parents were repeatedly reported to the Rochester Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children for their treatment of their son. Ken was taken frequently to doctors and administered unspecified tests at the urging of his mother, who also frequently kept him home from school for prolonged absences, including nearly his entire Kindergarten year. As a child, Bianchi frequently lapsed into trance-like states, during which time his eyes would roll back in his head. He later recalled enduring such punishments as having his hand held over a stove flame. He also is said to have once killed a cat and left it on his neighbor’s porch on Halloween.

Following high school, Bianchi sought psychiatric care and married briefly, although the union lasted just eight months. He also attended junior college, studying psychology and police science—and reportedly making frequent use of the school’s medical facilities. He found work both as a bouncer and as an ambulance attendant, and apparently considered an Air Force career, for which he took a qualifying test. Sometime during his early adult years, Bianchi also joined a biker gang, which ostensibly was the inspiration for the rather remarkable tattoo that he sported on his arm: “Satan’s Own M.C.” Perhaps not surprisingly, Ken had gaps in his memory, and would sometimes find himself walking down a street with no memory of how he got there or what he had been doing immediately prior. Such episodes are clear signs of a dissociative disorder, a category that includes fugue states and amnesia, as well as MPD/DID.

At the age of twenty-six, Ken arrived in Hollywood and moved in with his cousin, Angelo Buono, and Angelo’s son, also named Angelo Buono. Bianchi readily established access to a steady supply of drugs, which he both sold and used. He also, rather improbably, set up shop as a therapist, sharing office space with a legitimate therapist in North Hollywood. During this time in California, Ken claimed to be getting outpatient treatments for cancer, and he regularly visited a hospital to

receive those treatments. He generally preferred to go alone to these appointments, although sometimes his girlfriend, Kelli, drove him there and then waited in the car for him to return.

Bianchi, of course, never actually had cancer. There is no question though that he was indeed making regular visits to a medical facility, and he was receiving *some* kind of treatments, although at least one of his chroniclers has claimed that Ken would, on a regular basis, enter the hospital, randomly kill time by reading and hanging out, and then return to the car. What possible purpose would be served by his doing so is left unexplained, as is how Bianchi was able to bring home legitimate receipts and medical forms following these treatments.

Ken's cousin and reputed partner, Angelo Buono, reportedly had a strong bond with his mother, whom he frequently accused of being a whore; he never lived more than a couple of miles from her throughout his entire adult life. Angelo quit high school at the age of sixteen and he was shortly thereafter remanded to the custody of the California Youth Authority. By the age of twenty, he was known for his flamboyance, exemplified by his habit of driving new Cadillacs. It is unclear how he suddenly acquired such wealth.

Buono apparently had a lifelong penchant for underage girls; during his life, he married at least two of them. He fathered at least eight kids by his numerous wives; he reportedly regularly sodomized all of them. He also beat and sodomized his wives, often in front of the children. Angelo's sons and only daughter were frequent visitors to the house that their dad shared for a time with Ken Bianchi. Many young girls were frequent visitors as well, and some even lived there for varying periods of time. Angelo has been described as a "magnet for women" and he had a constant stream of mostly teenage girls passing through his home. Many of them were working for him; his auto upholstery shop also served as a front for a teenage prostitution racket. Some of his girls—including sixteen-year-old Sabra Hannan and Rebekah Gay Spears, a fifteen-year-old biker's daughter—were kept virtually enslaved with regular beatings, rapes, and threats of death and dismemberment.

Angelo supplied the services of these young girls to the city's business and political elite, including a city councilman, a police chief, and a chief aide to a member of the L.A. County Board of Supervisors. Such favors had earned side-kick Bianchi the right to display an L.A. County Seal on the windshield of his Cadillac. Buono and Bianchi had connections to the Hollywood crowd as well; Angelo once shared a home with actor Artie Ford, a friend of fellow actor Jay Silverheels (the *Lone Ranger's* Tonto). He also repaired cars for Frank Sinatra and for reputed Mafioso Joe Bonnano. Buono's daughter claimed that her father once drove her to Sinatra's Palm Springs home, where Angelo dropped off a package. Several of the suspects identified during the course of the investigation were

Hollywood names as well. The first suspect booked was actor Ned York, who gave a long and rambling confession to the crimes. Another man questioned in connection to the stranglings was identified as a minor actor who had a film studio set up in his home. An aspiring actress told of going to this home for an audition and being forced to participate in the production of hardcore S&M films. Yet another suspect was a man identified only as a famous Hollywood producer who was said to enjoy the company of young girls. He was stopped by police while driving the car of a convicted rapist, accompanied by a young girl, and he was discovered to be in possession of a phony police ID.

Buono was known to have two avid interests that are common to many alleged serial killers: guns and Polaroid photography. Angelo reportedly owned five rifles, two .45 caliber handguns, and a Thompson sub-machinegun. He also owned a Polaroid camera, with which he was said to have photographed some of the pair's victims, although such photographs were never produced at trial.

Buono and Bianchi's first purported victim was a black prostitute and drug dealer named Yolanda Washington whose nude body was found along Forest Lawn Drive. She had been strangled with intense force after having sexual contact with at least two men. Not long before her death, she and a group of fellow prostitutes had sold Buono a 'trick list.' The month before Washington's body was found, a girl named Laura Collins was found similarly strangled and dumped not far from Forest Lawn Drive, but her death, oddly enough, was never attributed to the so-called Hillside Stranglers.

The next victim, Judith Ann Miller, also a prostitute, was found sprawled nude on Halloween day, 1977. She had been carefully placed by two or more individuals, and had marks on her face, wrists and ankles that suggested that she had been gagged and bound, but her bindings had been subsequently removed. There were said to be two witnesses to the abduction, both of whom—like the killers and the victims—reeked of mind control operations. One was a woman who had worked as a subject for a professional stage hypnotist; he had hypnotized her on literally hundreds of occasions. She claimed to have seen Miller get into a car with a light-skinned black man. The other witness was a male bounty hunter named Marcus Camden; he saw the victim get into a dark blue limousine, which he said was definitely not Ken's Cadillac. He described the driver as a dark man with curly hair, Latin looking, and with a big nose. Neither witness saw a second man in the vehicle, although both Bianchi and Buono were later said to have participated in the abduction. Investigator Frank Salerno promptly checked Camden into Cedars-Sinai Hospital for tests, for reasons that are unclear. Much later, Camden allegedly positively identified Angelo; at the time, he was voluntarily committed to Richmond State Hospital in Indiana. As an interesting side note,

witness Camden was missing two left fingertips, which is, according to some unconfirmed reports, an identifying mark of some satanic cults.

The next victim was Lissa Teresa Kastin, an exotic dancer with the L.A. Knockers dance troupe. She was likely a prostitute as well; at the very least, she had considered the profession and had discussed it with others. A witness who worked on a composite drawing described Lissa's abductor as a white or Latino man with an olive complexion and acne, in his late 20s, 6'2" or 6'3" tall, 150 to 160 lbs., and with a thick mustache and a small mole on his left cheek—a description that didn't fit Buono or Bianchi. Jill Barcomb was the next victim. She was, like the others, a prostitute who was found nude and strangled. Following her was Kathleen Robinson, described as being part of the street scene. Unlike the others, she was found fully clothed. Next was Kristina Weckler, an honors student at the Pasadena Art Center. She was found nude and strangled, and she had had Windex injected into her arms and neck.

Bob Grogan, one of lead investigators on the Strangler task force, pocketed and subsequently suppressed Weckler's personal notebook—a flagrantly illegal act that he later openly acknowledged. Grogan, who had served as a technical adviser on the *TJ Hooker* television series, had connections to Santa Monica's Rand Corporation, which is widely regarded by researchers as a CIA front.

The next two victims were Sonja Johnson and Dollie Cepeda, who were just fourteen and twelve years old, respectively. Following them was Jane King, who was picked up across the street from the Scientology Manor, where she was reportedly taking acting classes. The body of Lauren Wagner was the next to be discovered; she had been strangled and electrocuted. There were purportedly at least three witnesses to her abduction, though all of them were problematic. One of these was a neighbor, Beulah Stofer, who reportedly witnessed the abduction from the window of her home, after which she claimed to have received a threatening phone call. She said that she had seen two men argue with Wagner before dragging her into a car and had heard Lauren scream: "You won't get away with this." Strangely, however, she did not initially report what she had witnessed. Stofer ultimately identified both Buono and Bianchi as the girl's abductors, after being questioned by Grogan on more than 100 occasions, by his own accounting. Prior to a visit to the crime scene by Buono's jury, Grogan later tampered with the scene by going to Stofer's house to trim her front hedges, which normally blocked the view out of the window that Stofer claimed to have witnessed the crime from.

Another neighbor claimed to have witnessed the abduction of the girl as well, but this witness also failed to initially report the incident. A third witness claimed that he just happened to be driving by at the time of the abduction. The man was said to be a convicted killer who had been 'cured' at Atascadero, just like killer Ed Kemper had been cured at that same facility.

Forensics evidence indicated a culprit other than Bianchi or Buono. A substance found on the corpse was determined to have come from a type B secretor, which ruled out both of the cousins. At trial, the state argued that the substance was nothing more than ant residue. The media, which had been focusing their bright lights on the trial, decided, for no apparent reason, not to provide coverage of this rather dubious testimony.

The next victim, Kimberly Dianne Martin, was found in a vacant apartment—bound, gagged, strangled, and with a fractured skull and blood dripping from her ear. She was an underage outcall prostitute who had been dispatched to meet a trick. The request had reportedly been phoned in by Ken Bianchi. Just three days after her death, Bianchi went on a ride-along with the LAPD. The last victim attributed to the Hillside Stranglers was Cindy Lee Hudspeth, who was strangled and stuffed nude into the trunk of a car, which was then pushed over an incline. Bianchi would later claim, in a purported confession, that the car was pushed over front-end first; evidence indicated otherwise. This was just one of many details that his ‘confessions’ would get wrong.

Soon after the killings began, a task force was established that included elements of the LAPD, the L.A. Sheriff’s Department, and the Glendale Police Department. It eventually grew to include 162 officers. The task force’s headquarters was in room 832 of the Justice Building, which had been converted from its original use as a courtroom, the very same courtroom where Charles Manson had been tried and convicted. The team was led by Frank Salerno, who had earlier headed a narcotics team that had arrested the very same Charles Manson on drug charges. Also on board the task force was the aforementioned evidence tamperer, Bob Grogan. Weekly press conferences were held by then-Chief Daryl F. Gates, who had little progress to report as the killings continued, with some of the bodies showing up carefully posed in the hills near the L.A. Police Academy. All of the victims had been raped, and yet semen tests that were conducted reportedly yielded nothing. Ken Bianchi was questioned on multiple occasions during the investigation, by at least two LAPD officers and one Glendale cop, but he was cleared each time.

One ‘expert’ consulted by the press was none other than Dr. Louis Jolyon West, a prominent member of the False Memory Syndrome Foundation who was connected to numerous covert CIA operations throughout his career. West told the *L.A. Times*: “It would be most unlikely to find this done by more than one person...this type is almost always the work of a single person.” This was an obvious bit of disinformation that flew in the face of the known facts of the case. Not long after the Hillside Stranglings, West was one of the first prominent mouthpieces to promote the mass suicide story to explain what happened at Jonestown. This was another rather obvious bit of disinformation.

Three months after the last killing, Bianchi left the Los Angeles area for Bellingham, Washington, where he wasted no time in joining the Whatcom County Sheriff's Reserves. Strangely enough, the chief of the police department of Bianchi's new city of residence was both a former Los Angeles cop and a friend of fourteen-year-old victim Sonja Johnson's father, the bookkeeper for an L.A.-area Catholic parish school. Chief Terry Mangan had an unusual history that sounded as though it could have been written by a Hollywood screenwriter. While working as an ordained priest, and as a high school teacher and dean of students in Monterrey, California, he began serving as a counselor to the police. He was soon regularly hanging out at the police academy and riding on patrol every night, becoming some kind of mythical priest-cop. He ultimately left the priesthood altogether and became a full-fledged cop. In 1976, the year before the stranglings began, he was named the new chief of the Bellingham force.

On January 12, 1979, two Western Washington University coeds were found bound and strangled. Footprints and a loose pubic hair were reportedly recovered at the scene. New Bellingham resident Ken Bianchi was arrested shortly after the discovery of the bodies, and he promptly confessed. He was appointed Dean Brett as his defense counsel, and a psychiatric social worker named John Johnson was assigned to the case as well. Bianchi was held in isolation and allowed only limited visitation with family and friends. Before long, he was examined by a stream of psychiatrists/psychologists, some of whom had known and longstanding connections to the CIA.

The first to examine Bianchi, on the spring equinox, was Dr. John Watkins, who questioned the accused in the presence of Brett, Johnson, Frank Salerno and Salerno's partner, both of whom had flown up from Los Angeles. Next was Dr. Ron Markman of Los Angeles, a man with the dubious distinction of being both a psychiatrist and an attorney. He had previously been involved in both the Manson and the SLA/Patty Hearst cases.²⁶ The stench surrounding the Strangler case reached a new level with the arrival of the next examiner: none other than Dr. Donald Lunde, last seen playing a pivotal role in the Frazier, Kemper and Mullin cases. Conveniently enough, Lunde just happened to have family in Bellingham that he purportedly just happened to be visiting at the time, so he just sort of dropped in for an 'off-the-record' examination of the famed Hillside

26 Contrary to conventional wisdom, the so-called Symbionese Liberation Army appears to have been an artificial creation of the Central Intelligence Agency. Its architect was a man named Colton Westbrook, who had previously served in Vietnam as a Phoenix Program operative. The supposed revolutionary group arose from an MK-ULTRA project run by Westbrook at, appropriately enough, California's Vacaville facility.

Strangler. Next up was Dr. Ralph Allison, brought in from—of all places—Santa Cruz, California. He finished up with Bianchi on April 19, and Watkins returned the next day to administer a Rorschach test. The following day, April 21, Angelo Buono's house was searched for the very first time. The home was found to be immaculately neat and, amazingly enough, it reportedly contained not a single fingerprint, which would tend to indicate that Buono had been tipped off prior to the search.

In May, Vienna-born Martin Orne, sent in by the state, took a turn at examining Bianchi. Orne was another False Memory Syndrome Foundation luminary who received extensive CIA funding and who, probably not coincidentally, had testified at the SLA trial. In June, Dr. Saul Faerstein of Beverly Hills took his turn with Bianchi and in July, Dr. Lunde returned for an on-the-record examination. Lunde's role was to build the prosecution's case to try Bianchi in Los Angeles as the Hillside Strangler. As such, Lunde's examination concentrated almost exclusively on discussion of the L.A. killings. Like Orne and Faerstein, Lunde largely dismissed the notion that Ken was suffering from MPD. Others have claimed that Bianchi displayed at least four distinct personalities, who were named Ken, Steve, Billy and Friend. Salerno and Grogan, as well as most of Bianchi's chroniclers, have claimed that the symptoms displayed by the suspect were an obvious ruse. Dr. John Watkins to this day sticks by his initial diagnosis of MPD.

On October 2, 1980, Veronica Lynn Compton, a playwright and actress and the daughter of an L.A.-area editorial cartoonist, was arrested for attempted murder in Bellingham. The attack was said to be an attempt to commit a copycat killing that would have cast doubts on the incarcerated Bianchi's guilt in the earlier killings. Strangely, Compton's victim did not bother to report the incident until several days after the alleged attempt was made on her life. Compton had been sexually active from an early age, as evidenced by the fact that she was only twenty-three and yet she had an eight-year-old son. She had reportedly slept with numerous Hollywood figures, including a lawyer/agent who was later killed in an unsolved murder case. She confided to Bianchi that she herself had killed before, and that she shared with him an interest in necrophilia.

On October 19, Bianchi appeared before a judge and entered a guilty plea based on a deal that had been worked out with the Los Angeles County District Attorney's Office. The deal allowed the state of Washington to avoid a trial that would have revealed the state's case to be rather dubious. That case was built primarily on hair and fiber evidence, which is inherently problematic, and which is also, it should be noted, by far the easiest type of evidence to plant. The official version of events was filled with discrepancies and such odd events as evidence strangely turning up at the crime scene the day after it was combed over by investigators following the discovery of the bodies.

Nevertheless, Ken entered a guilty plea and agreed to testify against Buono in exchange for a life sentence to be served in California, even though the possibility existed that he would still receive death sentences for the charges pending in California. In other words, Bianchi gained absolutely nothing from the plea ‘deal’ offered to him and guaranteed himself a life sentence at a minimum. Ken had worked with his attorney until late into the night before his court appearance. He was instructed to stare at his hands while repeating the words “these hands have killed” before entering the courtroom, to ensure that he did not back away from the agreement to enter the guilty plea.

Within twenty-four hours, Ken was on his way back to Los Angeles. Along the way, he was questioned by Salerno and Grogan and got many of the details of the crimes wrong, which did not seem to faze the two detectives in the least. Within days of his arrival in L.A., he had received additional life terms. Shortly after his arrival though, Ken began to have doubts about the deal he had made, and by November, he was insisting on his innocence. That same month, Angelo Buono’s Glendale home suddenly vanished; it had been bulldozed on the orders of the owner of the glass shop that sat next door. Buono—who by that time was sitting in a special security section of the county jail alongside his son Peter, a former Marine and a long-time PCP addict—had signed over the deed to the property. The glass shop owner denied that he had colluded with Buono to destroy evidence, and he was never charged with committing a crime. Around that same time, Prosecutor Roger Kelly opted to drop all the remaining murder charges against Bianchi, thereby giving up the leverage the state intended to use to compel Ken to testify against his cousin. Kelly also reportedly attempted to break down and discredit the testimony of two prosecution witnesses.

Nevertheless, a nearly yearlong preliminary trial for Buono was begun, assigned to Judge Ronald George. George had attended Beverly Hills schools and then the prestigious *Ecole Internationale de Geneve*, which functions as something of an intelligence prep school. Founded in 1924 by a League of Nations group, it is attended by the sons of diplomats, European royalty and finance capitalists. George next attended Princeton University. By the age of thirty, he was arguing before the U.S. Supreme Court to have the death penalty reinstated in California. In 1972, he was appointed to the bench by nominal conservative Ronald Reagan, and in 1977, he was elevated to the Superior Court by nominal liberal Jerry Brown.

On July 13, 1981, Kelly—backed by District Attorney John Van de Kamp—moved to drop all charges against Buono. Judge George, in a highly unusual move, ruled that the case be prosecuted. Kelly promptly withdrew, clearing the way for George to assign the case to the state’s attorney general, George Deukmejian. On November 6, jury selection began. In a rather unlikely development, ten of the

twelve jurors who were seated worked in civil service positions. These men and women spent the next two years of their lives hearing the case against Angelo Buono. Kenneth Bianchi alone delivered five months of testimony. In order for Bianchi's testimony to be heard, however, it had to be determined whether he had been hypnotized in Washington. If so, his testimony would have been disallowed under California law. Judge George accommodated the prosecution by concurring with the opinion of covert operative Martin Orne that Bianchi had faked both his hypnotism and his dissociative disorder.

The judge did disallow Bianchi's Bellingham 'confession' tapes, ruling that they had not been made under oath. This was not likely an effort by the judge to prevent the railroading of the defendant, but rather to avoid having the trial's verdict overturned on appeal. The tapes, which showed Bianchi confessing to the crimes in an even, matter-of-fact, emotionless voice, were entered into evidence in a way that would not compromise the verdict: they were entered *by the defense*. The defense also opened a door that allowed the state to call, as rebuttal witnesses, three young women who had been held by Buono as enslaved prostitutes. Their testimony had been earlier disallowed by the judge. After doing a considerable amount of damage to their client's case, the defense rested on August 2, 1983—after noting for the jury that both Charlie Chaplin and Lewis Carroll shared with Angelo a fondness for underage girls.

In a highly unusual move, the judge opted to sequester the jury for the duration of their deliberations, even though they had been free for the entire two-year duration of the trial itself. He also specifically instructed them to return verdicts on the numerous counts separately, which was another highly unusual jury instruction. The first guilty verdict was delivered after ten days of deliberations, appropriately enough on Halloween day, 1983. By the time the deliberations were through, Buono had been convicted on nine of ten counts. Perhaps sensing that his defense team did not have his best interests in mind, Buono requested that he be allowed to represent himself for the penalty phase of the trial; his request was denied. On January 9, 1984, Buono was formally sentenced to life in prison.

In the aftermath of the trial, Van de Kamp was elected to replace outgoing Attorney General George Deukmejian, who was elevated to the office of Governor of the state of California. His underling, Robert Philibosian, became the new L.A. District Attorney. Prosecutors Roger Boren and Michael Nash were both appointed to the bench by Governor Deukmejian, after Nash prosecuted the death penalty appeal of Douglas Clark, whose case will be examined in the next chapter. Judge Ronald George was elevated to the California Supreme Court, and ultimately was named its Chief Justice. Defense counsel Gerald Chaleff now serves as the senior adviser to the City Attorney's Office.

While there is a very strong probability that the two cousins were involved in the killings, it is just as likely that others were involved as well. Many believed that a police officer was directly involved. Several were questioned during the course of the investigation, and a few who were conclusively linked to the times and places of the disappearances and/or the body drop-sites could not account for their time. Another suspect was a man named George Shamshak, who escaped from a Massachusetts prison around the time that the killings began, and who was recaptured around the time that they ended. Shamshak confessed to the murders, and even offered the press what he said were audiotapes of some of the killings. He also claimed that a Beverly Hills resident named Peter Mark Jones was involved. Jones was arrested and released, and then he promptly left the city and was quickly forgotten. As for the Washington murders, Bianchi maintained that an accomplice performed the killings. The man, identified only as 'Greg,' was known to the police. He was killed in a 'freak' motorcycle accident near the body drop-site, shortly after Kenneth Bianchi's arrest.

In September 2002, Angelo Buono died in prison. Kenneth Bianchi continues to serve his time.

* * * * *

John Wayne Gacy was born the son of an abusive, alcoholic father—as his sister and mother both attested to in court. Little else has been written about John's early years, although it is known that the senior Gacy constantly belittled his son and once shot the boy's dog. He was also known to beat John's mother.

As a teenager, Gacy worked in Las Vegas both at a mortuary and as an ambulance attendant. At the mortuary, it was said that he had a habit of sleeping in the embalming room, amongst the corpses. He was fired after some of those corpses were found to have been partially undressed. In the 1960s, John lived in Waterloo, Iowa, where he owned several businesses, including four restaurants, a clothing design firm and a motel. During that period of his life, he joined the Jaycees and quickly forged a bond with the man who soon became the local chapter president. This particular Jaycee chapter was known at the time to be involved in prostitution, pornography, and various other crimes of vice. A local prosecutor identified Gacy's motel, managed by his newfound friend, as the hub of those activities. According to the prosecutor, the motel was a front for a gay and straight prostitution ring.

Gacy was in the habit of hiring many young people of both sexes to work at his businesses. He also reportedly set up what was described as a 'social club' in his basement recreation room, which he kept well stocked with drugs and alcohol

to supply to his numerous underage guests. He was also said by those who knew him at the time to “control” his wife and to openly offer her sexual services to friends and colleagues. One former employee also said that Gacy always carried a gun.

On March 11, 1968, Donald Voorhees, Jr.—the son of a Jaycee and former Iowa state representative—gave a statement to police alleging that Gacy had assaulted and sodomized him. In early May, Gacy was indicted by a grand jury, though no further action was taken for several months. On September 12, John made a court appearance at which he was ordered to submit to a psychiatric examination at the ominously named Psychopathic Hospital of the State University of Iowa. While in custody there, he spoke freely to investigators of wholesale corruption among the city’s elite. He talked of gambling, prostitution, pornography, wife swapping, and the corruption and complicity of local police. He supplied the names of numerous Jaycees, police personnel, and various other prominent individuals who were involved in criminal enterprises.

When brought before a judge, Gacy threw himself at the mercy of the court and entered a guilty plea. On December 3, 1968, he was sentenced to a ten-year term. He served less than two of those years, earning parole on June 18, 1970. While in prison, he somehow managed to always have money, cigars, and civilian shirts—all difficult commodities to attain for most prisoners. According to some reports, Gacy received electroshock and aversion therapy while incarcerated, allegedly to ‘cure’ him of his homosexuality. Just eight months after his release, he was again arrested, this time for disorderly conduct. Despite the violation, just eight months after that he was released from parole. Another eight months after that, on the summer solstice of 1972, he was again arrested and charged with aggravated battery and reckless conduct. Gacy had allegedly offered a young man a ride on June 7, identified himself as a police officer, and then attempted to handcuff the boy. Failing in that endeavor, Gacy had then clubbed him on the back of his neck, kicked him, and then pursued him with his car and struck him down. Curiously, the charges were dismissed against Gacy, whose fingerprint card on file with local police carried the alias ‘Colonel’ Gacy.

In July 1975, the first known victim whose death would be attributed to John Gacy disappeared. The young man, John Butkovitch, was an employee of Gacy’s construction company, which specialized in drugstore remodels. Gacy’s home was later found to be fully stocked with an array of pharmaceuticals. Just one night before his disappearance, Butkovitch had been involved in a disturbance at a friend’s house. He was rumored to have gone to Puerto Rico to traffic drugs, and his family received a collect call from a woman in San Juan who claimed that John was alive and well. Someone apparently made an effort to thwart a missing persons investigation.

Boys and young men continued to disappear for the next several years, though no one really paid much attention. The missing boys were routinely considered runaways by the police, despite pleas from many of the parents to investigate their sons' disappearances as missing persons cases.

On January 6, 1978, Gacy was arrested for deviate sexual contact, but the assistant state's attorney rejected the filing of felony charges. Six months later, Gacy was charged with battery. A twenty-seven-year-old man had been picked up and then knocked out with a rag placed over his mouth. He awoke in a park with burns on his face and a bleeding rectum. The man had been picked up from the city's gay district, where Gacy was very well known and widely believed to be a cop. The victim gave police the license number of Gacy's car, and he was soon taken into custody. Several court dates were allowed to pass with no action taken on the charges. John Wayne Gacy was, after all, a very well connected guy. He served as a lighting commissioner and as a Democratic Party precinct captain. He claimed to have been an aide to Chicago Mayor Richard Daley, and he was known to be on friendly terms with Illinois Attorney General William Scott. He also claimed that local columnist Mike Royko and local TV anchorman Walter Jacobson were "good friends" of his. He once had his photo taken with First Lady Rosalynn Carter; the image is signed: "To John Gacy. Best Wishes. Rosalynn Carter." In the photo, Gacy is wearing a Secret Service "S" lapel pin, indicating that he had been given a high-level security clearance. Another hint of Gacy's political connections was provided by an observation made by one of his prosecutors: "Two items on [Gacy's] Chicago Police report were blacked out, indicating that they were FBI matters."

John also laid claim to having organized crime connections, which is not surprising given the fine line between politics and organized crime. Gacy claimed not only that he himself worked for the "Syndicate," but also that he was a cousin of local mob figure Tony Accardo.

Gacy continued in Chicago his practice from Iowa of surrounding himself with young people. He frequently entertained as a clown at hospitals, orphanages, and at private parties. He also hired a steady stream of teenage boys to work for his construction firm, at least three of whom went missing, and another of whom followed an interesting path that will be examined in the next chapter.

On the night of December 11, 1978, a young man named Rob Piest disappeared. He had last been seen outside of the pharmacy where he was then employed, talking to Gacy about a job with his construction company. The Piest family focused their suspicions on John Gacy and pharmacy owner Phil Torf, who was evasive when questioned about the boy's disappearance and who refused to provide Gacy's address. For unexplained reasons, Torf had remained at the pharmacy that night with his friends until 1:00 AM, three full hours after closing

time. The Piest family quickly grew angry with the police over their handling of the case, and they began threatening to storm the Gacy house. In order to pacify the family and prevent them from acting on their threats, police agreed to begin surveillance of John Gacy. Assigned to the task was a special 'Delta Unit' of the DesPlaines Police.

What followed was a surreal game of cat-and-mouse in which Gacy at times all but joined the surveillance team, wining and dining his alleged pursuers, inviting them into his home and allowing them to ride along with him in his car. At other times, he would drive maniacally around town with the Delta Unit in pursuit—reportedly hitting speeds of up to 100 miles-per-hour, even in school zones. Amazingly, he was never stopped during such escapades, let alone ticketed or arrested. Police also searched Gacy's house, which was said to be meticulously neat. The search yielded a number of interesting items: a high school ring that had belonged to one of the missing boys; an Illinois drivers license issued to another boy; marijuana and rolling papers; a vast supply of pharmaceuticals; a switchblade knife; a pair of handcuffs; police badges; a hypodermic syringe; numerous items of clothing that were obviously too small for Gacy; a photo lab receipt later traced to Rob Piest; an empty brown bottle that had contained chloroform; a bloodstained rug; and a homemade stock. One room in the home was completely filled with clown pictures. The crawlspace underneath the house, where employees had been asked to dig trenches, was covered with a layer of lime—useful for hastening the decomposition of bodies. There were nearly thirty of them buried there in shallow graves. More had been dumped into the DesPlaines River some sixty-five miles from Gacy's home.

Police opted not to arrest Gacy at the time of the search, despite the seemingly incriminating evidence found in his home, and despite the fact that they had received complaints from at least five assault victims, three in Chicago alone, all alleging druggings and torture administered by Gacy, *and* despite the fact that Gacy still had charges pending against him from the incident earlier in the year. However, Gacy did have an alibi for the evening that checked out: he had been at the hospital at the side of his uncle, who died the very night that Rob Piest disappeared.

On the eve of the winter solstice, Gacy was arrested for the final time, although not on murder charges, but for possession of marijuana. Just the day before his arrest, the conviction of Elmer Wayne Henley in Texas had been reversed. Henley had been convicted a few years earlier, in 1974, for his participation in what one of Gacy's chroniclers described as "a homosexual torture ring that killed twenty-seven boys." Henley and his two accomplices provided quite a model for Gacy to follow. The trio lured young boys to the home of Dean Corll, where they were tortured, raped and killed on a special 'torture board' in Corll's

plastic-draped bedroom. Their bodies were then buried beneath a layer of lime in Corll's rented boathouse, while the parents of several of the victims received phone calls or were sent letters assuring them that their sons were still very much alive. In Houston as in Chicago, police insisted on classifying the growing numbers of missing boys as runaways.

Gacy's marijuana arrest prompted a second search of his home, during which the bodies in his crawlspace were discovered. How they were not discovered during the earlier search, or detected during the numerous visits to the Gacy home by his surveillance team, remains a bit of a mystery. Every corner of the house was said to literally reek of death due to the decomposition of the bodies buried in the shallow graveyard just beneath the floorboards. The second search also turned up a garage freezer that contained unmarked frozen meat and a container full of what inspectors suspected was blood. These items were later claimed to be nothing more than stewed tomatoes and non-human meat, although one would think seasoned homicide investigators would know the difference between stewed tomatoes and blood.

While his home was being searched, Gacy was taken to Holy Family Hospital for a medical examination, allegedly due to complaints of chest pains. Immediately upon his release from the hospital, John read and signed a Miranda waiver and began confessing to the murders. One of his first questions to police was: "Who else do you have in the station? There are others involved." Gacy was then asked if the others were involved directly or indirectly, to which he responded: "Directly. They participated." Asked who these others might be, he answered simply: "My associates." He was also asked where Rob Piest was, to which he answered: "I don't know. I didn't transport him." When asked who did, he replied: "I can't say."

This interrogation was cut short by a Sergeant Long, and then later resumed with two attorneys at Gacy's side. No further mention was made of any accomplices, and the issue does not appear to have been pursued thereafter. Perhaps notably though, the homicide rate in the Chicago area soared following Gacy's arrest, possibly indicating that a large clean-up operation ensued. And on December 28, a week after John's arrest, a fresh body was fished from the DesPlaines River.

Although Gacy confessed to being a mass murderer, he had very little knowledge of the crimes to which he confessed. He claimed, for instance, that all of the victims were strangled, but forensics evidence suggested that at least thirteen of them had in fact been suffocated. He provided a map of the locations of the bodies under his house that press reports claimed was accurate, even though it actually contained numerous discrepancies. Gacy was able to recall sketchy details of only five of the killings; of the other twenty-eight, he had no memory at all. He

claimed that the murders began in 1974, but then later stated that the first occurred in January 1972. He attributed all of the murders to an alter personality that he referred to as Jack Hanley.

John was denied bail and sent to Cermak Hospital, which was the medical wing of the local jail, and kept isolated from other inmates. Jail personnel were instructed to have no contact with him either. Not long into his stay there, Gacy wrote a letter that read: "Since the dark shadow of Satan has come over me, it seems that my fair weather friends have run away..." During his second week at Cermak he consented to an interview, with the full cooperation of his attorney, during which he once again confessed to the murders. He claimed rather preposterously that the victims were mostly male prostitutes who he had killed over price disputes. To explain how he had gained control of the young, healthy victims prior to killing them, Gacy put forth a dubious story about using a "handcuff trick" to get the young men to handcuff themselves.

On January 10, 1979, "not guilty" pleas were entered on Gacy's behalf in response to the seven murder counts that had been brought against him. On April 23, a grand jury handed down indictments on twenty-six additional counts, bringing the total to thirty-three. Two days later, Gacy entered "not guilty" pleas to the additional counts. Jury selection for his trial began in January 1980. Despite intense pre-trial publicity—overshadowed for a time by news of the carnage at Jonestown—the venue of the trial was not changed. Instead, jurors were selected from another county and then sequestered. Remarkably, the jury selection process was over in just four days.

The trial began on February 6, 1980. Following opening statements, the state called sixty witnesses to present its case against John Gacy. The defense's case, such as it was, was presented in less than a week. Gacy was clearly unhappy with the work of his legal team; in a letter to the judge, he complained: "I asked that my trial be stopped and I haven't heard from you. When I asked my attorney as to why we are not putting on more witnesses, I am told that we don't have money to bring in experts." The state began its rebuttal of the defense case on February 29, and, due to the numerous doors opened by 'mistakes' made during the abbreviated presentation of a defense, it was given enormous latitude. Prosecutors were allowed to call, for instance, a number of witnesses who had survived attacks by Gacy; their testimony had originally been excluded. These young men all told similar stories of druggings and torture that were highly damaging to the defense.

It must be said here that these victims all told of being victimized solely by Gacy, which seemed to indicate that he was indeed the sole perpetrator of the crimes committed against the thirty-three dead victims. What was never explained, however, was why it was that after these victims had been subdued, raped and tortured, and were completely under the control of the alleged serial

killer, they were subsequently released, very much alive and able to bear witness against the defendant. Serial killers, we are told, are essentially slaves to their unnatural desires who, once they up the ante and begin killing their victims, are unable to stop themselves from killing again and again. And yet we are to believe that John Wayne Gacy, purportedly one of the most successful, and most deranged, serial killers of all time, was able to torture his victims for hours on end, but then pull back from the edge and opt to let some of them go now and then. And we are to believe that he had no concern with leaving living witnesses that could easily have been disposed of in his crawlspace.

The possibility exists that Gacy was not actually able to kill alone, although he was clearly capable of raping and torturing his helpless victims. Perhaps, as his initial statements to police indicated, there were others involved in the actual killings, and Gacy's house was just a convenient place to dispose of the bodies. Gacy himself suggested such a scenario in another of his letters to the judge: "As you know, other than the so-called statements made by me, and given in a self-serving manner by officers for the prosecution, there is only evidence that I owned the house that was used for [bodies], their safe-keeping." Gacy's statement was an accurate one, as outrageous as it may at first appear to be. And there were at least a half-dozen people known to have keys to Gacy's home.

One of the surviving victims who testified against Gacy had a rather interesting story to tell. Under oath, he told of having a meeting with the police and the assistant state's attorney not long after his initial complaint was filed; at that meeting, he was not allowed to sign any complaints against Gacy and he was bluntly informed that no action was going to be taken.

The last rebuttal witness called was a man named James Hanley whose purpose was, reportedly, to discredit Gacy's claim of having an alter personality named Jack Hanley. The state claimed that Gacy had appropriated this man's name for his concocted alter personality in an attempt to avoid responsibility for his crimes. Prosecution claimed that the witness's belated appearance was due to the fact that they had "had investigators looking for Hanley for more than a year, but somehow the police computer didn't turn up his name." That was a rather stunning claim given that Hanley was one of their own; he had been a plain-clothes detective with the Chicago Police Department since the late 1960s.

To no one's surprise, a Gacy's jury reached a verdict on their first vote, after less than two hours of deliberations. He was found guilty of all thirty-three first-degree murder counts. Following just two more hours of deliberations, after the sentencing phase of the trial, the jury unanimously voted to impose the death sentence.

While awaiting his scheduled execution, Gacy occupied his time painting portraits of clowns and Disney figures—a common pastime of convicted serial

killers, many of whom consider themselves to be artists, including painters, poets, writers and musicians. Elmer Wayne Henley, like Gacy, whiled away his time in prison painting scenes that are far removed from the violent crimes he was convicted of.

While it is abundantly clear that Gacy was involved in the abductions and murders, it seems unlikely that he was acting alone. In addition to the facts already presented here that indicate the possible involvement of others, there were other indications that something was not quite right about the Gacy case, and that elements of the police were complicit in the operations. Following the disappearance of one of Gacy's employees, Greg Godzik, John was not questioned by police for a full three months. Godzik's frustrated parents turned for help to private investigator Anthony Pellicano, Jr., a shadowy character who tends to surface in organized crime and Hollywood circles, and who, as this is being written, is facing a variety of charges in Los Angeles in connection with a case he was working on for actor Steven Seagal. Pellicano never checked out Gacy and later claimed that he had never been given the name by Godzik's parents, which was an interesting claim given that the primary reason for his hiring was to investigate the man that the police refused to investigate. Pellicano nevertheless maintained that he had been told that Greg worked at a gas station, not for John Gacy.

Godzik was reportedly seen still very much alive *after* the time of his reported abduction, as was at least one other victim and former Gacy employee, John Szyk. In one of those bizarre 'coincidences' that seem to surround serial killer cases, the Godzik home was burglarized the night before the story of John Wayne Gacy's arrest hit the airwaves. The family of victim Rick Johnston was convinced that Rick had been abducted by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church, an organization heavily steeped in mind control and with extensive connections to South Korea's version of the CIA (which was created and trained by our own CIA). Victim John Mowery, a former Marine, was the second sibling in his family to fall prey to a sadistic killer; his sister Judith had been found stabbed to death in her apartment in November 1972.

As for the unnamed others who were possibly involved in the killings, there were any number of people who lived for varying periods of time in the Gacy home, or who regularly spent time there, all of whom denied knowledge of the crimes and of the source of the stench permeating the house. One of Gacy's longtime employees and sometime houseguest, identified only by the pseudonym of Dick Walsh, was said to be evasive when questioned. He was given a polygraph examination, but his examiners claimed they were "unable to render a definite opinion." There is no indication that further examinations were attempted. Another Gacy employee was Gordon Nebel, who reportedly worked as the company's bookkeeper. He was curiously misidentified in the logs that

Gacy's surveillance team kept of his visitors, even though the officers were well aware of Nebel's identity, and aware that he worked two days a week inside the death house. Two other associates of Gacy's, Donald Morrill and Ronald Rohde, were known to have protected and shielded John from police during his period of surveillance. Neither of them appears to have been investigated in connection to the crimes, nor were any of the numerous names that appeared in Gacy's address book marked with a mysterious "H."

Whether any of these associates were involved in the deaths of the victims will likely never be known. The man in the best position to provide answers to those types of questions was executed by the state of Illinois on May 10, 1994.

* * * * *

Theodore Robert Bundy was yet another serial killer whose parentage remains obscured. He entered this world in 1946 at the Elizabeth Lund Home for unwed mothers and he was promptly abandoned there for three months by his mother, Eleanor Cowell. He was raised to believe that his mother's father, Sam Cowell, was his father as well, which he may in fact have been. Chronicler Ann Rule has written that the identity of Ted's real father was unknown outside of the family, and that he was a "shadowy man whose real identity grows more blurred with every year that passes..." Throughout his life, Bundy described his church deacon father/grandfather in glowing terms, while other family members have characterized him as a horrendously violent and abusive man who terrorized his family and was sadistic to animals. Sam Cowell's own brothers reportedly stated on numerous occasions that somebody should kill him to spare others further misery.

In October 1950, Ted's mother began calling herself Louise and legally changed her son's name from Theodore Robert Cowell to Theodore Robert Nelson—for no discernable reason. The next year, she married Johnnie Culpepper Bundy and changed Ted's name once again. Johnnie, a former Navy man and a member of a large clan of Tacoma Bundys, was employed at—of all places—a military hospital at a joint Army/Air Force complex. Ted attended Woodrow Wilson High School in Tacoma, Washington—at least according to his former classmates he did. That cannot be verified, however, since all records of Bundy's enrollment there have strangely disappeared. After graduation, he worked for a municipal electric utility.

In the spring of 1967, Ted met a woman identified by the pseudonym Stephanie Brooks. She was the daughter of a wealthy California family and was just one of many women who would be drawn into Ted's orbit. In the summer of 1968, Bundy received a scholarship to attend Dr. Lunde's Stanford University,

just as that tiny geographic region of the country was about to become the serial killer capital of the world. Ted purportedly attended Stanford for sessions in intensive Chinese studies, although nothing else in his biography hints at any interest in Chinese studies.

That same year, Ted traveled to Florida to attend the Republican National Convention as a supporter of presidential candidate Nelson Rockefeller. At about that same time, he worked as a driver and bodyguard for Art Fletcher, a candidate for Lieutenant Governor in the state of Washington. In 1969, Bundy traveled to Aspen, Colorado for an extended stay, after telling friends that he had been hired as a ski instructor, which turned out to be a lie. The real reason for Ted's stay in Aspen remains unknown. He also paid a visit to Arkansas that year, reportedly to visit relatives.

In September 1969, another woman entered Ted Bundy's orbit. Variouslly identified as Liz Kendall or Meg Anders, she was the daughter of a prominent doctor in the Mormon stronghold of Ogden, Utah. Despite her social standing, her estranged husband was a convicted felon. Meg/Liz apparently did not have the best taste in men.

In 1971, Ted began working at the Seattle Crisis Clinic as a paid work/study student; he remained there through May 1972. His work partner at the clinic was none other than Ann Rule, a policewoman *cum* 'true-crime' reporter whose brother had been recently killed, allegedly by his own hand, at—where else?—Stanford University. Ted left the crisis center to intern at Harborview County Hospital as a psychiatric counselor; his salary there was funded by a federal grant. He also worked that year as a key organizer of Washington Governor Dan Evans' reelection campaign. His job was, specifically, to spy and gather intelligence on the governor's opponent. Governor Evans later personally wrote Ted a glowing letter of recommendation to a Utah law school. As noted earlier in this chapter, Ted next worked for a variety of city, state and county law enforcement entities. In April 1973, he became a special assistant to Washington's Republican Party Chairman, Ross Davis, whom Ted frequently dined with and whose children, amazingly enough, he occasionally babysat.

In July of that same year, Bundy again flew to the San Francisco area, just as the dust was settling from the flurry of ritual murders that had terrorized that city. Just after his return to Washington, women began disappearing from the Seattle/Tacoma area. Before that time, the Seattle area had experienced very few murders—but that was about to change dramatically. The body of the first victim attributed to Bundy was found on December 6, 1973. Katherine Merry Devine had last been seen two weeks earlier getting into a pick-up truck after running away from home. The man from whom she willingly accepted the ride was not Ted Bundy. Her body was found to be missing its heart, lungs and

liver—purportedly attributable to scavenging animals. If so, those scavengers were very selective.

Next to disappear was Lynda Healey, in the early morning hours of February 1, 1974. According to the official version of events, Lynda was abducted from the home that she shared with others. Bundy allegedly entered the house, undetected by any of the home's other occupants, crept noiselessly downstairs, overpowered and killed Lynda without waking a roommate sleeping just on the other side of a thin plywood partition, and without leaving behind any signs of a struggle, wrapped Lynda's body, carried it back upstairs undetected, and then returned, still unnoticed, to make Lynda's bed, hang up her nightgown, and grab a change of clothes for her. Nothing unusual about any of that.

Later that same day, Lynda's roommates received three phone calls from someone who made only breathing noises before hanging up. One of those very same roommates later roomed with one of Ted Bundy's cousins—a cousin with whom Ted had been very close since the age of four. The brother of that same cousin, with whom Bundy was also quite close, was a teacher of what were described as 'disturbed youngsters.' Lynda herself did volunteer work at the Camelot House, described as an experimental school for 'retarded' youth. The only remains of Healey ever found was her skull, based on which investigators speculated that she had been bludgeoned to death. According to Healey's mother, the positive identification of that skull was based on a single tooth—raising the question of whether Lynda was actually ever found at all.

There was certainly nothing ever found of college student Donna Gail Manson, the next girl to disappear. She was last seen on March 12, but it took nearly a week before anyone bothered to report her missing. Whereas Healey, who bore no physical resemblance to Manson, was abducted from her home, Donna had reportedly been out walking when she disappeared. Donna Manson is said by Bundy chronicler Stephen Michaud to have "dabbled in occultism." Ann Rule described her as having an "obsession with death, magic, and alchemy." Found in her room was literature from "Thought Power, Inc.," described by Rule as an organization offering "seminars on positive thinking and mind discipline." The chief of the college police force, Alfred Pickles, reportedly ordered a perfunctory search of the campus following Donna's disappearance, and then inexplicably delegated oversight of the case to, bizarrely enough, his secretary. One of Ted's friends had been Manson's occasional racquetball partner. Another friend of Ted's was a jogging partner of Susan Rancourt, last seen on April 17. Only her skull was ever found, along with several others, on nearby Taylor Mountain.

Along with the proliferation of missing girls, the Pacific Northwest was grappling with another emerging problem in the spring of 1974: an abundance of what are referred to as 'cattle mutilations.' While conspiracy theories attempting

to explain this phenomenon abound, such theories frequently involving UFOs and alien experimentation, many police investigators and independent researchers have linked these occurrences to local satanic cult activity.

Next to disappear from the Seattle area were Roberta Kathleen Parks and Brenda Ball. Both were later identified only by skulls that were found on Taylor Mountain. Ball was not reported missing for two-and-a-half weeks following her purported abduction. She was, curiously enough, an acquaintance of Bundy chronicler Ann Rule's daughter. Georgann Hawkins reportedly disappeared from a well-lit, heavily traveled alleyway running along her campus's Greek Row on June 11, 1974. Many of her fellow students were up late that warm night, and virtually every window along the Row facing the alley was open. Georgeann was seen by fellow students approaching her sorority house, right up until she was within a few seconds of the entrance. Nevertheless, she then disappeared without anyone seeing or hearing a thing. No clues were left behind and no body was ever found. Police investigators—including a man named Herb Swindler, who took over as head of the homicide division on the very day that Georgeann's disappearance was reported, and who had been friends with Ann Rule for twenty years—were at a loss to explain the disappearance. A high school friend of Ted Bundy's was a friend of the missing girl's family.

On July 3, 1974, a law enforcement summit was held in Olympia, Washington that was attended by 100 representatives from Washington and Oregon. A prime topic of conversation at the summit was the wave of missing girls, which was rather odd since only one of the girls' remains had yet been discovered, confirming that she had met with foul play, and there was no indication whatsoever that the disappearances, which occurred over a wide geographic area, were connected in any way. In attendance at the summit were the Army's Criminal Investigations Division (CID), and Bundy friend and chronicler Ann Rule.

Each of the seven girls that had disappeared thus far—Devine, Healey, Manson, Rancourt, Parks, Ball and Hawkins—had vanished without a single clue having been left behind. There were no witnesses and no forensics evidence to tie anyone to any of the crime scenes. In some of the cases, it could not even be determined when or where the crime had occurred. All of that was about to change. On July 14, just days after the crime conference concluded, Janice Ott and Denise Naslund both reportedly disappeared from a very crowded Lake Sammamish Park—in broad daylight, and in front of literally thousands of potential witnesses, including a sizable chunk of the Seattle police force, who were holding their annual picnic there that day.

Ott, a probation officer whose father had sat on the Washington State Board of Prison Terms and Paroles, was the first of the two to disappear that day, apparently

sometime around noon. No one saw her leave or get into a car with anyone, and it was never explained what happened to her bike, which disappeared along with her and which would not have fit into Bundy's Volkswagen. Naslund, a known drug user who was said to usually have a supply of downers on hand, but who nevertheless babysat for a good friend of Ann Rule, disappeared around 4:30 PM. One witness saw a girl matching her description ride off from the park with a biker gang. She reportedly yelled, "No, I can't! Let me off!" Many years later, Naslund's mother wrote a brief note that was displayed at her daughter's memorial service, which read: "God forgive *them* for what *they* have done. I love you." It has never been explained why she used that peculiar wording.

A total of eight witnesses came forward claiming to have seen the elusive predator in the park that day. One of them had seen Janice Ott in the company of a man with sandy blond hair around the time of her disappearance. The descriptions offered by the other witnesses varied. Only two of them were ever able to identify Bundy as the man they had seen, and then only after his image had been widely aired by the media, tainting the IDs. One thing that several of them agreed on was that the man had introduced himself as "Ted." Why the stealthy killer would choose to show his face before thousands of potential witnesses, and why he would do so using his real name, are questions that have never been answered. Why Ted Bundy does not appear in any of the hundreds of photographs that were shot at the park that day is another question that has never been answered.

Following the Lake Sam disappearances, the task force tracking the Seattle killer was dubbed the "Ted Squad." One of the very first "Teds" reported to the newly christened task force was none other than Theodore Robert Bundy. His name was turned in by his friend Ann Rule, fresh from her attendance at the law enforcement summit. Ted would later also be reported by his fiancée, one of his college professors, and a former co-worker at one of the government agencies where he had worked.

It was later determined that both girls had been strangled or bludgeoned to death, though that was a largely speculative conclusion. Only the girls' skulls and a few assorted bones were ever found, on September 7. These remains were examined by, curiously enough, Dr. Daris Swindler. Though Rule's book pointedly claims that Daris was "no relation to Herb Swindler," Michaud acknowledges that he was in fact a "distant relative of Herb Swindler."

One key piece of evidence to emerged from the Lake Sam disappearances was a possible name for the suspect; he had identified himself to several witnesses as "Ted." Why the stealthy predator who had successfully abducted numerous women without leaving behind a single witness or forensics clue would suddenly operate in broad daylight using his real name was never explained.

The task force became thereafter known as the ‘Ted Squad.’ Among the very first ‘Teds’ to be reported to the squad was Theodore Robert Bundy—by his purported friend Ann Rule. Over the course of the investigation, four others would report Bundy as well: his fiancée, the pseudonymous Liz Kendall; a college professor; and a colleague at the Department of Emergency Services.

The fact that only the skulls of the girls were ever found further fueled the belief of some that the killings were cult related. Rule’s book refers derisively to: “totally unsubstantiated rumors that the missing and murdered girls had been sacrificed and their headless bodies dumped, weighted, into the almost bottomless waters of Lake Washington.” Chronicler Michaud, however, offered a different take: “occultism or Satan worship [are] creeds that local police say have long found a small but ardent following of practitioners around Seattle.” He added that many “people were convinced that a virulent offshoot of the Charles Manson family had moved to the Seattle area and had begun a new reign of terror led by ‘Ted.’” Some on the Seattle police force were convinced that there was cult involvement in the murders. A hefty file on occult activities in the area had been assembled, cryptically referred to as ‘File 1004.’ The occult theories though were ridiculed by county police and prosecutors.

The skulls that were recovered from Taylor Mountain were examined, curiously enough, by a local forensics expert named Daris Swindler, who Ann Rule claimed was no relation to Herb Swindler, her friend and the head of the homicide squad. Michaud, however, acknowledged that Daris and Herb were “distant” relatives.

After the Lake Sam disappearances provided the task force with a name, no further disappearances in the area were linked to Ted Bundy. That is not to say that no more girls vanished from the area, but rather that Bundy was no longer living there. He had moved to Utah to attend law school at the University of Utah, where he worked, surprisingly enough, as a campus security guard. The first Utah victim credited to Ted was Nancy Wilcox, last seen on October 2, 1974. She was never seen again, alive or dead. Melissa Smith was the next to vanish, on October 18. Her intact, nude body was found strangled and bludgeoned. The body had been almost entirely drained of blood, and revealed a rather curious fact: Melissa had not been killed immediately, but had been kept alive for up to a week after her disappearance. Strangely though, her make-up was undisturbed, none of her nails were broken, and there were no signs of ligatures. If she was held against her will prior to her murder, there was absolutely no indication of that fact. If it was Ted Bundy who held her for that duration of time, then he most certainly had accomplices; just the day after the girl’s disappearance, Bundy left on a hunting trip with his fiancée’s father. The slain girl was, perhaps significantly and perhaps not, the daughter of the police chief of Midvale, Utah.

Melissa's disappearance was followed by that of Laura Aime, who vanished on Halloween night, 1974. Aime was also reportedly held for up to a week before her murder, and yet the hair on her strangled and bludgeoned corpse had been freshly shampooed just before or just after her death. Forensics tests revealed that she had been drunk at the time of her death. The local sheriff, Mack Holley, was sold on another suspect as Laura's killer—a man who was later convicted of the brutal sex slaying of his girlfriend. Holley once exasperatedly told a Ted Squad member: "Bundy had nothing to do with our case, so forget him. That man didn't do our case. I wish you'd get that through your head." There were indications that Laura had some awareness that her life was in danger. Her mother reported that the girl had said to her a few weeks before her death, out of the blue: "Mother, at my funeral I don't want to be buried in a dress." Her request was honored.

The night of November 8, 1974 was purportedly a very busy one for Ted Bundy. He first allegedly attempted to abduct a girl by the name of Carol DaRonch from a shopping mall in Murray, Utah. Failing in that endeavor, he next struck in Bountiful, abducting Debra Kent from outside the building where a school play was in progress. Kent's body was never found. The problem with this official version of events is that it would have been physically impossible for Ted Bundy, or anyone else, to have committed both of those crimes. First of all, the descriptions given by witnesses at the two crime scenes differed considerably. DaRonch described her attempted abductor as having slicked-back hair and the strong scent of alcohol on his breath. Reappearing at the school, the suspect was described as having long, brown, wavy hair and was said to be handsome and well-dressed, and with no hint of alcohol on his breath. It is possible, of course, that Ted could have changed clothes, washed and restyled his hair, and rid himself of the alcohol smell sometime between the commissions of the two crimes. He would have had to do so, however, while driving a Volkswagen at over 100 miles-per-hour over rain-soaked streets, since the two crime scenes were twenty-six miles apart and only fifteen minutes elapsed between his departure from the DaRonch abduction site and his first sighting at the school. These times were recorded in police logs, so it was well known to the members of the Ted Squad that it would not have been possible for Bundy to essentially be in two places at once. Nevertheless, they pretended as though both crimes were the work of the elusive 'Ted,' even after a drama teacher at the second crime scene positively identified a drug dealer who was the initial suspect in the Kent case.

On December 12, 1974, another law enforcement summit was held: the Intermountain Crime Conference in Nevada. Exactly one month later, Ted allegedly struck again, this time moving his operations to the state of Colorado where, on January 12, Caryn Campbell disappeared from a well-lit, heavily traveled corridor at the Wildwood Inn. She had been seen just steps away from her

room, where she reportedly was heading to pick up a magazine. No one at the Inn saw or heard a thing, and there was no sign that there had been any struggle. Caryn had reportedly argued with her fiancé on the day of her disappearance. Her badly bludgeoned body was later recovered.

The next two alleged victims—Julie Cunningham and Denise Oliverson, who disappeared in March and April of 1975—were never found. After that, the disappearances strangely stopped, although it was another seven months before Ted Bundy was arrested. In the interim, Ted received a Mormon baptismal.

The circumstances of Ted's arrest were, to say the least, rather bizarre. He was stopped by Sergeant Bob Hayward of the Utah Highway Patrol, who just happened to be the brother of Captain Pete Hayward, the chief homicide detective for the Salt Lake County Sheriff's Office. The only 'crime' Ted appears to have committed on the night of his arrest, by Bob Hayward's own account, was driving down a street that happened to take him by the officer's house. Nevertheless, Hayward felt compelled to call in back-up for the stop, and he was soon joined by two additional UHP troopers and a Salt Lake County detective. Why this manpower was required to stop a motorist who had not even committed a traffic violation remains a mystery. A thorough search of Bundy's car was conducted, which was illegal without the consent of the owner since the officers, by their own admission, didn't have probable cause to suspect Ted of committing any crime. The officers claimed that the search was consensual, but Bundy maintained otherwise. And Ted would have been a fool to consent to the search, which no one connected to the case has ever accused him of being. Discovered in the trunk of Ted's vehicle were several provocative, though not illegal, items—including a pry bar, a ski mask, a stocking mask, an ice pick, and a pair of handcuffs. That last item was said to connect Ted to the attempted abduction of Carol DaRonch, which involved the use of handcuffs. The cuffs that were found in Ted's car, however, were from a different manufacturer than the pair recovered from DaRonch's wrist.

At the very time that Ted was being taken into custody, yet another law enforcement summit was underway. Convened in Aspen, Colorado, the meeting was attended by detectives and prosecutors from California, Washington, Oregon, Utah, and Colorado. This conference was held behind closed doors and all attendees reportedly took a fraternal vow of secrecy. On November 20, a week after the summit began, Ted was freed after posting a bond. Following his release, he reportedly thoroughly cleaned his VW, going so far as to take a garden hose to the inside of the vehicle. He also made some necessary repairs, and then sold the car to a former classmate of victim Melissa Smith. Investigators later claimed that hair from three different victims managed to survive Ted's clean-up efforts.

Bundy also moved out of his rooming house, which was under police surveillance. Oddly though, the room he vacated was never searched for evidence.

Utah authorities had no real evidence linking Ted to any of his alleged crimes in that state, but they nevertheless proceeded to charge him with the attempted abduction of Carol DaRonch. The victim was unable to identify Bundy from an initial photo line-up, saying: "I don't see anyone in there that resembles him." Investigator Jerry Thompson, after presenting the photos to DaRonch, wrote in his notes: "She really just doesn't know." She had no problem, however, later picking Bundy out of a line-up. Ted was presented in a seven-man line-up alongside of six police detectives who were all a little older and a little heavier than Ted. Police detectives had, for unexplained reasons, rather hastily replaced the inmates who had originally been slated for the line-up. Not only did DaRonch pick Ted out of the line-up, but so too did two witnesses from the school where Debbie Kent had disappeared. Since it was, as previously noted, not possible for Ted to have been at both crime scenes, this line-up clearly had serious problems. It was alleged by some that Captain Hayward, the brother of the UHP officer who arrested Ted, heavily influenced DaRonch's identification.

With Ted set to go to trial in the DaRonch case, a trial that would hinge almost entirely on the victim's rather shaky eyewitness testimony, Bundy's lawyer concocted a most remarkable strategy; at the last minute, he suggested waiving a jury trial and letting the presiding judge, Stewart Hanson, Jr., decide the fate of the defendant. What Bundy's advocate, John O'Connell, didn't tell Ted was that all the principle officers of the court—O'Connell, Judge Hanson, and prosecutor Dave Yocum—had been buddies since their days together as classmates at the University of Utah. Ted Bundy was about to be railroaded, and it would not be for the last time.

During the course of the trial, Judge Hanson regularly took it upon himself to question witnesses, which was roughly akin to a juror interjecting questions whenever he saw fit. The star witness for the prosecution, Carol DaRonch, delivered testimony that was riddled with discrepancies and inconsistencies. She was unable to decide if her would-be abductor had had a mustache or not. She told the court that his car had been white or tan, although she had initially told police that it was blue. She acknowledged on the stand that she had positively identified Bundy's car, even though by the time she did so the car had been altered and no longer looked as it would have on the night of the incident. Many veteran court watchers found her to be somewhat less than credible, as would have, it stands to reason, many jurors. But there were no jurors, and Judge Hanson saw no problem with DaRonch's testimony. He pronounced Bundy guilty as charged on March 1, 1976. Sentencing was initially set for March 22, but was then delayed so that Ted could be psychologically evaluated by a Dr. Al Carlisle.

While Bundy awaited his sentencing, his visitation privileges were severely restricted. Interestingly enough though, Ann Rule had no problem at all being granted a special visit with Ted, even though she was not a relative, she was not on the list of approved visitors, and she showed up on a day that was not a regular visiting day. Any one of those factors alone should have disqualified her from visiting Bundy. Nevertheless, she was not only allowed to visit with the prisoner who was being held nearly incommunicado, but she was allowed to do so without even being searched before being allowed in.

On June 30, 1976, Judge Hanson sentenced Bundy to a 1–15 year prison term, leaving open the possibility that he could be paroled in as little as eighteen months. Ted's legal troubles were just beginning, however; on October 22, a warrant was issued for his arrest by the state of Colorado for the murder of Caryn Campbell. The state's case against Bundy was virtually nonexistent, consisting of: a hair purportedly found in his car; gas purchase receipts that placed him in the state of Colorado at the time of Campbell's disappearance, along with millions of other people; a Colorado Ski Country guidebook that was found in Ted's possession and on which someone—Bundy maintained that it wasn't him—had improbably marked an "X" next to the Wildwood Inn; an alleged eyewitness; and a prison informant.

Also in October, Utah's notorious Gary Gilmore, immortalized in a disinformational Norman Mailer book and a made-for-TV movie, was convicted and sentenced to death. Gilmore immediately and improbably began campaigning to become the first man executed in the United States since 1962. He succeeded, earning himself an appearance before a Utah firing squad on January 19, 1977, and opening the doors to the resumption of state executions.²⁷ Just over a week later, Bundy was taken to Aspen to stand before Judge George Lohr and answer to the charges filed against him in the Campbell case. It would not be the last time that a high-profile execution immediately preceded an important court appearance by Ted Bundy.

Around the time that Bundy was awaiting trial in Colorado, a new woman entered his orbit: Carole Ann Boone, who had previously worked at a Vietnamese resettlement camp. She would later marry Ted and bear him a child.

The judge and the prosecutor assigned to the Campbell case both reeked of corruption. Lohr had just presided over the Claudine Longet trial, which he had

27 More than a quarter-century later, Timothy McVeigh waged a very similar and equally improbable campaign to open the doors to the resumption of federal executions. He succeeded as well. His trial, conviction and execution left many questions about the bombing of the Oklahoma City federal building unanswered.

wrapped up by sentencing Longet to an absurdly lax thirty-day jail term for shooting and killing famed skier Spider Sabitch. District Attorney Frank Tucker had seriously compromised the prosecution by ‘losing’ Longet’s diary—reportedly crucial to the state’s case—after opting to take it home. Tucker would later be convicted, not long after handling the Bundy case, of two counts of embezzlement, one count of felony theft, and two misdemeanor counts. He was given a ninety-day delayed sentence, a \$1,000 fine, and was disbarred, prompting him to change careers and enroll in a mortician’s school in—where else?—San Francisco.

Bundy, perhaps catching a whiff of the stench wafting over Aspen, resolved that he would defend himself. As the preliminary trial began in early April, the state’s case began almost immediately to self-destruct. On April 4, the alleged eyewitness took the stand and confidently identified the man she had seen: the Pitkin County Undersheriff. Then the purported prison informant was quietly dropped, leaving the state without either of its witnesses. What was left were: some gas receipts, that proved only that Ted was in the state of Colorado; a tourist brochure, that proved only that Ted may have thought about taking a ski trip to Colorado; and a single hair that an FBI analyst claimed was “microscopically indistinguishable” from Caryn Campbell’s hair and that police claimed was recovered from Ted’s car. The chances of gaining a conviction on that evidence in anything approaching a fair trial lay somewhere between slim and none.

As it happened, there never was a trial. In a rather bizarre turn of events, Bundy opted not to stick around long enough to face trial. During a break in the preliminary proceedings, he purportedly escaped, after being conveniently left unguarded, by jumping out an open window and strolling down the street. Ted then quickly and improbably found his way to an empty cabin that happened to be stocked with food, clothing, a rifle, a flashlight, batteries, blankets and first-aid supplies. He allegedly entered the cabin by prying loose the wire-mesh that had been applied to the windows for security, though a caretaker later said that it would have taken “superhuman strength” to do so with bare hands, as Ted claimed to have done.

Bundy did not remain free for long. He became lost and disoriented, causing him to fail in his quest to get away from the Aspen area, and virtually guaranteeing his recapture. Once back in custody, Ted was assigned new counsel: jet-setting attorney Stephen “Buzzy” Ware. Ware was a flamboyant, larger-than-life character who regularly piloted himself around the country to handle major racketeering and narcotics cases. A few weeks after being assigned the Bundy case, Ware was in a coma. He reportedly crashed into a rock wall in another one of those freak motorcycle accidents. His wife was killed in the crash.

Forced to again represent himself, Bundy filed for a much-needed change of venue, in order to get the case out of Aspen. The motion was granted, but that

was hardly a victory for Ted. The new venue was to be Colorado Springs; statistically speaking, there was no worse place in the state of Colorado for an accused murderer to stand trial. With his trial set to begin on January 9, 1978, Ted again managed to escape from his captors. This time he allegedly climbed through a 12" square hole in the ceiling of his cell, which he had cut with a hacksaw, raising questions of where he obtained the saw, and how he was able to noisily hack through the steel plate without anyone noticing. Once in the crawlspace above his cell, he reportedly scurried over to the space above a deputy's empty apartment, lowered himself down into a closet, and then casually strolled out the door to freedom. A prison snitch is said to have repeatedly reported hearing Ted moving about in the crawlspace at night, but nothing was ever done. It seems very odd, however, that a jail would ever be constructed in such a way as to create a 'crawlspace.'

Once free, Bundy this time quickly located an MG Midget that happened to be outfitted with a set of studded radial tires, a necessity for the snow-covered roads he would be facing, and also happened to have keys already in the ignition. This time, Ted wasted no time getting out of town; by the time his disappearance was discovered at noon the next day, he reportedly was already in Chicago. His commandeered vehicle did not get him far; it apparently broke down on the way to Vail. Luckily though, he was picked up by a helpful GI who gave him a ride. He then traveled by bus from Vail to Denver, and then by plane from Denver to Chicago. Once there, he stole a car and drove it to Atlanta. From there, he made his way to Tallahassee, Florida, acquiring a new identity along the way: Chris Hagen. That is how the official story reads, anyway.

On January 15, 1978, a slaughter took place at the Chi Omega sorority house on the campus of the University of Florida at Tallahassee. This crime did not bear even the slightest resemblance to any of the previous crimes attributed to Ted Bundy, but rather was reminiscent of the attack twelve years earlier that had been attributed to Richard Speck. Four girls were brutally bludgeoned in the early morning hours; two of them died from their injuries. A fifth girl was subsequently attacked at another location not far away. The first attack, at the Chi O house, purportedly occurred just after 3:00 AM and was over in just fifteen minutes. In that brief period of time, a single assailant was allegedly able to go room-to-room, locating and viciously beating four women, in addition to raping and sodomizing two of them.

One of the sorority sisters, Nita Neary, caught a brief glimpse of an intruder in the house as the man was leaving through the front door. She saw him only in profile, and described him as wearing a watch cap pulled down low over his face. His most noticeable feature, she said, was a large nose. Neary had just arrived home, at 3:00 AM, from a campus kegger party, and was quite likely intoxicated

to some degree, although the state claimed that its star witness had been quite sober on the night of the attack. Under hypnosis, she later said that the intruder closely resembled the sorority's houseboy, who looked nothing like Ted. Another sorority sister, Carol Johnston, was only asleep that night for a total of five minutes, from 3:14 AM until 3:19 AM, when she was awakened by Neary and others. Nevertheless, she did not see or hear anything out of the ordinary that night.

The first officers were on the scene by 3:23 AM, just minutes after the dazed and bloodied victims staggered out of their rooms. These officers were quickly joined by a virtual army of city police, campus police, and county sheriff's deputies. The streets surrounding the house were soon brimming with squad cars, detectives' vehicles, ambulances, and a hearse. Nearly forty distraught sorority sisters were milling about the house, many of them with blood dripping from their hands from their efforts to assist the victims. Joining the circus were an unspecified number of curiosity seekers, who were allowed to roam freely about the house. Needless to say, the crime scene was hopelessly compromised before any serious investigation could even begin.

Key evidence was destroyed at the scene, and the evidence that was preserved tended to point away from Ted Bundy as the likely perpetrator. For example, semen found in the bed of Cheryl Thomas, the fifth victim, proved to be from a non-secretor, effectively ruling out Bundy as the donor. Chewing gum that was discovered in the hair of one victim, and that could have yielded both saliva and bite-mark evidence, was destroyed. Saliva that would have likely been present around an alleged bite wound in the buttocks of another victim was swabbed away at the scene. The wound was allegedly photographed at the scene, but the photos that were later produced were not taken with the medical examiner's camera. That camera purportedly malfunctioned, so the photos were taken instead with a standard 35mm camera, allegedly supplied by a crime scene specialist. The section of skin that contained the incriminating marks was excised and placed in saline solution; unfortunately, it was destroyed in the process. A sheriff's deputy on the scene prematurely ordered one victim's body, Margaret Bowman's, taken to the morgue before crime scene technicians had even ascertained whether any evidence was present on the corpse.

And so it went at the Chi Omega house that fateful night. One rather curious fact about the crime scene that doesn't appear to have been commented on by any of Bundy's numerous chroniclers was observed by Ray Crews, one of the first officers on the scene. Crews later testified in court, and later repeated in interviews, that the body of victim Lisa Levy was cool to the touch upon its discovery. According to the official version of events, however, she had been dead for just minutes before her discovery—not long enough for her body to have noticeably cooled. One other rather curious fact, that proves once again that

bizarre ‘coincidences’ appear frequently in the stories of America’s serial killers, was that Daris Swindler—the forensics expert from Seattle—just happened to be in Tallahassee on the night of the killings. Another largely forgotten fact indicated that there was at least a possibility that the victims had not been randomly targeted: a set of keys to Thomas’ house, that likely were used by her killer, were discovered in her backyard.

Not long after the bloody rampage in Tallahassee, twelve-year-old Kimberly Leach disappeared from Lake City Junior High School in broad daylight amid heavy rush-hour traffic. Her body was found two months later, completely drained of blood. The cause of death was listed as “homicidal violence to the neck region.” The day after her disappearance, coincidentally or otherwise, Ted Bundy’s name was added to the FBI’s ‘Ten Most Wanted’ list. There was no indication at that time that Ted had anything to do with the Florida crimes; they certainly didn’t match his supposed MO, and there was no reason to suspect that Bundy was anywhere near the state of Florida.

Ted was arrested shortly thereafter, bearing yet another new name, Kenneth Misner. His last night of freedom was spent, oddly enough, in a wooded area of the Eglin Air Force Base, a restricted military facility. He had in his car at the time an array of credit and identification cards, as well as several photos of girls and young women. After allegedly sending word that he wanted to talk without counsel, Ted was interrogated in Pensacola without an attorney present, and the conversation was taped. His public defenders later loudly complained that they had been refused entry to the interrogation room. The resultant tapes were filled with gaps, allegedly due to the tape-recorder unerringly malfunctioning whenever Ted purportedly made incriminating statements. None of these supposedly confessional statements were recorded, but detectives swore that Ted had in fact made them.

There were some interesting bits of conversation that *were* recorded, including this exchange:

Police Interrogator: Where’d you get the money [that you used after your escape to travel across the country] from?

Ted: “Well, man, there’s other people. Other people are in on it.”

The next day, Bundy was handcuffed and brought to the courtroom under heavy guard, with his attorneys still complaining that they had not yet been allowed to see their client in jail. Following his appearance, Ted was taken away with what chronicler Richard Larsen described as “a strange, aloof look in his eyes.” Bundy walked right past Larsen, who was a friend of his, without any hint

of recognition. The nighttime interrogations of Bundy continued for a week, first in Pensacola and then in Tallahassee.

In the first week of March, Ted was brought to appear before Judge John Rudd, and on April 27 Rudd issued a warrant authorizing Bundy's captors to take dental impressions of their prisoner—by force if necessary. Curiously, prosecutors had waited for over two months before taking steps to obtain this allegedly key piece of evidence. In July, a grand jury was convened to hear secret testimony pertaining to the disappearance of Kimberly Leach. On the 21st, an indictment was handed down, which a judge immediately ordered sealed. The next week, another grand jury was convened to hear evidence in the Chi Omega case.

In December 1978, Judge Rudd was ordered by the Florida Supreme Court to disqualify himself from hearing the case, due to his having shown an obvious bias against the defendant. Rudd was replaced by Judge Edward Cowart, a former Navy man and police officer. On May 31, 1979, Ted was scheduled to appear before Cowart to accept the terms of a plea agreement that would have handily disposed of both the cases in which indictments had been handed down. In exchange for entering three guilty pleas to the three counts of first-degree murder, Ted was to receive three consecutive twenty-five-year prison sentences. This would have been a great deal for Bundy—if he was in fact guilty of the crimes he was charged with, and if the state had a solid case against him to prove that fact. However, there is scant evidence to suggest that that was the case.

To insure that Bundy stuck to the script and entered the guilty pleas, the state of Florida executed John Spenkelink just six days before Ted's scheduled court appearance. The message sent to Bundy could not have been any clearer: take the deal or you too will have an appointment with Florida's "Old Sparky." To further drive that point home, Ted was brought to appear in the very same courtroom where Spenkelink had been condemned to die, with many of the same actors in attendance. For a time, Bundy was even represented by Spenkelink's attorney, Brian Hayes. Spenkelink was, curiously enough, only the second man executed in this country since 1962, the first being, of course, the aforementioned Gary Gilmore. Before his electrocution, Spenkelink was asked if he had any final statement, to which he replied: "I can't talk. The [chin] strap is too tight." That was the only statement he was allowed to make.

Ted was not intimidated; he refused the deal.

On June 25, 1979, the Chi Omega trial began in Miami, Florida. It was the very first trial in U.S. history to be nationally televised. By June 30, final jury selections had already been made. Sitting on that jury, according to at least two of Bundy's chroniclers, was a man named Vernon Swindler—whom Michaud noted had "been to a murder trial before, his cousin's." For those who may have lost count, that brings to three the number of people named Swindler who played a

part in the investigation and prosecution of Ted Bundy: Herb Swindler, the head of the homicide division; Daris Swindler, the forensics expert who examined the alleged victims' remains; and Vernon Swindler, the juror. Nothing unusual about that, I suppose, nor in the fact that Ted's defense team included a 'jury expert' who was actually an Atlanta hypnotist named Emil Spillman.

The case presented by the state was, to put it politely, problematic. A stocking mask was produced that was purportedly found at the Thomas residence and which was said to be identical to the one found in Ted's car during the illegal Utah search—though one has to wonder how different one stocking mask could be from another. The mask from the Florida crime scene was said to have yielded two hairs from the head of Ted Bundy. Interestingly though, the only eyewitness that night, Nita Neary, testified that the man she saw was not wearing any such mask. Of the 260 different fingerprints found in the Chi Omega house by detectives, not one of them matched those of Ted Bundy, even though Neary also said that the intruder she saw was not wearing any gloves. In court, Nita Neary positively identified Bundy, as she reportedly had done from a photo line-up, though she had wavered in that identification when she had first seen Ted in person. And, as previously noted, she had said under hypnosis that the intruder more closely resembled the sorority's houseboy. She had also said that he had a very prominent nose, a feature that Ted was clearly lacking.

The notorious bite-mark evidence was presented to the jury, even though the actual bite wound had been destroyed and the photos purportedly taken of the wound had been shot with a camera other than that of the medical examiner, hopelessly compromising the evidence chain. The bite wound evidence was presented by a man named Dr. Richard Souviron, who had published his supposed findings before the trial even began, thereby contaminating the jury pool. In explaining the techniques that he had used to come to his conclusions, the doctor may well have inadvertently revealed exactly where the photos of the victim's bite wound came from: "I took models [from the castings of Bundy's teeth] and I went to the morgue and I pressed the models into the buttocks area on different individuals and photographed them." The good doctor took the castings of Bundy's teeth and used them to 'bite' the buttocks of corpses, and then photographed those bite wounds with a 35mm camera, but those were, of course, different 35mm bite wound photos than the ones that were allegedly taken of the actual bite wound victim, although those photos were also taken with a 35mm camera, rather than with the ME's camera, and it couldn't actually be proven that there ever was an actual bite wound victim, since the purported physical evidence of the wound itself had been destroyed.

Bob Campbell, a Fort Lauderdale police officer who followed the trial, was skeptical of both the bite-mark testimony and of Neary's dubious identification

of Bundy, despite the fact that he had a vested interest in seeing Bundy convicted, given that it was his sister that Ted had been on trial for killing prior to his escape in Colorado. Dr. Dwayne DeVore was skeptical as well. Even if we take a leap of faith and assume that the photos of the bite wounds were legitimate, DeVore testified that the tooth pattern visible in the photos was a very common one, and “the material of skin is flexible, elastic,” and not at all a good medium from which to compare bite-marks. Bundy himself cast further doubt on the evidence when he attempted to introduce photographs demonstrating that one of his teeth had been chipped *after* the attack at the Chi Omega house. To prove that point, Ted requested a delay in the trial to subpoena all the negatives of photographs taken of him by the media. If Bundy’s bite pattern had in fact changed after his arrest, then proving that would have conclusively proven that the bite wound evidence had been fabricated using castings of Ted’s teeth. The judge disallowed the motion and no photographic evidence was ever reviewed by the court.

This was certainly not the only ruling to go against Bundy. It was clear from the time of the opening defense statement that the court was heavily biased in favor of the prosecution. The defense’s statement, which ordinarily would not be expected to draw objections, ran for just twenty-six minutes and was interrupted with an astounding twenty-nine objections, *twenty-three of which were sustained*. When all was said and done, the jury deliberated for just six hours before finding Bundy guilty on all counts. Following the penalty phase of the trial, the jurors required just an additional hour and forty minutes to deliver two death sentences. Ted was sent to Death Row’s Q Wing, otherwise known as the ‘Bug Wing,’ where he took up residence in John Spenkelink’s recently abandoned cell.

In January 1980, he was back in court to again face murder charges, this time for the death of Kimberly Leach. There was virtually no chance of him receiving a fair trial; his name recognition in Orange County, where he was being tried, was said to be at 98%. Only the comatose were unaware of the notorious Ted Bundy. The state used that fact to their full advantage, brazenly stacking the jury with those who had prior knowledge of the case. As Ted accurately noted, “the state’s case is predicated on knowledge outside this courtroom.” Even Ann Rule acknowledged that the “prospective jurors...appeared willing to say almost anything so that they might be chosen.”

Ted’s defense counsel this time around was a man named Vic Africano, who candidly described Bundy as a “split personality.” Court watchers noted that Bundy seemed to have undergone a radical transformation from his previous trial, during which he had represented himself quite lucidly and animatedly. He now seemed distant, aloof, out of touch with his surroundings. It would later be revealed that Carole Boone kept him supplied with a steady flow of drugs and alcohol throughout the latter proceedings.

There were ostensibly three eyewitnesses to the Leach abduction, but there were serious questions about all of them. The first was a seventy-three-year-old crossing guard who remembered the day of the abduction as having been a “warm, summery day,” when in fact it had been a rain-drenched morning on which the temperature had been near freezing. According to chronicler Michaud, during a deposition this witness had “told the attorney that he knew he’d picked the right man because an FBI agent winked at him when he picked the right picture in a photo lineup.” His testimony was deemed inadmissible, as was that of the second eyewitness, who had been unable to identify Ted for nearly two years before suddenly developing the ability to do so. The third witness, C. L. “Andy” Anderson, had waited for weeks before belatedly reporting his version of the abduction to police. Anderson happened to work at the local fire station, which was, conveniently enough, located in the same building as the Lake City Police Department.

Anderson’s version of the incident was seriously lacking in credibility. He claimed that Bundy, ever the careful criminal, had improbably left his van parked in the street, blocking the only west-bound traffic lane, during the morning rush hour, while he leisurely prowled about the school looking for a suitable victim. In order to ‘enhance’ his memory of that day, Anderson had reportedly been hypnotized. Another witness, a sporting goods dealer, claimed in court that he had sold Bundy a knife shortly before the crime was committed, but there was no evidence that a knife had been used in the commission of the crime, and the witness had initially identified another man in a photo line-up.

The most compelling element of the state’s case, on the surface anyway, was the purported fiber evidence. Fibers from a van that Ted had allegedly stolen and used for a period of ten days were reportedly recovered from Leach’s purse, bra, jersey, and socks. Conversely, fibers from her denim purse and jeans were said to have been found in the van. The problem was that there was no evidence to suggest that Ted had ever stolen, used, or been anywhere near that van. None of Ted’s or Leach’s hair was ever found in the van, even though 100 hair samples were recovered from the vehicle, clearly demonstrating that no effort had been made to cleanse the van of evidence. Similarly, dozens of latent fingerprints were found in the van, but none of them belonged to Ted. Obviously, no effort had been made to wipe the van down, which was not consistent with Bundy’s other alleged actions. For instance, it was claimed that Ted’s Florida apartment had been so thoroughly cleaned before his departure that not a single fingerprint could be found anywhere.

Another problem with the fiber evidence is the notion that a fiber from a pair of denim jeans, a mass produced commodity, can be matched to a particular pair of jeans. There is absolutely nothing unique about any particular pair of blue

jeans that would allow an analyst to ascertain that it was the garment that yielded an individual fiber to the exclusion of all other pairs of jeans. These are not, in other words, fingerprints we are talking about here; these are textiles that are produced in enormous lots. The same is largely true of carpet fibers, including those from the van, which are also a mass produced commodity. The best that can be ascertained is that a fiber came from a particular make of automobile, not from any specific vehicle. Claims to the contrary fly in the face of any sort of logic.

The best that the state could do to connect Bundy to the van was through the testimony of Detective James Parmenter of Jacksonville. Prior to the Leach abduction, his kids had purportedly had an encounter with the van and its driver. Parmenter later arranged for his kids to be hypnotized, out of which allegedly came a positive ID of Bundy as the driver. Bundy was thus ever so tenuously linked to the van, through the manipulated testimony of the two young children of a police detective, and not through any physical evidence whatsoever, and the van was then tenuously linked to Kimberly Leach, though only through dubious fiber evidence.

None of this really mattered, however, as Bundy's guilt was a foregone conclusion for the people of the state of Florida. It took the jury only forty-five minutes to deliver yet another death sentence on February 9—the second anniversary of Leach's disappearance, a fact that surely was not lost on the jurors. Following the verdict, Ted was sent to occupy a cell right next to that of our old friend Ottis Toole.

Throughout the 1980s, long after Ted Bundy had moved on, women continued to vanish in and around the Seattle area—as many as 100 of them by some counts. Most of them were prostitutes, many of them underage. These killings were attributed to the so-called “Green River Killer,” who has never been caught (though recent reports claim that police now have a suspect who will be prosecuted).

In the summer of 1985, the Violent Criminal Apprehension Program (VICAP) was launched at the FBI's headquarters in Quantico, Virginia. Ted Bundy was said to be the prototype on which the system was based. This system, despite the lofty goals implied by the name, has little to do with the apprehension of violent criminals and everything to do with the wholesale erosion of civil rights in this country, using the fear of a manufactured phenomenon, serial killers, to sell repressive measures to the American people. One of the biggest promoters of the system, who did everything but go door-to-door to assist the FBI in its efforts to justify its implementation, was Ann Rule. The very same Ann Rule consented to be a witness for the prosecution during Bundy's so-called “competency trials,” which were an effort on Ted's part to persuade the courts to set his sentences aside and grant him new trials in the Florida cases.

In her book *The Stranger Beside Me*, Rule, a former Chi Omega sorority sister, justifies the selling out of her purported friend by saying: “There would be a very real threat that Ted could work his way back through all his legal thickets.” In other words, if Bundy’s verdicts had been set aside, and if new trials had been ordered, there would have been a very real possibility that his previous trials would have been revealed as the judicial shams that they were. The truth of the matter was, as Stephen Michaud wrote: “in the dozens of cases from Seattle to Florida in which the police have sought to implicate Bundy there has not been a single bit of physical evidence that incontrovertibly demonstrates his involvement in anything more sinister than car theft.” Michaud attributes this to Bundy being some sort of criminal mastermind—a genius who was smart enough to always cover his tracks. In truth, there was never any evidence to suggest that Bundy was a genius. He was no doubt an intelligent man, but there is nothing in his academic records or in his IQ test scores to indicate that he rose to the level of a ‘genius.’

In April 1987, the *Associated Press* reported that the incarcerated Bundy had been corresponding with attempted presidential assassin John Hinckley, Jr., who was in turn corresponding with Manson disciple *cum* attempted presidential assassin Lynette “Squeaky” Fromme. Birds of a feather...

On August 1, 1987—*Lammas* on the occult calendar—Judge Cowart died of a massive heart attack while lying in a private hospital room that he had checked into for observation. He had no prior history of illness. Ted Bundy, calmed by tranquilizers, was put to death by the state of Florida on January 24, 1989. In his final hours, he allegedly confessed on tape to an array of murders, including some in the state of Idaho that he had never been accused of. Many of the details given in these confessions were either wrong or unverifiable, and the tape is difficult to hear—due purportedly to yet another tape-recorder malfunction.

One type of evidence that would have proven tremendously damaging to Bundy had it been introduced at any of his trials was Polaroid photographs of the murders. According to some officials, such photos did exist, taken by Ted himself. As with so many other cases though, such evidence was never produced. Why? Perhaps because those photographs would show actors other than, or in addition to, Theodore Robert Bundy.

Chapter 15

The Next Generation

“Like you have a job, I have a job, he has a job. His job is killing people. That’s what he was trained to do.”

—Cynthia Haden, a juror in the Richard Ramirez trial,
commenting on the convicted Night Stalker

Henry Lee Lucas’ reign of terror ended a mere nine months before another series of violent ‘serial killings’ began in March 1984 in part of Henry’s old stomping ground: the state of Florida. By the time it was over, ten people had met with gruesome, untimely deaths, allegedly at the hands of Bobby Joe Long. Though rarely mentioned in press accounts of the killings, Bobby Joe Long was a cousin of Henry Lee Lucas.

Just over two years after John Wayne Gacy was indicted for the murder of thirty-three young men in Chicago, a new wave of ‘serial killings’ began in the Windy City. A year-and-a-half later, seventeen young women had allegedly fallen victim to the “Ripper Crew,” led by Robin Gecht. Seventeen years after the arrest of the Rippers, and just days before the scheduled execution of one member of the crew, a son of the crew’s charismatic leader was arrested along with three accomplices and charged with homicide as well. Though the connection was almost entirely ignored by the media, Robin Gecht had been one of the young male employees of John Wayne Gacy.

Angelo Buono was still awaiting trial for the Hillside Strangler murders when girls once again began turning up dead on the streets of the San Fernando Valley. These killings were eventually attributed to a man named Douglas Clark and an accomplice named, bizarrely enough, Carole Bundy—though this was not the same woman who acquired that very same name after marrying Ted Bundy. Like Buono, Clark owned an auto upholstery business, located just a short drive from Angelo’s shop. Also like Buono, Clark claimed to have used his business as a front for a prostitution ring. On at least one occasion, Clark had visited Buono’s shop

to purchase supplies. The first victims of the Clark and Bundy team, who were dubbed the “Sunset Strip Killers,” were dumped along the same lonely stretch of Forest Lawn Drive where the body of Strangler victim Yolanda Washington had earlier been discovered, as well as the body of Laura Collins before her. Clark claimed that his large stable of past and present girlfriends included a roommate of one of the Strangler victims. Following his arrest, Clark began a relationship with another woman, as did his partner, Carole Bundy. The woman was Veronica Compton, the girlfriend of Kenneth Bianchi who was convicted of being a “Copycat” Strangler.

Richard Ramirez, whose alleged “Night Stalker” killing spree began just weeks after that of Bobby Joe Long, arose from the very same cesspool that had spawned Henry Lee Lucas, Rafael Resendez-Ramirez, and the Matamoros and Juarez death cults. Just before his arrival in Los Angeles, Ramirez paid a visit to San Francisco to receive inspiration from the high priest of that satanic sewer, Anton LaVey.

* * * * *

Robin Gecht was born on November 30, 1953 at, appropriately enough, the Illinois Masonic Hospital. His parents never married and young Robin was raised primarily by his grandparents. At a fairly young age, Gecht was sent to a school for troubled youth. He was later sent by a judge to a live-in facility that likewise catered to delinquent youth. Still later, as a young teen, Robin formed a close relationship with a man named Thomas Farley, a known pedophile who lived in the same building as the Gecht family. During his teen years, Gecht was accused of molesting his own sister. Around that same time, he began living with Farley, an arrangement that apparently was of no great concern to Gecht’s parents or grandparents. At one point, Robin even took to the road with Farley, journeying to the state of Florida for reasons unknown.²⁸

28 It may by now have occurred to readers that three states seem to play a particularly prominent role in the life stories of an overwhelming number of purported serial killers: California, Texas and Florida. These three states are, coincidentally or not, rife with satanic cult activity. They are also, coincidentally or not, the three points through which virtually all of the drugs trafficked through Mexico and Central and South America enter the United States. As was previously mentioned, two of these three points of entry, again coincidentally or not, have in recent years been under the political control of the Bush family. And as was also mentioned previously, law enforcement officials have spoken of an organized crime pipeline that moves many of the drugs entering Texas to the city of Chicago, Illinois—which could help explain the recurrent phenomenon of spree and serial killers stalking that city.

Robin Gecht married a woman named Rosemary McCaffrey and fathered three children by her. Rosemary has been described by Gecht chronicler Jaye Slade Fletcher as “bizarre looking, with long black hair, Cleopatra eye makeup, long red fingernails, and a hard-eyed stare.” At the urging of Robin, who enjoyed reading books on the torture practices of ancient cultures, she reportedly kept hatpins stuck through her breast. Like Rosemary, her brother Thomas was also thin and chalk-white with jet-black hair. He was later implicated by Robin Gecht in the Ripper murders. Thomas, who denied any involvement in the killings, claimed that one of the accomplices who was later convicted of complicity was a lover of Robin’s, and that another accomplice was a former lover.

In addition to his boyfriends, Robin also reportedly maintained a large stable of girlfriends. Like others profiled in this book, Gecht reportedly had a steady stream of teenage boys and girls coming and going from his house, some of whom stayed there for varying periods of time. One of them, a fifteen-year-old girl, accused Robin of raping her at gunpoint, but the charges were later dropped. Robin apparently was not too picky about who, *or what*, he copulated with; on at least one occasion, he reportedly had sexual relations with his wife’s parents’ dog.

Gecht has been described as a master manipulator who is adept at reading others. He is also said to be an accomplished hypnotist who has an uncanny knack for getting people, especially women, to do what he wants them to do. He has also been described as a sufferer of a multiple personality disorder who speaks in various voices—including those of a small child, a teenager, and a businessman. Experts, of course, have declared this a sham.

Robin frequently visited an unidentified drugstore where he apparently was on close terms with the pharmacist. Associates of Gecht’s have said that he could get whatever he wanted there, in whatever quantities he desired; he was therefore able to keep a large and steady supply of prescription pills of various kinds on hand. All of this—the fascination with hypnotism and the control of others, the fascination with torture, the associations with pedophilia, ready access to drugs, indications of a dissociative disorder—is by now familiar terrain.

Two of Robin’s convicted accomplices were brothers Andy and Tom Kokoraleis. Along with their four siblings, the two boys had been raised by their father following the premature death of their mother. One of those siblings filed numerous complaints with a youth protection agency charging their father with sexual molestation. In one of those strange twists that are forever popping up in serial killer cases, Warren Wilkosz, who served as the lead investigator on the Ripper case, had been a friend of the Kokoraleis family for a number of years.

In April 1982, Robin Gecht suddenly disappeared for several weeks, much as Richard Chase had done several years before. Upon his return, Gecht refused to explain the reason for his sudden disappearance or to discuss where he had gone.

On May 6, just after he returned from his mysterious sojourn, an unidentified Chicago police officer responded to a call of a man with a gun. That man turned out to be Robin Gecht, who was arrested and charged with carrying a loaded weapon. Robin purportedly quickly established a rapport with the officer, despite the circumstances of their meeting. A few days later, the two met at the officer's house and Robin, a building contractor/carpenter, just as Gacy had been, began working for the officer.

Robin's new friend on the force soon opened his home to the entire Gecht family, who essentially lived with him for a period of four months. During that time, Robin was allegedly directly complicit in a string of grisly murders. The first of these occurred just nine days after that fateful, and rather bizarre, meeting between Gecht and the officer. Lorraine Ann Borowski disappeared on May 15, 1982. Borowski shared an apartment with a man who told police investigators that she had not slept at home the night before she disappeared, even though it was quite obvious to the officers that she had. It has never been explained why the man lied to the officers, or why he was not considered a suspect after doing so.

Lorraine had told her mother the day before she vanished that a "big, giant man" in a car had been following her. That was a description that would have fit Ed Kemper, but it was certainly not a description that fit the rather diminutive Robin Gecht. The owner of a nearby liquor store had seen a struggle at the side of a gray or dull silver, older model car. A suspect was identified who had driven such a car until just after the abduction, when he claimed to have sold it. The man was said to have an explosive temper and a fondness for knives and Oriental throwing stars. He had been in-and-out of mental hospitals for a number of years, with release from his most recent confinement having come just the day before the abduction. His younger brother was already serving time for another abduction and murder.

This was not the first abduction/murder that was later attributed to Robin and his crew. It would later be claimed that the killings actually began the year before, and that as many as twelve girls had fallen victim to the Rippers before Lorraine Borowski. Police though were never able to produce more than one of the purported bodies, or to identify who any of the other missing victims might be. The first of them was said to be a Chicago-area prostitute named Linda Sutton, whose nearly skeletal remains were found facedown in a field on June 1, 1981. She had last been seen on May 24 at a family function in the company of a new boyfriend. It was claimed that she had been killed just three days before her remains were discovered, on about the twenty-ninth of May. The advanced decomposition of the body, however, suggested that she had actually died just after the time she was last seen. Her whereabouts between that day and the alleged day of her death were never accounted for.

There is nothing to indicate that Linda Sutton's murder had any connection to those that occurred a year later. And there is no evidence to suggest that any other murders were committed by the Gecht crew between June 1981 and May 1982. In other words, there is nothing to suggest that the killings began before Robin returned from his mysterious sojourn and took up residence with a member of the Chicago Police Department. Indeed, the additional murders appear to have been a fabrication intended to draw attention away from the unusual circumstances surrounding the actual time that the killings began.

On May 29, 1982, a woman named Shui Mak disappeared; her corpse surfaced shortly after that in one of Chicago's most exclusive suburbs. The next month a prostitute named Angel York was attacked and her left breast was brutally slashed, which was to become a distinguishing feature of the Ripper killings. It would later be revealed that the severed left breasts of the victims were utilized by the cult in rituals that involved cannibalism and necrophilia. This preoccupation with the left breast of victims is, perhaps significantly, shared by other serial killers. Included on that list are Richard Chase and the Boston Strangler, one of whose victims was found with eighteen stab wounds forming a ritual pattern on her left breast.

The body of prostitute Sandra Delaware was found on August 28, 1982, bearing the distinctive mutilation wounds of the Ripper Crew. Delaware had been working for a pimp identified only as "The Minister," but had recently left his stable and had subsequently received death threats from him. Just over a week later, Rose Davis was savagely beaten, stabbed and strangled. Robert Ressler, one of the founding fathers of the 'science' of profiling, just happened to be in the Chicago area when Davis' body was found, and he was promptly put to work creating a profile of her killer. Why this was necessary remains largely a mystery, since the police already had a prime suspect in the case. The suspect lived in the apartment building outside of which the crime took place, and he was seen by witnesses at the scene of the crime at the time that police estimated the girl had been killed. He was given a polygraph test that revealed that he had, at the very least, witnessed the murder. The police concluded, bizarrely enough, that the man had heard the assault in progress from inside his apartment, and had gone outside to watch. He was cleared as a suspect.

On October 5, a prostitute named Denise Gardner was found alive but bleeding profusely from severe mutilations. Her left breast had been completely removed and her right breast was nearly severed. She was rushed to Illinois Masonic Hospital where she told investigators that she had been forced to swallow some unidentified blue capsules. She also gave a detailed description of the van that was used to abduct her. The very next day, a drive-by shooting left one known drug dealer dead and one of his associates paralyzed. To investigators, it

looked very much like a routine gang-related drug hit, which is no doubt exactly what it was. Nevertheless, it was credited to the Ripper Crew.

Police pulled over a van two weeks later that closely matched the description that had been given by Gardner of the vehicle that was used to abduct her. The driver of the van was a young man named Eddie Spreitzer. Eddie led the officers to his boss, Robin Gecht, who was the owner of the van. Eddie was then taken in and questioned at length. His interrogation quickly yielded the names of Gecht and the Kokoraleis brothers. Andy Kokoraleis was then taken into custody, and Eddie and Andy were held in separate interrogation rooms for an extended period of time, forced to sleep on couches and endure frequent questioning. They soon confessed to as many as eighteen murders.

Both of the young men displayed a palpable fear of Robin Gecht, who they said had an altar set up in his attic where he performed rituals. Police later found black and red crosses painted in that attic, but the altar had apparently been removed. Gecht was arrested and formally charged with aggravated battery, deviate sexual assault, armed robbery and kidnapping—all in connection with the assault on Gardner. Eddie and Andy were indicted for murder, rape, kidnapping, armed violence, and deviate sexual assault.

On October 25, Gecht was released from custody after posting bail. Six days later, on Halloween, another woman was rushed to the hospital for emergency treatment after having her breasts slashed. Gecht was formally charged with that attack on November 5, but the charges were later dropped on the request of an assistant state's attorney. Eleven days later, with all of the Rippers safely in custody, the mutilated body of another young prostitute was found under a bridge in exactly the same spot where Sandra Delaware's body had been dumped. Authorities deemed that just a bizarre coincidence.

Eddie Spreitzer and Andy Kokoraleis, both teenagers who appeared to be the least culpable of the suspects, took the majority of the fall; both ultimately received death sentences. Eddie initially pled guilty to four counts of murder and one count of attempted murder and received four life sentences plus an additional 360 years. He was then indicted on additional charges and he went to trial, resulting in a death sentence. Andy's first trial, in February 1985, resulted in a life sentence after he was found guilty of murder. Two years later, in a second trial, he was again found guilty. On April 30, 1987—*Walpurgisnacht*—the presiding judge formally sentenced Andy Kokoraleis to death by execution.

The purported leader of the cult, Robin Gecht, never faced murder charges, but he was charged with various lesser crimes. His first trial ended very quickly in a mistrial. At the second, he was convicted of attempted murder, rape, deviate sexual assault, aggravated battery and armed violence; he was given a 120-year sentence. Tommy Kokoraleis was initially given a life sentence for his complicity

in the crimes, but that sentence was later reversed. Facing trial again, he accepted a plea agreement that netted him a seventy year prison sentence. No one else was ever charged in connection with the murders, although there was certainly no shortage of suspects, including the Chicago police officer whose home provided Gecht with his base of operations. The name of another man came up repeatedly during the investigation, and that suspect failed a polygraph examination during which he was questioned directly about being present and participating in the killings. He was released “pending further investigation.”

Some of the witnesses in the case implicated others as well, either directly or indirectly. Some said that Gecht slaughtered animals during ceremonies performed in the woods. They also spoke of his fondness for guns and of his seemingly unlimited access to drugs. Some of them also spoke of orgies that were attended by Gecht’s sister-in-law and her circle of friends. Many of the witnesses warned of a satanic “fad” sweeping through the local high school; students, they said, were wearing pentagrams and carving “666” and inverted crosses into their desks. Secret ceremonies were reportedly being held and candles and witchcraft were hot topics of whispered conversations. Teachers told of finding circles of stones and the skeletal remains of cats and dogs in the wooded area behind the school.

Such stories were largely ignored by the local media, which was uncharacteristically muted in its coverage of the case. Coincidentally or otherwise, the Ripper case was overshadowed by a much more high-profile series of deaths that were attributed to Tylenol packages that had been tampered with. The Tylenol/cyanide case, which succeeded in ratcheting up the level of fear not just in Chicago, but across the country, was never solved. The lackadaisical coverage of the case was likely due to the fact that authorities were forced to acknowledge that the Ripper Crew was indeed a satanic cult that killed as a group, much like the Manson Family. Prosecutors in fact likened Gecht’s followers to Charlie’s, who yearned to please their leader and killed on his command.

* * * * *

The cast of characters involved in the Sunset Strip Murders was a large and colorful one. Many of the key players in that cast reeked of covert military intelligence operations, including the alleged ringleader, Douglas Clark.

Doug was born in 1948, the son of Navy Lieutenant Commander Franklyn Clark. The Clark family moved frequently during Doug’s early years, living for varying periods of time in Pennsylvania, Washington, California and Japan. When Doug was eleven, the family relocated to the Kwajalein Atoll in the

Marshall Islands. By that time, Franklyn had allegedly retired from Naval service to find work in the civilian sector. The family's new home just happened to be an interceptor pad for missiles fired from Vandenberg Air Force Base, but officially Franklyn was now a civilian employee of the Transport Company of Texas. Following this stint in the Pacific, the Clark family returned to the home that they maintained in Berkeley, California, where young Douglas whiled away his time playing with the children of legendary Navy Admiral Chester Nimitz.

The family next lived for a time in India, where Doug remembered living a life of luxury surrounded by numerous household servants. After that, Clark enrolled at *Ecole Internationale de Geneve*, alongside the offspring of royalty, celebrities and diplomats. The rest of the Clark family, meanwhile, moved on first to Venezuela and then to Australia. Doug's next stop was at the prestigious Culver Military Academy in Indiana. While there, he indulged his lifelong fascination with guns by joining a firearms club on campus. He also reportedly spent a considerable amount of time recording audiotapes and taking photographs of his sexual exploits, which he revelled in sharing with others.

After leaving Culver, Clark moved back in with his family, who by that time had resettled in Yosemite. He next embarked on a career in the Air Force, where he worked, strangely enough, in radio intelligence. Like many other future serial killers, he was discharged early, though honorably and with full benefits. Details of his discharge, alas, remain rather murky; some of the records are reportedly missing. In the early 1970s, he married and opened his own upholstery business. By 1976, the marriage had ended and Doug was working for the Department of Water and Power's Valley Generating Station. According to his work records, he once took two weeks off to recover from knife wounds of unspecified origin.

His employment at the generating station was ultimately terminated; strangely enough, on the day of his termination, the plant received a telephone call from the LAPD warning that Clark was headed their way armed with a shotgun. That turned out to be a false alarm. It was never explained why the LAPD made that unusual call.

Clark was known to confide to friends his ultimate dream of owning a country home with a secret torture chamber where he could train and house sex slaves. He also liked to boast of being a contract assassin who had been performing "assigned hits" since his adolescent years. One of Clark's closest associates, John Robert "Jack" Murray, also claimed to be an assassin. Murray was a lounge singer who fancied himself Australia's answer to Tom Jones. He reportedly was known to carry a police badge and a 9mm handgun. He had served in Vietnam in a Special Forces unit of the Australian Army. He claimed that he had served, specifically, as an undercover assassin for the CIA—in other words, as a Phoenix operative. Like

Clark, Murray found it exceptionally easy to attract women and he generally kept a large stable of girlfriends, some of whom he shared with Doug.

Jack's wife, Jeannette, who was well aware of her husband's frequent indiscretions, was a former Marine and the daughter of a Naval officer. Jeannette's father died at the age of forty-two, reportedly by his own hand. Before his death, he was a frequent abuser of his daughter. One of his beatings was severe enough to leave Jeannette with a dislocated shoulder and a concussion. Jack Murray later took over as her primary abuser.

Carol Bundy was another of the key players in this sordid tale. Carol had worked for a brief time as a child actress, the highlight of which was an appearance in the classic film "Miracle on 34th Street." Carol had also suffered through a horrendously abusive childhood. Her sibling recalled watching Carol sitting emotionless (in a dissociative state) while their mother beat her unmercifully. After the beatings, she would just grin at her tormentor. After their mother died at a young age, when Carol was just fourteen, the two girls were temporarily expected to take their mother's place in their father's bed. Their father was remarried just months later, however, and promptly shipped the girls off to foster homes. At about that time, Carol made her first suicide attempt; she made at least two more attempts in later years.

Carol first married at age eighteen, but it apparently was a brief union. Not long after that, her father was found swinging from a rope; his death was ruled a suicide. At around that same time, Carol met a man named Dick Geis, who was the editor of a bizarre and obscure fan-zine and a writer of pornography. Geis was yet another possible player in this tale; he had inside knowledge of the murders, but was not necessarily complicit in them.

Carol eventually moved into an apartment building that was managed by Jack Murray, and soon began an affair with Jack, and also with Doug Clark and with Jeannette's Murray's brother. Carol had two young sons living with her who suffered abuse at the hands of both Carol and Doug, and possibly Jack as well. Some reports held that both of Carol's boys, and an eleven-year-old neighbor girl, were under Doug's control. The neighbor girl had been molested from a very young age by an unidentified "family friend." She had endured such severe abuse that she reportedly had her own pediatric plastic surgeon to mend the damage from her frequent 'accidents.' For Doug and Carol, she served as a model for child pornography photos. She also regularly rode along with Doug to assist him in selecting prostitutes, which was one of his favorite activities.

The names of several of Doug and Jack's girlfriends are woven through this story as well. And Doug and Jack had no shortage of girlfriends, some of whom they shared. Jurors at Doug's trial were amazed at the level of control that he exerted over so many different women. Lydia Crouch was one of them. She had

an eleven-year-old boy and a four-year-old girl who were likely molested by some of the adults in this story. Tammy Spangler was an off-and-on girlfriend of both Doug and Jack over a four-year period. She disappeared while Clark was awaiting trial. Bretta Jo "Joey" Lamphier was a particularly loyal girlfriend of Doug's. Her phone bill revealed that incriminating calls to witnesses had been placed from her home. Nancy Smith was yet another of Doug's girlfriends. She fled to Illinois the day after Jack's body was found without Jack's head attached to it.

Jack Murray's head was never found. The possibility exists that it was not really Jack's body that turned up headless in Jack's van. And it almost certainly was not Carol Bundy, working alone, that stabbed the victim repeatedly and then chopped off his head. And Jack Murray was certainly more than just a victim in this tale, but that is how he was portrayed by the state.

The murders began in June 1980. The first victims were Cindy Chandler and Gina Moreno, just sixteen and fifteen years old. Their bodies were discovered alongside the Ventura Freeway, in a dumping grounds previously used by Buono and Bianchi. Both girls had .25 caliber slugs in their heads. Both had been sexually violated and, according to accounts by law enforcement officials, photographed with a Polaroid camera after their deaths. Not long before their disappearances, they had attended a party with a Beverly Hills acquaintance, Mindy Cohen, and had apparently been staying at the home of an unnamed Hollywood producer. Mindy's boyfriend, an attorney, was the host of the party, which was reportedly attended by more than 100 people, many of them judges and lawyers—and many of them nubile young women. After leaving the party, the two girls were taken by Mindy to the home of Rod Stewart and Britt Ekland. It is unclear how long after this eventful evening they remained alive.

Not long after their disappearances, a woman named Laurie Briggs received a troubling phone call from a man who seemed to be attempting to get a physical description of her brother-in-law, Henry Briggs. Henry's business card was found on the body of one of the two dead girls. Days later, Mindy Cohen received an equally troubling phone call from a man claiming to be an LAPD detective; the police later said that the man had no connection to the department. Two days later, Cohen received a second call from the same man, this time claiming that he had seen her at the party.

On the same day that Mindy received the first phone call, Exxie Wilson and Karen Jones were shot in the head with a .25 caliber automatic. Both of their bodies were found the next day, but it was several more days before Wilson's severed head was discovered—packed inside a treasure chest manufactured in Juarez, Mexico. Wilson and Jones had both arrived in L.A. just a week before, brought there from Little Rock, Arkansas by their pimp, Derek Albright. Albright had previously served time for murder. Tests conducted on the semen found in

Wilson's throat revealed that it came from a type A secretor; Doug Clark had type O blood. One of the last places that Wilson was seen, on the day that she disappeared, was the Carney's Restaurant on the Sunset Strip from where one of the Strangler victims had been abducted.

Another alleged victim was a seventeen-year-old runaway named Marnett Comer, who had been working the streets since the age of thirteen; she had worked the streets of Sacramento during the time of the Richard Chase killings. She had recently confided to her sister her intention to leave her pimp, and detectives initially suspected that a nationwide organization of pimps was responsible for her death. Another attack attributed to Clark was the brutal stabbing of a prostitute named Charlene Andermann. She was stabbed twenty-six times but managed to survive the attack. Andermann originally identified another man as her assailant, in both a photo line-up and a live line-up. She also described the man as having a mustache and identified the car he was driving as a wood-paneled station wagon. Clark had neither a mustache nor access to a station wagon. Andermann seriously undermined her own credibility when she waffled over where the attack took place; first she placed it inside a motel room, and then later changed her mind and claimed that it had occurred in the vehicle.

The killings ended after Carol Bundy allegedly placed an anonymous call to the police. Doug Clark was arrested and reportedly talked to detectives for over three hours without the benefit of having an attorney present. Cindy Chandler's home phone number was found in his wallet—a rather unusual find given that Chandler was allegedly a randomly chosen victim. Two guns were confiscated, but neighbor Teresa told investigators that that was just the tip of the iceberg; she had once seen an Army bag stuffed full of guns. Doug was charged with multiple counts of murder, three counts of child molestation, one count of attempted murder for the Andermann attack, and one count of being an accessory after the fact in the killing of Jack Murray. While in jail awaiting trial, Clark had no fewer than four fiancées, one of whom was the so-called 'Copycat Strangler,' Veronica Compton.

The case against Clark was prosecuted by Robert Jorgensen, whose life had followed a rather interesting path. Jorgensen had at one time been an executive with General Electric. In the mid-1960s, he decided to resign to attend law school at UC Berkeley. The former defense industry executive was suddenly reborn as a campus radical. He graduated in 1967, at the onset of the 'Summer of Love.' Campus activism was at an all-time high, and covert operatives were lurking everywhere. Following his graduation, Jorgensen drifted south to Los Angeles and promptly began working for the District Attorney's Office. That was, needless to say, a rather odd career choice for an idealistic young radical. Once on the job, he became known as a hard-line right-winger who tended to associate only with young, attractive women.

Carol's appointed attorney was a former homicide detective. As Doug's counsel, the court appointed Maxwell Keith, who had previously represented Manson disciple Leslie Van Houten. Doug was not entirely pleased with the appointment and he repeatedly petitioned the court for permission to represent himself. His requests were denied, but he was allowed to essentially serve as co-counsel to Keith, who delivered one of the most pathetic closing arguments in legal history. His excuse, amazingly enough, was that he had left all his notes at home because he did not expect to have to argue that day. Clark seems to have fared somewhat better; veteran court watchers were said to be impressed with his performance.

Clark's efforts were hampered in a number of ways: he was repeatedly denied contact with his own attorney; on at least one occasion, his cell was searched and his notes were seized; and on another occasion, he was brought into the courtroom manacled and gagged. And Clark likely didn't aid his cause much by hurling at the judge, in open court, such epithets as "sleazy cocksucker," "gutless worm," "Tijuana taxi driver," "goddamned asshole," "stinking faggot," and "spineless bastard."

Perhaps the most damage was done to Doug's case by Carol Bundy, who was called to the stand as a *defense* witness. Though Doug did not know it, Bundy was offered, and she accepted, an immunity deal immediately before she took the stand. The story she told was the one the state wanted to hear. It was a story loaded with discrepancies.

Carol had already provided two different accounts of the crimes, the first in her anonymous phone call and the second in her sworn confession. The two accounts were markedly different. The one she recounted in court was not consistent with either of them. When the defense attempted to enter into evidence an audiotape of the initial phone call to illustrate that point, the judge disallowed the entry of the evidence. He claimed, quite remarkably, that allowing the tape to air would be too damaging to the *defense's* case. Carol also could not be challenged on her ever-changing story of the murder of Jack Murray, since the charges against Clark in that case had been quietly dropped after a private conference in the judge's chambers from which Doug was excluded.

At one point during the trial, prosecutor Jorgensen obtained privileged communications, which normally would result in a mistrial. Jorgensen assured the court that he had not read the communications, and he was taken at his word.

Despite Maxwell Keith's botched closing argument, and the clear bias shown by the court throughout the trial, the first jury vote revealed that two of the jurors were holding out for acquittal. After further votes, Doug was found guilty on all counts, including the charges in the Andermann case. Called to testify during the penalty phase of the trial—purportedly for the defense, although Doug and his entire family refused to cooperate with him—was none other than Dr. Donald

Lunde. Dr. Lunde, as was his custom, assisted in the prosecution's efforts to impose a death sentence on Clark. Somewhat more helpful on the stand was Doug's brother, Walter, who had reportedly been cautioned by his mother not to reveal any family secrets in court.

Three of the jurors initially voted for a sentence of life without the possibility of parole. All were soon swayed to condemn Clark to death. Six times. Considering that two of the jurors were not even convinced of Doug's guilt when deliberations first began, that was a rather remarkable turn of events.

Carol Bundy never had her day in court. On the day her trial was scheduled to begin, she suddenly withdrew her 'not guilty by reason of insanity' plea and entered guilty pleas to two counts of murder. She was given two 25-years-to-life terms. Two days later, her ex-husband was found dead, purportedly from a self-administered overdose.

Doug appealed the court's decision and found himself squaring off against Buono prosecutor Michael Nash. Dr. Dorothy Lewis was retained as a consultant. When she came to visit Doug and asked him about childhood abuse in the Clark house, about those family secrets, he told her to "Get the fuck out the door." Doug proved no match for Nash; the initial verdict withstood the appeal.

Dr. Lunde, meanwhile, surfaced on yet another case not long after he wrapped up his work on the Hillside Strangler and Sunset Strip cases. In 1985, he was called as an expert witness for the defense in a rather notorious case known as 'the girl in the box.' The case involved a girl, Colleen Stan, who was kidnapped in Northern California and held as a sex slave for seven years by a man named Cameron Hooker. During that time, Stan was frequently tortured and forced to live for months at a time in a box roughly the size of a coffin. At other times, she was forced to wear what was called a 'head box,' which was a crudely made, but very effective, sensory deprivation device.

When the case came to court, there was no question that the woman had been held in abhorrent conditions. Hooker had gone to the trouble of documenting his depravities on film, so there was no shortage of evidence. His home yielded the notorious box, along with an array of restraints and torture devices, and some literature suggesting that a ring existed that traded in sex slaves.

It was not the open-and-shut case that it first appeared to be, however. Hooker's defense counsel argued that the living arrangements had been bizarre, but consensual. Evidence was presented that seemed, on the surface, to support that argument. Love letters written from victim to captor were entered into evidence. Most damaging of all, testimony revealed that Colleen had been allowed to visit with her family, unattended, four years into her captivity. Quite unexpectedly, she had first called, and then visited, her parents and siblings at the family home. She did not bother to explain her disappearance and four-year absence,

and apparently her family did not press her on the matter. She visited for a day or two and then her abductor/captor returned to pick her up. The Stan family apparently made little or no attempt to stop her from leaving. She was returned to the box for another three years.

There is no question that she had the opportunity to physically escape from her tormentor. In fact, in the latter years of her captivity, she was allowed to work outside of her captor's home, and she never attempted to escape. Even when she did eventually break free of her psychic bonds, she did not bother to report her ordeal to the police or to her family. She did not bother to report her ordeal to anyone. But she did make numerous phone calls to her former captor.

To explain all of that, prosecutors brought in a psychiatric witness who argued that the woman's period of imprisonment was not consensual, despite outward appearances, because Stan had been deprived of her ability to act of her own free will. She was, the expert explained to the jury, mind controlled. To counter that argument, the defense brought in its own witness: Donald Lunde. Lunde argued that there was no such thing as mind control, and that the woman's actions demonstrated that she remained with her captor voluntarily. Lunde did not fare well on cross-examination.

Surprisingly, the jury rejected Lunde's testimony and the rest of the defense case and convicted Cameron Hooker. That verdict signaled that all twelve jurors concluded that Colleen Stan was not in fact exercising her free will by choosing to remain as a captive sex slave. All twelve jurors, in other words, were convinced by the evidence presented in the courtroom that the victim was mind controlled.

One final note on the case of 'the girl in the box': the jury returned the guilty verdict against Hooker on, of all days, Halloween.

* * * * *

In probably no other serial killer case on record, with the possible exception of the Boston Strangler case, has the wholesale corruption of the criminal justice system been more clearly on display than in the case of Bobby Joe Long.

Bobby Joe was born on October 14, 1953 to parents Joe Long and Louella Lucas. Both the Long and the Lucas families had a long history of alcoholism and mental illness—and apparently of spawning serial killers as well. Louella Lucas could not remember much of her own troubled childhood. Her father had died when she was three, and she did not remember her mother at all. Louella and Joe first separated when Bobby was just eight months old, thus beginning a long series of break-ups and reconciliations that included the pair remarrying on two occasions.

When he was two-and-a-half years old, Bobby's mother took him to live in Florida. Louella worked the bars there, as a prostitute according to Bobby, and she lived with her son in a series of seedy apartments and boardinghouses. Several other members of the Lucas clan moved to south Florida as well, including Louella's mother, two sisters, a half sister, and seven of Bobby's cousins. It is unclear whether one of those cousins was Henry Lee Lucas. The Lucas clan lived together in cramped quarters as a not-quite happy family, which is generally given as the reason why Bobby shared his mother's bed until he reached the age of thirteen. Long would later reveal that he had powerful childhood memories of being locked in a closet by his cousins and screaming in vain to be let out.

As a young man, Bobby received his requisite 'bleeding' by working as an attendant in a funeral home. He also worked at a variety of medical facilities, most frequently as an X-ray technician. In the late 1960s/early 1970s, Long began experimenting with LSD and reportedly became a heavy user of the drug.

Bobby was first arrested in December 1970 on theft charges, but the charges were later dropped. He was again arrested just two months later, on unrelated charges, and was given probation without being formally convicted. He was next accused of rape, though it is unclear if he was ever formally charged with the crime.

On September 19, 1972, Long was sworn into the Army and sent to Fort Benning, home of the 'School of the Americas'—otherwise known as the 'School of the Assassins,' a notorious training facility for Central and South American death squads. Bobby reportedly spent a considerable amount of time in an Army hospital, ostensibly recovering from a motorcycle accident. He later said that this accident and its aftermath changed him completely. He was ultimately, inevitably perhaps, released early from military service. His family claimed that he was given a medical discharge, but the records are sketchy. He was though given a 40% disability rating and was entitled to full military benefits.

Beginning around 1975, at the same time that his cousin was beginning his career as a serial killer, Bobby allegedly embarked on a career as a serial rapist. An indeterminate number of women in three different Florida counties were accosted by a man with a knife, bound, and then violently raped; their homes were then looted by the attacker dubbed the "Classified Ad Rapist" and the "Ad Man Rapist." No physical evidence linked Bobby to any of these attacks and only one of the numerous witnesses later claimed to be able to identify him. These rapes continued long after the string of killings that Long was also held accountable for began in yet another county. Strangely though, none of the rape victims were ever killed. Despite what the serial killer profilers tell us, Bobby was supposedly able to simultaneously function as a serial rapist in three counties and as a serial killer in a fourth.

On August 21, 1981, Long was accused by his girlfriend of rape and battery, though the charge was later reduced to simple battery. Bobby opted to represent himself and to waive his right to a jury trial, choosing instead to place his fate in the hands of the judge. He was found guilty and sentenced to a thirty-day jail term and six months probation. But then, in a most remarkable turn of events, Long wrote an informal letter to the sentencing judge requesting a new trial, and the judge inexplicably accepted the letter as a valid legal motion for a new trial and released Bobby to await his new hearing. Before the year was out, Long had been charged with sending obscene photos and letters and making obscene telephone calls to the twelve-year-old daughter of a Tampa physician. He entered a plea of “no contest” to the charges and was fined \$65.50 and put on probation for six months.

While continuing to await his new trial on the battery charges, Bobby Joe embarked on an extended cross-country trek. He traveled first to West Virginia, and then on to Southern California, where he stayed for at least six months. At around that same time, cousin Henry was living in Hemet, California. While in California, Long purportedly signed up for a \$9,000 commercial diving class. How the chronically broke and under-employed Long was able to finance the diving lessons, as well as the trip itself, has never been explained—nor has his sudden interest in diving, which was apparently of no interest to him before or after his trip to California. Those with whom Long socialized during his time in California later recalled that he frequently went out by himself and refused to talk about where he had been. These witnesses also described Bobby as being prone to headaches, wild mood swings, and the use of racist terms.

After leaving California, Long slowly made his way back to Florida, again travelling by way of West Virginia. He was arrested there and given a hearing before a judge who just happened to be, conveniently enough for Bobby, a friend of the Long family. He was acquitted of the more serious charge of assault, but convicted of destroying private property. He paid \$68 in court costs and fines and continued on his way. In early 1984, Long stood trial once again for the battery of his former girlfriend. This time he was acquitted, despite the fact that damaging testimony was offered by several credible witnesses, including one who had witnessed the beating that Bobby had administered to the girl.

Just after that trial concluded, the killings began. First to disappear was Ann Wick, on March 28, 1984. She had just recently arrived in the Tampa area. Five months earlier, in October 1983, one of her boyfriends and his brother had beaten their father to death; Wick had been complicit in the crime. She had quickly left town after that without telling anyone where she was going. Once in Florida, she moved in with a police officer, where she remained until her disappearance. When this officer was interviewed by police investigators, he was reportedly almost com-

pletely incoherent. Bobby Long later agreed to unofficially take the rap for the killing of Wick, provided that he was not officially charged. The officer and various others were thereby absolved of any involvement in the crime.

Just over a week later, Long was arrested after attempting to abduct a woman at gunpoint. The woman had thwarted the abduction by intentionally crashing her classic Jaguar. Three months later, Bobby was sentenced to six month's probation and ordered to pay \$1,500 in restitution—needless to say, a preposterously light sentence. Meanwhile, the body count continued to mount.

On May 13, the body of Lana Long was discovered—raped, strangled and posed for maximum shock value. This was the first body to be discovered (Wick's body did not surface for several more months). Judging by the police response, you would have thought it was the first body *ever* to be discovered in Tampa, Florida. Half the police force quickly descended on the crime scene, including much of the department's top brass, who normally were not known to congregate at crime scenes. For no readily apparent reason, a decision was made at the scene to send all evidence directly to FBI headquarters in Quantico, Virginia by means of a special courier system.

From that point on, the FBI played a central role in building a purported fiber evidence case that became the key component of the state's case against Long. As previously stated, fiber evidence is by far the easiest type of forensics evidence to plant; that fact would become glaringly obvious as the Bobby Joe Long story unfolded. Tellingly, the fiber evidence purportedly being assembled was kept secret and was never mentioned by police or the media throughout the course of the investigation. That is most likely due to the fact that the fiber case did not in fact exist prior to the arrest of Bobby Joe Long as a suspect.

Lana Long, who was of Asian descent and not related to Bobby Joe, had recently come to Tampa from Los Angeles in the company of her boyfriend. Both Lana and her boyfriend had been associated with the owners of several L.A. nightclubs, including Eddie Nash, at whose former club Lana had danced.²⁹ An associate of Lana's had also recently left Los Angeles for Tampa, purportedly to pursue a film role, although you would normally expect that someone pursuing a career in film would head *for* L.A. Of course, this may not have been a typical film role; there was much talk among Tampa's exotic dancers at the time of

29 Eddie Nash, *aka* Adel Gharib Nasrallah, had achieved a considerable amount of notoriety just a few years earlier when he was named as the prime suspect in a mass murder committed in Laurel Canyon that became known alternatively as the 'Wonderland Murders' or the 'Four on the Floor' murders. On July 1, 1981, four people were brutally bludgeoned to death in a home that was described in some reports as a "drug den," and which porn star John "Johnny Wadd" Holmes once described as "an

unidentified men recruiting women for nude modeling jobs and then using them in the production of snuff films. In the last hours of her life, Long was reportedly desperately trying to raise money to get out of town. Needless to say, she did not make it. After she vanished, her boyfriend did not bother to report her disappearance until he was forced to do so by friends, who threatened to report the disappearance themselves if he did not.

Next to be discovered was Michele Denise Simms, found two weeks after Lana Long's remains were discovered. Michele had also just made the journey from Southern California to Tampa, and she had spoken to friends of doing some modeling work. Like Lana, she was known to be a heavy drug user. She was also the product of a seriously dysfunctional family. Michele's mother had died very young, and her father had later been imprisoned for holding Michele and her babysitter at gunpoint.

Elizabeth Loudenback was next to go missing, on June 8, 1984. She was found just over two weeks later. Loudenback had apparently been in fear for her life and had, just two days before her disappearance, left a note affixing blame should anything happen to her. Her efforts were in vain. Her note included the name of

armed camp." The crime scene, just down the street from the home of then-Governor Jerry Brown, was reportedly one of the bloodiest in the city's history. Nash was accused of ordering the hits and Holmes, an LAPD vice squad informant, was indicted for helping to carry out the killings. Holmes had reportedly come home the night of the murders drenched in blood, and he had left a bloody palm print on a headboard above one of the bodies and a fingerprint on a coffee table. Following the murders, the LAPD put Holmes up in a luxury suite at the Bonaventure Hotel, and then moved him to the equally luxurious Biltmore Hotel. District Attorney John Van de Kamp offered him immunity for talking, which Holmes did, except that his statements exonerated the prime suspect, Eddie Nash. Nevertheless, Holmes was released. Then on December 4, 1981, he was arrested and charged with four counts of murder and one count of attempted murder. Following his arrest, Holmes was housed in a "High Power" cell, where he was allowed no physical contact with anyone. Also in "High Power" at that time were the Hillside Stranglers, Angelo Buono and Kenneth Bianchi. Holmes' trial began in May 1982, and he was acquitted the following month. Eddie Nash did not stand trial until 1990. That same year, Liberace's gay lover, Scott Thorson, who had been peripherally involved in the Wonderland murders, was shot five times. John Holmes had conveniently died two years earlier, allegedly of AIDS. Nash's first trial ended in a hung jury after a single juror held out on reaching a guilty verdict. A second jury acquitted him. On September 10, 2001 (the day before "everything changed"), Nash stood in a Los Angeles courtroom and

a man who claimed that he was an informant for both the police and the DEA. Also provided was a description of his vehicle. On other occasions, Elizabeth had reportedly expressed fear of another man as well. Both of these men failed polygraph examinations. Nevertheless, both were cleared as suspects and Bobby Joe was ultimately blamed for Elizabeth's death.

Following Loudenback's disappearance, there was a three-month lull in the killings, which ended on September 7 with the disappearance of Vicky Elliot. Her body would lie exposed to the elements for over two months before being discovered. By that time, her head was reduced to little more than a skull with some strands of hair still attached. Nevertheless, police made the remarkable claim that fibers from Bobby Joe's car, defying all odds, still clung to those strands of hair. The FBI's own experts, it should be noted, acknowledge that fiber evidence is extremely fragile and will be lost or destroyed very quickly with exposure to the elements, particularly the effects of wind and rain. As an FBI bulletin once put it: "fibers which have been transferred are very transient in nature."

By October, the killings were coming in rapid succession and a task force had been officially assembled. Joining that task force were the County Sheriff's Office, the Florida Department of Law Enforcement, the Tampa Police Department, and the FBI's BSU. The profiler assigned to the case, Stan Jacobson, had been a member of the team that engineered the illegal incursion into Panama to capture Manuel Noriega.

admitted paying that holdout juror a \$50,000 bribe. According to the *LA Times*, Nash also "rose to his feet during what was supposed to be a routine court appearance and acknowledged that he had conspired to commit murder and that he had engaged in a long-running racketeering and drug-dealing enterprise." Amazingly, Nash was offered a plea agreement that netted him a mere thirty-seven month sentence. He ultimately served only about one year—as punishment for two decades of rampant criminal activity, including ordering an exceedingly brutal quadruple murder. One of the first investigators on the scene had been a man who allegedly continued to pursue the case for twenty years, and who visited with John Holmes just three days before his death: LAPD Detective Tom Lange. Lange, best known for his self-righteous indignation during the OJ Simpson trial, which afforded him his fifteen minutes of fame, had this to say about the final administration of justice in the Nash case: "I believe it's a righteous plea. How much more do they want to be perceived as beating up on an old man?" Considering that that old man admitted in open court his complicity in a mass murder, I would think quite a bit more. One final interesting note on the Wonderland case: Mark Lindsay, of the band Paul Revere and the Raiders, reportedly had lived at different times at both the Cielo Drive house where Sharon Tate was slaughtered and at the Wonderland house.

Chanel Devon Williams, the next victim, was unlike the others in two significant ways: she was killed by a single gunshot wound to the neck, rather than being bound and strangled, and she was the only black victim. Friends said that she had been forced into prostitution and was planning to leave town to escape from her pimp. Her body was found on October 7. Kimberly Kyle Hopps' mummified and headless corpse was found on Halloween day alongside a road that had been bulldozed just the day before. The circumstances of the discovery suggested that her remains had just been dumped there, though she had been missing since October 4, and had obviously been dead for quite some time. Just before she disappeared, she had had a fight with her pimp/boyfriend Donald Jones, who waited three days before bothering to report her disappearance.

Karen Dinsfriend was abducted, raped and strangled on October 13, and found just twelve hours later. Like most of the victims, she was a prostitute and a drug addict. Unlike the others, however, she was from a very wealthy family. Karen had been arrested on four separate occasions for forging prescriptions for the drug Dilaudid, known on the street as 'hospital heroin.' Virginia Lee Johnson vanished on October 14, just one day after Dinsfriend. Virginia was, not surprisingly, a prostitute with alcohol, cocaine and heroin addictions. Just eighteen years old, she had already compiled a lengthy rap sheet. Her sister, one year her junior, had been murdered the year before. Both of the girls had reportedly been alcoholics since the ages of nine and ten. Both had been physically and sexually abused by their stepfather. Despite the fact that Johnson's corpse remained undiscovered for nearly a month, during which time scavenging animals scattered her nearly skeletal remains over a large area, some of those tenacious carpet fibers from Long's car allegedly clung to her scalp.

Kim Marie Swann's nude and badly beaten body was discovered on November 12. The large-framed girl had been lifted over a guardrail and rolled down a hill. She was a prostitute who had been working for a man known as "Fat George." Kim likely began her career in prostitution at an early age; she reportedly began hanging out in bars at the age of thirteen. She had recently reported two disturbances at her apartment, both involving men trying to break down her front door. Like some of the other victims, her absence was not reported for several days. Her clothes, found near her body, allegedly contained yet more of those notorious carpet fibers.

Lisa McVey was the next to vanish, but, unlike the others, Lisa reappeared just twenty-six hours later. Lisa had a very interesting history, to put it mildly. Only seventeen years old, she had dropped out of school and was living with a man who posed as her father. That man, Marce Rhodes, a wheelchair-bound double amputee, held her hostage in his home as his captive sex slave. McVey's

grandmother, a former girlfriend of Rhodes, was aware of, and apparently approved of, her granddaughter's living arrangements.

Lisa was snatched off the streets of Tampa after leaving work at about 2:30 AM. Her grandmother placed a telephone call to Marce just a half-hour later. She later claimed that she had just called to see how he was doing—at 3:00 in the morning. Throughout the time that Lisa was held captive, she was raped repeatedly, though this was little different, it should be noted, from the life that she led with Rhodes. And even before she moved in with Rhodes, she had established a long history of being victimized. Incredibly enough, relative to her past experiences with men, her abductor and rapist, Bobby Joe Long, did not seem so bad. Not only did he free her after just one day, but he kept a spotlessly clean house and he went out of his way to make sure that she was as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, or so she later told the police. She also provided a description of her abductor that seemed to be deliberately tailored to throw the police off course, if Bobby was indeed the guilty party; she described him as being 5'7" tall and weighing 150 pounds, when in fact Long was 6' tall and weighed 180 pounds.

Lisa's surrogate father, Marce Rhodes, was later arrested for sexual battery. Long was also arrested. At the time of his arrest, the very first thing that one of the detectives on the scene did was to cut a swatch of carpet from the floor of Long's car, purportedly to compare with the fiber evidence that had been secretly compiled by the FBI. It is questionable though whether that fiber evidence even existed prior to the time that that swatch was cut.

The initial interrogation of Long lasted for five-and-a-half hours, even though Bobby Joe requested early on that he be provided the services of an attorney. That interrogation allegedly yielded a confession. The media wasted no time in trying the suspect in the court of public opinion. By the time of his first public appearance, at his presentment hearing, he had already been convicted in that most important of forums.

Bobby was presented to the public as though he posed a clear and present danger, even while in custody; he was brought out with his ankles manacled and his handcuffed wrists shackled to a body belt. He was formally charged with nine counts of kidnapping, eight counts of sexual battery, and eight counts of first-degree murder. A grand jury was convened within twenty-four hours, and murder and rape indictments were returned on November 28. Long was moved from his isolation cell to a special holding cell in the infirmary where he was prevented from having contact with other inmates or with prison personnel.

Interestingly, it was reported in the local press that a group who claimed to be investigators from Tampa had been tailing Long for several months before his arrest, from long before he was ever considered a suspect. Members of this group

apparently questioned witnesses in the case before police arrived to do so. Though locally reported, the matter was never investigated. Who these men were remains a mystery.

On April 15, 1985, the first of Bobby Joe Long's many trials began. He was first tried not for the murders, but for the series of rapes in one of the adjoining counties. Within two days, the trial was over and Bobby Joe had been convicted of armed robbery, armed burglary, kidnapping, and sexual battery. He was sentenced to 693 years in prison, a sentence far in excess of the state of Florida's sentencing guidelines. Just days later, on April 22, jury selection began in Dade County for Long's first murder trial, for the killing of Virginia Johnson. As would become a pattern throughout his trials, the defense readily conceded Bobby's guilt, but maintained that he was unable to control his actions. Presentation of evidence began on April 25; that presentation consisted almost entirely of the fiber evidence that was purportedly recovered from the hair of a skeleton. No defense case of any kind was presented; not a single witness was called to rebut the flimsy case presented by the state.

As would also become a pattern throughout his trials, Bobby's parents and ex-wife were barred from the proceedings with the dubious claim that they were potential witnesses. The detectives that had worked on the case were, needless to say, potential witnesses as well, but they were not prevented from sitting in on the trial. Long is not the only serial killer to have had his family and friends barred from the courtroom. That is a tactic that is used frequently to bias juries by leading them to believe that the defendant is such a loathsome creature that his own family does not care enough to attend the trial.

By April 26, the jury was deliberating over Long's fate. They returned in just forty-four minutes with a guilty verdict. By the next day the penalty phase of the trial was over and the jury once again retired to deliberate. They were back in just thirty-five minutes with a recommendation that Long be executed. On May 3, the judge formally sentenced Bobby to death by electrocution. Long was back in court again the next month to face rape charges in another county. He saved the court the trouble of staging another trial and pled guilty, thereby earning six life sentences, again far in excess of state guidelines.

By that time Long had received one death sentence, six life sentences, and an additional 693 year sentence; he had spent perhaps ten days in court for the three trials combined. The state was just getting warmed up.

On September 24, defense and prosecuting attorneys met to discuss the remaining eight murder counts, and various other outstanding charges. Long inexplicably agreed to enter guilty pleas to all the outstanding murder, kidnapping and sexual assault charges. He was sentenced to twenty-six life sentences, with the provision that the district attorney could still seek an additional death

sentence if he should choose to. Bobby gained absolutely nothing from this plea agreement. Even if it had guaranteed him that he would not receive another death sentence, it was far from an attractive offer. It is difficult to believe that Long would have taken the deal if he was acting of his own free will.

Not surprisingly, Long was brought to trial once again, as the state attempted to pile on one more death sentence. Guilt was not an issue at the trial, since the defendant had already entered a guilty plea to the charge. The jury was only to consider the appropriate sentence. Putting on a rather unorthodox defense, Long's attorney focused on the fact that Bobby was a confessed serial killer, going so far as to credit Long with one more murder than had previously been publicly credited to him. This 'defense' was supposedly intended to demonstrate that Long was insane and unable to control his actions. After little more than an hour's deliberations, Bobby Joe received another death sentence.

In November 1987, the Florida Supreme Court ordered a new trial in the Johnson case, based on the fact that the 'confession' introduced at Long's previous trial had resulted from an illegal interrogation. The confession was tossed out and disallowed for all future trials. In June 1988, the high court tossed aside Long's second death sentence as well.

Not to be deterred, prosecutors ordered a new trial for Johnson's murder. This time around, they used what they claimed was another confession: a two-minute, heavily edited clip from a ninety-minute television interview that Long had given. The defense presented a few psychiatric witnesses and then rested without challenging any of the elements of the state's case. The jury deliberated just sixty-two minutes before finding Long guilty once again. Thirty more minutes of deliberations resulted in a nine to three vote in favor of a death sentence, which the judge obligingly affirmed.

In June 1989, a new sentencing hearing for the Simms case was convened. Three days after it began, the jury returned yet again with a recommendation for death, which the judge not only affirmed but also decided to supplement with two additional life sentences. Bobby had by then accumulated two death sentences, 34 life sentences, and an additional 693 years. His saga was not quite over yet.

In October 1992, the Florida State Supreme Court once again overturned the decision in the Johnson case. All three key elements of the state's case—the edited videotape, the testimony of Lisa McVey, and the evidence of other murders—were deemed to have been inadmissible as evidence. The higher court's decision specifically noted the fact that only four hours of testimony had been presented on the Johnson murder, while three entire days had been spent admitting prejudicial evidence of other murders that Long was not being tried for. On January 31, 1994, a jury was seated to once again hear the case against Bobby Long in the

matter of the death of Virginia Johnson. By the end of the week, he had been found guilty and sentenced to death.

With the exception of the highly questionable fiber evidence, no physical evidence ever linked Bobby Joe to any of the murders. No witnesses could tie Long to any of the dead girls or to any of the crime scenes. There were quite obvious signs that Bobby had been set up, including the dubious fiber case, the unexplained and unidentified surveillance team, and the indications that the bizarre abduction of Lisa McVey was facilitated by others, in order to provide the state with an ‘eyewitness.’

There also were signs that Bobby Joe was involved in any number of heinous crimes. He had a collection of photographs of rapes in progress, and authorities believed that additional photos, perhaps even more violent and disturbing, were in the hands of others. At a deposition hearing, a lead investigator on the case told the court: “It’s believed that Mr. Long photographed his victims as he killed them and he has those photographs.” Though such images were never produced, Bobby’s former wife told police of finding a collection of photos of nude women, some of whom she described as having a very blank look in their eyes.

As in so many other cases discussed thus far, there were also signs that Long did not act alone if he was in fact involved in the killings. Semen evidence, for instance, was recovered from at least two of the victims, and yet there is no indication that that semen was ever matched to Bobby Joe. As in other cases, evidence that conflicted with the official story was consistently ignored by both the prosecution and the defense, and by most media outlets as well. In a letter that Bobby wrote during his incarceration, he referred to others who may have been involved: “I talked, but never mentioned my kinky friends. They’re all gone, her back to California, him back to Miami.”

Standing by Long’s side throughout a portion of his legal odyssey, allegedly serving as his advocate, was ‘defense’ counsel Ellis Rubin—the very same Florida attorney who represented the Collier brothers and received honorable mention in their dubious conspiracy tome *Votescam*.

* * * * *

Perhaps nowhere have the trappings of Satanism in a string of serial killings been more readily apparent than in the case of Richard “The Night Stalker” Ramirez. Indeed, Ramirez’s embrace of Satanism was so obvious that the mainstream media was unable to deny it. Instead, Ramirez was labeled as a “self-styled” satanist, as though he had come up with the ideas that he espoused entirely on his own. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Richard was born in 1960 to Julian and Mercedes Ramirez. Julian endured repeated beatings by both his father and his grandfather before growing up to become a policeman in—of all places—Juarez, Mexico. He eventually left the Juarez force and relocated the family to El Paso, Texas, but he continued to visit several times a week with his police friends in Juarez.

Julian reportedly had an explosive temper that sometimes manifested itself in acts of self-mutilation that his children bore witness to. He once repeatedly bashed his head against a wall until blood ran down his face. On another occasion, he took a hammer to his own head. There were also hints that he may have been sexually abusive towards his wife and children. And there were other adults in the Ramirez children's world who most certainly were abusive.

In El Paso, Julian's two older sons were enrolled in a special class at the local junior high school for kids who were 'slow learners.' The teacher of that special class, Frank McMan, was later identified as a molester of dozens of kids. Shortly after the Ramirez kids were enrolled in his class, McMan began visiting them at home, and taking them away for visits to his own home. Julian and Mercedes appear to not have had a problem with the teacher's peculiar interest in their children. Another pedophile, with whom Richard was known to have had occasional contact, lived just a block away from the Ramirez family.

It is said that the Ramirez family was very private and that they tended to keep to themselves for the most part. Richard was known to spend a considerable amount of his time alone; he could amuse himself for hours acting out various roles in the fantasy world that he frequently inhabited. Later, as an adult, he had a tendency to 'space out.'

Richard had an older cousin named Mike who became something of a mentor to the young boy. In 1965, Mike was sent to Vietnam where he appears to have functioned as a Phoenix assassin. After two tours of duty, and twenty-nine confirmed kills, he returned a hero. His souvenirs of the war included eight shrunken human heads that he had made himself, and a large collection of Polaroid photos that graphically depicted rape, torture, mutilation and murder. These he gleefully shared with young Richard, while regaling him with tales of his barbaric treatment of the Vietnamese people. Mike also taught young Richard techniques of jungle warfare and survival, just as he had been taught before he had been sent off to kill.

On May 4, 1973, Mike casually shot his wife in the face from point-blank range, killing her instantly in full view of his thirteen-year-old protégé. The dead woman's mother, strangely enough, was said to be a skilled practitioner of black magic. Following the shooting, Richard reportedly returned to the crime scene, with his father, and located the slug that had passed through the victim's head. They took it with them as a keepsake, and also gathered some things that Mike

had asked them to retrieve for him. How they were able to enter what should have been a secure crime scene to find evidence that the police should have already found remains a mystery.

Cousin Mike was judged not guilty by reason of insanity and sent to a state mental hospital. Richard, meanwhile, ventured off to Los Angeles, where his older brother Ruben taught him the finer points of the burglary trade. After that, he headed back to El Paso, where he got a job at a Holiday Inn. While working there, Richard bound and attempted to rape a woman in her room. The attack was thwarted when the woman's husband unexpectedly returned to the room and promptly gave Ramirez a beating. All charges against the fifteen-year-old were dropped.

In late 1977, cousin Mike was released after serving just four-and-half years for the cold-blooded killing of his wife. He promptly resumed his role as mentor to his young disciple. Not long after that, in February 1978, Richard once again left El Paso destined for Los Angeles. This time though, he traveled by way of San Francisco, where he was granted a rare one-on-one meeting with high priest Anton LaVey, and where he also attended a Church of Satan ritual. Ramirez, who as a young man frequently slept in a local cemetery, was reportedly a big fan of LaVey's *Satanic Bible*. He also read and admired the writings of the Marquis deSade, whose exploits will be covered elsewhere in this book. Once in Los Angeles, Ramirez lived a shadowy existence; he reportedly preferred to live and hang out in the seedier neighborhoods of the city, and he frequently employed the services of prostitutes. He had at least one run-in with the police, not long before the killings began. On that occasion, he was arrested for stealing a car and leading five LAPD cruisers on a high-speed chase. Strangely though, there is no indication that any charges were filed against him.

The murders attributed to Richard Ramirez officially began on June 27, 1984. However, there is nothing that indicates that the stabbing death of Jennie Vincow in Glassel Park that night had anything to do with the killings that came later; Vincow's murder took place nearly a year before the others, which were all committed in fairly rapid succession. Ramirez's defense team later implied that Vincow's own sons had killed her, or had had her killed, for her money. One of the sons was an unemployed pharmacist who was known to have hit his mother in the past. He was described by investigators as evasive and difficult to interview, and he refused to take a polygraph exam. When Ramirez was ultimately brought to trial for Vincow's murder, Michael Tynan, the presiding judge, refused to allow any questions pertaining to Vincow's financial affairs.

It was not until March 17, 1985 that the Stalker struck again. Two young women, Maria Hernandez and Dayle Okazaki, were shot in their Rosemead home with a .22 caliber weapon. Okazaki did not survive the attack, but

Hernandez did, and she was the first to provide a description of the man who would soon become Los Angeles' most feared serial killer. She said that her attacker was about 5'10" tall, thin, and had black hair and dark, scary eyes. He had walked up to her quite casually, assumed a military firing stance, pointed the gun at her without saying a word, and then fired a single shot. What she described was the actions of a cold and mechanical professional assassin. Strangely, however, the gunman did not take aim for her head, as he did in almost all subsequent attacks.

Maria first tentatively identified a man named Paul Samuels, a military veteran who was known to dress all in black and who had a habit of following underage girls. Samuels matched the physical description given by Hernandez and he was observed by police following two young women and trying to coax them into his car. The suspect was arrested, and the arresting officers discovered a gun in his possession, but it was of a different caliber than the one used in the Rosemead shooting. Samuels was let go, and Ramirez later took the rap, although Maria was unable to identify him in court.

In yet another of those bizarre coincidences that are forever surrounding serial killer cases, Maria Hernandez just happened to be very closely connected to Gil Carrillo, who was one of the two lead detectives on the Night Stalker task force. Carrillo's mother was Maria's godmother, and Maria's mother was a good friend of Carrillo's sister. Carrillo was assisted in running the task force by our old friend Frank Salerno, who also led the Hillside Strangler task force.

On the very same night that Hernandez and Okazaki were shot, Veronica Yu was shot twice with a .22 caliber weapon in Monterey Park. She did not survive her wounds. Two witnesses who claimed to have been near the scene of the crime offered similar descriptions of the gunman—descriptions that clearly did not fit Richard Ramirez. One described the assailant as possibly Asian, 5'6" to 5'8" tall, with wavy hair. The other saw a man who was 5'7" to 5'8" tall, 145–150 pounds, with a light complexion and long, shaggy hair, and possibly with slanted eyes. Both eyewitnesses told police at the scene that they did not get a good enough look at the suspect to be able to identify him. In court, one of the two claimed that he had heard arguing and that he had seen the shooting and heard the shots. None of that was consistent with his earlier statements, nor was his account of how the shooting occurred consistent with the forensics evidence.

Ten days after the shooting deaths of Yu and Okazaki, Vincent and Maxine Zazzara were shot in the head as they lay sleeping in their Whittier home. Both died from the .22 caliber bullet wounds. The hopelessly deformed slugs could not be matched to the slugs recovered from previous victims, as would be the case throughout the investigation. Following the shootings, the Zazzara home was frantically ransacked and Maxine was hideously mutilated. Her eyes were gouged

out and an inverted cross was carved into her left breast. A search of the crime scene revealed that Maxine had a .45 caliber handgun in her purse. That search also uncovered a fingerprint at the point of entry that had not been left by either of the Zazzaras or by Ramirez.

Peter Zazzara, a son of the slain couple, told at least two officers that the killings were a drug-related mob hit. Nevertheless, all evidence and testimony pertaining to drug trafficking and organized crime was later stricken from the pre-trial record, and no questions were allowed at trial about Vincent Zazzara's prison time, the guns found in the house, or the family's ties to organized crime.

The next Stalker attack, like the Zazzara murders, looked very much like a professional contract killing; William Doi was shot and killed with a .22 caliber slug to the head as he lay sleeping in his Montebello home on May 14. His wife, Lillian, was raped and left in handcuffs, but she was not killed. Just as in the Whittier attack, the Doi home was ransacked. Among the missing items was Bill Doi's Masonic ring. A 9mm handgun was found in Bill's nightstand, and several other guns were found strategically placed around the house, as though the Dois had reason to fear for their lives. As at the Zazzara home, an Avia shoeprint was allegedly found outside of the house. Along with it was a combat boot print that was purportedly left by an officer at the scene. At both crime scenes, the Fire Department was, curiously, the first to respond.

Lillian Doi was the second living witness to provide a description of the suspect. Working with her daughter, she filled out a crime scene report that described an assailant other than Richard Ramirez.

Just over two weeks later, Mabel Bell and Nettie Long, both in their eighties, were viciously attacked. The crime bore little, if any, resemblance to the previous killings. Rather than being summarily executed, the victims were tortured with an electrical cord and then brutally bludgeoned with a hammer. Pentagrams were drawn on the wall and on one of the victims. The home in which the pair were attacked was isolated, accessible only by way of a difficult-to-navigate drive up a long and winding route. It was not a house that a random killer would have stumbled upon. To get there, one had to know where one was going. Purportedly tying Richard to the crime was an Avia shoeprint, allegedly left on a clock, but a human hair found at the scene had been left by someone else.

The next attack occurred at the home of Carol Kyle in Burbank. Kyle was raped and sodomized and her home was ransacked, but she was left very much alive. As in the Zazzara and Doi cases, the Fire Department was the first to respond. Working with investigators, Kyle created a composite sketch that looked nothing like the one created earlier by Maria Hernandez, which had somewhat resembled Ramirez. Carol described her assailant as a very good-looking, light-skinned Mexican with an unknown accent who engaged her in a twenty-minute

conversation. She later helped create a second composite that looked more like Ramirez.

The Night Stalker next purportedly attempted to break into the home of an L.A. County Sheriff's deputy, just a few blocks from the Carrillo family home and a half-mile from the Zazzara home. The break-in was aborted, but not before the perpetrator had left an Avia shoeprint in the ground below a window. He then reportedly tried to abduct a girl in Eagle Rock, but failed in that endeavor as well. None of the previous victims, it will be recalled, had been abducted, and there were no further abduction attempts. Just after the failed abduction, the suspect was stopped by LAPD officer John Stavros for running a red light. While Stavros was writing the man a ticket, descriptions of the would-be kidnapper and his car were broadcast over the officer's radio. Although he allegedly had both the man and the car right in front of him, the officer failed to make the connection. The suspect supposedly then drew a pentagram on the car before fleeing on foot. The car was impounded and then largely forgotten; no attempt was made to search the vehicle for fingerprints, although the suspect would surely have had to leave some.

On June 27, Patty Elaine Higgins was brutally beaten and nearly beheaded in her Arcadia home. The attack on Higgins was initially credited to Ramirez, until serological tests demonstrated conclusively that someone else had committed the crime. The charges against Richard were quietly dropped. The defense later attempted to introduce the Higgins case in court, but that attempt was thwarted by Judge Tynan, who quickly prompted prosecutors to object to the introduction of the evidence. The prosecution team complied and Tynan then sustained what was essentially his own objection. Among the details that had emerged from the investigation of the murder was that a pathologist from the Medical Examiner's office had used an ATM directly across the street from the crime scene just before or just after the crime had been committed.

The next attack occurred on July 2, in the Arcadia home of Mary Louise Cannon. She was beaten with a vase while sleeping and her home was ransacked. Cannon's killer apparently cut himself when the vase broke from the force of the blows. Blood found on the murder weapon did not come from either Richard or the victim. A light brown hair was found in the bed where Mary was killed and a fingerprint was recovered from the scene. Neither had been left by Ramirez. What he did allegedly leave behind were two Avia shoeprints on the carpet. Neither could be discerned by jurors either on the carpet swatches that were submitted as evidence or in photos that were taken at the crime scene. Not to be deterred, the prosecution team presented a tissue containing the shoeprint that they rather preposterously claimed had been found on the floor of Cannon's home.

The next attack was on Whitney Bennett, a teenager who was asleep in her family's home in Sierra Madre on July 5, 1985 when an intruder beat her about the head with a tire iron so severely that 478 stitches were required to close her wounds, and yet she miraculously survived. The rest of the family was home sleeping as well at the time of the attack; they were all left alone and the house was not ransacked. A complete Avia shoeprint was supposedly found stamped in blood under the covers of the bed, although it initially had not been seen by police on the scene. A beer bottle of unknown origin that was found in the house yielded a fingerprint. More prints were found near the point of entry that the assailant had used. None of these prints were left by Ramirez, nor were the bloodstains found on the bed sash.

On July 7, Joyce Lucille Nelson and Sophie Dickman were attacked in separate incidents in their respective Monterey Park homes. Nelson was beaten to death and her home was ransacked. Avia shoeprints were claimed to be everywhere, including on both the front and rear patios and stomped into the victim's face. Brown hairs and fingerprints recovered from the scene were not, alas, left by Richard. Dickman's house was also searched, but she was not killed. She claimed that the intruder had attempted to rape her before leaving her handcuffed to her bed, but he was unable to achieve an erection. Evidence, however, indicated otherwise; semen was recovered from her body and she showed evidence of tearing from violent penetration. Her description of her attacker did not fit Richard Ramirez; she recalled him being 5'8" tall and dressed like a hiker or mountain climber, and she specified that he was not Latino, Oriental or Black. She also noted that he wore dark canvas shoes, not the notorious Avias.

Ramirez was considerably taller than the assailant described, and he was quite obviously Latino. He also, according to law enforcement claims, always committed his crimes while clad entirely in black. Interestingly, Sophie Dickman lived right across the street from a female Sheriff's deputy who had worked the Doi crime scene. The deputy's husband, also a deputy, had recently been murdered. He had been a good friend of Gil Carrillo's.

On July 20, Max and Leila Kneiding were butchered in their Glendale home. The crime scene was a veritable bloodbath. Both had been shot multiple times with a .22 and viscously hacked with a machete. Blood was splattered in all directions, indicating that the attack came from a number of different angles. That fact strongly suggested multiple assailants. The bodies of the Kneidings were autopsied by Dr. Irwin Golden, who was later discredited during the OJ Simpson trial, much to the embarrassment of the prosecutors on that case. Hairs found on both the nightstand and atop the pillows did not come from Ramirez.

On the very same night as the attack on the Kneidings, Chainarong Khovananth was killed instantly with a .25 caliber shot to the head. His wife

Somkid was raped, sodomized and left tied up in their Sun Valley home, which was ransacked. On the day of the attack, Somkid told her sister-in-law that her husband's killer was a black man with curly black hair. The by now obligatory Avia shoeprints were found in the hallway and on the rear patio.

Just over two weeks later, Virginia and Chris Petersen were both shot in the head with a .25 caliber automatic. Amazingly, both survived the attack. There were no Avia shoeprints found and their Northridge home was not ransacked. Just days later, Sakina and Elyas Abowath were attacked in their Diamond Bar home. Elyas was killed with a single .25 caliber round to the head; it was claimed that the killer was also armed with a .38 caliber handgun and an Uzi.³⁰ Sakina was raped and sodomized and the house was thoroughly searched, as was the car in their garage. As at so many of the other crime scenes, the killer appeared to be looking for something. As with the Bell and Long home, the Abowath home was in a neighborhood that was difficult to navigate. Some elements of the description given by Sakina fit Ramirez, but others clearly did not, such as the dirty blond hair, the lack of an accent, and the boots. The requisite brown hairs and unidentified fingerprints were found at the scene, as was an African-American pubic hair.

On the day of the Abowath killing, Frank Salerno called in the FBI's fabled Behavioral Sciences Unit. By the end of the month, Richard Ramirez was in custody, charged with an array of crimes.

Before the arrest of Ramirez, Peter and Barbara Pan were both shot in the head in their San Francisco home. The house was ransacked and a pentagram was drawn on the wall. The double murder was blamed on L.A.'s Night Stalker, who reportedly revisited the Bay area on several occasions. Some investigators have blamed Ramirez for at least four unsolved murders in the area, along with a rape and ten burglaries. San Francisco, alas, has more than its share of unsolved homicides.

The final Night Stalker attack came on August 17, at the home of Bill Carns and Carole Smith in Mission Viejo. Carns took three shots to the head, another witness was left alive, and the house was ransacked. So ended the alleged killing spree of the notorious Night Stalker.

Ramirez was captured by a group of irate citizens after his face was plastered on television screens and newspapers all across the city. The hastily assembled posse gave the suspect a fairly severe beating. That beating likely saved his life. An *L.A. Times* reporter working the case has said that an explicit order was given to

30 Ballistics tests would indicate that at least four different guns were used in the Night Stalker killings. As the trial judge would later advise the jury, one of the handguns linked to the crimes went missing from the LAPD evidence inventory.

police: “we don’t want a trial for this guy.” In other words, Ramirez was wanted dead, not alive. He was, nevertheless, turned over to police very much alive. He was taken by the LAPD to their Hollenbeck Station, although the arresting officer was an L.A. Sheriff’s deputy and the arrest was made in the Sheriff’s jurisdiction, not the LAPD’s.

The police wasted no time in getting Ramirez into a line-up—a line-up that was fraudulent by any reasonable interpretation. Richard’s face was staring out from every TV screen and every newsstand, hopelessly compromising any identification. He had a wound on the back of his head from the well-publicized beating he received, and the bandages covering that wound were clearly visible. The various witnesses were, incredibly enough, allowed to converse and compare notes. Richard was standing in the second position in the line-up, and at least two officers in the room held up two fingers, signaling to the witnesses the proper choice. That was later denied in court, but it can be clearly seen on videotape and in still photos. Jurors never saw those images.

After the line-up, Ramirez was transferred to the county jail and placed in the hospital ward, where he was kept in solitary confinement. He began complaining of headaches and claimed that he was being poisoned. As legal counsel, he chose Daniel and Arturo Hernandez, who had, between the two of them, just five years experience practicing law; neither had ever tried a murder case. The judge assigned Public Defender Ray Clark to assist the pair.

Among Richard’s visitors in jail, once he was allowed to have visitors, were Zeena LaVey and the earless Nikolas Schreck. Zeena told Richard that her father and the Church sent their blessings and were praying for him; she also informed him that he was being made an honorary member of the Church of Satan. Occupying the cell next to Richard, for a short time, was actor Sean Penn. Penn’s wife at the time, singer Madonna, reportedly tried to arrange a meeting with Ramirez.

Ramirez was tried on fourteen counts of murder, five counts of attempted murder, fifteen counts of burglary, five counts of robbery, four counts of rape, three counts of forced oral copulation, and four counts of sodomy. Prosecuting the case was Phil Halpin, who had served as co-counsel on the Manson prosecution. Virtually every decision in the preliminary phase of the trial went against the defendant. For example, an early motion for a change of venue, necessary because Ramirez had already been tried and convicted by the local press, was summarily denied. On one occasion, Ramirez was dragged from the courtroom and beaten by bailiffs. The Ramirez family, not surprisingly, was banned from the courtroom, although detectives working the case attended regularly. Richard’s defense attorneys had to fight for disclosure throughout the trial; prosecutors were consistently allowed to stall on handing over evidence.

Perhaps the most prominent feature of Richard's trial was the steady stream of prosecution objections, the overwhelming majority of which were sustained. Another salient feature was the spectacle of Ramirez being kept shackled like an animal throughout the trial, while the media continued to demonize him and the non-sequestered jury soaked it all in.

The *Los Angeles Times* did more than its share to prejudice the jury. Before the trial had begun, the newspaper reported that jailers had purportedly overheard a plan by Ramirez to shoot the prosecutor (although he obviously had no access to a firearm). In response, metal detectors were prominently displayed outside the courtroom. On the day the trial began, the *Times* ran a story in which it was claimed that Ramirez had bragged in jail of being a "super criminal" responsible for twenty murders. A sheriff's deputy quoted Ramirez as having said, "I love all that blood."

A large portion of the prosecution's physical evidence consisted of the Avia shoeprints and what were said to be latex glove prints, but all that that evidence proved, even if the prints were in fact found at the crime scenes, was that whoever committed the murders wore shoes and gloves. The state did have one ace up its sleeve: on May 9, 1985, the home of Clara Hadsall in Monrovia had purportedly been burglarized by Ramirez, who allegedly left highly incriminating evidence at the scene. Though Richard was never charged with the alleged crime, the judge readily admitted the evidence offered by prosecutors, even though, as previously noted, he disallowed evidence from another uncharged crime that would have aided the defense's case.

The officer called to the Hadsall crime scene, Tom Wright, claimed that he had discovered—in the sink below the window through which entry had been gained—an Avia shoeprint. Right alongside that alleged shoeprint was a palm print and fingerprints. Luckily, officer Wright, in a preposterously unlikely scenario, happened to have what must have been the most fully stocked LAPD squad car that the department had to offer. Without calling in evidence technicians, the officer claimed that he single-handedly lifted the various prints, utilizing a fingerprint kit that he just happened to have with him. He also just happened to have the extra-long lifting tape that was required to preserve the oversized shoeprint. Wright also claimed that he made plaster casts of additional prints that he discovered in the ground outside the window, and that he then took photographs of all of this evidence at the scene. The elderly owner of the house, conveniently enough, had passed away, so there was no one to dispute the officer's account.

This rather obviously manufactured evidence was the only way in which the state was able to tie the infamous Avia shoes to Richard Ramirez. The shoes themselves were never found, nor was any receipt for the shoes ever recovered,

and no witnesses were produced who ever saw Ramirez wearing the shoes. In fact, there is absolutely no evidence to suggest that Ramirez ever owned or wore a pair of Avia shoes.

In order to believe officer Wright's account, we have to accept that Richard Ramirez, who managed to avoid leaving a single fingerprint at the scenes of any of the crimes for which he was charged, inexplicably left pristine palm and fingerprints at the Hadsall home, and left them right alongside his trademark Avia shoeprints. And he did all that at a crime scene where no witnesses and no evidence could be produced showing that a crime had even been committed there. To account for the fact that detectives were unable to produce any fingerprints from any of the real crime scenes, the state argued that the wily killer had worn latex gloves throughout his crime spree. And yet, at the very same time, the state argued that no gloves had been worn at this one particular crime scene. That rather obvious contradiction in the prosecution's case was never explained.

Other than what was recovered from Hadsall's sink, the only other fingerprint evidence that was presented were prints lifted from items in Richard's car and from items in a bag of his that was recovered from a locker at the local Greyhound station. All that that evidence proved was that Richard left his fingerprints on items of his own personal property.

The defense team did manage to offer into evidence testimony that tended to clear Richard of involvement in at least some of the murders. Ramirez' father, for instance, testified that Richard had been in El Paso at the time that two of the attacks occurred. Though some questioned the father's credibility, two other witnesses confirmed his account. One of them even attempted to introduce into evidence a Polaroid photo taken of Richard in El Paso. The witness informed the court that she had personally witnessed the taking of the photo, but the judge refused to allow it entered into evidence.

One of the most bizarre of the sideshows surrounding the lengthy trial involved Richard's devoted girlfriend, Doreen, and one of his surviving victims, Somkid Khovananth: Doreen sat outside the courtroom and babysat Somkid's five-year-old daughter while Somkid testified. Khovananth apparently had no problem entrusting the care of her child to the girlfriend of the man who had allegedly raped her and killed her husband. And Doreen had no qualms with providing a service that allowed a witness to enter the courtroom for the express purpose of offering incriminating testimony against her boyfriend.

The circus-like atmosphere of the trial continued after the jury began deliberations. Two jurors had to be replaced, one within a week of beginning deliberations, after having sat through a nearly year long trial. One of the two, Phyllis Singletary, was murdered in a brutal, Night Stalker-style attack. She was purportedly killed by her boyfriend for reasons unconnected to her jury service. The

boyfriend, conveniently enough, allegedly killed himself before police could get to him. One of the two replacement jurors, seated without protest, had a family history of violent crime victimization: both of her brothers had been murdered.

Ramirez was ultimately found guilty over forty separate counts. During the sentencing phase of the trial, his defenders opted not to call a single witness. The jurors bestowed nineteen death sentences upon him, even though a few of them later said that they thought the defendant had been railroaded.

Before his capture, Ramirez had talked of plans to buy a house and set up a torture room in the basement. He planned to film his exploits and sell the tapes. He knew, he told others, that there was a market for such things. He also said that the idea of having sex slaves appealed to him. While these goals remained but depraved dreams for Douglas Clark and Richard Ramirez, in the next chapter we will meet some men who attempted to make those dreams a reality, with varying degrees of success.

Chapter 16

The Collectors

“Jeffrey [Dahmer] thought he was the devil. Jeffrey thought he was so evil that he was equal to the devil”

—Attorney Gerald Boyle

Leonard Lake was a collector. He started collecting in the San Francisco area as early as July 1984. Bob Berdella was also a collector. He started collecting in Kansas City, Missouri in July 1984. Gary Heidnik was another collector. He did not start collecting in Philadelphia until November 1986, unless you count his first failed attempt in 1978. Jeffrey Dahmer was probably the best known of the collectors. He started collecting in Milwaukee in 1990, around the same time that Herb Baumeister started collecting in Indianapolis.

In 1963, John Fowles published *The Collector*, a disturbing tale of a man obsessed with control. A butterfly collector in the beginning of the book, he soon enough reveals his desire to collect and control women. His first young victim was named Miranda, which would later become the code name Leonard Lake used for his master plan. *The Collector* was apparently a very influential work. Leonard had a copy of it prominently placed in his concrete bunker, along with Carl von Clausewitz's *Principles of War*. Bob Berdella cited the movie of the same name as having an enormous impact on his life.

In November 1961, Gary Heidnik joined the U.S. Army and requested that he be trained as a military policeman. The Army though opted to send him to Ft. Sam Houston near San Antonio, Texas for training as a medic. When that training was completed, he was sent to an Army hospital in West Germany to work as an orderly. That did not work out too well, however, especially after the Army began experimenting on him with powerful hallucinogenic drugs, as his records would later reveal. He was sent back to a military hospital here in the States and then released early with an honorable discharge. He later became a collector.

In January 1979, Jeffrey Dahmer joined the U.S. Army and requested that he be trained as a military policeman. The Army though opted to send him to Ft. Sam Houston near San Antonio, Texas for training as a medic. When that training was completed, he was sent to an Army hospital in West Germany to work as an orderly. That did not work out too well, however, and Jeffrey was released early with an honorable discharge. He later became a collector.

Now that seems a little odd. And while we are on the subject of Jeffrey Dahmer, his hometown of Bath, Ohio was just fifteen miles from Bob Berdella's hometown of Cuyahoga Falls. That seems a little odd as well.

Collectors generally have much in common. Their primary concern is with control, which they attempt to gain by torturing their victims into submission. Along the way, they tend to take numerous photos and shoot a number of home videos. Some of these they keep for themselves, and some they sell to others. Collectors also like to keep various body parts lying around the house and they generally keep their freezers well stocked with unmarked meat. Some collectors are prone to race-war diatribes and have grand plans to keep large stables of female sex slaves as breeders. These collectors are not unlike Charles Manson, except that their techniques are somewhat cruder. Leonard Lake and Gary Heidnik are examples that type of collector. Other collectors are not concerned with acquiring breeders; they prefer to collect young men and boys. These collectors are not unlike John Wayne Gacy. Bob Berdella, Jeffrey Dahmer and Herb Baumeister all fit into that category.

Here are the stories of the collectors and the havoc they wreaked in the late 1980s and early 1990s.

* * * * *

Leonard Lake was born in San Francisco and raised primarily by a grandmother who reportedly was a strict disciplinarian. His father was said to be abusive and cold. His mother was a licensed practical nurse with experience working in mental wards. She later said that the family always encouraged Leonard to take an interest in the naked human form and to take pictures of girls, including his sisters and cousins. Leonard's brother was reportedly abusive to animals and he had a keen interest in fire. 'Mental illness' ran in every generation of the Lake family.

In January 1964, Lake joined the U.S. Marines and served for seven years. Part of that time was spent in Vietnam, where he earned several medals. His second tour of duty there was cut short due to unspecified medical conditions and he was

shipped back to the States and given a medical discharge. After that, he entered a VA hospital for psychological treatment.

Lake later became a member of the Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA), described by chronicler Joseph Harrington as a “cult based on medieval worship involving sacrifices.” Lake’s ex-wife, who sometimes modeled for the hardcore S&M videos that Leonard produced and sold, admitted that her former spouse had a longstanding affiliation with a San Francisco “witches coven.” Some of Leonard’s friends later recalled that he often boasted of membership in a secret “death cult.” According to chronicler Joel Norris, Lake “supported himself by making snuff videos and selling drugs.” He also was known to stockpile guns. In his free time, he worked with kids at a local 4-H Club. According to one report, that club was later the target of allegations of ritual abuse.

Partner Charles Ng was the son of a wealthy family in Hong Kong. As a child, he was regularly chained and beaten unmercifully by his father. Later he was shipped off to attend an exclusive prep school in Leeds, England, where his uncle taught. He was arrested in September 1979, after entering the United States, for hit-and-run. All charges were dropped the next month after Ng agreed to enlist in the Marines—despite the fact that he was underage and not a U.S. citizen, and should therefore have been deported.

His military service began on Aleister Crowley’s birthday, October 12, 1979. Exactly two years and one day later, Ng robbed a U.S. Marine armory on Oahu and reportedly made off with machine guns, grenade launchers, night scopes, and pistols. He went AWOL a month later after being questioned about the robbery. He remained at large until the eve of *Walpurgisnacht*, 1982, when he and Lake were both arrested by an FBI SWAT team. On August 15, Ng was convicted and sent to the brig at Fort Leavenworth to begin serving a two-year sentence. Lake, who was not involved in the armory robbery, apparently was not charged.

The next year, Lake’s brother Donald disappeared and was never seen or heard from again. Leonard was later posthumously credited with Donald’s murder, although it is unclear if there is any evidence to support that charge. In July 1984, the entire Dubs family disappeared without a trace. The family was reportedly abducted from their apartment, but no blood or other signs of a struggle were found, and there was no evidence of forced entry. Two neighbors across the street were watching the house at the time of the purported abductions and neither of them saw anything unusual. They did see Charles Ng, who had been released by that time and was reunited with Leonard Lake, leave the apartment, but he did so alone. Henry Dubs, the patriarch of the family, had been a photographer who specialized in shooting children’s parties.

A number of other people disappeared from the San Francisco area in the following months. Their remains would later be discovered on the grounds of a

ranch in Wilseyville, California, just 130 miles east of the city. The property was owned by the Balazs family, Leonard Lake's former in-laws. Leonard called the ranch home. Among the victims found there were Lonnie Bond and Brenda O'Connor, who had been running a methamphetamine lab on the adjacent property. Killed along with the couple were their son, Lonnie Bond, Jr., and Robin Stapley, who had been one of the founders of the San Diego chapter of the Guardian Angels. Stapley had been involved in running the meth lab.

Lake was arrested and taken into custody on June 2, 1985 on a shoplifting charge. A .22 caliber Ruger fitted with a silencer was discovered in a search of his car trunk at the time of the arrest. Sidekick Charles Ng was with Lake at the time, but he managed to escape and quickly find his way to Canada. Less than three weeks before the arrest, a meter reader for PG&E had visited the Wilseyville property and been greeted by a rather macabre scene: Leonard Lake standing shirtless in his front doorway, covered in blood and wearing a blood-encrusted apron. It is unclear whether this incident was reported; there is no indication that any action was taken at the time.

While Leonard was being interrogated, following his arrest, he popped a cyanide capsule that he conveniently, and rather improbably, had hidden in the collar of his shirt. He died without ever regaining consciousness. Before popping the capsule, however, he gave his arresting officers the name of his escaped accomplice.

Police promptly made an appointment to see Claralyn Balazs, Leonard Lake's former wife. When they arrived to question her, she was in the company of Gloria Eberling, Lake's mother, and two of his sisters. The officers arranged with the women to conduct a search of the Wilseyville property. Claralyn told them that the ranch was difficult to find and she offered to lead them there at an agreed upon time. When the officers met Claralyn at the prearranged time, she was again in the company of Eberling. The two women had already been to the property in advance of the search. Balazs admitted that she had removed items from the property, including about a dozen videotapes. She was not arrested for deliberately tampering with the evidence, even though it soon became apparent that she had lied to police about the difficulty of finding the property so as to allow herself the opportunity to visit the ranch before the officers got there. Authorities later claimed that the evidence that she had removed was returned, though there is of course no way of knowing whether the tapes that were returned were the same ones that had been removed. There was also no way of knowing if any other items had been removed.

With the Wilseyville search underway, the first thing that investigators noticed was that the interior of the house on the property contained numerous bullet holes and bloodstains. Also noted was that there were eyebolts anchored to the

bedroom floor at all four corners of the bed, and a powerful 250W floodlight mounted to the wall directly over the bed. Police quickly deduced that the room might have been used as a snuff film studio. Luckily, they happened to have an expert on such things. Tom Eisenmann, a former Navy man, was a veteran investigator of sex crimes involving children. He had in the past worked on cases involving child pornography and snuff films. Why he happened to be around for the initial search, given that the suspect had only been charged with shoplifting at that point, remains a mystery.

Leonard's diary was found under the bed; found therein were such notations as: "I plan to build a prison for sex slaves... The perfect woman for me is one who is totally controlled..." Leonard's prison had already been constructed, in the form of a large concrete bunker that Lake and Ng had reportedly just finished building on April 15. The bunker contained a vast array of military and police equipment, including boots, fatigues, canteens, bayonets, gun belts, rifles, shotguns, assault rifles, machine guns, manacles, handcuffs, hunting knives, a starlight scope, tripods, pistols, butcher knives, and switchblade knives. Also in the bunker was a copy of *The Collector*. Incorporated into the design of the building was a secret, soundproof cell outfitted with a one-way viewing window, hidden cameras, and a list of rules for prisoners. Also found were numerous photographs of children in various stages of undress that had been taken at the South City Juvenile Hall, where Claralyn worked.

Adjacent to the bunker was an incinerator, which investigators logically concluded had been used to dispose of bodies. Hundreds of bone fragments were recovered from the property, most of them burned and then cut into 2–4 inch pieces, making identification all but impossible. A final body count was never achieved, but evidence indicated that as many as twenty-five people had been killed and disposed of at the Wilseyville ranch.

Buried on the grounds of the ranch were five-gallon buckets containing videotapes. The contents of most of those tapes have never been revealed. One of them reportedly featured Leonard's mother, Gloria Eberling, Leonard's former wife, Claralyn Balazs, and Claralyn's parents, Louis and Grace Balazs, listening as Lake animatedly described his plans for the coming Armageddon. He saw himself as the new Adam, and he spoke of building a series of bunkers, each to be stocked with weapons and food and staffed with a sex slave. These slaves were to serve as the mothers of the New World Order that would arise from the ashes of Armageddon. The Wilseyville structure was apparently the prototype for this planned network of bunkers. Lake dubbed his plan "Operation Miranda," in honor of the heroine of Fowles' novel.

Another videotape featured Lake and Ng physically and psychologically torturing two different women, one of whom was their former neighbor, Brenda

O'Connor. On the tape, Lake can be heard telling Brenda: "Suffer... There's people that are going to want to know that we did our job." Additional videotapes were recovered from the abandoned former residence of Charles Ng. The contents of those tapes also remain a mystery.

Early on in the investigation, the local chief of police issued a telling statement: "This may be a case of mass murder or a cult situation... A cult case is a possibility we're not going to exclude at this time." The Department of Justice and the FBI soon descended upon the scene and the official story quickly became that only two men, Leonard Lake and Charles Ng, were involved in the murders.

As the investigation continued, the home of Louis and Grace Balazs was searched. Investigators hauled off six bags of potential evidence, including audiotapes, copies of the photographs of the girls at Juvenile Hall, and a variety of S&M gear. No members of the Balazs family were ever arrested. As the search at Wilseyville continued, body parts continued to be unearthed. Few of these were ever identified, but one skull, featuring a .22 caliber bullet hole next to where the ear had been, had belonged to Randy Jacobson, a Vietnam veteran who had served with Lake. His last known address had been at the Pink Palace in San Francisco's Tenderloin District.

In December 1985, Ng was convicted by a Canadian court on shoplifting and assault charges and given a four-and-a-half-year prison sentence. He had been arrested in early July. Six years would pass before Ng was extradited to the U.S. to face charges arising from his complicity in the Wilseyville operations. Seven more years would pass before his trial got underway.

The lengthy delay in extraditing Ng was due to the fact that he was facing near certain execution in the United States. As in most of the 'civilized' world, capital punishment is considered barbaric in Canada. Canadian law therefore prohibits the extradition of suspects accused of capital crimes. Nevertheless, under pressure from U.S. authorities, the Supreme Court of Canada approved Ng's transfer to America. He was back in the States on September 26, 1991. Ng's attorneys later argued his case before the UN Human Rights Committee, whose members condemned the actions of the Canadian government, but by that time it was a moot point.

The American people, with their famously short memories, had largely forgotten about the Ng case—but that was soon to change. In November 1991, a purported witness took to the national airwaves to claim that he had known Ng in Leavenworth in 1982. The witness said that Ng had talked incessantly about torture and mutilation and had allegedly discussed his fantasy of owning sex slaves. The inflaming of public opinion had begun.

Ng's long and convoluted journey through the U.S. criminal justice system began in early 1992. Throughout that seven-year journey, the media consistently

portrayed the defendant as the party responsible for the repeated delays in the legal proceedings. In truth though, it was the state that was responsible for the vast majority of the delays, as prosecutors manipulated the system in their ceaseless efforts to stage yet another sham ‘serial killer’ trial.

Ng’s first attorney, at his first preliminary trial, was Michael Burt, who was simultaneously serving as an attorney for Richard Ramirez. Over Ng’s objections, the presiding judge opted to appoint him new counsel. Ng appealed the judge’s decision, but the California Supreme Court denied the appeal and the change of attorney order stood. Throughout the preliminary proceedings, every effort was made to present the defendant as a dangerous, uncontrollable animal. He was shackled to his courtroom chair and surrounded by heavily armed deputies at all times. During court recesses, he was literally kept in a steel cage.

The purpose of a preliminary trial is for the state to present a body of evidence sufficient to convince a judge that the defendant should be held over for trial. This preview of the state’s case can be very beneficial to the defense. However, since no defense is offered at such a proceeding, the public initially gets a very one-sided version of events. For that reason, defense attorneys on high-profile cases tend to air their side through the media. At the outset of Ng’s preliminary trial, however, a gag order was issued. The result of that order was that the general public only heard the prosecution’s case.

Ng repeatedly filed motions for a change of counsel. All such motions were routinely denied. In fact, Ng was not even allowed an evidentiary hearing to present his case for why a change of counsel was needed. He also filed a motion to have the judge dismissed. That motion was not only denied, but was stricken from the trial record.

The preliminary proceedings resulted in indictments on twelve counts of murder. As Charles awaited trial, a Superior Court judge agreed to hear his lawsuit against his new attorneys. The judge indicated that Ng’s suit was not, contrary to what the trial judge had ruled, a frivolous one. That soon became a moot point, however, when the trial was moved in September 1994 to Orange County. A new judge took the helm and new attorneys were appointed on both sides. A moving van delivered a mountain of evidence to the offices of both the Orange County District Attorney and Public Defender. The OCPD’s office complained loudly about the condition of the evidence they received. Six tons of documents had been stuffed haphazardly and seemingly randomly into produce boxes. Five hundred pages of police reports were missing. All files pertaining to the Justice Department’s investigation of the case were missing. The documents produced by the former defense team were reportedly illegible. Hundreds of photographs were unlabeled and unorganized. Thirteen boxes containing the most crucial documents were clearly marked “shred.” Well over a hundred

videotapes were included among the evidence, but only one was ever shown at trial.

As the PD's office struggled to make sense of the evidence, while meeting resistance from the Justice Department and others, the new presiding judge opted to order the replacement of the new defense team. Charles Ng filed a request to have his team reinstated, but his motion was denied. The dismissed attorneys had been working to effect the removal of the judge from the case. The Fourth District Court of Appeals ultimately reinstated Ng's attorneys and strongly recommended that the judge be disqualified. A new judge was assigned to the case in February 1997. Through all of that legal maneuvering, it was Ng who was vilified by the press for purportedly manipulating the legal system to delay his fate.

In October, the new presiding judge postponed the start of Ng's trial yet again. A week later, the San Francisco Police Department made the remarkable announcement that it had lost many of its files on the case. Even more incredibly, bullets and blood samples had allegedly been disposed of.

On April 20, 1998, Charles Ng asked the court that he be allowed to represent himself. The next day he requested that his attorneys be dismissed. In May his request to serve as his own counsel was granted. In June, a man to whom Ng had allegedly confessed in prison, and who had been billed as a star witness for the prosecution, died in a single-car crash. The media hinted ominously that Ng had somehow arranged the man's death, but it was actually the state that benefited. The witness's purported testimony was read into the record by a U.S. Marshall. The jury, of course, was not able to gauge the credibility of the man whose words were read in court, and the defense was unable to cross-examine the deceased witness. Those are precisely the reasons why such testimony is virtually always disallowed—except in the Ng case.

On June 17, Charles Ng made his debut as a defense attorney. By August 21, he had lost the right to represent himself.

By mid-September, the preliminary proceedings had been wrapped up and jury selection began. On October 26, 1998, the long awaited trial of Charles Ng finally began. Prosecutors began their presentation by showing the graphic videotape of the two women being tortured and raped. The images on the tape were disturbing, to say the least. Airing it for the jury did considerable damage to the defense's case. The tape, however, did not answer the question of whether Charles Ng was guilty of murder, since the murders of the women were not captured on tape—at least not on the particular tape that was aired in court. What the airing of the videotape did accomplish was to radically inflame the emotions of the jury.

After that first airing in court, excerpts from the video promptly showed up on the evening news. The next day, prosecutors again played the video for the jury. It soon became apparent that that tape was the main plank of the state's case. It was

aired repeatedly throughout the duration of the trial, both in the courtroom and by the media. Two of the jurors though only saw the first couple of airings of the tape, since they were replaced the very first week, before opening arguments had even concluded.

In late January 1999, the prosecution began its closing argument by, surprisingly enough, playing the tape again. Following that, the case would have ordinarily then gone to the jury for deliberations. But this was no ordinary case. So what happened next was that, as the *San Francisco Chronicle* noted, “Ng testified as a surprise witness for his own defense—two days after his own attorneys had rested their case, and one day after prosecutors finished their own final summation of the evidence for the jury.”

On February 1, the state got a shot at cross-examining the surprise witness. The first thing that prosecutors did was to play the tape again. Then they introduced inflammatory illustrations that Ng had drawn while imprisoned in Canada. That evidence had been previously disallowed, before Ng made the inexplicable decision to take the stand. Prosecutors then played the tape yet again. Needless to say, it is difficult to see how Ng aided his cause with his eleventh-hour appearance as a witness.

After more than two weeks of deliberations, the jury returned with verdicts on eleven of the twelve murder counts: guilty. Ng’s trial then moved on to the penalty phase, during which one of the jurors was dismissed and an investigator was charged with prosecutorial misconduct. The judge opted not to declare a mistrial, although such a ruling would seem to have been warranted.

On April 20, that most infamous of dates, Ng’s father was called by the defense. On the stand, he admitted to the severe physical abuse he had inflicted on his son. The next day, Ng’s mother took the stand and confirmed the horrendous level of abuse to which the boy had been subjected. The jury was not swayed. On May 3, they returned from deliberations with the recommendation that Charles be put to death. The next day it was claimed that Ng had somehow managed to contact a juror during deliberations. Two weeks later, that juror’s phone number was allegedly found in his cell. On June 30, 1999, a sentence of death was formally imposed upon Charles Ng, thus ending his fourteen-year legal odyssey.

Michael Rustigan, a criminologist from San Francisco State University, had this to say about that odyssey: “I think it’s perhaps the strangest case in the annals of serial killers from the standpoint of the trial. In terms of legal process, I’d have to say it’s one of the most bizarre, confusing, and outrageous cases I have ever seen.” Perhaps Rustigan just needs to spend a little more time studying serial killer cases, for as bizarre as the Ng case was, it did not really differ dramatically from other serial killer cases—although it was perhaps pushing the boundaries

just a bit when Claralyn Balazs, billed as a star witness, took the stand and then was promptly dismissed after both sides failed to ask her a single question.

Joel Norris, a psychologist, author, and 'expert' on serial crime, has written that Lake and Ng were in possession of "snuff videos that combine violent sex with vivid scenes of actual murders committed on camera, photo portraits of women in chains, snapshots of dead victims moments before their burial, and bags of human bones that had been boiled down into soup." If such evidence did exist, it is inconceivable that it would not have been presented in court. But there is ample reason to believe that such images did exist amongst the hundreds of videotapes and photographic images. Why then was it not produced?

The most logical conclusion is that the images either depicted Ng acting in conjunction with other unacknowledged perpetrators, or they showed that Ng did not actually participate in the murders.

* * * * *

Robert Berdella, Sr., a World War II veteran and member of the Knights of Columbus, was reportedly a physically and emotionally abusive father. His son and namesake was beaten regularly with a leather strap. The elder Berdella died suddenly at the young age of thirty-nine, reportedly of a heart attack. His widow remarried shortly after her husband's untimely death. Her son lived a solitary life, rarely playing outside the family home. He had very few friends. At the age of sixteen, he was raped by a restaurant co-worker.

In 1968, while a sophomore at college, Robert Berdella, Jr. was arrested for selling drugs to an undercover federal agent. He received a five year suspended sentence. Just a month later, he was again arrested on drug charges, but those charges were dropped. The next year, while still a student, Bob financed the purchase of his home. He also performed a bizarre ritual on the grounds of the campus in which a duck was decapitated.

After college, Berdella worked as a chef at many of the most renowned restaurants and country clubs in Kansas City. The ingredient lists of the dishes he prepared became the subject of morbid curiosity and speculation when evidence later emerged of Berdella's possible cannibalism. When Bob was not occupied with his culinary endeavors, he spent much of his time collecting bizarre artifacts, some reportedly fashioned from human body parts. By 1981, his hobby had become his full time job; Berdella was the proprietor of a flea market stand known as Bob's Bizarre Bazaar.

Berdella also helped set up a Neighborhood Watch program, and then served as the liaison to the police and to a couple of nearby youth homes. According to

neighbors, he had a constant flow of young men coming and going from his home. Many of them lived in the home for varying periods of time. One twenty-five-year-old former boarder said that at times as many as four boarders lived at the house, and that large groups of young men regularly attended parties there. These boarders and visitors were a constant feature of the home throughout the 1980s. During that time, an indeterminate number of young men were tortured and killed in the house. Officials claimed that none of the boarders were involved in any of the crimes.

One of Berdella's boarders, a young hustler identified as Freddie Kellogg, took a rather interesting route to reach Bob's house. Kellogg was picked up by an unidentified man who handcuffed and then brutally assaulted him. The assault was stopped by a second unidentified man, who then introduced Kellogg to Berdella. Kellogg thereafter served as what was described as Berdella's "liaison to the streets."

Many of Berdella's young companions, perhaps significantly, regularly signed up as volunteers for unspecified 'medical experiments' at the nearby Quincy Research Center. One group of such volunteers reportedly staged a party at Bob's house to celebrate the completion of a thirty-day program at the center. Many of Berdella's young protégés later said that he frequently claimed to know powerful people who were able to "get things done." He reportedly did have a rather large network of connections for an owner of a flea market stand, including contacts in Africa, Asia, South America, and along the Pacific Rim.

Berdella's first known victim, Jerry Howell, disappeared in July 1984. At least two witnesses told police that they suspected that Berdella had given the young man what they described as a "hot shot." Another witness reported "word on the streets is he [Berdella] does bad things to kids." The police department's Fugitive Apprehension Unit purportedly questioned, watched and harassed the suspect, but there is little indication that any serious effort was made to investigate Berdella. The next known victim disappeared in April 1985, followed by a third on the summer solstice of that same year. In September, Walter James Farris disappeared as well. His wife told investigators that when her husband was last seen, he had been headed for Bob's house. This was the first time in the history of the Fugitive Apprehension Unit that the same suspect was positively linked to two missing persons cases, yet even then little effort was made to investigate Bob Berdella. In June 1986, both Todd Stoops and Larry Pearson disappeared. Pearson was abducted right after Bob returned from a trip to Ohio. He was held captive in the home for six weeks, while boarders and guests freely came and went. After he was killed, his severed head was kept in Berdella's freezer for a week.

There is little doubt that the known victims represent only the tip of the iceberg. Evidence indicated that many more young men were tortured and killed, although authorities denied that fact and made concerted efforts to downplay and cover up the facts of the case.

On March 29, 1988, Chris Bryson was abducted and imprisoned in Bob's house. Bryson, unlike the others, managed to escape from Berdella's three-story home, and in doing so brought about the exposure of Bob's operations. On April 2, Chris leapt to freedom from a window. He was naked and dazed, with visible wounds from the depravities that had been inflicted upon him. During his days of confinement, he had been kept heavily drugged and subjected to severe torture that was designed specifically to affect his vision, hearing, voice and hands. Fingers and chemical swabs had been jabbed into his eyes, his hands had been beaten with a tire iron and tightly bound with piano wire, and electric shocks had been administered to his eyes, ears and genitals. His ears had been packed full of caulking compound. He had been injected with various chemicals, including drain cleaner. He had been branded, subjected to Bob's version of acupuncture, and beaten about the head with a rubber mallet. And throughout it all, he had been photographed repeatedly.

Officers Lloyd Harvey and Larry Lewis were the first officers to respond to the call of Bryson's escape. They were soon joined by officers John Metzger and Cynthia Cherry, who appear to have taken charge of the scene. Metzger volunteered to take the report. At least some of the officers on the scene were skeptical of Bryson's claims, despite the fact that he had severely reddened eyes, visible scars and burns on his face, arms, legs and back, and unmistakable rope burns on his wrists, mouth and ankles.

Bryson initially claimed that Berdella had been assisted in the abduction by a blond woman; that fact was later expunged from the official story. He also reported that Berdella had told him that there were others with whom he would later be shared. Bob had also warned him that he might be sent off to a remote location in Wyoming where his abuse would continue indefinitely.

Police promptly assembled a twelve-man task force to investigate the case. Assigned to lead that task force was a man named Troy Cole, who later co-authored a self-serving book about the Berdella case. The selection of Cole was a provocative one: he was, by his own admission, a 'former' employee of the CIA. Cole's law enforcement career began at CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia in 1968. He was assigned to the White House. Two years later, he left the employ of the CIA, officially at least, to work for the District of Columbia police force. In 1972, he joined the Kansas City force, where he was assigned to homicide and, naturally enough, the department's intelligence unit.

The search warrant for Berdella's home was obtained by officer Tom Eikel, who had been to Bob's house previously, with two young male hustler/informants, on an undercover assignment to make a drug purchase. No arrests had been made and no charges had been filed following that transaction. The search of Bob's Bazaar was led by detective Lee Floyd, who had been a visitor to the shop in the past. Floyd knew Bob and he knew Bob's landlord at the flea market, who happened to be a former Kansas City police officer.

Multiple searches of the home, which reportedly had a putrid odor, uncovered a wealth of evidence. Voluminous notes kept by Berdella were found, as well as meticulously detailed logs of the tortures he had inflicted upon his victims. Hundreds of photographs taken into custody depicted as many as twenty different men being tortured. Numerous videotapes, audiotapes and films were taken into custody as well, but their contents were never revealed. Human skulls were found. Tests revealed that two large plastic trash barrels and a smaller bucket had at one time been filled with blood. A sizable stockpile of powerful pharmaceuticals was seized, including Acepromazine, Chlorpromazine, and Ketamine. In the yard were human vertebrae that had been cut into pieces with a Skilsaw, just as Leonard Lake and Charles Ng had done at Wilseyville.

Amazingly enough, despite all the evidence, Troy Cole announced that the investigation was not being treated as a homicide case. That stance became somewhat harder to justify when the housing of a chainsaw discovered at the house was found to be packed with human flesh, blood and hair. Around the time of that discovery, the FBI was brought in to assist on the case.

Victim Chris Bryson had been taken, strangely enough, to the Research Psychiatric Center to recover from his injuries. Berdella had been arrested and placed in a medical unit; his cell was a steel box with no bars and no windows. He was cut off from all contact with other inmates and kept heavily drugged with sleeping pills. Bob's dogs had been sent to the city pound, where they reportedly refused to eat dog food. At home, they had dined on "mystery meat." Boarders spoke of eating "mystery meat" as well. Many in the community recalled with horror how Berdella had often prepared casseroles for potluck dinners at the flea market, and for neighborhood functions.

Bob was allowed one frequent, though quite clandestine, visitor—a Reverend Roger Coleman. The two men had a longstanding relationship, as evidenced by the fact that Coleman had been at the grand opening of Bob's Bazaar. In a bid to get him released from prison, he offered to let Berdella stay at his home, with his family, if the state agreed to release him on bond. Coleman later held a press conference and arranged a public television interview on Berdella's behalf.

More information about Berdella emerged as investigators continued to talk to witnesses. Some reports linked Bob to the disappearances of two paperboys in

Des Moines, Iowa—the same disappearances that were linked to Larry King and Michael Aquino. Some witnesses claimed that Berdella had been killing his victims in satanic ritual sacrifices. Others told of Bob making regular trips to a farm south of the city, frequently accompanied by heavy trash bags. Three different farms in the area were later identified, but it was deemed impractical to search them.

As frequently happens in serial killer cases, prosecutors chose to take their evidence to a grand jury, whose proceedings are conducted in secrecy, rather than holding a public preliminary trial. The grand jury handed down an indictment for the murder of Larry Pearson. Evidence reportedly included a detailed torture log, about sixty Polaroid photos, and Pearson's skull. A public defender appeared in court to represent Berdella, but the judge informed him that his services would not be needed; instead, the judge had opted to appoint private counsel for the defendant. Bob promptly entered a plea of guilty to the single count of first-degree murder. As the judge questioned him about his plea, he gave responses that his chroniclers described as "flat" and "emotionless." He was given a life sentence with no possibility for parole. Berdella's trial was over before it had even begun.

In September 1988, Bob was arraigned on additional murder counts. This time, he entered pleas of not guilty. The next month, Geraldo Rivera hosted a Halloween special on Satanism as only Geraldo can—which means that the subject was relegated to television's equivalent of the tabloid press. Nevertheless, Geraldo managed to round up a number of witnesses who claimed that Berdella had been involved in a satanic cult. One of those witnesses was detective Lee Orr of the Kansas City, Kansas police force. One woman claimed to have witnessed Berdella performing a ritual murder.

It should not have come as much of a surprise to the investigators who searched Berdella's house and shop to find that Bob had a keen interest in the occult. Satanic and occult artifacts were scattered throughout the house. At least twenty books on Satanism and/or witchcraft were found, along with books on sadism and a literary work entitled *How to Create Poisons and Antidotes to Them*. A record album entitled *Black Mass for Lucifer* sat atop Bob's turntable. Clippings of serial killer stories were scattered about. Buried in the yard was a jar containing bird feathers. The Bizarre Bazaar was filled with occult paraphernalia.

Lead investigator Troy Cole, nevertheless, scoffed at the claims made on the show and insisted that the Berdella case had nothing to do with Satanism. Cole was not the only one to scoff at the claims; Michael Aquino did as well. Aquino was one of those to appear on Geraldo's special. His primary goal appeared to have been to denounce any and all prosecutions of satanic crime as "witch hunts." The morning after the special aired, police received a call from the wife of one of Berdella's known victims. She told them that she had information for them but

could not talk about it at the time. She promised to call back. She was never heard from again.

With Berdella serving a life term, a rather morbid auction was scheduled to dispose of all his property, both from his home and from his place of business. A local millionaire and convicted bank robber named Delbert Dunmire consistently outbid all other bidders for such items as a custom-designed torture bed and a collection of ceremonial robes. The auction was ultimately cancelled when Dunmire offered to purchase the remaining inventory. The next month, he bought Bob's house as well. He then leveled it, destroying all remaining evidence, and sold the vacant lot. It seems very likely that those actions were taken to hide evidence of the involvement of others, including possibly Dunmire himself.³¹

Cole's team claimed that Berdella gave full confessions to his crimes. But they appear to have been very carefully crafted 'confessions' that were given in total secrecy. All of the confession sessions were held in a private room in the county jail. Rather than employing the services of a court reporter, the task force brought in a private stenographer. All aspects of the resulting confessions were tailored to conform to the state's version of events. Bob confessed to precisely six murders, which was the official tally. No new names appeared in the confessions. Bob claimed that he disposed of the bodies in the trash, not at the farms that he frequently visited. He denied having any links to any satanic groups. He took sole responsibility for all of the crimes. He quashed the recurrent rumors of police involvement. He claimed that a torture log that did not match up with any of the six official victims referred to experiments he had performed on a stray dog. And, most provocatively, he explained away a specific reference in one of his logs to Lt. Col. Oliver North. His claim was as follows: "We just had the TV on, and apparently something about Ollie North came on." There is no indication that Berdella felt compelled at any other time to dutifully record in his logs what was transpiring on the television.

31 It will be recalled that Henry Lee Lucas claimed that the upper echelons of the cult that he was involved with included men of wealth and power. Berkowitz has made the same claims of the 'Son of Sam' cult. Journalist Maury Terry has uncovered evidence suggesting the involvement of such figures as high-rolling art dealer Andrew Crispo and would-be *Cotton Club* producer Roy Radin. Crispo admitted to being present at the scene of a ritual homicide, accompanied by the son of a UN executive, but he denied participating in the grisly murder. Radin, on the other hand, became a victim of one of the cult's ritual executions. He was shot repeatedly in the head with a shotgun by three of magazine publisher Larry Flynt's former bodyguards. One of them was Manson associate Bill Mentzer.

Berdella ultimately received two life sentences and two conditional life sentences. They would prove to be very short life sentences. He served only a few years at a maximum-security facility before he died, officially of a heart attack. Many suspect the true cause of death was poisoning. Bob Berdella was just forty-three.

* * * * *

Gary Heidnik was born in 1943 to a father who was described as a strict disciplinarian. In the ninth grade, Gary enrolled at the prestigious Staunton Military Academy in Virginia. In 1961, he joined the Army and was, as previously noted, sent for medic training and then assigned to a field hospital in West Germany. After three months there, he went on sick call and was given Stelazine, a powerful tranquilizer normally used to treat severely psychotic states. Records do not indicate that Gary was suffering from such a condition at that time.

In January 1963, Heidnik was honorably discharged with a service-related mental disability. Not long after that, he earned a degree as a licensed practical nurse and then began training as a psychiatric nurse at a VA hospital. Over the next two-and-a-half decades, he would be hospitalized as a psychiatric patient at least twenty-five times, and he would attempt suicide at least seventeen times. And those figures are far from complete, since there is an unexplained six-year gap in Gary's medical records.

On Halloween night, 1966, Heidnik drove his motorcycle into a head-on collision. Four years later, his mother succeeded in doing what Gary and his brother Terry had failed at repeatedly: she killed herself.

In the spring of 1971, Gary paid a visit to Malibu, California. It is unclear what the purpose of that trip was, but just after returning to Philadelphia Heidnik decided to start his own church. On October 12, 1971, the birth date of Aleister Crowley, the United Church of the Ministers of God was formally incorporated. Gary and Terry Heidnik were both founding members. Most of the initial members of the congregation were institutionalized black women whom the state had labeled 'retarded.' At that same time, elsewhere in the country, Jim Jones was getting his church up and running as well—and he was going about it the same way: by recruiting institutionalized black women.

In September 1972, Heidnik was released from one of his numerous stays in institutions. From that point forward, there is a six-year gap in Gary's records. Very little can be discerned of his activities during that time period. No one, including Heidnik, can account for most of that six-year span. It is almost as if Gary Heidnik ceased to exist for an extended period of time, and then he reappeared. All that is known is that in 1975, on the vernal equinox, 'Bishop' Heidnik

opened a tax-free Merrill Lynch account on behalf of his church with an initial deposit of \$1,500. It was not long before that account was valued at an astounding \$545,000. In 1976, Heidnik reportedly fired a gun at an unidentified man. The bullet grazed the victim's face. Gary was charged only with aggravated assault and carrying a gun without a license, although assault with a deadly weapon and attempted murder would have been more appropriate charges. After one week, the charges were dropped entirely.

Heidnik was not heard from again until 1978. It was at that time that he came up with the idea of checking a girl out of an institution and chaining her in his basement, where he could repeatedly torture and rape her. Gary was caught in fairly short order and charged with an array of crimes, including kidnapping, rape, false imprisonment, unlawful restraint, involuntary deviate sexual intercourse, interfering with the custody of a committed person, and recklessly endangering another person. In November 1978, Gary waived his right to a jury trial and placed his fate in the hands of the judge. It proved to be a wise decision. The judge dropped all the felony counts after determining that the victim was too 'retarded' to testify. Heidnik was found guilty only of various misdemeanor charges. He received a 3–7 year prison sentence, but never set foot in an actual prison. Instead, he spent four-and-a-half years institutionalized at various hospitals and was set free on April 12, 1983. By 1986, his church was thriving and he had a steady flow of women passing through his home. On November 26, 1986, one of them, Josefina Rivera, found herself imprisoned in Heidnik's basement.

Three days later, Sandra Lindsay joined Rivera in the basement. Lindsay had known Gary since the two had been institutionalized together at the Elwyn Institute, where she had been formally classified as 'mildly retarded.' Lindsay's family knew Heidnik as well, and they knew a man named Tony Brown, who sometimes lived at Gary's house. Brown was a regular visitor to the Lindsay home. Heidnik and Brown reportedly shared a number of girlfriends.

Sandra's mother reported her daughter's disappearance and she gave the investigating officers Heidnik's name, address and telephone number. Little effort was made to contact him. In his basement, Sandra was subjected to all manner of physical and psychological torture. Gary's prisoners were either not fed at all or they were fed dog food. That was later supplemented with the ground flesh of the prisoners who did not survive their ordeal. Survivors were given a choice between starvation and cannibalism. They were repeatedly raped by their captor and forced to sexually assault each other. They were kept chained at all times, sometimes in a manner that forced them to remain in an awkward standing position for hours. They were tortured with electric shocks. On occasion, they were forced into a covered pit. Their eardrums were gouged with a screwdriver to prevent them from hearing when their captor came and went from the house.

On the winter solstice of 1986, Gary added Lisa Thomas to his collection. Deborah Dudley was added as well, around the same time. Heidnik by then had several women chained in his basement, and yet, throughout the time that he was collecting his sex slaves, he continued to have consensual sexual encounters with other women, some of whom he regularly brought to his home. One of those women later said that Josefina Rivera sometimes accompanied Gary on his dates, and *appeared* to do so voluntarily.

In January 1987, Heidnik appeared in court, acting as his own attorney, to answer charges that he had fallen behind on support payments to his ex-wife. The previous January, following attacks on his estranged wife, Gary had been charged by the DA's office with spousal rape, involuntary deviate sexual intercourse and indecent assault. Those charges were all dismissed.

On February 7, 1987, one of Heidnik's sex-slaves-in-training, Sandra Lindsay, died. Shortly afterwards, the remaining prisoners heard the sounds of a power saw and an industrial food processor that Gary had rushed out to buy. He reportedly ground up some parts of Lindsay's corpse and cooked others. His remaining captives wisely began to work out an escape plan, but Rivera tipped Heidnik off and the plan was foiled. Three days after Sandra's death, neighbors became concerned about the stench of burning flesh emanating from Heidnik's home. The police were called and quickly discovered that it was impossible to see into the home and difficult to gain entry. The shades were all drawn tight and rips in them had been carefully and thoroughly duct taped. A security steel door had been installed and all the home's windows were heavily barred. Neighbors demanded that the responding officer knock down the door and search the residence, but he declined to do so. It does not appear that there was any follow-up investigation after that initial visit to the house.

About five weeks later, Gary lost another of his prisoners: Deborah Dudley was electrocuted while immersed in the water-filled pit. Around that same time, Josefina Rivera began going out with Gary to troll for replacement sex slaves. On March 23, just after the spring equinox, the two of them abducted Agnes Adams. The next day the prisoners broke free, looking very much like they had just emerged from a prisoner-of-war camp. Heidnik was promptly arrested, along with Tony Brown, who was initially charged as an accomplice. Gary was taken to the Philadelphia Detention Center and held in isolation, cut off from contact with other inmates. Brown was the first to relate to detectives the morbid details of the crimes. He claimed that he had seen Heidnik cutting up and raping a corpse. The freezer in the house was partially filled with human body parts. Human bones were found in the yard, cut up with a saw—just as Lake and Berdella had done. Also discovered in the home, not surprisingly, was a large cache of Thorazine.

Investigators soon discovered that Heidnik had considerable financial resources. In addition to his church's investment account, valued at well over \$500,000, he had at least one personal account with a substantial balance. He also had a new, fully-loaded Cadillac, a Rolls Royce, a Dodge van and a Dodge Dart. When taken into custody, he had \$2,000 cash in his pocket.

Heidnik's preliminary hearing began in April 1987. The prosecution team was led by Ronald Castille, a former Marine platoon commander in Vietnam. Heidnik was charged with an array of crimes, including murder, kidnapping, rape, aggravated assault, involuntary deviate sexual intercourse, indecent exposure, false imprisonment, unlawful restraint, simple assault, recklessly endangering another person, indecent assault, criminal solicitation, and possession and abuse of a corpse. Gary's victims were called to offer their testimony at the preliminary proceedings. Josefina Rivera reportedly spoke in a detached, flat, emotionless voice. The other women testified that Rivera frequently beat them, even when Gary was not there, and seemed to enjoy doing so. She was referred to as the "boss of the basement."

On April 6, victim Lisa Thomas filed a civil petition asking for the assets of Heidnik's church to be frozen and a conservator appointed pending resolution of a civil suit brought against Heidnik by the victims. The church's assets were frozen, but the judge opted to hold off for two weeks on appointing the conservator, who was appointed on April 20. Two hours before that appointment, however, Heidnik filed for Chapter 11 bankruptcy protection. Eight days later, federal courts claimed jurisdiction over the assets case. Strangely, Heidnik's will specified that those assets should go to the Veteran's Administration and the Peace Corps.

On May 1, Tony Brown was quietly released from custody. Two weeks after Heidnik's trial concluded, all charges against him were dropped and authorities thereafter pretended as though he had never been named as an accomplice.

On August 9, 1987, police raided a local apartment and made a gruesome discovery. The remains of five women were found in a bedroom that had been nailed shut. Another body was found in a closet that had also been nailed shut. Parts of a seventh body were found on the roof of the building and in the basement of a neighboring building. A 'retarded' black man named Harrison "Marty" Graham was taken into custody and dubbed the "Madman of Marshall Street." He confessed that his killings had begun the previous winter, about the time that Gary began collecting his victims. Graham also confessed to having committed acts of necrophilia. Officials denied that there were any connections between the Heidnik and Graham cases. Their homes were less than two miles apart.

Chuck Peruto was assigned as Heidnik's defense counsel. Trial watchers noted that he had a penchant for young, shapely women. Lynne Abraham was

the presiding judge. She had previously worked for District Attorney Arlen Specter, most notable for concocting the ‘single bullet theory’ to explain the Kennedy assassination. She had also worked for HUD and for Mayor Frank Rizzo’s Redevelopment Authority before being elevated to the bench. During her tenure as a prosecutor, Abraham had been known to surprise the city’s medical examiners by showing up to view autopsies, for reasons best known only to her. During the opening phase of Heidnik’s trial, she distinguished herself by repeatedly interrupting the questioning of potential jurors. Even so, the jury was seated in just one-and-a-half days, a notable feat for such a high-profile case.

Gary was kept heavily dosed with Thorazine throughout the trial. He sat at the defense table staring straight ahead, saying nothing and, by all appearances, hearing and seeing nothing. He was described by trial watchers as nearly catatonic. His fitness to stand trial and participate in his own defense was apparently never questioned. His attorney’s opening statement would have been remarkable were it not for the fact that it was virtually the same opening statement that has been offered by so many other serial killer advocates: “The judge said something this morning about people being innocent until proven guilty. My client is not innocent. He is very, very guilty.”

All testimony concerning the medical treatment that Heidnik received while in the military in Germany was disallowed. The jury never saw the documentation of Gary’s unwitting participation in military LSD experiments. The jury never heard that only 1 in 79,000 military veterans who apply for benefits due to a mental disability get a 100% disability rating and are awarded benefits for life. Heidnik had received such a deal, and *he had not even filed for it*. A man named Jack Apshe—a former helicopter door-gunner in Vietnam turned psychologist specializing in records research—arrived in court with extensive, meticulously organized records of Heidnik’s psychiatric history (minus the six years for which no records exist). Virtually all of Apshe’s well-documented evidence was disallowed. The ruling by the judge to disallow the introduction of that evidence was a most unusual one, however, in that it seemed to bar only the defense from introducing the material, but not the prosecution or the judge herself. The state was allowed to pick and choose which documents it wanted entered into evidence, and Judge Abraham even handpicked some of the documents and read them into the record.

The judge also disallowed all questions pertaining to the possible involvement of Tony Brown. What she did allow introduced into evidence was Heidnik’s past criminal record. While that would normally be inadmissible, Abraham allowed it in through a back-door route: the testimony of his former captives to whom he had bragged of his past exploits. He had also told them that he had killed six

women in all, though no other victims were ever identified. The picture of Josefina Rivera that emerged at trial was of a mind-controlled accomplice to Gary. Victim Agnes Adams testified that she had seen Josefina working the streets two weeks before her own capture, which occurred several weeks after Rivera had been imprisoned. Rivera herself admitted on the stand that there were times when she was left unsupervised and could have escaped. The other victims named her along with Heidnik in the civil suits that were filed.

A Dr. Clancy MacKenzie was called as a witness for the defense, but his testimony certainly did not benefit the defendant. Peruto went so far as to label his own witness a “flake” in comments that appeared in print. He did not bother though to explain why it was he who had called that flake to the stand.

Following the feeble attempt to mount a defense, the jury was sequestered to begin deliberations. Strangely, a gag order that had been issued early on, purportedly so as not to contaminate the jury, remained in effect. The jury returned guilty verdicts on two counts of murder and multiple counts of rape, kidnapping, aggravated assault, and involuntary deviate sexual intercourse. During the penalty phase that followed, not a single defense witnesses was called. Peruto’s closing argument, with his client’s life on the line, lasted just four minutes. Two death sentences were delivered after less than two hours of deliberations.

A psychiatric report prepared after the trial stated: “From Gary Heidnik’s history it was clear that his first psychosis was facilitated by a near lethal dose of hallucinogenic substance given to him while he was in Germany in the military.” The same report noted, “Heidnik’s recall of the four months with the women is very hazy and dream-like.” Whether such information would have influenced the jury, whose members likely had no awareness of the implications of the MK-ULTRA projects in which Heidnik was verifiably involved, is largely a matter of speculation. One of those jurors was, oddly enough, a research chemist with PPG Industries.

* * * * *

Jeffrey Dahmer was born in 1960, the son of a research chemist with PPG Industries. Father Lionel Dahmer, Ph.D.—who admitted that he, as a boy, had been fascinated with fire and the art of bomb making—recalled that at thirteen he had wanted to hypnotize a girl so that he “could control her entirely.” Lionel Dahmer also said that Jeffrey had been molested at the age of eight, purportedly by a neighborhood boy. By the age of ten, Jeff was experimenting with dead animals and learning to use acid to dispose of the bodies. In 1975, three neighborhood

kids found a mutilated dog in the woods behind the Dahmer home, its decapitated, gutted carcass hanging from a tree. A cross of sticks was nearby.

Three years later, while on a senior class trip to Washington, D.C., Jeffrey Dahmer made a call from a payphone and then announced to his high school classmates that he had secured them an appointment to visit the office of the vice-president of the United States. Though his friends naturally were skeptical, Jeffrey did indeed lead them on a tour of Walter Mondale's office, followed by a visit to the office of prominent writer Art Buchwald. It has never been explained how the aspiring serial killer had established such impressive contacts in Washington. And it has never been revealed who it was that Dahmer called that day to arrange the impromptu private tours.

A girl who dated Jeffrey briefly during their senior year recalled one date during which a séance was conducted at the Dahmer home. Someone in the group had suggested that it might be a good idea to try to contact Satan. The girl made a hasty exit from the house. Just after Jeffrey's graduation, in 1978, his parents filed for divorce, both of them accusing the other of extreme cruelty. Jeffrey later claimed that he killed for the first time that summer, but no evidence was ever produced to support that claim. The identity of the purported victim was determined by having Dahmer choose from a collection of photographs of boys who had been reported missing around that time.

Jeff enrolled at Ohio State University but attended for just one quarter before being taken to a military recruiter by his father. He began his military career on January 12, 1979. Like Heidnik, Dahmer sought training as a military policeman but was instead trained as a medic. He completed his training on the summer solstice and he was then assigned to a West German military hospital. Dahmer was processed out of the service at Fort Jackson, South Carolina on March 26, 1981. His release came early, allegedly due to chronic alcoholism, but it was an honorable discharge with full benefits.

Jeffrey next surfaced in Miami, Florida, where he briefly stayed before moving back home and in with his father and stepmother. In October 1981, he was arrested for disorderly conduct, possession of an open container of alcohol and resisting arrest. He paid a \$60.00 fine and was sent on his way. Shortly after that, he moved in with his paternal grandmother. In 1982, he was arrested for indecent exposure. He again paid a nominal fine. In January 1985, he began working at the Ambrosia Chocolate Company. At about that same time, he began regularly visiting Milwaukee's gay bars and bathhouses, experimenting on unsuspecting victims with surreptitious druggings. The Club Bath Milwaukee was a favored lab for his field experiments. The bathhouse owners were well aware of Jeffrey's activities, but little if anything was done to curtail them.

In March 1987, Dahmer was again arrested for indecent exposure, after masturbating in front of two young boys. He paid \$42 in court costs and was given a one-year suspended sentence, from which he was released in March 1988. At that time, Dahmer was still living with his grandmother. It was in her basement that he allegedly began dismembering and dissolving bodies. His first victim was purportedly killed in a hotel and then brought back to grandma's house in a suitcase transported by taxi. The body of his second victim was allegedly allowed to ripen in her basement for a week. The odor, needless to say, would have been unbearable. Nevertheless, it was claimed that grandma had no idea what Jeffrey was up to in the basement.

In September 1988, Dahmer got his own apartment, which soon became one of America's most infamous death houses. That very same month he was accused of molesting a young boy. The following May he was convicted of second-degree sexual assault. Despite an appeal to the court by Lionel Dahmer, Jeffrey received a three-year sentence. He served just ten months in a minimum-security facility on a work release program that allowed him to continue working at the chocolate factory. He reportedly kept a mummified head and genitals in his work locker during that time. On Thanksgiving, Dahmer was given a rare gift: twelve hours of freedom. He returned late and visibly intoxicated, with no repercussions.

In early 1990, Dahmer was released on parole. He remained on parole throughout his killing spree, but no one ever visited his home to check up on him.³² That would later become the basis of a lawsuit filed by the survivors of some of Dahmer's victims. The suit plausibly contended that a routine visit would have saved countless lives. Before Jeffrey's parole records were made public, they were, in the words of chronicler Don Davis, "well vacuumed" and "mostly blanked out." The Wisconsin Department of Corrections ordered Dahmer's parole officer, Donna Chester, not to talk to the press.

In July 1990, Dahmer hit a fifteen-year-old boy over the head with a rubber mallet and then attempted to strangle him. Following the attack, he then inexplicably called the kid a taxi and sent him on his way. The victim was taken to a medical center where he gave police an address and a description of his assailant. No one bothered to investigate the incident. At about that same time, Jeffrey acquired a 57-gallon drum of acid, which he purportedly brought home in a taxi (he never owned a car) and muscled up to his apartment by himself. Two men and a moving dolly were required to remove the drum.

32 Dahmer's situation was not a unique one; Ed Kemper was supposed to have regular contact with both a parole officer and a social worker throughout his killing spree, but he never contacted either of them and no one was ever sent to check on him.

In May 1991, a fourteen-year-old boy was seen fleeing Dahmer's apartment by two young women who called the police to report the incident. The boy was naked, bleeding and drugged into a near-stupor. The responding officers chose to believe Dahmer's tale of a lover's quarrel, even though the witnesses, who were still on the scene, angrily informed them that they had seen the terror-stricken boy actively resisting Dahmer's efforts to restrain him, and despite the fact that the victim was clearly a minor. The witnesses claimed that the officers told them go away and refused to take their names. They opted not to run a routine background check on the possible suspect, which would have revealed that Dahmer was a convicted child molester who was still on parole from his previous molestation conviction. The victim of that previous molestation was the *brother* of the bleeding, terrified young boy in front of Jeffrey Dahmer's apartment.

Amazingly enough, the three officers on the scene claimed that they actually accompanied the pair back to Dahmer's apartment and noticed nothing amiss there. That was in spite of the fact that there was a three-day-old rotting corpse lying on the bed, with the attendant smell of death permeating the apartment. There was also an abundance of morbid artifacts and photos lying about the home. Nevertheless, the officers purportedly saw nothing wrong and left the scene with the victim still in Dahmer's custody. As soon as they left, Dahmer killed the boy and then raped and disemboweled the corpse. The mother of one of the two witnesses called the police after reading a newspaper account of a missing boy who closely resembled the naked young man, but her concerns were dismissed. She then contacted the local FBI office, but she was rebuffed there as well. The woman claimed that she was instructed not to talk to the press.

Dahmer's last intended victim was Tracy Edwards, a thirty-one-year-old father of six. Edwards had recently jumped bail in Mississippi on charges of sexually battering a thirteen-year-old girl. He escaped from his would-be abductor and went to authorities with a description of the assailant and his rancid smelling apartment. Edwards told police that he had seen Dahmer undergo a sudden, radical transformation: "His face was completely changed. I wouldn't have recognized him. It was as if the devil himself stood in front of me." The apartment, he said, was filled with photos of male torsos.

It was filled with considerably more than that. There were bloodstains on the bed. There was an extensive collection of photos depicting bodies in various stages of dismemberment. Four intact heads were found, one in the refrigerator and three in a freezer. Another freezer was filled with wrapped, unmarked meat and a human heart. A file drawer was filled with bones. The barrel of acid was brimming with miscellaneous body parts. One kettle was filled with skulls and another contained severed hands and penises. Seven skulls in all were found. Gruesome photo albums were scattered about the house.

Dahmer was initially charged with four counts of murder, and his bail was set at \$1,000,000. Prosecutors soon added eight additional murder counts and raised the bail amount to \$5,000,000. Another three counts were then added, although there were no body parts or photos to support the additional charges. Prosecutors claimed that one photo album had been destroyed. They also claimed that the bodies of the victims depicted in that particular album had been, conveniently enough, tossed out with the trash.

Jeffrey's trial began in January 1992. His attorney, Gerald Boyle, who had previously set his sights on becoming the city's District Attorney, had waived his client's right to a preliminary trial. Boyle had also allowed his client to give detailed confessions to his crimes during lengthy interrogations. Dahmer entered a plea of guilty but insane. He was given a 937-year prison sentence. By the end of the year, his apartment building had been destroyed. The three police officers who had, unknowingly or otherwise, aided and abetted the serial killer were cleared of any wrongdoing.

There were, inevitably, questions that were left unanswered by the trial. Two of the victims had been abducted from Chicago, and Dahmer did not own or have the use of a car. How were those victims transported? The remains of some victims were never found. Were their bodies really disposed of in the trash? And if so, why did Dahmer choose to dispose of only a select few bodies? Some aspects of Jeffrey's confessions were completely unsupported by the evidence. To what extent did Dahmer's interrogators shape those confessions? One victim's grandmother reported receiving several phone calls during which she heard groaning, choking and faint cries of "help me, help me, help me." Those calls came a few weeks after the disappearance of her grandson. Was he kept alive for an extended period of time?

Dahmer, like all collectors, was obsessed with gaining control over his victims. His preferred means of doing so, and of disposing of the bodies that accumulated from his failed experiments, was through the use of chemicals—an interest that was acquired, perhaps, from his research chemist father. Jeff was reportedly working on perfecting a home lobotomy procedure that involved drilling a hole in the victim's forehead and then injecting various combinations of chemicals.

Dahmer has been described as a 'dabbler' in Satanism, but it is likely that he was more than just a dabbler. In his apartment, he had a detailed plan for constructing a satanic altar. The plan incorporated the human skulls and other artifacts that he had been collecting. He told authorities that he believed that by constructing the altar, and by consuming the flesh of his victims, he would be infused with "special powers and energies" that would help him to succeed socially and financially. Oddly enough, in March 1999 the brother of one of

Dahmer's victims was found stabbed to death. Police described the young man's death as a ritual sacrifice.

Dahmer served just two years of his prison sentence before he was inexplicably paired with two homicidal inmates on an unsupervised work detail. Only one of the three made it through the day. It was not, needless to say, Jeffrey Dahmer. After his death, Lionel Dahmer waged a macabre battle with Jeff's mother over preserving his brain for study.

* * * * *

As a child, Herb Baumeister reportedly never showed any emotion, even when his father became physical, which apparently happened quite frequently. Herb Baumeister, Sr. had served in WWII, after which he graduated from Indiana University's School of Medicine and began work as an anesthesiologist. His son and namesake initially set out to follow in his father's academic footsteps, by enrolling in college as an anatomy major. Unlike his father, however, Herb, Jr. dropped out of school. He then married Juliana Saiter, the daughter of a superintendent at the Naval Air Warfare Center. Herb and Juliana were both members of the Young Republicans, as was Ted Bundy.

Not long after the marriage, Herb's father had his newlywed son committed to Larue D. Carter Memorial Hospital, a state-run mental hospital. The Carter facility catered to patients with serious mental impairments, yet there is no indication that Herb was, at that time, seriously impaired. And if he had been, his father was an extremely wealthy man who could have easily afforded to get his son private care. Herb, Sr.'s choice of facilities, therefore, was a rather odd one. Long before the confinement at Carter, Herb, Sr. had reportedly secreted his young son off to be administered 'mental examinations.'

Herb was released from the Carter facility after two months. His diagnosis noted that he exhibited two or more distinct personalities. Following his confinement, Baumeister took a job at the *Indianapolis Star*. The position that he took at the newspaper was known to be regularly filled by the sons and daughters of the wealthy and powerful. Herb's next job, driving a hearse, provided him with his requisite 'blooding.' Herb, Sr. then once again pulled some strings to land Herb, Jr. a position with the Bureau of Motor Vehicles, where one of his duties was serving as the Bureau's liaison to the Indiana state police.

Herb left the Bureau in 1985 and thereafter remained unemployed while wife Juliana occupied her time doing volunteer work. In 1986, warrants were issued for Herb's arrest on charges of theft and conspiracy to commit theft. True to form, Baumeister opted to waive his right to a jury trial and place his fate in the

hands of a judge. The bench trial, such as it was, was over in just one day; Herb was found not guilty on all counts.

By that time, the Baumeisters had been living quite well for an extended period of time, even though neither of them was gainfully employed. Herb then decided that the time was right to start up his own business. With a \$350,000 loan from his mother, he opened a thrift store. In 1988, in conjunction with the Children's Bureau of Indianapolis, he founded Thrift Management, Inc. Herb's close association with the Children's Bureau—which primarily catered to orphans, the type of victims who aren't likely to be missed—hints at the possibility that his thrift store business was a cover for more profitable, and nefarious, business pursuits.

By 1990, Herb's company was growing rapidly and a second Sav-A-Lot outlet opened its doors for business. To staff his stores, Herb assembled a workforce of attractive, young, male employees—just as John Gacy had done. By all outward appearances, things were going quite well for the Baumeisters. In November 1991, Herb, Juliana and their three kids moved into a new home: a four-bedroom, five-bathroom estate with an indoor pool situated on 18.5 acres. Known as 'Fox Hollow Farm,' the property also featured a barn and horse stables. The family maintained a second home as well, and also had access to a condominium on Lake Wawasee owned by Herb's mother.

Three years after moving to Fox Hollow Farm, thirteen-year-old Erich Baumeister discovered a skeleton in the backyard. He dutifully reported his find to his mother, but Julie told no one, including the police, of her son's discovery. By that time, young gay men and male prostitutes in the Indianapolis area³³ had been disappearing for a very long time. From about 1980 on, their bodies began surfacing in Indiana and western Ohio. Many were strangled and deposited along Ohio's Interstate 70. One victim had his arms, legs and head severed and his torso completely drained of blood. The severed parts were never recovered. Four bodies were found clustered together on October 14, 1983, in what was described as a private graveyard. A nearby barn was found to contain both a pentagram and an inverted cross.

In the mid-1980s, a man from Terre Haute, Indiana named Larry Eyler confessed to kidnapping, torturing and murdering as many as twenty-three of the victims. The second victim that he took credit for killing disappeared on the eve of Halloween, 1982; the sixth went missing on the spring equinox of 1983. Eyler claimed that for six of the torture murders, he worked with accomplices. Among the accomplices he fingered was Robert David Little, a professor at Indiana State

33 Indianapolis, interestingly enough, is where the Reverend Jim Jones launched the first incarnation of his People's Temple and gathered his first recruits.

University and the former head of the Terre Haute chapter of the ACLU. Little and Eyler had lived together since 1975.

In May 1983, a task force was formed. The following month, dozens of law enforcement officials gathered for a summit to review the case. The task force made little progress, however, until an anonymous tipster turned in Eyler. From that point on, Eyler was purportedly under constant surveillance, but the disappearances and killings continued.

Eyler had previously been arrested in August 1978 after attacking and stabbing a hitchhiker, who he then left for dead. When taken into custody, Eyler was in possession of a sword, three knives and a canister of tear gas. He was charged with attempted murder and his bond was initially set at \$50,000. After one day, his bail was lowered to \$10,000, allowing his friends to free him. Eyler's attorney paid off the victim with a check for \$2,500 and all charges were dropped. On November 13, the presiding judge dismissed the case and ordered Eyler to pay just \$43 in court costs. Three years later, in 1981, Eyler was again arrested, for drugging a fourteen-year-old boy and then dumping his unconscious body. It is unclear how that case was disposed of.

When Eyler was arrested on suspicion of involvement in the I-70 murders, officers reportedly found a bloodstained knife in his truck. The boots that he was wearing, which were also bloodstained, matched plaster casts of boot-prints taken from one of the crime scenes. The tires on his truck also matched plaster casts of tracks present at one of the murder scenes. As legal counsel, Eyler retained David Schippers, who later achieved notoriety as the Democratic attorney who presented the Republican-controlled House Judiciary Committee's legally specious case for the impeachment of President Clinton, and who later still achieved yet more notoriety by raising his voice to question limited aspects of the official September 11 story.

In the Eyler case, Schippers promptly filed a motion to suppress all evidence seized in the case. His motion was granted and the state's case against his client essentially evaporated. Eyler was freed and he immediately packed up and moved to John Gacy's Chicago, where he was later seen dumping trash bags filled with body parts into the trash bin of an apartment building. He was described as having a "glassy" look in his eyes as he went about his task. In addition to his fingerprints on the trash bags, investigators who searched his apartment found bloodstains, a hacksaw, more trash bags, and a T-shirt belonging to the dismembered victim. Schippers opted not to represent Eyler again, but he did serve as an adviser to the defense team.

Eyler was convicted and, on October 3, 1986, sentenced to death. Four years later, he fingered Professor Robert David Little as the mastermind behind the killings. He also claimed that the professor had photographed the sadistic murders

in progress. Eyler was administered a polygraph examination, which he reportedly passed. Search warrants were served at the home that Little had shared with Eyler as well as at Little's University office. A number of videotapes and photographs were seized. Seized phone records revealed that Eyler had established a pattern of making late-night telephone calls to the house from various locations, though it is unclear if those locations corresponded to the locations of the disappearances. Little was indicted, brought to trial, and then acquitted on April 17, 1991. Eyler though continued to supply information to investigators, who were attempting to build a case against Little and other accomplices. Those efforts came to an abrupt end in March 1994, when Eyler died, reportedly from AIDS.

Many of his victims disappeared from the very same two-square-mile section of Indianapolis, peppered with gay bars, that served as Herb's hunting grounds. Like Eyler, who was supplied by a doctor with Placidyl to drug his victims, Herb had ready access to drugs, thanks to his father's prescription pads. Herb had also been to Ohio dozens of times in the late 1980s and early 1990s.

Police first approached Herb and Julie to question them about the disappearances in November 1995. Herb immediately retained an attorney: James Voyles, the lawyer who a few years before had won an acquittal for Robert David Little. In May 1996, the Children's Bureau terminated its contract with Herb and began publicly distancing itself from his operation, purportedly because the Sav-A-Lot stores were in financial trouble. On June 20, Herb informed his wife that he was taking the kids for physical examinations and then enrolling them in a summer program at the Culver Military Academy—where aspiring serial killer Doug Clark once resided. Julie had other plans, however, and on June 23 she consented to a police search of the property.

When the search began the next day, Herb was away at the lake house with his son Erich. Investigators almost immediately discovered human bones and bone fragments on the property. They were not hard to find, since they were scattered about in plain sight—and there were literally thousands of them. Even though indications were that this was a multiple homicide case, it was assigned to Detective Sergeant Kenneth Whisman, who had never handled a homicide case. Police promptly, and rather ridiculously, claimed that they were days, if not weeks, away from being ready to question Herb Baumeister.

The majority of the bones found at Fox Hollow Farm had been burned, crushed and scattered, making identification nearly impossible. It was not possible to even estimate the number of victims, though it was determined that there were no less than eleven. More than 6,000 bones and bone fragments were recovered. Strangely though, no skulls were ever found. Although the site where the bodies had been burned, readily identifiable by the scorched ground, was in clear view of the home's kitchen window, Julie Baumeister swore that she knew nothing about

the murders. Neighbors, however, questioned how the avid gardener, who spent a good deal of time in her yard, could have been unaware of thousands of bones, many of them visible to the naked eye.

Julie Baumeister told police investigators that her husband was an avid videographer who maintained a private collection of hundreds of tapes. When she led them to the storage closet where the tapes were normally kept, however, all of them had suddenly gone missing. Investigators noted that a vent in the wall appeared to have been used to hide a video camera for surreptitious filming. A witness who had been taken to Fox Hollow Farm by Herb, and whose tips had led to the initial questioning of the Baumeisters, reported seeing a closet filled with professional video equipment, including cameras, lenses, tripods, and lighting equipment. No such equipment was found during the search. Police seized only ten items from the house; five of those items were videotapes.

Two days after the search of the property began, Julie Baumeister obtained an emergency order for temporary custody of her son, Erich. Officers were dispatched to the lake house where Herb was staying and the child was brought back. Despite the fact that authorities had already spent two full days excavating Baumeister's eighteen-acre graveyard, he was not questioned about the discoveries on his property. As soon as the officers left with Erich, Herb promptly disappeared, which did not seem to concern police investigators. Over the next few days, searchers discovered a drainage ditch on the property that contained an abundance of large bones, but still no skulls. Whisman still insisted that there was not enough evidence to issue a warrant for Baumeister's arrest.

On July 2, a Canadian police officer found Herb sleeping in his car near Ontario Park. The officer observed a number of items in the car, including an overnight bag, envelopes, newspapers, piles of other, unidentified papers, and what appeared to be videotapes. The next day, police again found Herb. This time he was in the park by the water's edge, with a .357 magnum bullet hole in his head. His car had been emptied of all personal items. A search of the area yielded no evidence that Herb had disposed of any of the items that had been in his possession just the night before. None of his possessions were ever recovered or accounted for. What was said to be a suicide note was found. It was addressed, rather bizarrely, "Attention Canadian Authorities."

Around that same time, Baumeister's older brother Brad was found floating in a hot tub in Texas. Brad's death remains an unsolved mystery. Perhaps the Baumeister family just had a run of bad luck.

The day after Herb Baumeister's body was discovered in a park, it was autopsied by Canadian authorities, who promptly announced that the autopsy report would not be ready for release for "about a year." Since some of the I-70 murders remained unsolved, Indianapolis officials were under intense pressure

to investigate any possible connections to the Baumeister case. Police had two key pieces of physical evidence that had been gathered from the scenes of the unsolved killings: a semen sample and a palm print. The semen sample, however, just sort of disappeared. With only the palm print remaining, a technician was duly dispatched to obtain a print from Herb's corpse, still in the custody of Canadian officials.

What followed, purportedly, was a ridiculous series of errors. The technician purportedly returned from Canada with a print that was unusable. The official story holds that the print simply "didn't take," but it was never explained why the technician got all the way back to the States before realizing that. He was sent back to try again, and once again returned with a print that 'didn't take.' Not to be deterred, the technician was sent back a third time, only to find that the corpse had been cremated, destroying the last chance that authorities had to definitively tie Herb to the I-70 murders with hard physical evidence. Why officials would have repeatedly sent the same obviously incompetent technician has never been explained.

Through witness statements and circumstantial evidence, however, Baumeister was ultimately tied to at least one of the I-70 victims. No one, needless to say, ever stood trial for the unsolved I-70 killings, or for the mass murder that occurred at Fox Hollow Farm. Herb was posthumously declared solely responsible for the deaths of the four victims whose remains could be identified. All were local gay men who had been reported missing. They were just four of at least ten local men who had been reported missing after frequenting area gay bars over the previous three years. The police, and the local press, had consistently ignored and/or downplayed the disappearances.

The Herb Baumeister story would not be complete without the mention of a colorful character named Virgil Vandagriff, who played a prominent role in the Baumeister investigation. Vandagriff was a former sheriff turned private investigator. In the mid-1970s, he had been sent to the LAPD academy for hypnosis training. His father reportedly 'dabbled' in hypnosis as well. In 1977, not long after receiving that special training, Vandagriff worked on the case of Brett Kimberlin, the so-called Speedway Bomber. The very same Brett Kimberlin resurfaced in 1988, claiming that he had been vice-presidential nominee Dan Quayle's college drug supplier. Kimberlin was promptly put into solitary confinement and cut off from press access.

Vandagriff was hired by the families of two of the missing victims, both of whom felt that the police were doing next to nothing to find their sons. In August 1994, the aforementioned witness who survived a visit to Herb's house first talked to Vandagriff. He described Fox Hollow Farm and the strange man who had taken him there. One of Vandagriff's associates reportedly located Fox Hollow

based on the man's description. For unexplained reasons, the associate obtained aerial photographs of the property that he presented to the witness for identification. The witness, who of course had never seen the ranch from the air, was unable to ID the property from the photographs. As a result, there was a considerable delay in identifying Herb Baumeister as the prime suspect. Why Vandagriff's investigator did not present the witness with surveillance photos of the property from the perspective that he had actually viewed it is another of the lingering mysteries surrounding the Baumeister case.

In November 1997, Vandagriff's secretary, Connie Pierce, who had worked closely with the witness in the Baumeister case, died suddenly at the age of forty-six. In the spring of that same year, bones were still being uncovered at Fox Hollow Farm.

Chapter 17

Patsies and Assassins

“It has always been my theory that for every person arrested and charged with multiple homicide there are probably a good five more out there.”

—Theodore Robert Bundy

In the dark and ugly netherworld where violent crime and covert operations collide, there appear to be two general categories into which a large majority of those we label ‘serial killers’ can be sorted: controlled assassins, and controlled patsies. In this chapter, we will look at what could be described as ‘textbook cases’ of both of these recurring archetypes.

We begin with the case of the man whom the *New York Times* referred to in December 2001 as “the first of America’s modern serial killers”: Albert Henry DeSalvo, otherwise known as the Boston Strangler. Nearly forty years after the infamous murders, and almost thirty after the purported killer was permanently silenced, it is now being acknowledged by some in the law enforcement community that DeSalvo was innocent. What is not acknowledged, even today, is that DeSalvo was deliberately framed to take the fall for the crimes. The story generally put forth by those who acknowledge DeSalvo’s innocence is that he willingly confessed to crimes that he did not commit in the belief that he could make a good deal of money from his notoriety. The facts of the case, however, suggest otherwise.

At the other end of the spectrum are men like Arthur Shawcross, who began killing for the United States Army in 1968, the year after DeSalvo was convicted. It was nearly a quarter-century later before Shawcross was first convicted of homicide. There is little question that he was guilty of a number of violent crimes, first in the late 1960s, then again in the early 1970s, and yet again in the late 1980s. There is some question though as to whether Arthur was acting alone during his various murder sprees.

The third alleged serial killer profiled here is Danny Rolling, a man whose story has parallels to both Shawcross and DeSalvo.

* * * * *

Albert Henry DeSalvo, the purported Boston Strangler, ranks as one of the most infamous of all the serial killers, despite the inconvenient fact that, in the four decades since the notorious murders were committed, no one has been able to produce a shred of evidence indicating that DeSalvo ever killed anyone. The task of manufacturing a case against DeSalvo was largely led by a legendary attorney by the name of F. Lee Bailey,³⁴ who received a considerable amount of help from a cast of characters whose surnames should be familiar to any serious student of U.S. politics—names like McNamara, Donovan, Mellon, Moynihan and Bryan.

Frank DeSalvo, Albert's father, regularly beat his wife and kids with his fists, as well as with belts and a pipe. He once reportedly pulled a gun on his wife. Another time he reportedly broke her fingers one-by-one as her young son watched in horror. Frank was also fond of bringing prostitutes home and having his way with them in front of his children. On one rather noteworthy occasion, he actually sold his kids as slaves to a farmer in Maine. Though the details of that transaction remain murky, family friends and social workers have confirmed that the incident did occur. The boys' mother spent nearly six months searching for her sons.

Albert was first arrested in 1943, at the age of thirteen, for assault and battery with intent to commit robbery. He was sentenced to a reformatory, but his sentence was suspended. Later that same year he was again arrested on the same charge and again convicted. That time his sentence was enforced. He was paroled from the reformatory on October 26, 1944. Two years later, he wound up back again for making unlawful use of a car. Early in 1947, he was again paroled.

In September 1948, Albert was inducted into the U.S. Army. He was just seventeen years old and on parole, but Uncle Sam did not seem to mind. DeSalvo first served from September 16, 1948 to June 25, 1951, when he was honorably discharged. Strangely though, he re-enlisted the very next day and served from

34 A minor role was also played by San Francisco attorney Melvin Belli, with whom Bailey consulted on the case. It was not too many years later that Belli played his notorious role in the Zodiac case. He later became involved in the McMartin case, and then later conferred with Richard "The Night Stalker" Ramirez and considered representing him.

June 26, 1951 to February 15, 1956, when he was again honorably discharged. Much of that seven-and-a-half-year stretch was served in West Germany, where Gary Heidnik was subjected to MK-ULTRA experimentation not too many years later, and where Jeffrey Dahmer later served as well. While in Germany, Albert reportedly mastered the art of hand-to-hand combat and became a boxing champion.

On January 5, 1955, while still in the military, DeSalvo was arrested in New Jersey on suspicion of carnally abusing a nine-year-old girl. The case was never prosecuted. In March, he was arrested again, for loitering. For that offense, he was fined. Two years later, in the spring of 1957, Albert spent two months in a VA hospital, where he reportedly was treated for an unspecified problem with his left shoulder. In the early months of 1958, he was arrested repeatedly for the crime of breaking and entering. The first arrest was on January 8, the second on February 15, and the third on April 18. He was convicted all three times, and each time he received a suspended sentence.

Three years later, on March 17, 1961, DeSalvo was again arrested for breaking and entering. Once in custody, he reportedly began spontaneously confessing to a wave of notorious sexual assaults that had been dubbed the “Measuring Man” attacks. He was promptly sent to Westborough State Hospital for a psychiatric examination. On May 3, he went to trial on multiple counts of breaking and entering and assault and battery. He was convicted of the charges, but in a rather remarkable turn of events, the judge opted to sentence him to just two years for each offense, with all of the sentences to be served *concurrently*. Even more remarkably, that same judge later reduced the already bizarrely lenient sentence and in April 1962, Albert was released after serving less than one year for his multiple convictions. Two months later, a fifty-six-year-old Latvian immigrant named Anna Slesers became the first victim of the Boston Strangler.

Anna was strangled with her housecoat cord and had a gaping laceration to the back of her head. She had been sexually assaulted with an unidentified object and her apartment had been searched. As would be the case with all the murder scenes, there was no sign of forced entry, indicating that the killer(s) may very well have been known to the victims. Nina Nichols, age sixty-eight, was the second victim. Nichols was strangled with two nylon stockings. Helen Blake, sixty-five, was likewise strangled with two stockings on the very same day. Both women had dried blood in their ears and both suffered genital lacerations from a sexual assault.

Just a week-and-a-half later, on July 11, 1962, Margaret Davis was found dead in a hotel room. She had been manually strangled. Other than the victim's age, sixty, there was no indication that her death was connected to the deaths of the other women. Margaret had checked into the hotel with an unidentified man.

The couple had registered as Mr. and Mrs. Byron Spinney. Davis was also known to use the names Ethyl Johnson, Anne Cunningham, Winnie Hughes, and Tobey. Exactly what her business was with her male escort is largely a matter of speculation, but there is little doubt that that is what got her killed.

After a brief lull, the killings resumed on August 19. The victim was Ida Irga, who was strangled both manually and with a pillowcase. Like the earlier victims, Irga had genital injuries, but unlike the others, the seventy-five-year-old woman was left posed, her splayed legs facing the front door. Just two days later, Jane Sullivan was strangled and left partially submerged in her bathtub. She had two stockings around her neck and matted blood on her scalp. The sixty-seven-year-old was found on her knees with her posterior jutting out of the tub.

The next victim, Modeste Freeman, was found on October 13. She hardly fit the victim profile that had been previously established: Freeman was just thirty-seven and was the first black victim. She was both strangled and brutally bludgeoned, her head reduced to a bloody pulp. She was also the first victim found outdoors, in a yard. She had a wooden stick protruding from her vagina and an alarmingly high blood-alcohol level. Her body was nude when it was discovered. On December 5, the killer claimed his next victim—another black girl, this one just twenty years old. She was found with a stocking and a half-slip around her neck. There was no sign of genital injuries, but there was a semen stain on the rug. It was left by someone other than Albert DeSalvo.

By that time, the city of Boston was in a full-scale panic. The killings of the young black victims sent a clear signal that all women, regardless of age or ethnicity, were fair game. The demand for dogs, locks and guns skyrocketed.

Patricia Bisette was the next victim claimed by the Strangler, on December 31, 1962. Like the previous two victims, Bisette was young—just twenty-three—but like the earlier victims, she was white. She had a blouse and three stockings tied around her neck, and her bedcovers were discretely pulled up to her chin. She had had intercourse and showed signs of injury to her rectum. She was also carrying a one-month-old fetus. On March 6, 1963, Mary Brown became the next Strangler victim. Like the first batch of victims, Brown was in her sixties. Unlike the others, her death was attributed to bludgeoning, though she was also strangled and stabbed. She was found with degenerated sperm in her vagina and a kitchen utensil buried up to the handle in her left breast.

The next victim, killed on May 8, was stabbed seventeen times in and around her left breast in what was described as a ritual pattern. Beverly Samans was also slashed four times about her neck, around which a scarf and two nylon stockings were tied, though it was the knife wounds that killed her. There was no evidence of rape or sexual assault. After a four-month break, the purported Strangler struck again. The victim was Evelyn Corbin, whose age was listed as either fifty-one or

fifty-eight. She had two stockings around her neck and one around her left ankle. There was blood on the scene, including in both of the victim's ears. Semen was found in her mouth, and traces of dried semen were found elsewhere.

Two-and-a-half months later, twenty-three-year-old Joanne Graff was strangled with a leotard leg and two stockings. She had been raped and her vagina was lacerated and bloody. The final victim was Mary Sullivan, the youngest at just nineteen. She was killed on January 4, 1964. Her death scene was the most gruesome of them all. She had two scarves and a stocking around her neck and a broom handle protruding from her vagina. Her breasts had been mauled. She was posed in a sitting position on her bed with fresh semen dripping from her mouth. A macabre greeting card was propped up by her foot.

There were no further murders attributed to the Boston Strangler, even though Albert DeSalvo remained free for ten months after the death of Sullivan.

Two weeks after the discovery of Sullivan's body, Massachusetts Attorney General Edward Brooke took over the investigation of all fourteen murders, which had been being handled by five different city police departments and three district attorney's offices. Brooke assembled a task force and assigned Assistant Attorney General John Bottomly to lead it, even though Bottomly had no experience whatsoever with criminal law. Considering that the Strangler case was arguably the most high-profile criminal case in the state's history, it was a very unusual assignment.

Bottomly had been involved in 'telepathic' experiments conducted at NASA. Such experiments, it should be noted, were and are one of many covers used to veil various aspects of the intelligence community's MK-ULTRA program. Bottomly's mother was said to be fascinated with ESP. At one point in the investigation, the task force leader brought in famed 'psychic' Peter Hurkos, who a few years later helped Roman Polanski 'investigate' the Tate murders. Hurkos identified a suspect who had, it was claimed, already been considered by the task force. The suspect subsequently voluntarily (according to reports) committed himself to a mental hospital and was quickly forgotten. According to some reports, he later surfaced at Bridgewater State Hospital.

Among those working under Bottomly were a medical/psychiatric committee and Special Officer James Mellon of the Boston Police Department. Also deeply involved in the investigation was the Boston Police Department's new Commissioner, Edmund McNamara, who had formerly worked for the FBI. John Donovan, the former chief of the BPD's homicide squad, was the top detective on the case. Seven months into the investigation, Brooke's office wrote up a progress report that stated: "At an early stage of the coordinated deliberations it was concluded that certain homicides bore little relationship to the so-called

‘stranglings’ or to each other.” That rather self-evident fact was later swept under the rug.

In the fall of 1964, Albert DeSalvo was arrested and charged with various crimes that he allegedly committed during a series of sexual assaults in the state of Connecticut. Those crimes, dubbed the “Green Man” assaults, had been perpetrated during the ten-month period following the death of Mary Sullivan. We are to believe then that DeSalvo, having successfully committed fourteen murders, decided to stop killing and instead cross state lines to commit sexual assaults.

Albert was arraigned on November 3, 1964 for the Green Man attacks. He was not, at that time, among the more than 300 Strangler suspects listed by the task force. There was no evidence of any kind that suggested that he was involved in any way with the brutal killings. Three days after his arraignment, he was sent to Bridgewater State Hospital, where he remained until December 10, when he was sent back to jail. On January 14, 1965, DeSalvo was again sent to Bridgewater. Four days later, he was joined there by a man named George Nassar, who had been arrested for a murder committed on September 29, 1964. The victim had been shot six times at close range and then stabbed in the back. The getaway car used in the crime had reportedly been stolen from near prestigious MIT in Cambridge, and later abandoned adjacent to the exclusive Phillip’s Academy in Andover. The vehicle was registered to an unidentified Navy lieutenant, as were the two handguns found under the front seat.

Nassar had previously served sixteen years of a life sentence he received for an earlier murder conviction. He had been paroled in 1961. Following his release, he reportedly worked as a reporter and a hospital attendant, and also taught Sunday school and occasionally was allowed to take over the pulpit to deliver sermons. In his free time, he reportedly participated in between seventeen and thirty contract murders during a period of gang warfare in Boston. Nassar is frequently described as a genius and a “master manipulator” who quickly took Albert under his wing at Bridgewater. So tight was his control over DeSalvo that Albert’s own family complained that they were unable to visit him without Nassar being present.

A committee was quickly formed to raise legal fees for Nassar. His innocence was loudly proclaimed by his supporters, including a minister and a local talk-radio host. As legal counsel, Nassar retained F. Lee Bailey, already a national figure at the age of thirty-one. The flamboyant attorney and former Marine pilot was known to carry a gun and enormous rolls of cash.

It was Nassar who purportedly first obtained a ‘confession’ from Albert DeSalvo. He then arranged for DeSalvo a meeting with Bailey, even though Lee was not DeSalvo’s attorney of record. That was only the first breach of legal ethics by Bailey. There would be many more.

Bailey promptly contacted John Donovan and obtained classified information on the case, purportedly to check the veracity of Albert's confessions, though it appears that the details of the murders were in fact fed to DeSalvo by Bailey and Nassar—with assistance from CIA-connected hypnotist William Jennings Bryan III,³⁵ who was brought onboard by Bailey on the spring equinox. Bryan's 'questions' to DeSalvo while under hypnosis were loaded with incriminating details of the crimes. The 'confessions' that resulted from this collaboration between Bailey, Nassar and Bryan, using information supplied by Donovan, were taped by Bailey and turned over to the police. They were, to put it bluntly, blatantly fraudulent.

Many of the crime-scene details recounted by Albert, who was said to have a photographic memory, were incorrect. No physical evidence corroborated his accounts and no witnesses could place Albert near any of the crime scenes or connect him to any of the killings. The problem was not that there were no witnesses available; there were in fact a number of them, but none who identified Albert as the man they had seen. At least three of the witnesses described the suspect as a light-skinned black man with combed-back hair. None of the composite sketches created from witness descriptions resembled DeSalvo. Any reasonably skilled interrogator, through a thorough questioning of the suspect, could have quickly revealed the 'confessions' for the shams that they were. No police, however, were ever allowed to question DeSalvo, who was kept under constant guard.

On April 8, 1966—just three weeks before Anton LaVey declared the dawn of the Age of Satan—Assistant Attorney General Bottomly abruptly resigned his

35 Bryan was later connected to two other rather notorious individuals. One of them was Sirhan Bishara Sirhan, the purported assassin of Robert F. Kennedy. Bryan was known to boast of having 'treated' Sirhan. Oddly enough, the name "Albert DeSalvo" is written repeatedly throughout Sirhan's diaries, in what appears to be a display of a hypnotic phenomenon known as "automatic writing." Researcher and author Jonathan Vankin quotes a former U.S. intelligence officer who tested Sirhan: "Everything in the PSE (Psychological Stress Evaluation) charts tells me that someone else was involved in the assassination—and that Sirhan was programmed through hypnosis to kill RFK." Like other players in this sordid cast, Sirhan had a keen interest in the occult; researchers have connected him to both the Rosicrucians (a 'secret society' claiming origins in ancient Egypt), and the ever-popular Process Church of the Final Judgment. Bryan was also linked to Candy Jones, the famous model who told her tale of being a mind-controlled courier (and possibly assassin as well) in *The Control of Candy Jones*. Not long after publication of the book, Bryan was tied to the Candy Jones case by journalists investigating her claims. He soon thereafter turned up dead in a Las Vegas hotel room.

post, taking with him the original confession tapes. He quickly went to work as an attorney for DeSalvo's ex-wife, and also contracted out his services to *Fox* as a consultant on the screen version of Gerold Frank's *The Boston Strangler*. Bailey had convinced DeSalvo to sign an agreement with Frank to pen the disinformational book, which declared Albert guilty of not only the stranglings but of some 2,000 rapes as well. Bailey served as a witness to the signing of the release, and Bottomly ordered his task force to cooperate fully with Frank. The book was an immediate bestseller. The widely read work, and the widely viewed film, reinforced in the public's mind the idea that the killings had been solved. Bailey, meanwhile, pocketed the advance money that was supposed to go to DeSalvo, prompting Albert to file complaints with the state bar association. Those complaints were consistently ignored. The money for the film rights likewise ended up in Bailey's pocket.

In mid-April 1966, Bailey and Brooke agreed to bring DeSalvo to trial to face the charges arising from the Green Man case. By that time, several members of the task force had left to work for Bailey—which amounted not to them having switched sides, but to them having taken a more active role in the railroading of the designated patsy. The key players decided not to bring Albert to trial for the stranglings, no doubt reasoning that the 'evidence' was so glaringly fraudulent that it would not withstand public scrutiny even in a carefully controlled trial. The public, however, was clamoring for resolution of the case. Luckily then, Bailey came up with a way to indirectly try Albert on the murder charges—by presenting what had to be the most preposterous and unethical defense in the history of American jurisprudence. As Bailey himself described his 'strategy': "I wanted the right to defend a man for robbery and assault by proving that he had committed thirteen murders."

In other words, rather than defending his client against the relatively minor charges that he was actually facing, Bailey opted to proclaim DeSalvo's guilt on those charges, but argued that he should be found innocent by reason of insanity *based on the fact that he had also committed thirteen murders!* Now *that's* a hell of a defense.

The trial commenced in January 1967 with Albert standing before Judge Cornelius Moynihan accused of rape, robbery, and the commission of unnatural acts. He had already been convicted by the media and the public of far more serious crimes. The first witness called by the state was a Bridgewater inmate who knew both Nassar and DeSalvo, and who, strangely enough, listed F. Lee Bailey as his attorney of record. As would be the case with all the prosecution witnesses, Bailey did not bother to cross-examine his own client. In fact, he made no effort whatsoever to rebut the charges DeSalvo was facing. Instead, he presented a ridiculously flimsy case for DeSalvo's guilt in the Strangler killings—a case that

would never have stood up to cross-examination. That was not really a concern, however, since when it is the defense attorney presenting the state's case, there isn't anyone to conduct a cross-examination.

Just days into the trial, a recess was called as a mysterious meeting took place between Bailey, prosecutor Donald Conn and Judge Moynihan. The purpose of that meeting has never been revealed.

Closing arguments, such as they were, were delivered on January 18, and the jury was then sent off to deliberate. They returned the same day. There was never any question about what the verdict would be. The jury was not sequestered for the trial, and media headlines, not to mention Hollywood's offerings, regularly proclaimed DeSalvo to be the Boston Strangler. The trial was routinely referred to as the "Strangler trial," despite the fact that Albert had never even been charged with those crimes. The book and movie, released *before* the trial even began, had ingrained the official story in the public's mind. The defendant's own attorney had openly and repeatedly proclaimed his client's guilt. The jury was well aware of what it was expected to do.

The end result was that DeSalvo was found guilty of robbery and assault by the jury, and guilty of murder in the court of public opinion—which is, by all appearances, exactly what was intended. Albert was given a life sentence, despite the fact that the charges he was convicted of would normally have earned him a maximum twenty-five-year sentence with the possibility of parole after ten. As for Nassar, he was convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to death, but the sentence was never carried out. He remains incarcerated to this day.

Just five weeks after his conviction, DeSalvo—perhaps the most feared and closely guarded inmate in America—managed to escape from Bridgewater. Another wave of panic and fear gripped the city. Albert, however, was quickly recaptured. His two brothers were implicated in the escape and indicted on charges of aiding and abetting, but they never went to trial for their alleged crimes. On January 4 of the following year, Albert's appeal of his conviction, for which there was more than adequate grounds, was quickly denied.

In 1973, Albert DeSalvo was stabbed sixteen times while in the infirmary of the maximum-security prison at Walpole, Massachusetts.³⁶ The previous evening

36 Two years later, in March 1975, another of F. Lee Bailey's former high-profile clients, Charles "The Pied Piper of Tucson" Schmid, was stabbed to death in prison as well. Schmid sustained some twenty wounds to the face and chest and died ten days later. He had been convicted of the murders of three young teenage girls, the first of whom was killed just five months after the Boston Strangler claimed his last victim. Charles Schmid stood just 5'4" tall and was somewhat odd in demeanor and appearance, but he was intelligent and charismatic and had an uncanny ability to attract both women

he had placed an urgent call to Dr. Ames Robey, a prison psychiatrist who had spent a considerable amount of time with the inmate. DeSalvo had told Robey that he wanted to meet with the doctor and a reporter early the next morning. Robey recalls what happened next:

He was going to tell us who the Boston Strangler really was, and what the whole thing was about. He had asked to be placed in the infirmary under special lockup about a week before. Something was going on within the prison, and I think he felt he had to talk quickly. There were people in the prison, including guards, that were not happy with him...Somebody had to leave an awful lot of doors open, which meant—because there were several guards one would have to go by—there had to be a fair number of people paid or asked to turn their backs or something. But somebody put a knife into Albert DeSalvo's heart sometime between evening check and the morning.

and devoted young followers, not unlike Charles Manson. Also like Manson, Schmid had a passion for singing and playing the guitar and he claimed to possess psychic powers. Several of his followers were complicit in either committing, or covering up, the three murders; two of those followers pled guilty to various charges and served prison time. The subtext of the Tucson murders included talk of a teenage drug and prostitution ring, the involvement of a shadowy group referred to as the "Tucson Mafia," and Schmid's quickie Mexican wedding to one of his fifteen-year-old admirers just a couple weeks before his arrest. At one bizarre juncture of the investigation, suspect Schmid was arrested for impersonating an FBI agent after he reportedly had been questioning people in San Diego, California. He was supposedly in San Diego working on behalf of the "Tucson Mafia"; strangely enough, he had contacted the FBI not long before leaving for California. Arrested in November 1965, Schmid first faced trial in February 1966. He was quickly convicted of two of the murders, although his trial was marked by the usual irregularities, one of which was that testimony concerning the third murder, which Schmid had not yet faced trial for, was allowed into evidence. In fact, the third murder was a key element of the state's case, with prosecutors arguing that the second and third victims were killed to cover up the murder of the first girl. It took the jury just two hours to return the guilty verdicts, which earned Schmid a death sentence. In June 1966, F. Lee Bailey made his entrance into the Schmid case, as "Smitty's" defense attorney for the second trial. Bailey, who had just finished obtaining De Salvo's 'confessions' and was awaiting trial on that case, was brought on board the Schmid case by writer John Gilmore, who was working on a

Richard DeSalvo had a similar recollection:

He was going to, at some point in time, when it was right, he was going to talk, and name names—heads were going to roll. He said real big, important people were going to, their heads were going to roll when he opens his mouth.

Richard DeSalvo, who spoke to his brother by telephone on the evening of his death, has also said that Albert may have been drugged that night. That would explain why he was unable to fend off his attackers, since he was otherwise quite proficient at the art of hand-to-hand combat. Three inmates were indicted and twice faced trial for the murder, which prosecutors rather preposterously portrayed as motivated by a desire to prevent DeSalvo from entering the prison drug trade. The first trial ended with a deadlocked jury and the second with a mistrial, after which the charges were dropped.

book on Schmid. Shortly after the second trial began, again with the usual irregularities, Bailey and his co-counsel convinced a reluctant Schmid to enter a guilty plea to the lesser charge of second-degree murder, thereby short-circuiting the trial. Schmid received a 50-year-to-life sentence. The following January, Bailey returned to Boston to deliver his craven performance in the Albert DeSalvo trial. Meanwhile, Charles Schmid wrote a letter to the judge asking for a new trial and accusing his attorneys of coercing him to take the plea deal. The judge agreed to hear the motion, but Schmid then inexplicably withdrew his request. In 1971, Schmid's death sentence was set aside when the state of Arizona temporarily abolished capital punishment. Schmid subsequently escaped, but, like De Salvo, he was quickly recaptured. John Gilmore, the son of an LAPD officer and a former child actor, went on to write a book about Charles Manson. Years later, he penned a book on the 1947 murder of Elizabeth Short, better known as the Black Dahlia. Gilmore's book appears to be little more than an effort to close the Dahlia case by pinning the notorious, unsolved crime on a very unlikely patsy. Playing the role of F. Lee Bailey, Gilmore—possibly acting in collusion with elements of the LAPD, including famed homicide detective “Jigsaw” John St. John—purportedly obtained ‘confession’ tapes from the alleged suspect. Those audiotapes, however, do not actually exist; all that Gilmore has ever produced is a photograph of three cassette tapes and transcripts that he likely penned himself. Before the alleged suspect, whose ‘confessions’ were entirely uncorroborated, could be picked up for questioning, he conveniently burned to death in a seedy Los Angeles hotel. The Black Dahlia case remains officially unsolved.

Following his death, a manuscript that Albert had been working on was conspicuously missing from his personal effects. A copy of the autopsy report was handed to the DeSalvo family by, of all people, George Nassar. And so ended the case of the Boston Strangler, except that questions surrounding the killings persist to this day, forty years after the last victim was killed. Even as these words are being written, surviving family members of both Albert DeSalvo and his last purported victim, Mary Sullivan, are clamoring for the investigation to be reopened.

Sullivan's body was exhumed in October 2000 and a forensics examination revealed that the condition of her corpse was not consistent with DeSalvo's confessed version of how she was killed. Her remains also yielded two DNA samples, one from a semen stain on her pubic hair. Neither of the samples were a match for Albert DeSalvo, whose body was exhumed in October 2001. George Washington University law professor James E. Starrs, who is leading the new forensics investigation, proclaimed: "We have evidence that is strongly indicative that Albert DeSalvo was not the rapist-murderer of Mary Sullivan." He promised a "blockbuster" report once the investigation has been completed.

There has never been a shortage of suspects in the case. Near the top of the list is George Nassar, considered by many in the law enforcement community to be a serial assassin. Nassar bore a striking resemblance to one of the composite sketches of the Strangler, and he was tentatively identified by some of the crime scene witnesses. Investigative author Susan Kelly has identified other suspects as well. She has also put forth a convincing argument that many of the murders were unrelated.

In the Sullivan case, police had two suspects before DeSalvo 'cleared' them by confessing to the murder. The more likely of the two was her former boyfriend, William Ivey. Police had built a strong case against him and he had failed two polygraph examinations. Nevertheless, Ivey was never prosecuted.

Patricia Bisette's death was probably also unconnected to the others. The prime suspect in her death was her boss, a defense contractor named Jules Rothman. Bisette, who had a flair for foreign languages, frequently traveled out-of-state with Rothman, with whom she was having an affair. It was likely Rothman's child that she was secretly carrying. It was also Rothman who discovered her body and spent time alone in her apartment with the corpse before police arrived. A photo album was missing from Bisette's apartment, as were numerous loose photographs and almost all of her personal correspondence, which she was known to save. Rothman was very close to being indicted when DeSalvo confessed.

Sophie Clark's killer was likely Albert Williams, the son of a Cambridge minister. Williams had received a medical discharge from the army and he was known

to suffer from blackouts. He had a long criminal record and was said to be a bisexual sadist. Like Ivey, he failed two polygraph examinations.

The more intriguing suspects identified by Kelly are three men who had connections to several of the killings. They were, perhaps, the real 'serial killers.' The three had been friends and classmates at Harvard. One was Bradley Waring Schereschewsky, the son of a controller at what Kelly refers to as a prestigious New England prep school—very likely Phillips Academy considering that the Schereschewsky family lived in Andover. Andover and Philips Academy were just a few miles from two of the death scenes. Bradley was first incarcerated on September 22, 1951, for the Oedipal crimes of savagely beating his father and attempting to rape his mother. Since 1959, he had been in and out of various mental hospitals. When not institutionalized, he reportedly worked as a gravedigger.

Friends with Schereschewsky was fellow suspect William Axel Lindahl, the son of a Boston cop. Lindahl's mother died when he was just an infant, and he was subsequently raised by his physically abusive father. At Harvard, he joined the naval ROTC, where he tried to strangle his drill instructor. He also tried to strangle his girlfriend. He later obtained a teaching job at Lake Forest Academy in Illinois, and he was said to be fluent in fourteen languages. In 1970, the wife of one of his Harvard friends, who had long suspected Lindahl of being the Strangler, turned up dead. Her husband was tried and convicted for her murder. That same year a reporter for the *Boston Globe*, who was another of Lindahl's college chums, was also accused of killing his wife.

The final member of the trio was Peter Howard Denton, the genius son of a doctor and a nurse. Denton won a congressional appointment to West Point and from there went on to Harvard. His first arrest came on April 19, 1961, when he and four other Harvard men were found to be in possession of high explosives. What he and his cronies were planning to do with the explosives on the eve of the *Fuhrer's* birthday is unknown. Three years later, Denton wound up in a place well known to Albert DeSalvo and George Nassar: Bridgewater State Hospital. Still later, he set up a drug lab and was reportedly a heavy drug user himself, with a particular fondness for hallucinogens. Violent murders seemed to follow Denton wherever he roamed; he lived in Ann Arbor, Michigan when a string of girls turned up dead there, and he was in Los Angeles during the reign of the Hillside Stranglers.

It is extremely unlikely that the new official investigation will reveal the truth about the 'Boston Strangler.' Meanwhile, the state of Massachusetts recently refused to release evidence to a private investigative team, claiming that, forty years after the fact, the case was still considered an ongoing investigation.

Arthur Shawcross was a brutally efficient assassin who accumulated a career total of over fifty kills, although the first thirty-nine were not considered crimes. And yet they were murders that were every bit as barbaric as those committed by any of the other ‘serial killers’ discussed previously—complete with torture, mutilation, cannibalism and necrophilia. One female victim was decapitated and her head displayed on a stake. Shawcross then roasted and ate her thigh—all while another victim was forced to watch. The second victim was then beheaded, strung up by her feet and gutted like a slaughtered animal carcass.

How then could these actions not be considered crimes?

Simply put, it was because the victims were all Vietnamese nationals, and Arthur was just doing his job: terrorizing the Vietnamese people into acceding to U.S. demands. It was the same job that everyone else involved in the Phoenix Program was engaged in. Shawcross did not become a criminal until he brought home the skills taught to him by the U.S. military.

Arthur had a rather interesting history, one that likely made him an ideal candidate to serve as an assassin for Uncle Sam. He was born just before the end of World War II in a naval hospital to a naval officer father, who lived a rather shadowy existence, reportedly with a parallel life in Australia complete with another wife and son.³⁷ Young Art grew up in a multi-generational family whose members all lived within about 100 feet of each other at a place the locals called ‘Shawcross Corners.’ Incest and pedophilia apparently ran rampant within the Shawcross clan. Arthur has claimed that he was introduced to sex by his Aunt Tina, and that his younger sister “allowed him” to sodomize her at a very young age. He also engaged in sexual antics with his cousin and with a young boy and girl who lived down the road. At the age of ten, he also began regularly having sex with a male friend named Mike. Art and Mike were introduced to bestiality by some men who owned a local sheep farm. Sexual partners the pair encountered there included sheep, chickens, a cow, a dog and a horse.

Mike later killed his wife, his kids, and then himself.

Art’s mother occasionally raped her son with a broomstick, once causing severe internal injuries, as confirmed by hospital records. In addition to the sexual abuse, Arthur received frequent beatings with a belt and a broom handle. Little wonder then that Shawcross had a number of imaginary friends as a child and he was known to speak to himself in strange voices.

At the tender age of eight, Shawcross was alone in a room with the father of a friend when the man reportedly died of a heart attack. What he was doing alone in the room with the man at the time is unknown, but it is clear that Shawcross

37 Aviator Charles Lindbergh, who we will return to in the final chapter of this book, also lived a parallel life overseas, with a second family that remained a secret for decades.

had his first exposure to death while still quite young. By the age of ten or eleven, he was regularly running away from home. By fourteen, he was known to disappear for as long as four weeks at a time, venturing off alone to places unknown. At about that same point in his life, he was reportedly raped by an older man.

By the age of fifteen, Arthur was committing burglaries with his friend Mike. He was convicted and he received probation for one such offense in 1963. Two years later, he was again convicted of burglary and again given probation. Not long after that, Shawcross began his military service—service that would soon take him into the jungles of Vietnam and, by his own accounting, transform his life. But before he even left the States, Art reportedly went AWOL, a transgression for which he strangely suffered no repercussions.

Shawcross spent thirteen months in Southeast Asia as a weapons specialist, although his apparently falsified military records indicate that he served as a supply clerk. Sometime in 1968, he was sent to Hawaii for R&R; he later reported that he spent that time champing at the bit to get back to the jungles of Vietnam. After his return, he spent long periods of time alone in the bush, becoming—as he described himself—a “predator” and a “ghoul.” He claimed that he became quite adept at modifying weapons for special purposes. He became, he said, a silent assassin—or as he described it: “I was a ghost in the jungle...one bullet and no sound.” By the time he came home, he had recorded thirty-nine kills; many of his victims were women and children.

Upon his return from Vietnam, he suffered blindingly painful headaches and he was treated by an Army psychiatrist. He was stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he was assigned to train recruits and set up exhibits of weapons for military shows. Uncle Sam apparently thought quite highly of the man who once explained that if you roast human flesh until it is well done, you can then snack on it for several days before it goes bad. Years later, after Art had put his acquired skills to work at home on non-Vietnamese victims, police asked him how he was “able to kill these girls so easily...Where did you learn to do that?” Shawcross responded simply: “Ask Uncle Sam.” Asked where he had learned to butcher bodies so that they would decompose faster, he gave the same response

Arthur experienced a bit of a surprise upon his return home from Vietnam when he was informed that he had married a woman named Linda Neary just before he had shipped out. He had no recollection of having done so. Nevertheless, Neary had received and spent all of his service paychecks. Shawcross later said that Neary’s family, which he claimed was into witchcraft, would not allow him to leave.

Not long after his return to the States, Shawcross burned down both a barn and Crowley’s Cheese Company. He then set yet another fire at a paper mill on April 24, 1969. In September of that year, he was tried, convicted and sentenced to serve

five years, but he was out in just two, after spending time at both Attica and Auburn prisons. After his release, Art remarried and worked for the Watertown Public Works Department—public works jobs being a popular pastime with many serial killers. He was apparently very popular with the local kids, many of whom he knew. One of those local kids was Jack Blake, a ten-year-old boy who visited with Shawcross frequently and enjoyed fishing with the older man.

On June 4, 1972, Art raped, strangled, mutilated and cannibalized his young friend. He subsequently returned on several occasions to rape the boy's rotting corpse. Three months after Jack's disappearance, Shawcross similarly assaulted and killed an eight-year-old girl. He had been reported previously for wrestling neighborhood boys to the ground and stuffing grass into their pants and mouths. For that he had been fined ten dollars by the parole board. He was also reported by Jack's mother, Mary Blake, who told police of threats made against another boy. Nevertheless, it took authorities a good while to connect the disappearances of the two kids to Arthur Shawcross. Once caught, he was charged only with the murder of the girl. Despite the fact that he confessed to killing the boy as well, and led investigators to the body, he was never charged with any crimes in connection with the death of Jack Blake.

He was also never charged with the rape, torture, mutilation, or cannibalization of either victim. Offered an outrageously lenient plea-bargain deal, Shawcross pled guilty to one count of manslaughter and received a twenty-five-year sentence; he served just fifteen before being released to kill again. This was just another example of how the law enforcement and judicial communities frequently take actions that seem designed specifically to keep America's real killers on the streets—while simultaneously meting out draconian sentences to obvious patsies. If that is not the case, then how else are we to explain the incongruously lenient treatment afforded certain killers, particularly in a nation with what is arguably the harshest criminal justice system in the 'civilized' world?

Arthur was hardly a model prisoner for the first eight years of his incarceration. He was repeatedly disciplined for such infractions as fighting, possession of contraband, and setting fires. He was also questioned about the deaths of three of his fellow inmates. For the last seven years, however, Shawcross did reportedly become a model prisoner. He was even given a job counseling mental patients, even though he himself was being 'treated' by several prison psychiatrists and he complained frequently of hearing voices in his head.

In March 1987, Art was set free. After being chased out of four local communities, the probation department decided to 'hide' him in Rochester, the hometown of Hillside Strangler Kenneth Bianchi. Shawcross was purportedly closely monitored and he had very strict conditions placed upon his parole: absolutely no contact with children, no drinking, no consorting with prostitutes, no guns,

and an 11:00PM to 7:00AM curfew. Nevertheless, Art was well known in the part of town where the community's prostitutes plied their trade. He was rumored to be selling drugs to the working girls, as well as to teenage runaways. On March 25, 1988, he was ticketed for driving without a license and for having two unrestrained children in the car—children that he was not supposed to be anywhere near. He was not charged with a parole violation.

The kids were the grandchildren of Clara Neal, one of many women with whom Art was having affairs. Shawcross was also friends with Clara's son Donnie (his hunting partner), and he occasionally spent time with her daughter Loretta. Arthur's paramours also included several of his victims. When Art was not servicing and/or killing one of his female acquaintances, he could frequently be found hanging out at the local doughnut shop chatting with the city's police officers.

The first victims of the serial killer variously referred to as the 'Rochester Nightstalker,' the 'Rochester Strangler,' or the 'Genesee River Killer,' were found in the summer and early fall of 1989. At the time, Arthur was officially under the supervision of the local parole board, mental health workers, and social workers. Most of the victims could be directly linked to Shawcross, a known sex offender and multiple murderer. As he later said: "I knew 'em all, and they knew me." Nevertheless, eleven women were killed before authorities got around to connecting the murders to Arthur Shawcross.

One of the victims was Dorothy Keller, one of Art's on-and-off girlfriends who also knew his wife, Rose Shawcross. Prior to her death, Keller was an occasional visitor to the Shawcross apartment. Patty Ives was another victim who was quite well known to her killer, as was June Stotts, a 'mildly retarded' friend of the Shawcross family who was a frequent visitor to their home and who was regularly seen with Art at a local eatery. After her death, she was cut open from her neck to her anus, gutted, cannibalized and sexually violated.

None of Art's victims appeared to have put up a struggle; no defensive wounds were present on any of the bodies and there were no signs that the victims had been physically restrained. Police reportedly marveled over the killer's ability to completely control both the victims and the crime scenes. Some investigators speculated that a stun gun might have been used to disable the women.

Law enforcement officials initially assumed that two or three separate killers were at work simultaneously. The manner in which the women were killed varied, not surprisingly, and included beheading, strangulation, bludgeoning, and suffocation/drowning. One victim, Lisa Gibson, was found in another county, many miles away from where the other bodies were deposited. Some of the corpses that were found during Art's reign were of black prostitutes. One of them, Felicia Stephens, was found in the same park where two of Art's admitted victims surfaced. Shawcross, however, declined to take credit for the murders of the black victims.

In January 1990, Art was captured and he proceeded to give his captors a full confession—after being interrogated without an attorney. Little evidence other than his confession directly linked Shawcross to the killings; the crime scenes had been left remarkably free of any incriminating evidence. Arthur Shawcross had apparently been very well trained. He went to trial in 1991, with his defense counsel claiming insanity. He was said to be suffering from Multiple Personality Disorder. Under hypnosis, he reportedly spoke as a 13th century cannibal named Ariemes, an eleven-year-old boy, and his own mother.

Dr. Dorothy Otnow Lewis concluded that Shawcross had been “severely” sexually abused and had, therefore, “developed a dissociative style of coping with his intolerable situation.” She added: “this kind of phenomenon is characteristic of severely abused children who eventually dissociate to the point of becoming multiple personalities.” Dr. Park Elliot Dietz of the FBI’s BSU, called as a psychiatric witness for the prosecution, disputed the MPD claims. That is the sort of thing that Dietz makes a career of doing. He can be seen with appalling frequency on the television screen speaking as an ‘expert’ on serial killer cases.

The jury rejected the insanity defense and the claims of a dissociative disorder and convicted Shawcross of ten counts of murder, largely on the strength of his illegally obtained confession. He was sentenced to ten consecutive twenty-five-year sentences. There is little question though that Art did indeed have a serious dissociative disorder. He suffered from blackouts all of his life. He reportedly had a strong tendency to “space out,” to such an extent that he sometimes had to be physically shaken to get a response. He also was known to frequently wander off and then find himself in an unknown place with no awareness of how he had gotten there.

Author Joel Norris has written that Shawcross once described the killings to him as occurring in “a kind of dream state in which another person inside of him was reacting in his place.” During those times, the killer was able to completely shut out the world around him, to such an extent that, as Art recalled, he “didn’t hear anything around me...I couldn’t figure that out...Other times in my life I have had the feeling of leaving my body.” What remained in that body was a highly efficient, emotionless, programmed assassin—one of Uncle Sam’s finest.

There is little question that Arthur Shawcross committed numerous murders in his life. But where does the real guilt for his crimes lie? With Shawcross, or with those who deliberately and systematically trained him to be a remorseless killer?

Daniel Rolling was raised by his mother, Claudia Beatrice Rolling, and his physically abusive father, James Harold Rolling. James had served in the Korean War, from which he returned as a highly decorated hero. He has been described as an extremely controlling man with a violent temper. He reportedly tied his sons up frequently, and on one occasion locked then thirteen-year-old Danny up in a jail cell for two weeks. He also derived a perverse pleasure from trapping neighborhood cats, shooting them, and then watching them die.

The Rolling family had a long history of mental illness, violence and suicide. Danny's great-grandfather had slit his wife's throat from ear to ear, killing her in full view of Danny's father. The family also had a history of working in law enforcement. Danny's grandfather had worked for the County Sheriff's Office, and his father joined the local force in Shreveport, Louisiana and quickly made lieutenant.

In June 1971, Danny became an airman in the U.S. Air Force. Like Albert DeSalvo, he was just seventeen at the time of his enlistment; his father signed for him. Two years later he found himself in a military prison, gaining a discharge after an Air Force psychiatrist determined that he had an antisocial personality disorder. By late 1973, he was back home in Shreveport where he regularly attended church, sang in the choir, and played his beloved guitar. Like so many other accused serial killers, Rolling viewed himself as an artist—in this case, a singer/songwriter/guitarist, not unlike Charlie Manson.

On September 6, 1974, Danny married. He was at the time working for the local Water Department. By 1977, Rolling's wife had filed for divorce. She later married a cop. Danny, meanwhile, embarked on a career in crime. In 1979, he was charged with two counts of armed robbery. Following his conviction on the charges, he was sentenced to a six-year prison term. Not long into his incarceration, Rolling managed to escape, but he was recaptured just hours later. For his efforts, he had an extra year tacked onto his sentence. In February 1980, he pled guilty to a charge of armed robbery in the state of Alabama, earning him a ten-year sentence in that state.

On June 7, 1982, Danny was released by the state of Louisiana after serving less than half his sentence. He immediately began serving time in Alabama for his conviction there. The very next month he escaped again, but he was recaptured after two days. Nevertheless, he was released after just two years, having served a total of just five years of his combined seventeen-year sentence. Upon his release, he headed west to California, for reasons unknown, and then drifted his way back east. In Mississippi he was charged with grand larceny and armed robbery and given a fifteen-year sentence, which he began serving on July 25, 1985. Rolling was regularly put into solitary confinement in a cold, damp, sewage-infested cell. Eventually he graduated up to being put on a chain gang. On July 29, 1988, after

serving just three years of his sentence, he was again released. Upon his return home, he immediately began attracting neighborhood kids, just as Shawcross had done upon his return from prison.

On May 17, 1990, James Harold Rolling opened fire with his service revolver on his son Danny. More than once he had told his wife that he wished the boy were dead. But it was not Danny that almost died that day; Rolling returned his father's fire, hitting the senior Rolling and knocking him down. Danny then shot him again, in the face, from close range. He then kicked his father's prone and nearly dead body. James though miraculously survived. Danny, meanwhile, fled to Sarasota, Florida, allegedly assuming the identity of a Vietnam veteran named Michael J. Kennedy who had died in 1975.

Danny/Michael left Sarasota suddenly on August 18 and headed for Gainesville, where he set up camp in a wooded area. Rolling's arrival in Gainesville coincided with *Money Magazine's* ranking of the city as the thirteenth safest place to live in the United States. It was about to be rocked by five brutal and seemingly senseless murders in the space of less than forty-eight hours.

Gainesville police officer Ray Berber discovered the first two bodies on August 26, 1990. He was the first officer on the scene and he spent time alone in the apartment of the two dead college students, who had been stabbed repeatedly, mutilated, and left posed as a macabre greeting for their discoverers. One of the girls was in her bed, the other on the floor of the apartment's living room. One had been raped. Both bodies had been washed with detergent to cleanse them of forensic evidence. It appeared as though the killer, or killers, had thoroughly searched the apartment. One body was left spread-eagle on the floor facing the front door, a gaping hole in her chest where her breasts had been removed. Some of the parts carved from the two girls had been taken by the killer(s). Evidence suggested that duct tape had been used as a restraint, but the tape had subsequently been removed. Most of the blood spilled by the victims had been wiped away.

In a remarkably short time, the crime scene was crawling with law enforcement personnel. Twenty or more officials were on the scene within minutes, including the Gainesville police chief and a state's attorney. Just nine hours later, a similar scene played out elsewhere in Gainesville. In a rather unlikely scenario, the first officer at that crime scene was officer Gail Berber, the wife of Ray Berber. The victim was Christa Hoyt, whom Gail had trained as a Sheriff's Explorer. Christa had subsequently gone to work full-time in the record's department of the Sheriff's Office. Her head had been cleanly severed and placed on a bookshelf facing the front door. Her headless corpse had been carefully posed. Her nipples had been removed and placed alongside of the body. Her breasts were then removed and wrapped-up to go, but the killer had apparently forgotten to take

them. Christa had been sliced open from her breastbone to her pubic bone with surgical precision, without any damage done to any of her internal organs. *A&E* noted, “the cuts were precise—ritualistic.” As with the first crime scene, there was evidence of rape and restraint with adhesive tape, and the body had been washed with soap and water. The home appeared to have been methodically searched.

The crime scene clearly suggested that multiple perpetrators were responsible for the brutal murder. A bookcase had been moved down the hall, past the bathroom and into the bedroom. Investigators doubted that one man alone could have moved the heavy and unwieldy unit. Another heavy bookcase had likewise been moved—to allow Christa’s head to be positioned for maximum effect. The body had been moved several hours after death, indicating that the killer(s) either remained at the scene for a considerable amount of time or returned to the scene for reasons unknown. It was later claimed that Danny Rolling returned to retrieve his wallet, although that claim begs the question of why a serial killer, and veteran criminal, would be carrying such an incriminating piece of evidence that could be inadvertently left behind.

Hoyt, who put up a fight against her killer(s), had spent a summer at the U.S. Department of Agriculture’s Entomology Lab. She aspired to be a chemist working in criminal forensics, and towards that end had joined the Sheriff’s Explorers in her senior year of high school. She was reportedly having an office romance with a deputy sheriff. She also had a fondness for the color black, with her car, most of her wardrobe, and the black roses on her birthday cake chosen accordingly. She had also, curiously, made mention of a “devil cult” living in the immediate vicinity.

A task force, which included no fewer than ten members of the FBI’s Behavioral Sciences Unit, was immediately assembled. The principal agent working the case for the Florida Department of Law Enforcement was J.O. Jackson, who had served in the same capacity on the case of the recently executed Ted Bundy. In addition to the FBI’s team of profilers, which included the ubiquitous John Douglas, and the FDLE agents, the task force included local police, state troopers, and U.S. Navy reservists. The show of force by the police was unprecedented and a highly militarized atmosphere soon enveloped the college town, with various law enforcement agencies conducting coordinated paramilitary maneuvers.

It looked very much like a dress rehearsal for a declaration of martial law.³⁸

38 Eleven years later, immediately *before* the September 11, 2001 attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, Florida Governor Jeb Bush signed legislation that paved the way for a declaration of martial law.

The day after Christa Hoyt's body was found, two more victims were discovered. One of them was a 6'3" tall, 200+ pound, powerfully built college athlete who had struggled valiantly with his attacker(s), suffering thirty-one stab wounds to his chest, face, arms, hands, and legs, many of them defensive wounds. Though it was ultimately claimed that Danny Rolling, acting alone, killed Manny Toboada, the truth is that he did not appear to be physically up to the task. Toboada's roommate, Tracey Paules, was killed along with Manny, raising further doubts that a single killer was responsible. Paules had been raped anally and left on display. There was semen present and five pubic hairs were found.

There were marked differences between the Toboada/Paules crime scene and the two previous ones. Blood was splattered everywhere about the home the two students shared. No attempt had been made to clean up the bodies or the crime scene. Though the two victims had died exceedingly violent deaths, there were no gratuitous mutilations to the bodies.

A maintenance man discovered the victims when he opened the door to what he thought was a burglarized apartment and peered in. He reported seeing a dark-colored bag on the floor near Tracey's head. He immediately turned around, locked the door and left to await the arrival of police. When he returned with the officers, he found that the door was unlocked and the bag was missing.

Following the discovery of the last two bodies, the rash of killings ended just as suddenly and just as mysteriously as it had begun.

On the same day that Manny and Tracey were found dead, a known drug dealer named Tony Danzy and a man alleged to be Danny Rolling were seen lurking in the woods. Though Rolling avoided capture, various items from the pair's campsite were seized as evidence, including a cassette recorder and cash that was said to be linked to a bank robbery from the previous day. From this we can surmise that in the midst of his two-day killing frenzy Rolling took a short break to rob a bank with a sidekick, who, of course, had nothing to do with the murders.

Two days after the last victims were discovered, a man named Edward Lewis Humphrey had a violent altercation with his grandmother. Humphrey was one of three prime suspects in the case, and he remained a prime suspect throughout the next year, although he was never formally charged. Humphrey had made violent threats in the past, and he was known for displays of erratic behavior. He was aware of unreleased details of the crimes, including the nature of the wounds received by the victims. He also lived very close to the Toboada/Paules crime scene and his brother George knew victim Tracey Paules. Humphrey was the offspring of an alcoholic mother and an abusive father. He had in the past been diagnosed as manic-depressive and committed to a psychiatric facility. Ed's sister believed that it was while he was institutionalized that he began getting crazy thoughts in his head—such as that Satan was after him. Indeed, Ed thought that

Satan was everywhere. He also developed a sudden interest in knives and militaristic behavior. Friends reported that he frequently put on Army fatigues and ventured off into the woods saying that he was going out on “recon.” Neighbors had seen him returning from the woods late at night carrying a hunting knife. Ed also claimed to be the middleman for a high-volume drug dealer—this despite the fact that he lived directly below a Gainesville police officer.

Following his arrest for the attack on his grandmother, Ed was taken to Regional Medical Center and questioned for more than twenty-four hours without an attorney present. Although he was a first-time offender charged only with aggravated assault, his bail was set at \$1 million. Following his conviction, he was sentenced to serve twenty-two months at Chattahoochie State Hospital, which seemed to please his mother: “you should know this: many of Ed’s friends are bad boys and Ed is in a good place now...and if he commits suicide, well, that’s life.” Humphrey was suspected of being afflicted with Multiple Personality Disorder. He admitted to knowing about the killings, but he blamed them on alter identities that he said he had no control over. One of his fellow inmates, Stephen Michael Bates, claimed that he had participated in the murders with Humphrey and a third man. He also said that Humphrey was involved in “satanic stuff.”

The Gainesville campus was rife with talk of a satanic cult at work. Of the lead suspects other than Humphrey, one reportedly had satanic writings in his home (another, described as a “charmer with the ladies,” was suspected of a multiple stabbing murder in Ohio). Some of the items on the list of evidence sought by the task force—which included a black hood; photographs, audiotapes, or videotapes of the murders being performed; human flesh; severed nipples; and human blood—hinted at satanic involvement in the crimes.

On September 25, 1990, investigators announced that semen samples recovered from two of the crime scenes matched. A full year later, in September 1991, Rolling was convicted on robbery charges and sentenced to life in prison as an habitual offender. No one had yet been arrested or charged for the five murders. Danny had never been considered a suspect. Over the course of the next two months, Rolling was convicted on two separate counts of burglary. For the three convictions, he was sentenced to a total of three life terms plus an additional 170 years. And the state of Florida was not done with Danny Rolling.

While he was in custody, samples of Rolling’s blood and hair were surreptitiously gathered—the blood from a tooth extraction and the hair from a haircut. Prosecutors later returned with a warrant and gathered the very same samples from Danny, making no mention of the samples gathered previously. On November 1, a grand jury was convened to hear the purported case against Danny Rolling for the five grisly murders. Two weeks later, Rolling was indicted on murder charges. Following that, he reportedly made several suicide attempts,

which led to his being transferred to Chattahoochie State Hospital. Meanwhile, the officer who had served as the police spokesman on the murder cases moved on to the FBI Academy at Quantico.

At around that same time, Danny began a relationship with a rather notorious character named Sondra London, a serial killer groupie³⁹ and true-crime writer. London—who claims as friends such notables as prolific author Ann Rule and the Behavioral Sciences Unit’s resident ritual abuse denier, Kenneth Lanning—urged Danny to publicly take credit for the Gainesville murders. Rolling’s cell-mate, convicted murderer Bobby Lewis, also played a key role in that effort. Danny soon reportedly ‘confessed’ to the murders, but it was actually Lewis who did all the talking. Rolling’s role was to sit nearby in a nearly catatonic state and occasionally nod in agreement or mumble an affirmative response. The first such ‘confession’ was audiotaped and the second was videotaped. It is clear from both that Rolling was almost completely incapacitated. The killings were blamed on an alter-ego named “Gemini,” who acted alone. Danny claimed to have no control over the actions of his alter identities (which was probably true). The confessions were largely unverifiable, but in an attempt to verify some aspect of them, police investigators searched for the murder weapon based on information supplied by Rolling. They came up empty handed.

Rolling’s trial on the homicide charges was repeatedly postponed. First scheduled for September 1992, it did not begin until February 15, 1994. The jury was barely seated when its services were rendered unnecessary; Danny shocked the court and all involved in the case by entering guilty pleas to all the charges he was facing. The trial, therefore, immediately shifted to the penalty phase, with the jury reduced to an advisory role. Rolling claimed that he had entered the pleas in order to keep the details of the murders from being aired in open court. His intent was allegedly to allow Ms. London to publish his exclusive story, just as she had gotten Schaefer’s ‘serial killer fiction’ published by Feral House—the publishing house owned by Adam Parfrey that has exclusive rights to the copious writings of Church of Satan founder Anton LaVey.

Whether that was Rolling’s true intent remains an open question. If it was, then the plan failed miserably. Prosecutors proceeded to air their case, such as it was, regardless of the guilty pleas. And since guilt was no longer an issue, the case that was presented went almost completely unchallenged, with nary an objection to be heard from the defense team, despite that fact that the primary evidence

39 London had previously been romantically involved with Florida cop *cum* serial killer and child rapist, Gerard John Schaefer. Schaefer was found dead in his prison cell in 1995. Some have blamed our old friend Ottis Toole for his death.

was, at best, problematic. The state claimed, for instance, that a Stanley screwdriver found at the campsite was the tool used to gain access to the murder scenes. Pry marks found at the scenes purportedly matched the blade of that particular screwdriver, although it is difficult to conceive how the literally thousands of identical screwdrivers manufactured by Stanley could have been excluded. Another problem was that the screwdriver, even if it could be linked to the crimes, could not be linked to Rolling. There was no evidence that he had ever purchased or owned it. The state simply claimed that Danny had stolen the screwdriver, but there was no evidence to support that claim.

Prosecutors also claimed that Rolling had stolen duct tape and two pairs of athletic gloves that were allegedly found at the campsite, but there was also no evidence to support that contention. No physical evidence, such as fingerprints, tied any of the items to Danny. No murder weapon could be linked to the defendant, but that did not stop prosecutors from claiming, without documentation, that Danny had purchased a knife in Tallahassee using an assumed name. A pair of black pants that were allegedly recovered from the campsite, and that were allegedly stained with Manny Toboada's blood, were presented as evidence. Prosecutors did not bother though to explain how the bloodstains could be on the pants when it was known that Toboada's killer had thoroughly cleansed himself by taking a dip in the building's pool immediately after the murders.

Other evidence included: the bizarre, videotaped 'third party' confession; a clothing fiber purportedly found at one of the crime scenes; a note found at one scene that allegedly matched Rolling's handwriting; and a pubic hair from Christa Hoyt that was allegedly found at the campsite. It was never explained why all the alleged campsite evidence was not produced until a year after the investigation had begun. The state claimed that a "genetic blueprint" in blood and semen samples positively identified Rolling as the killer. Such a claim, however, would be somewhat more credible if investigators building the case against Danny had not clandestinely gathered biological samples from him—samples that could easily have been planted as evidence.

Another item purportedly found at the campsite was a cassette tape-recorder. Inside was a tape that Rolling had made for his family. That tape reportedly was not listened to until months after it was seized and booked into evidence. Danny had ended the tape with the following statement: "Well, I'm gonna sign off for a little bit. I got something I gotta do. I love ya. Bye." That rather innocuous comment was touted by the state, rather creatively, as irrefutable proof of the defendant's guilt. Though it hardly needs to be stated, most people at any given time have "something they gotta do." Very rarely does that involve committing mass murder.

In a scenario that precisely mirrored the circumstances of Ted Bundy's kidnapping trial, Danny Rolling's defense attorneys, the presiding judge, and the prosecutors had all been classmates together at the University of Florida law school. It is, indeed, a small world that serial killers inhabit.

Appearing before the court as a defense witness, Rolling's mother offered testimony concerning possible demonic possession and detailed the family's history of mental illness and institutionalization. Danny, who was frequently described as a "Jekyll and Hyde," claimed via his 'confessional' videotape that he suffered from multiple personalities. All the experts called to the stand, however, disputed that contention. After just five hours of deliberations, the jury returned with a recommendation that Rolling be given five death sentences. The judge opted to let a few weeks pass before formally imposing sentence on Danny—doing so, appropriately enough, on April 20, 1994. In the interim, Rolling's father was cited for battery of his terminally ill wife.

"Civilization, it's not of the lord, it's of the devil, brother... Old Lucifer, he was at me for a long time—knocking on the door to my mind."

—Danny Rolling, who, curiously, was missing
a portion of his left ring finger

Chapter 18

The Profiler and the Patsy

“After the use of the hypnotic drug I had the strange compulsion to take the blame for all the charges pressed against me. It must have been a post-hypnotic influence.”

—William Heirens

The FBI's Behavioral Sciences Unit, which gave the world the 'science' of 'criminal profiling,' first began taking shape around 1969, the year that the Manson Family first captured national headlines. The new unit did not really take off though until 1972, when the FBI Academy opened in Quantico, Virginia. Robert Ressler joined the BSU team in 1974 and, along with John Douglas, he became one of the most well known of the unit's profilers, and one of the most prolific of its chroniclers. At the time that he joined, the unit had no operational functions; it existed solely for the purpose of teaching the principles of profiling. Ressler was taught by the pioneers of the 'science': Howard Teeten and Pat Mullany.

In 1977, a pilot program was begun to study the rapid proliferation of what were soon to be dubbed "serial killers." The program included such notable members as Robert Ressler, John Douglas, Ann Burgess and Ralph D'Agostino. In 1978, Ressler spearheaded the operational unit of the BSU. At around that same time, he was credited with coining the now ubiquitous term "serial killer." During his fabled career, Ressler sat down to chat with a number of the high-profile criminals whose stories have been told in the pages of this book. He was among the first to interview Ted Bundy, and one of the last to talk to John Wayne Gacy. He held court with Charles Manson, Sirhan Sirhan, Richard Speck, Ed Kemper, Jeffrey Dahmer, and many others. He also served as the first Program Manager for VICAP, the Violent Criminal Apprehension Program that Ann Rule so tirelessly campaigned for.

Ressler once gave an interviewer the following capsule history of criminal profiling:

The original profilers pretty much emanated from the behavioral science work at Quantico, and it spread from law enforcement to the academic. By bringing in Dr. Park Dietz and others like him, we started spilling it over into the professional community, and where psychiatry had initially been at odds with the FBI approach, a lot of mental health professionals then got on board. Over the years, the forensic community has pretty much accepted what we were doing in behavioral science and absorbed it.

In other words, in the last 25–30 years the FBI has managed, despite initial resistance, to thoroughly co-opt the fields of law enforcement, academia, mental health, and the forensic sciences. In doing so, the FBI's profilers have successfully molded public opinion and firmly ingrained in the mind of the average American the concept of the 'serial killer.' This effort has been so successful that it has become all but impossible to question whether the contemporary view of violent crime is at all accurate.

In August 1990, Ressler ostensibly retired from government service, though he has spent his retirement years introducing VICAP to Japan, South Africa, Poland, and several other countries. Since his retirement, he has served as the director of an entity called Forensics Behavioral Services International. One of the primary goals of the enterprise, according to one of Ressler's associates, Dr. Christine Kokonos, is a complete and seamless merging of the fields of law enforcement and psychology.

Robert Ressler's bio reads as though it was lifted off the pages of a Hollywood screenplay. He grew up in Chicago—with a boy whose name may be familiar from a previous chapter: John Wayne Gacy. Bobby and John lived on the same street and were Boy Scouts together in the same scout troop. It was the classic story of two boys whose lives took radically divergent paths...at least by outward appearances. Ressler later returned to Chicago to assist in investigating the Gacy case, and still later helped to prepare the prosecution case against his childhood acquaintance.

Ressler claims that his first foray into gaining an understanding of the criminal mind came as a young boy, when he started his own private investigation firm. The agency was founded specifically to look into the case of William Heirens, who allegedly stalked the streets of Chicago long before Richard Speck, John

Wayne Gacy or Robin Gecht walked that beat. You could say that the Heirens case provided Ressler with his first opportunity to try his hand at ‘profiling.’

* * * * *

William Heirens was, according to the official narrative, the country’s first post-war serial killer. His alleged crimes were committed during a period in America’s history when crime rates were soaring all across the nation, particularly in the big cities. The year was 1945. World War II had just ended and tens of thousands of young men desensitized to extreme levels of human brutality were coming home.

The city of Chicago recorded 109 robberies, 265 burglaries, 109 stolen cars, four rapes, and eight murders in just the first ten days of December 1945. Those were staggeringly high numbers in those days. It is interesting then that three particular murders stunned not just the city of Chicago, but the entire country. The first of the three occurred in June 1945, just weeks after the United States had declared “Victory in Europe.” The last, and by far the grisliest, was in January 1946. All three were ultimately attributed to William Heirens, who was just sixteen years old at the time of the first murder.

Heirens was born in November 1928 to a mother and father who were known to have frequent violent arguments. Young Bill reportedly developed a habit of leaving the house by himself, so as to avoid the violent confrontations. Not surprisingly, he was often described as a loner. Heirens first ran afoul of the law at the age of thirteen, when he was found to be in possession of a loaded gun at school. Eight more weapons were found stashed in his home. As punishment, he was sent to the Catholic-run Gibault School in Terre Haute, Indiana. The year was 1942. Heirens had barely walked out the door of the institution when a new student arrived at the Gibault School: Charles Milles Manson.

Shortly after his release, Heirens managed to get himself arrested once again. That time he was sent to the Benedictine monk-run St. Bede’s Academy in Peru, Illinois. Following that, he was urged to take a test for admittance to a “special learning program” at the University of Chicago. He was reportedly an exceptionally gifted student. Soon he discovered girls, however, and his grades began to slip. That was when, purportedly, he decided to go on a killing spree. He also reportedly developed a fondness for dressing in women’s clothes and an interest in Hitler and the trappings of Nazism.

The first of the victims was Josephine Ross, a forty-three-year-old, thrice-divorced woman who was said to be on a quest for husband number four; she was known to visit psychics and fortune-tellers to assist in attaining that goal. Ross

was found sprawled on her bed in a room heavily splattered with blood. Her throat had been slashed multiple times and her bloodied head was wrapped in a dress. There was blood on the walls, the floor, the drapes and the furniture. Bloody water and clothes were left in the bathtub, where the body had been washed. No fingerprints could be found anywhere at the scene.

About four months later, on October 5, 1945, a prowler allegedly entered the apartment of an Army nurse. Surprised by the occupant, the intruder hit her and fled, leaving behind fingerprints and an eyewitness. The prints were allegedly later identified as belonging to William Heirens. Strangely though, the prints were not initially identified at all, despite the fact that Heirens' prints were on file with the police. Authorities never explained why the alleged 'serial killer' chose not to attack the victim.

Two months later, on December 10, a former U.S. Army WAV named Francis Brown was brutally shot and stabbed to death. Her nude body was found sprawled over her bathtub, her head wrapped in pajamas. There was a butcher knife buried in her neck and a bullet in her head. A blood trail led from the splattered bed to the bathroom. As in the Josephine Ross case, the home had been thoroughly searched, though nothing appeared to be missing. A bloody fingerprint was allegedly left behind on a doorjamb, but it was only belatedly 'discovered.' A man described as being 35–40 years of age was reportedly seen leaving the property. Heirens was less than half that age.

A local butcher named George Carraboni confessed to murdering Francis Brown, but police discounted his confession, claiming that Carraboni's story kept changing. Carraboni was at that time already under investigation in Cleveland for thirteen murders involving beheadings and mutilations.

On January 7, 1946, the six-year-old daughter of an official with the Office of Price Administration disappeared from an occupied home in a kidnapping/murder case that seemed to borrow heavily from the infamous Lindbergh kidnapping. There were two families living in the home from which Suzanne Degnan vanished, and yet no one living there reportedly saw or heard a thing. After she was reported missing, the house immediately filled with police. A note was found that no one had previously noticed, purportedly because it was mistaken for a discarded tissue. Outside the home, a seven-foot ladder was found that, naturally, was just tall enough to reach to the girl's bedroom window.

The alleged kidnapper demanded \$20,000 from the Degnan family for Suzanne's return, but no amount of ransom money was going to bring her back; she had already been skillfully chopped up (by a trained butcher, authorities initially suspected) and then scattered in the city's sewers.

Initially arrested for the murder was the sixty-five-year-old janitor of a nearby apartment building named Hector Verburgh. Police confidently announced to

the press that they had their man. They then spent the next two days tirelessly torturing their suspect—before quietly admitting that they had the wrong man. Verburgh was paid \$20,000 (a not insignificant amount of money in the 1940s) to settle his claim against the city.

Heirens was arrested on June 26, 1946, nearly six months after the last murder, on burglary charges. The arrest, which followed a botched break-in, was facilitated by an off-duty officer who just happened to be on-hand to smash a few large flowerpots over Heirens' head. Bill was not in custody long before his captors began accusing him of the murder of Suzanne Degnan. However, he was not initially accused of either the Ross or Brown homicides, which had no known connection to the Degnan kidnapping and murder. He was though accused of another homicide, which was also unrelated to the Degnan case. Police eventually realized that they were not going to be able to make that murder charge stick, since Heirens had been in school in Indiana at the time.

Shortly before Heirens had been arrested, a man named Richard Thomas confessed to the murder of Suzanne Degnan. Thomas had been in Chicago at the time of the Degnan slaying, working near the Degnan home. At the time of his confession, he was awaiting sentencing in Phoenix, Arizona for the crime of molesting one of his own children. He had previously been convicted of attempted extortion in a case involving a ransom note that threatened the kidnapping of a young girl. A handwriting expert in Phoenix determined that Thomas' writing was a close match for the writing on the Degnan ransom note.

Chicago police were duly dispatched to Phoenix to interview the suspect, but their mission was quickly preempted when Illinois State's Attorney William Tuohy publicly announced that William Heirens was the party responsible for the girl's death, even though no evidence existed at that time to support that charge and Heirens was steadfastly denying the allegations.

To elicit a confession from young William, who was not yet an adult, his captors subjected him to what can only be described as severe torture. He was beaten repeatedly for the first few days of his incarceration, and deprived of food, water and sleep. Then he was injected with sodium pentathol, a hypnotic 'truth' drug, and moved to solitary confinement. On his fifth day of custody, he was administered a spinal tap—an exceedingly painful surgical procedure for which there was no medical justification. He was given no anesthesia. Just fifteen minutes after the procedure was completed, he was yanked from his bed and taken, quite literally, for a rough ride on cobblestone roads. Then he was administered a lie-detector test. At no time during his ordeal was he allowed access to counsel.

Heirens, nevertheless, remained a remarkably uncooperative patsy. He ultimately took the fall only, as he later explained, because he had reason to fear for his life.

It was claimed that Heirens confessed to the crimes while under the influence of a hypnotic drug. He purportedly spoke of an alter-identity named George whom he blamed for the murders. In all the decades that have passed since the confession was allegedly obtained, however, no transcript of the interview has ever been produced. Prosecutor Tuohy initially claimed that the transcript was not yet ready for release, but he then later denied that an interview had ever been conducted with the aid of drugs. A number of witnesses recalled that Tuohy had personally attended that interview. One man who had attended, a Dr. Grinker, admitted in 1952 that, despite the allusions to an evil alter ego, Heirens never directly implicated himself in any crimes during the interview.

As for the lie-detector test, Tuohy claimed they it was “inconclusive.” The inventors of the particular test that was administered to Heirens, however, published their analysis of the results in a 1953 textbook: “[Heirens’] response on the card test clearly establishes him as an innocent person.”

A renowned handwriting expert by the name of George Schwartz was summoned to attempt to match Heirens’ handwriting to that on the ransom note and on a message that had been scrawled in lipstick at one of the crime scenes. Schwartz concluded that the “individual characteristics in the two writings do not compare in any respect.” Undeterred, the state brought in another expert: Herbert J. Walter, who had aided the state in manufacturing a case against Bruno Richard Hauptmann for the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby. Walter concluded that Heirens was the author of both the note and the lipstick message, contradicting the opinion that he himself had expressed before being brought onto the case. Many experts have subsequently rejected Walter’s conclusions.

At one point in the Heirens investigation, police enlisted the services of Frank San Hamel, a *Chicago Daily News* artist, to ‘enhance’ the writing on the ransom note. San Hamel claimed that he discovered what he dubbed “hidden indentation writing,” and that that purportedly hidden writing conclusively linked Heirens to the note. No one ever bothered to explain what ‘hidden indentation writing’ actually was or how it linked Heirens to the crime.

Fingerprint evidence allegedly irrefutably established Heirens’ guilt, but that evidence was dubious at best. A print supposedly recovered from the ransom note was reported to be a match for Heirens, but the print actually matched on only nine points while the FBI’s fingerprint manual specifically required twelve points for a positive identification. More troubling is that the print seems to have surfaced out of thin air. Chicago police initially announced that no prints were present on the note. Analysts at the FBI lab, however, uncovered two prints, but neither of them had been left by Heirens. It was not until years later that the print linking Heirens to the crime was allegedly found on the back of the note. To this day it remains a mystery exactly when that print was found, and by whom.

The fingerprint that was purportedly left prominently displayed at the Brown home was also announced to be a match for William Heirens, despite the fact that Police Captain Emmett Evans had previously announced that the print did not match Heirens' prints. More troubling was that the print had full left and right margins, which is possible only if the finger has been carefully rolled on the surface, as occurs when someone is being fingerprinted, but generally not when a print is inadvertently left at a crime scene.

No blood evidence was ever produced in the case. Nor was any hair or fiber evidence. And no witnesses, initially at least, could link Heirens to the victims or the crime scenes. George E. Subgrunski, a soldier on furlough, had witnessed a man leaving the Degnan residence. He had described the suspect as a 35-year-old man. He was unable to identify Heirens from photos, but he did manage to do so as a spectator in the courtroom. According to the Center for Wrongful Convictions, Subgrunski "proved to be a publicity-seeking fraud."

The state's case was, needless to say, far too shaky to present in a public trial. Prosecutors Tuohy and Wilbert Crowley met behind closed doors with Heirens' defense attorneys and offered their client a single life prison term in exchange for guilty pleas to all three counts of murder. No details of the deal were released to the press. The defense team did not bother to conduct any semblance of an independent investigation of the state's evidence before agreeing to the deal.

Heirens, however, was still resisting the state's efforts to extract a confession and guilty pleas. But then a most remarkable thing happened: a reporter for the *Chicago Tribune* named George Wright drafted a completely bogus confession, which he attributed to anonymous "unimpeachable sources." The *Tribune* ran the fraudulent story on the front page of their July 16 edition, touting it as an actual confession from William Heirens. All of the newspaper's competitors promptly did likewise. Shortly after that, Heirens was compelled to author a confession, *using Wright's fabricated confession as a script*. In other words, he retroactively legitimized what had been an entirely fictional account of the crimes.

A date was then set for Heirens to publicly confess to his alleged crimes and enter his plea. There was a very large turnout for the much-anticipated event; public officials and the press came out in droves to see the show. But the star had not yet been sufficiently coerced to play his part in the charade and he pointedly refused to confess and enter a guilty plea. Both the state's attorneys and Heirens' own defense lawyers were livid. The prosecutors' offer was immediately revoked and a new one proffered: three life terms in exchange for the guilty pleas. A new date was set and September brought Heirens his second chance for a public confession. Mary Jane Blanchard, the daughter of victim Josephine Ross, was there for that second public spectacle. She told the press that she thought Heirens had been framed.

After an excruciating pause, Heirens reluctantly entered his guilty pleas. Audible sighs of relief could be heard from the bench and throughout the courtroom. He was duly sentenced to serve three life sentences. Nearly sixty years later, he is still serving those sentences, and he is still steadfastly proclaiming his innocence. He now has the rather dubious honor of being the longest-serving inmate in the history of the state of Illinois. He has never been given parole consideration, despite the fact that his attorneys told him that he would be afforded such consideration as part of the plea-bargain deal. During his lifetime behind bars, Heirens has distinguished himself by becoming the first inmate in the state's history to graduate college, and he has become an accomplished painter, a skilled tailor, and a talented jailhouse lawyer.

In April 2002, the UK's *Guardian* revealed that a "man who has spent 56 years in jail in what his lawyers describe as 'one of the grossest miscarriages of justice in the history of the US' could finally be freed." The report continued:

A new investigation into the case of the man known as the Lipstick Killer indicates that the evidence against him was fabricated by detectives...His case has been taken up by the Northwestern University Centre on Wrongful Convictions which has a high success rate in having suspect verdicts overturned...The new investigation indicates that neither the ransom note nor the lipstick confession were written by Heirens. A fingerprint found in Brown's apartment is alleged to have been placed there by police.

The investigation referred to in the *Guardian* article was conducted by a team led by Chicago attorney Jed Stone. Stone's team discovered that the entire case against Heirens was a product of outright fraudulence. Among the conclusions reached by the team, based on a thorough examination of the evidence, were all of the following:

- The 'hidden indentation' writing allegedly uncovered by *Chicago Daily News* artist Frank San Hamel was a fraud and a hoax.
- The handwriting on the Degnan ransom note was not Heirens. In fact, several independent experts say it was Richard Thomas's.
- The much-publicized lipstick message on the Brown wall was not in Heirens' writing and was not written by the same person who wrote the Degnan note.
- The purported Heirens fingerprint originally said to have been on the 'face' of the Degnan note later was said to have been on the back, and its existence is not confirmable.

- The so-called ‘bloody fingerprint’ found on a doorjamb in the Brown apartment appears to have been a ‘rolled’ fingerprint like those seen on fingerprint cards in police stations—and unlike those most often found at crime scenes.
- Analysis of the confessions revealed 29 inconsistencies between the confessions and the known facts of the crimes—a signature element in false confessions. Heirens was wrong about basic facts about the crimes, including locations, times, and related events.

And so it goes as, decades later, police, courts, attorneys and the media continue to work in lockstep to manufacture cases against designated patsies.

As for Ressler, he formally began his law enforcement career in 1962, when he served as an agent supervisor for the U.S. Army’s Criminal Investigations Division. He claims that he was first approached by the FBI, by a man who later became the assistant director at Quantico, while he was attending graduate school at Michigan State University. After spending nearly three decades of his life purportedly working to bring violent criminals to justice, one of his first actions after his retirement was to go to work on the Dahmer case—on the side of the defense.

Chapter 19

Conclusions

“It’s hard for me to believe that a human being could have done what I’ve done, but I know that I did it.”

—Jeffrey Dahmer

With the possible exception of school and workplace shootings, nothing better serves to facilitate the promotion of a ‘law-and-order’ agenda than the palpable fear aroused by the sociopathic killer—a fear that propels the population into an every-man-for-himself mentality. Anyone, after all, could be a serial killer, hiding behind a mask of civility: a co-worker, a friend, a neighbor...even a family member.

The Phoenix Program has been referenced a number of times in past chapters, and its relevance to this discussion cannot be overstated. Phoenix was, by design, a psychological warfare operation. Its goal was, quite literally, to scare the hell out of the Vietnamese people—to such an extent that their will would be broken and they would accede to the demands of their would-be oppressors. The techniques employed were barbaric. Victims of the program were not merely assassinated; they were frequently raped, tortured, mutilated, dismembered and left posed in grotesque displays for their fellow villagers and family members to find. The crime scenes of the Phoenix Program were, in other words, indistinguishable from the crime scenes of America’s serial killers.

In *What Uncle Sam Really Wants*, Noam Chomsky described the type of training given to U.S.-backed Salvadoran death squads, which were modeled after the Phoenix Program’s death squads (which in turn were modeled after the Nazi *Einsatzgruppen* death squads active during World War II):

...draftees were made to kill dogs and vultures by biting their throats and twisting off their heads, and had to watch as soldiers tortured and killed suspected dissidents—tearing out their fingernails,

cutting off their heads, chopping their bodies to pieces and playing with the dismembered arms for fun.

Chomsky also quotes Jesuit Priest Daniel Santiago, who described the tragic results of such training:

People are not just killed by death squads in El Salvador—they are decapitated and then their heads are placed on pikes and used to dot the landscape. Men are not just disemboweled by the Salvadoran Treasury Police; their severed genitalia are stuffed into their mouths. Salvadoran women are not just raped by the National Guard; their wombs are cut from their bodies and used to cover their faces. It is not enough to kill children; they are dragged over barbed wire until their flesh falls from their bones, while parents are forced to watch.

Chomsky described one particularly macabre scene staged by the U.S.-trained Salvadoran National Guard. A peasant woman returned home to “find her three children, her mother and her sister sitting around a table, each with its own decapitated head placed carefully on the table in front of the body, the hands arranged on top ‘as if each body was stroking its own head.’” Finding it hard to keep the head of the woman’s youngest child in place, the assassins had taken the 18-month-old baby’s decapitated head and “nailed the hands onto it. A large plastic bowl filled with blood was tastefully displayed in the center of the table.”

The goals of psychological warfare are no different here at home than they were in Southeast Asia or Central America: to scare the people, in this case the American people, into willingly surrendering their rights and accepting ever-increasing levels of repression; and to desensitize the people to horrendous levels of interpersonal violence. The ultimate goal, and one that we are rapidly approaching, is the destruction of all social bonds and the obliteration of any remaining sense of community—the complete atomization of society.

Famed ‘conspiracy’ researcher Mae Brussell made a telling observation nearly three decades ago, in 1974: “What we are now experiencing is the importation of the dreaded ‘Operation Phoenix’ program into the United States...Through various created and manipulated acts of violence, the only ‘solution’ to ‘chaos, anarchy, and senseless violent acts’ will be a police state...We can expect the planned terrorization of the U.S. population to escalate rapidly.”

That terrorization has indeed escalated rapidly since the early 1970s. ‘Serial killers’ are now an accepted, and frequently glorified, part of American pop culture. They have spawned a number of successful Hollywood movie franchises and

their biographies crowd the shelves of America's bookstores. Sensational workplace shootings have become so cliché that the media now move effortlessly from one to the next. And the police state, needless to say, has advanced markedly in the last few decades.

Since we began this saga in the state of Texas, and since we have revisited that state repeatedly, it seems only fitting that we should end there as well, especially since the current laws of that state, which are by far the harshest of any in the country, are due directly to the state's use of a 'serial killer' to manipulate public opinion. The man's name was Kenneth McDuff, and his story begins on August 6, 1966, when he and an eighteen-year-old accomplice abducted and murdered three high school kids, one of whom was brutally raped and tortured. The triple murder was committed, strangely enough, just five days after Charles Whitman's rampage in nearby Austin, Texas. In November of that same year, McDuff was convicted and sentenced to die in the state's electric chair.

Over the next six years, McDuff won a few stays of his scheduled execution, and then had his death sentence commuted to a life term in 1972 when the Supreme Court called a halt to all judicial executions.⁴⁰ In 1987, legal action brought against the Texas prison system forced the state's courts to set limits on prison populations, to ease the outrageously overcrowded and grossly inhumane conditions. State authorities responded by seeking a massive infusion of funds to simply build more prisons. Those efforts were stymied by voters. As a result, the state was forced to grant early parole to a substantial number of inmates.

In a ridiculously unlikely scenario, one of those inmates was former "dead man walking" Kenneth McDuff, who walked away a free man on October 11, 1989. State officials apparently failed to notice the literally tens of thousands of nonviolent drug offenders who were clogging up the prison system when they claimed that they had run out of prisoners who could be offered parole.

McDuff returned to Rosebud, Texas, not far from Waco, where it did not take him long to become the most reviled man in the Lone Star State.

Just nine months after his release, he was arrested for pulling a knife and physically threatening a group of young black kids. That offense should have earned him a ticket back to prison for the remainder of his life sentence. Instead, the former death row inmate was released yet again just a few months later. Following his re-release, he repeatedly violated his parole by, among other things, consorting with prostitutes and buying, selling and using drugs. McDuff's parole officer

40 A number of the other killers profiled here were the beneficiaries of that Supreme Court decision as well. In California, those beneficiaries included Sirhan Sirhan, John Lindley Frazier, and Charlie and his girls.

inexplicably chose to let him operate without any meaningful supervision, even though the parolee was obviously someone who needed to be closely monitored.

In October 1991, McDuff, working with an accomplice, committed the first of a series of brutal torture murders of girls in the Waco/Austin area. The first two victims were prostitutes, both of whom were seen with McDuff by witnesses shortly before their disappearances. One of the victims was reportedly in his vehicle when he ran a police roadblock. Nevertheless, police opted not to burden McDuff with any serious questions about the girls' disappearances.

Unhindered by either the police or his parole officer, McDuff killed at least three more girls before he was apprehended in May 1992 following one of the largest manhunts in the state's history. He was brought to trial in February 1993 and once again convicted of capital crimes. The conviction was assured when McDuff opted to take the stand in his own defense, thus allowing his prior convictions and death sentence into evidence. For his efforts, he received a new death sentence (capital punishment had been reinstated in Texas just two years after its use was discontinued). The next year he received another.

Kenneth McDuff's luck had run out. Just after 6:00 PM on November 17, 1998, he became one of the 152 inmates executed during the tenure of Governor George W. Bush. By that time, the condemned man had been credited with permanently changing the Texas criminal justice system.

The public was understandably outraged that a condemned man had been set free to kill again. And they were encouraged to place the blame for that outrage on the well-intentioned prison reforms. In other words, the people of Texas had been sent a very clear message: any attempt to adopt humanitarian reforms in the Texas penal system will result in more Kenneth McDuffs being put back on the streets. That was the scenario that was successfully sold to the voting public. The result was an overhaul of the justice system that proved to be the most sweeping and reactionary in the state's history. To effect what was billed as 'The Texas Solution,' legislators rammed through a flurry of bills dubbed the 'McDuff Laws' that mandated tougher sentencing, exceedingly harsh parole guidelines, and an expenditure of an astounding \$2 billion for the construction of new prisons.

Those new prisons, along with the older ones, were soon bursting at the seams. The state of Texas is now the proud owner of what has been described as the largest prison system in the history of the free world. Texas incarcerates its citizens at double the rate of the rest of the nation, which is quite a startling statistic when one considers that the country as a whole has the second highest incarceration rate of any nation, and in absolute numbers, the United States has the world's largest prison population. Texas also hosts far more executions than any other state—nearly as many, in fact, as all the other states combined.

Such is the legacy of a 'serial killer.'

* * * * *

The 'profile' of 'serial killers' that has been presented in this book is obviously one that is quite different from the one that has become a part of our collective conscience. Rather than the profile of a lone predator, driven by his own internal demons, we find instead a profile of controlled assassins and controlled patsies, conditioned and programmed by a variety of intelligence fronts, including military entities, psychiatric institutions, and satanic cults.

There is a very real possibility that an underground network of satanic cults has largely replaced the Mafia's "Murder Incorporated" as America's premier murder-for-hire organization. Researcher and author Michael Newton has drawn that conclusion; in *Raising Hell*, he charges that the 'Black Cross,' a faction of the Process-spawned Four-P cult, functions specifically as a "Satanic Murder, Inc."

Consider the case of Thomas Creech, a member of a nationwide biker gang that was heavily involved in drug trafficking and cult rituals. In 1975, Creech admitted to forty-two contract killings committed on behalf of the gang. Many of the murders had been performed, he said, as ritual human sacrifices. According to Creech's account, his forty-two 'hits' only qualified him for eighth place among the gang's contract killers. Consider also the case of Bernard Hunwick of Dade County, Florida. Following his arrest in 1981 for a series of murders, he confessed to police that he was the leader of a "hit squad" that had committed at least 100 additional contract killings.

Are these merely deranged men suffering from delusions of grandeur? Or are they men who have given anyone willing to listen to their stories a peek into a world that few dare to imagine exists in modern-day America? The question is a disturbing one, but one that nonetheless begs for an answer.

Although the serial killer stories told herein vary considerably from the accounts usually told about these men, the vast majority of the information presented herein was derived from mainstream media sources, including newspaper and magazine articles, television documentaries, books released by 'reputable' publishers, and 'true crime' web sites. The primary difference between this book and others in the genre is that the anomalous facts that invariably accompany the stories of serial killers have not been downplayed and explained away, but rather have been emphasized to illustrate that what are almost universally presented as trivial irregularities are, in fact, patterns that weave their way through the stories of America's most feared criminals. While it is relatively easy to ignore or dismiss

such oddities in the cases of individual serial killers, it is much more difficult to do so when those oddities form connecting threads.

The vast majority of serial killer chroniclers are, at best, misguided. Some are undoubtedly peddling deliberate disinformation. Some writers, like some law enforcement officials, seem to have devoted their entire careers to misrepresenting the true nature of serial murder, mass murder, assassination, and other high-profile crimes.

Seeming to fit that profile is author Gerald Posner, who recently penned a grossly disinformational piece on the Boston Strangler case for *Talk* magazine. Posner's article came directly on the heels of a joint press conference held by the relatives of both Albert DeSalvo and his last purported victim, Mary Sullivan. The families were demanding that the investigation be reopened and the long-suppressed police files released. Posner's article reads very much like an effort at damage control. His quick entry into the fray signals that the true nature of the Strangler case will continue to be covered up. Posner's past accomplishments include writing 'exposés' of the JFK assassination (Oswald did it), the Martin Luther King assassination (James Earl Ray did it), and Nazi doctor and Project Paperclip-recruit Joseph Mengele.

The most prolific of serial killer chroniclers is undoubtedly Ann Rule, the former employee of the Seattle Police Department. Rule is best known for her first book, an account of the alleged crimes of Ted Bundy entitled *The Stranger Beside Me*. The veteran crime writer had a unique perspective on the Bundy case, given that she was not writing about some enigmatic figure, but rather someone whom she had "cared for for ten years"...someone she referred to as "my friend, Ted Bundy."

Perhaps it is just a bizarre coincidence that the investigative journalist working on the biggest story of her career happened to be a friend and sometime co-worker of the man who would ultimately be held responsible for the six-year string of killings that she was researching. Even Rule though has acknowledged the long-shot odds of such a coincidence occurring: "Logically, statistically, demographically, the chance that Ted Bundy and I should meet and become fast friends is almost too obscure to contemplate." Equally bizarre is that the two lived strangely parallel lives. Rule acknowledges that, even before the time that she claims they first met, she and Ted had "lived in the same states at the same time—not once but many times."

When they did allegedly meet—in 1971, a few years before the killings began—it was while both were working as counselors at the Seattle Crisis Clinic. Interestingly, a number of cult defectors/survivors have claimed that such services are frequently infiltrated by cult members, so that they may be used as cult recruitment tools. Not surprisingly, those contemplating suicide are particularly

vulnerable to recruitment by cults, given that they have essentially given up hope on all other possible solutions to their problems. What then are we to conclude from the fact that Rule had almost as many connections to the victims as Bundy did?

“[W]hatever supernatural force guides our destinies, it has brought us together in some mind-expanding situations. I must believe this invisible hand will pour more chilled Chablis for us in less treacherous, more tranquil times to come. Love, ted.”

—Ted Bundy, writing to Ann Rule

PART III

AND IN OTHER NEWS...

“If they do their job and investigate what needs to be investigated, the rest of the pieces will fall into place, and nobody is going to like what they find out.”

—Therapist Mary Bienkowski

“They don’t want this pedophile door opened even one crack...It is better to be accused of being a murderer than to have other things come out.”

—Author Stephen Singular

Chapter 20

Boulder

“Evil on this scale is impossible to comprehend. To know who murdered JonBenét Ramsey is to know what world we live in.”

—James R. Gaines, *Time*, January 20, 1997

In death, she looked more like the six-year-old child that she was than she had in many of the photos taken of her when she was alive. Her lifeless body was found lying on a cold basement floor, wrapped in a blanket. A strip of duct tape purportedly covered her mouth. Her right wrist, raised above her head, was loosely bound with a length of cord. The same type cord was wrapped around her neck, with a broken paintbrush handle taken from her mother’s art supplies fashioned into a makeshift garrote.

To some investigators, her bindings looked staged.

She was dressed in a sweatshirt that covered a long-sleeved undershirt. White pajama bottoms covered her white panties, which an autopsy report later revealed were stained with blood. Inspection with a blacklight indicated that there was semen on both of her thighs, but the medial examiner would make no mention of that in his report.

To some investigators, it looked as though she had been ‘re-dressed’ after her death.

She had been sexually abused, severely beaten about the head—causing a massive skull fracture—and then strangled to death. Rigor mortis had fully set in and police on the scene reported the smell of decomposition. She had undigested food in her stomach and small intestine, identified as pieces of pineapple. On the palm of her left hand was drawn a small red heart. Around her neck was a chain bearing a crucifix. On her wrist was a bracelet; engraved on one side was her

name, JonBenét Ramsey, and on the other, the probable date of her death: December 25, 1996.

The previous evening, JonBenét had attended a party at the home of family friends with her parents, John and Patsy,⁴¹ and her brother Burke. The Ramsey family had returned home at 9:30 PM, by which time JonBenét had fallen asleep. She was carried inside and put to bed, allegedly last seen alive at around 10:00 PM. Patsy Ramsey claims that she woke up the next morning sometime after 5:00 AM and headed down the back stairs, which were generally used only by those who were familiar with the house. There she found a ransom note that she quickly read before entering her daughter's room to find that the child was missing.⁴² At 5:52 AM, she placed a frantic 911 call. It was later realized that Burke Ramsey's voice could be heard on the recording of that call, although John and Patsy steadfastly maintain that Burke was not yet up from bed when the call was placed.

Boulder police arrived at the Ramsey home seven minutes later to find Patsy hysterical, and John collected, but pacing. This was the second time in just three days that a 911 call had been placed from the Ramsey home. The first was on the night of December 23, during a party attended by an estimated 100 guests drawn

41 John Ramsey is the son of a WWII pilot who later served as the director of the Michigan Aeronautics Commission, where he was known, certainly not affectionately, as "Czar" Ramsey. John himself served as a Naval officer and pilot in the Philippines in the late 1960s. He later formed a company that he named Access Graphics. That company later became a subsidiary of Lockheed-Martin, one of the nation's largest military/intelligence contractors. After the buyout, John served as the company's president and CEO. His vice-president of operations was Donald Paugh, his father-in-law and a former Union Carbide engineer. Patsy, a former beauty queen, was the oldest of Paugh's three daughters. A *Miss America* pageant judge once described her as "a little automaton." In his book on the Ramsey case, Cyril Wecht described the Paugh family as "insular, like a closed society unto itself. Nedra [Patsy's mother] appeared to exert extraordinary influence over her adult daughters." John Ramsey also exerted considerable influence over one of her adult daughters.

42 That is the version of events that Patsy Ramsey has long held to. By her initial account, however, she discovered the disappearance *before* finding the note.

from the elite of Boulder society. The guest list for that party has never been made public, nor has the reason for the first 911 call.⁴³

The first officers to arrive at the Ramsey home were presented with the purported ransom note: two-and-a-half hand-written pages of bizarre ramblings that were withheld from the press and the public for nine months. The note's authors demanded a ransom of exactly \$118,000 in cash, which happened to be the amount of the Christmas bonus that John had just received. They claimed, rather preposterously, that they represented a "small foreign faction." They warned that if their demands were not met, JonBenét would be decapitated. The Ramseys were instructed to expect a telephone call that very morning between 8:00 and 10:00 AM, but that call, of course, never came.

For reasons that have never been adequately explained, the investigation was compromised from the very beginning. Officers inexplicably failed to secure the crime scene, allowing the family's pastor and a number of friends to freely come and go from the home. No effort was made to prevent contamination of any potential evidence. Detectives did not arrive on the scene until 8:10 AM, over two hours after the first patrol officers arrived. It took another twelve hours for the coroner to arrive (and once there, he reportedly spent just ten minutes examining the body and the crime scene). At around 10:00 AM, detectives allowed John Ramsey to leave the house unescorted for over an hour. He was purportedly on a mission to pick up the mail, although it is unclear why such a trivial errand had such a sense of urgency at a time of family crisis. It is also unclear why it took John so long to complete the errand and why he chose to go alone when several family friends were available to accompany him.

43 One man who is known to have attended is Bill McReynolds, who played Santa Claus for the event. On December 26, 1974, exactly twenty-two years before the murder of JonBenét, Bill's own daughter had purportedly been abducted, along with a friend, from the McReynolds' home not far from Boulder. The girl was released unharmed, after being forced to witness an assault on her friend. There were no arrests made and no charges were ever filed. Not long after that, Bill's wife Janet wrote a screenplay, entitled *Hey Rube*, that concerned the abduction, torture and murder of a young girl whose battered body is discovered lying on a cold basement floor. When Bill McReynolds was extended an invitation to speak at JonBenét's memorial service, he used the opportunity to share memories of not just the slain beauty queen but of a few other kids with whom, bizarrely, he had been close before their untimely deaths. The Ramseys considered McReynolds one of their prime suspects—along with 160+ other people whose names appeared on their self-serving suspect list.

One of the most grievous, and baffling, errors committed by detectives was their failure to separate the Ramseys for questioning. Even though detectives had Patsy alone for over an hour, while John was running his errand, no one purportedly thought to question her. Just as baffling is the fact that there was no initial search of the house, by either the family or police. When a detective on the scene finally suggested, at 1:00 PM, that it might be a good idea to conduct a search, it had been nearly eight hours since the family had first discovered the disappearance, seven hours since police had arrived on the scene, and five hours since detectives had arrived, *and yet no one had thought to search the home*. Are we really to believe that after finding the ‘ransom’ note, the family immediately accepted that their beloved daughter had been taken from the home? What parent would not first conduct a room-by-room search of the house before accepting that eventuality? Indeed, what parent would not search the house repeatedly, in the desperate hope that, somehow, something had been overlooked during an earlier search?

Amazingly enough, when it finally occurred to police that it might be a good idea to search the crime scene, they assigned that task to the prime suspect, John Ramsey. Joining John was good friend Fleet White, an oil company executive who had hosted the party the Ramseys attended the previous evening, and who the Ramseys placed a call to immediately after placing the 911 call. Ramsey and White quickly headed to the basement, where they almost immediately found JonBenét’s body, demonstrating in doing so that no effort had previously been made to look for the missing girl (although White later claimed that he had checked the basement earlier and saw nothing out of the ordinary).

John Ramsey promptly picked up his lifeless daughter and removed the tape from her mouth (strangely though, the autopsy report later made no mention of tape residue around JonBenét’s mouth). He then carried her upstairs and laid her on the floor. Patsy Ramsey immediately collapsed on the body of her child. A detective then moved the corpse and covered it with a blanket. In the space of just a few minutes, some of the most crucial evidence in the case had been hopelessly contaminated.

Ann Louise Bardach, writing for *Vanity Fair*, quoted one officer’s recollections of John and Patsy’s reactions to the discovery of the body: “What was interesting was when [John] Ramsey brought the body upstairs he never cried. But when he laid her down, he started to moan, while peering around to see who was looking.” Patsy, he said, “peer[ed] at him through splayed fingers” while making sobbing sounds. The officer described being haunted by the manner in which Patsy kept staring at him. He also noted that he never saw either of the Ramseys attempt to comfort or console the other.

The glaring incongruity of finding both a ransom note *and* the body of the purported kidnapping victim, coupled with what was viewed by many as inappropriate

behavior by the Ramseys, seemed to indicate that the crime was something other than a botched kidnapping. The preponderance of the evidence did not support the idea that an intruder was to blame. No footprints were observed outside of the home, even though snow covered much (but not all) of the ground. There were no signs of forced entry. The ransom note most likely originated from within the house. The pages appeared to have been torn from the Ramseys' own legal pad, and a pen found in a cup in the kitchen was likely the writing instrument. According to some reports, the first page in the legal pad, which was still attached, contained what appeared to be a false start at writing the ransom note.

The unlikely scenario that we are asked to believe is that an intruder entered an occupied home seeking a victim to abduct, but he then inadvertently killed his intended victim, at which time he decided to hide the body in the basement, assuming that it wouldn't be found. He then searched the house for pen and paper before composing both an unfinished draft and a final ransom note, the latter of which rambled on at some length.

The room where the body was found was in an out-of-the-way area of the spacious home's basement. Only a family member would have likely known of its existence. John Ramsey acknowledged that fact in a *CNN* interview: "the room that we found her in is kind of a remote part of the basement." "A casual guest would not know where that room is," Patsy added. "It's, you know, kind of out-of-the-way." Despite that early acknowledgement by the Ramseys themselves, the Ramsey spin team later vociferously denied that the room would have been difficult to locate for someone other than a family member.

Steve Thomas, the lead detective on the case, concluded that Patsy Ramsey wrote the ransom note. He contends that of the 74 suspects whose handwriting samples were reviewed by investigators, Patsy was the only one that could not be excluded as a suspect. He has also accused her of deliberately changing some elements of her writing style after the murder, in order to disguise her authorship of the note.

Several days after the discovery of JonBenét's body, the Ramsey family flew her remains to Atlanta, their former home, for burial. Services were held on New Years Eve, after which JonBenét was laid to rest next to her half-sister Elizabeth, another of John Ramsey's daughters. The following day, John and Patsy made their infamous appearance on *CNN*, even while steadfastly claiming to be too grief-stricken to talk to the police. Patsy was heavily sedated, and had been since the day of the murder. She later claimed that she was unable to remember anything that occurred during the weeks immediately following the discovery of the body. Burke Ramsey was reportedly kept heavily drugged after his sister's death as well.

Allegations of prior abuse of the victim soon began to circulate in the media. Video footage of JonBenét's pageant appearances was aired endlessly. The footage offered no proof of the abuse allegations, but it did clearly demonstrate that the

Ramseys had unconscionably marketed their offspring as some kind of hyper-sexualized woman-child.

There was, however, certainly nothing unusual about that on the kiddie pageant circuit, as author Stephen Singular discovered when he ventured into that milieu. What he discovered is a world that few outside of the pageant circuit are familiar with: a world where extraordinarily young girls have had their hair dyed, their teeth capped, their young faces sculpted by plastic surgeons, their chests bunched-up with tape to form the appearance of cleavage, and their eye color enhanced with contact lenses. Singular also discovered that photographing these pre-pubescent beauty queens in risqué poses is a routine business undertaken by some of the most highly regarded child photographers in the country. JonBenét Ramsey was just one of an estimated 250,000 girls who are a part of this billion-dollar-a-year business that, by all appearances, caters primarily to the pedophilic tendencies of the adults who gravitate around the 3,000 child beauty pageants held every year.

While JonBenét's longtime involvement in the child pageant business raises a number of questions, it does not directly answer the question of whether she had been molested either on the night of her death or before that time. The autopsy report, which was released in a severely redacted form on February 14 and in full on August 13, made mention of chronic genital inflammation, foreign matter in the vagina, and "epithelial erosion." A detective working the case swore in an affidavit that the coroner, John Meyer, told her that someone had definitely had sexual contact with the child. Meyer drew no such conclusions in his report.

Independent experts who have examined the evidence have been far less circumspect. Dr. Robert Kirschner of the University of Chicago's pathology department noted that JonBenét's vaginal opening was twice what is normal for a girl her age. He also stated that the "genital injuries indicate penetration, but probably not by a penis, and are evidence of molestation that night as well as previous molestation." Dr. Cyril Wecht, one of the most respected forensic pathologists in the country, told an interviewer: "This to me is evidence of sexual abuse. I think any forensic gynecologist and forensic pathologist would agree with that...If she had been taken to a hospital emergency room, and doctors had seen the genital evidence, her father would have been arrested."

There was one doctor who had numerous opportunities to observe that evidence. As was widely reported, JonBenét had been taken to her pediatrician no fewer than twenty-seven times in the previous three to four years. The doctor claimed, rather disingenuously, that that was a normal rate of visitation for a child her age. He also claimed that he had never seen, during any of those visits, any evidence of abuse. That claim, however, was contradicted by the forensic evidence, which indicated chronic abuse.

Cellmark Diagnostics in Germantown, Maryland, the CIA-linked forensic lab that was thrust into the national limelight during the OJ Simpson trial, was unable to return any conclusive findings from any of the biological materials it received on the case. A number of other OJ players surfaced in Buffalo as well. Criminologist Henry Lee was hired on as a forensics adviser to District Attorney Alex Hunter.⁴⁴ DNA wunderkinds Barry Scheck and Peter Neufeld joined the party as well. Oddly enough, with all the DNA all-stars on board, no DNA evidence has ever been produced in the case.

From the beginning, when a gag order was placed on the officers working the case, there have been concerted efforts made to control the flow of information that the public has received about the murder of JonBenét Ramsey. Largely responsible for shaping public perception of the case has been the law firm retained almost immediately by the Ramseys: Haddon, Morgan, Mueller, George, Mackey & Foreman.⁴⁵ The tentacles of Hal Haddon's firm seemed to reach into every nook and cranny of the Ramsey case.

44 Alex Hunter, the man primarily responsible for prosecuting the JonBenét Ramsey murder case, had been Boulder's District Attorney since 1972. During his tenure, he developed a reputation for extremely lenient enforcement of drug laws, making the city a particularly friendly place for narcotics traffickers. Since 1969, Hunter had been a limited partner in a business enterprise with a lawyer named William Gray, who just happened to be John Ramsey's civil attorney.

45 The powerful firm has, as Cyril Wecht noted, "deep connections to the Democratic power structure that control[s] state politics" in Colorado. Hal Haddon was the manager of Gary Hart's successful U.S. Senate campaigns as well as his unsuccessful presidential bid. Haddon also has close ties to District Attorney Alex Hunter and former Governors Roy Romer and Richard Lamm. A *Los Angeles Times* report from August 2003 describes his firm as having "a long history of handling high profile cases and getting charges either dismissed outright or dramatically reduced. In cases where clients have been found guilty, they have often been able to get sentences drastically cut." The *Times* cites as an example the case of Rockwell International Corporation's Rocky Flats nuclear weapons plant, which was raided by federal agents who discovered "widespread and egregious environmental contamination. Radioactive waste was being illegally dumped into rivers, fields and released into the atmosphere." Despite the fact that the evidence against the company was overwhelming, no company officials were ever charged in the case, which was settled with Rockwell paying a nominal fine. In 1990, Haddon represented 'gonzo' journalist Hunter S. Thompson, who was facing sexual assault charges. The charges against Thompson were dropped. Curiously, Thompson has been accused by witnesses in the Franklin case of being a producer of child snuff films. He now pens a column entitled *Hey Rube*.

Patsy Ramsey was represented by Haddon partners Patrick Furman and Patrick Burke. Burke was perhaps best known for having won acquittal for the white supremacist accused of killing Denver radio personality Alan Berg. Throughout the Ramsey investigation, he was frequently seen in the doorway of what was dubbed the 'JonBenét War Room,' often chatting with Peter Hofstrom, an assistant to District Attorney Hunter, and Tripp DeMuth, one Hunter's prosecutors on the case. John Ramsey was represented by partners Bryan Morgan and Lee Foreman. Morgan, who had once been nominated to serve as a justice on the Colorado Supreme Court, was regularly seen holding breakfast meetings with his old friend, Peter Hofstrom. Burke Ramsey was represented by yet another member of the Haddon team.

The Boulder Police Department, led by Chief Tom Koby,⁴⁶ took the unusual step of retaining its own representatives, in the form of a trio of private practice attorneys. One of the three, Robert Miller, had recently teamed with Haddon on a civil suit. Another of the trio, Daniel Hoffman, had previously been defended in a malpractice suit by Haddon partner Lee Foreman.

In addition to the legal firepower, the Ramseys also hired a professional spokesman. Filling that post was Washington spin-meister Patrick Korten, who had served in the Reagan Administration as the consultant for the Office of Personnel Management at the time that striking air traffic controllers were fired, and as the chief spokesman for the outrageously corrupt Ed Meese-run Justice Department. Also on Korten's résumé were stints serving as mouthpieces for Iran/Contra conspirator Oliver North and for the Pharmaceutical Research Manufacturers of America.

Another addition to the Ramsey spin team was premier FBI profiler John Douglas. One of his former colleagues, Gregg McCrary, was also approached to join the team, but he declined the offer—after offering the opinion that the murder looked to him like a "staged domestic homicide." Also on the Ramsey team were two private investigation firms whose gumshoes reportedly interviewed nearly every witness approached by Boulder police. Rounding out the team was a retired homicide investigator named Lou Smit, whose claim to fame was having

46 Before coming to Boulder, Chief Koby had served as a deputy chief, and then as assistant chief, of the Houston Police Department. His chief and mentor in Houston had been Lee P. Brown, who later became the chief of the NYPD and then served in Washington as the federal 'drug czar.' Before relocating to Houston, Brown had served as Police Commissioner for the city of Atlanta, at the very time that the so-called 'child murders' rocked that city (see next chapter).

purportedly solved the murder of Karen Grammar, the sister of actor and accused pedophile Kelsey Grammar.

Smit was brought out of retirement by District Attorney Hunter, ostensibly to assist in gathering evidence *against* the Ramseys. Strangely enough though, he resigned a year-and-a-half later and went to work *for* the Ramseys. When he switched sides, he brought with him a full accounting of all the state's evidence in the case, which, truth be told, the Ramseys had access to all along anyway. Boulder police loudly complained that Hunter repeatedly shared information with the Ramseys, even going so far as to supply the couple, before their being questioned by police, with copies of police reports and of their initial statements to investigators. John and Patsy were, therefore, able to insure that their stories remained consistent with both the known facts and with their prior alibis.

To their credit, it appears that at least some of the officers on Boulder's police force (which had a healthy distrust of Hunter and his sidekick Smit) attempted to honestly investigate the case. Their efforts were impeded, however, by not only the District Attorney's office, but by the Denver Police Department and the FBI. Local officials resisted, unsuccessfully, the involvement of both agencies. In April 1997, Boulder police abruptly stopped sharing information with Hunter's office. Shortly after that, the computer containing the Ramsey case files in the aforementioned 'War Room' was hacked into by persons unknown. That same month, John and Patsy Ramsey submitted to their first formal police interviews, four full months after JonBenét had been laid to rest. The date of the interviews was, appropriately enough, April 30, 1997: *Walpurgisnacht*.

On that very same day, a man named James Michael Thompson, who worked for a private company that specialized in transporting corpses, stole two pages from the morgue book at Boulder Community Hospital. Those two pages had recorded the arrival of JonBenét's body four months earlier. On May 21, Thompson was charged with the theft of the pages. He was also charged with abuse of corpses, those charges arising from his macabre habit of grotesquely posing the corpses in his charge. On June 18, the very same James Michael Thompson attempted to burn down the Ramsey home. Patsy had reportedly expressed a desire that the house be destroyed, and had vowed that she would never return there. Officials predictably announced that Thompson's actions had no connection to the murder of JonBenét.

June also marked the beginning of the crumbling of the local political structure in Boulder, Colorado. City Manager Tim Honey was the first casualty. Before long, a third of the city's council members had left office, the mayor had decided to move on, the head of the Chamber of Commerce had left office, and Police Chief Tom Koby and Police Commander John Eller had both opted to step down. In his book on the case, Stephen Singular states, without elaboration:

“Numerous powerful people had been in the Ramsey’s home and had been exposed to JonBenét.” Many of those powerful people were in the Ramsey home just two days before JonBenét’s death, on the night that the first 911 call was placed. It is very unlikely that any of those people will ever be named, but it is quite possible that some of them were public officials who opted to step away from the limelight.

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What really happened to JonBenét Ramsey on that fateful day in 1996? And why did the case become such a *cause celebre*? After all, the killing of a child in this country is certainly not an uncommon occurrence, nor is it normally an event deemed worthy of national media attention. As the *Village Voice* reported in 1997, the United States has, per capita, the highest rate of child homicide in the world. None of the world’s people slaughter their children more frequently, or more cavalierly, than do Americans.⁴⁷ With the notable exceptions of the occasional Polly Klaas or Adam Walsh, few of these murder victims are deemed worthy of anything approaching a full-scale media circus.

What then are we to make of the JonBenét Ramsey case? The family would like you believe that it was nothing more than a badly botched kidnapping plot. That hardly seems likely, however. The kidnapping scenario was most likely conceived after the fact, to cover up the accidental or intentional death of the child. The plan probably called for the body to be disposed of and the disappearance blamed on an unknown abductor. For whatever reason though, the body could not be disposed of. When it became apparent that a search would quickly yield the girl’s remains, John Ramsey made sure that he was the one to make the discovery, thereby compromising the crime scene and nullifying any forensic evidence linking him to the body. None of that, of course, answers the question of *why* JonBenét Ramsey was killed.

One theory holds that Patsy Ramsey killed JonBenét in a fit of rage resulting from a bedwetting incident. While that scenario is not necessarily “absurd,” as the Ramseys have labeled it, it does seem to fall short of adequately explaining the crime. Another theory holds that John Ramsey killed JonBenét accidentally when

47 America’s closest ally, the United Kingdom, seems to have its sights set on catching up. In January 2002, the *Independent* reported that a “record number of children [were] murdered in Britain last year.” The rate of child homicides had risen 40% in just one year. England’s child homicide rate is now “thought to be the highest in Europe.”

his ongoing abuse got out of hand. While that is probably closer to the truth, it still appears to fall short of providing a full explanation. Stephan Singular has put forth a more disturbing theory: he believes that JonBenét was killed because of her involvement in a child pornography and prostitution ring. Singular theorizes that one of the parents was involved, essentially acting as a pimp in selling the young girl to the ring. The cover-up of her death took place, according to Singular, when the guilty party had to conceal that fact from the other parent, who was not involved.

While Singular is on the right track, his analysis still probably falls a little short of the mark. The truth likely is that *both* of the Ramseys were involved in pimping their daughter out to other pedophiles. The massive cover-up that has shrouded the investigation from day one is indicative of the type of systemic corruption that leads to these types of cases being routinely covered up. Such a far-reaching effort certainly could not have been orchestrated by one parent working to fool the other.

Rumors of child pornography have surrounded the case from the earliest days of the investigation. Police records indicate that warrants were sought to search the Ramsey home for pornographic materials. The *San Jose Mercury News* reported that police investigators “had a strong initial suspicion that someone in the family had an interest in child pornography...three days after the girl’s bludgeoned body was discovered in the basement of her family’s upscale home, Boulder, Colo. police seized computers, computer disks, CD-ROMs, and video and still photography equipment, according to the search warrants.” At least 150 videotapes were seized from the home. It was also alleged that John Ramsey had been seen frequenting a seedy Denver porno shop. In the tabloid press, it was reported that the computers at Access Graphics were loaded with child pornography. While the credibility of that story may be in dispute,⁴⁸ it is interesting to note that after the murder, Access Graphics added guards and greatly increased security at its headquarters.

A California woman recently presented to Boulder police—through her therapist—information that she claimed to have about the case. The therapist, Mary Bienkowski, spoke of a pedophile ring operating in the Boulder area. She identified her client of ten years as a past victim of the ring, which she said had direct links to the Ramsey family. She also said that her client had provided police with

48 There is a possibility that the story was dumped in the tabloid press for the express purpose of discrediting it. *Konformist* editor Robert Sterling and others have noted that the tabloid press is frequently used to taint stories that are threatening to break in more respectable avenues of the media.

the names of several people who had witnessed the murder of JonBenét. Bienkowski also claimed that the witness had provided evidence of the ongoing abuse of other children. The unidentified witness was interviewed by agents of the FBI. Shortly after that, she went into hiding, afraid for her life. The Boulder Sheriff's office portrayed the woman as a crank, claiming that she had a history of making false reports. The woman, however, maintained that while she had indeed made previous reports, they were not *false* reports, but rather *uninvestigated* reports. There is no indication that the leads she supplied on the Ramsey case were ever investigated.

Could such a ring have existed in Boulder? And if so, could that have provided the hidden subtext of the JonBenét Ramsey murder? Conclusive evidence is hard to come by, but a few tantalizing bits and pieces have surfaced.

Randy Simons was considered the best, and the most expensive, child photographer in the Boulder area. At least one pageant mother reported to author Singular that Simons had approached her about shooting nudes of her daughter. She declined the offer. How many pageant mothers consented to such offers is unknown. In June 1996, just months before JonBenét's death, Simons took what were described as 'cover-girl' shots of the oft-photographed beauty queen (who on several occasions had been photographed with Daphne White, her best friend and the daughter of Fleet White).

Just after JonBenét's death, Simons abruptly left his wife and daughter in Denver and moved to a remote area of eastern Colorado. No one seemed to know why he had done so. He was said to be extremely distraught over the murder. He reportedly placed several frantic calls to friends, during which he expressed a profound fear for his life. He wrote an article for *Stagelines*, a pageant newsletter, in which he claimed that he was being pursued by "paramilitary types." He also expressed concern to the newsletter's publisher about the possibility of someone releasing "inappropriate" photos of JonBenét.

When the Wonderland raids swept through a number of American cities, one of those arrested was Richard Bruce Thomas, a computer consultant living in Ft. Collins, Colorado, about an hour's drive from the Ramsey home. Thomas was found shot to death in his home on September 5, 1998. His death was ruled, as always, a suicide. When a man named James Partin was arrested on charges of distributing child pornography on the Internet, his Columbus, Ohio home was found to contain a photograph of JonBenét Ramsey. Partin was a prime suspect in the 1983 disappearance of a fourteen-year-old girl from Idaho Springs, Colorado.

Stephan Singular took some of these scraps of evidence that he had collected and presented them to District Attorney Alex Hunter, and then to Detective Sergeant Tom Wickman of the Boulder Police Department, and then to Ellis

Armistead, one of the Ramseys' private investigators. All three took his information but offered nothing in return, and all three chose not to investigate the leads that he provided.

* * * * *

What could prove to be a key piece of evidence in the case has been largely ignored by the media and by various theories of the crime: the undigested food in JonBenét's stomach and small intestine, which indicated that the girl had eaten in fairly close proximity to her death.

According to the Ramseys' version of events, JonBenét had eaten earlier in the evening, while at the White's party, but she had not eaten at home before being put to bed, since she was, according to the Ramseys, already asleep. The existence of the largely undigested food matter has, therefore, never been satisfactorily explained. In fact, it has been almost entirely ignored by most theorists, although some have tried to explain it away with the theory that JonBenét's would-be abductor(s) fed her before killing her. Such theories require belief in the dubious notion that although the mysterious intruder(s) forgot to bring materials to write a ransom note (or an already prepared ransom note), they did remember to pack a snack for their abductee.

A more reasonable explanation for the undigested food is that JonBenét was killed shortly after she was known to have last eaten. She was, to be more specific, killed *before* the Ramsey family returned home from the party they had been attending. Such a scenario would help to explain some of the other facts and persistent rumors that have surrounded the case. For example, it was mentioned previously that JonBenét's body, despite being in the cold confines of the basement of the Ramsey home, had decomposed to the point of emitting a noticeable odor. It is unlikely that decomposition would have advanced to that stage had JonBenét been killed between 10:00 PM (when she was allegedly put to bed) and 5:00 AM (when her disappearance was allegedly discovered).

Some investigators believe that JonBenét's clothing was changed after her death. The Ramseys have acknowledged that she was in fact changed before being put to bed, after the family had returned home from the party. If she was already dead at that time, then she was indeed re-dressed after her murder. It is interesting to note here that in the Ramseys' own telling of the story, the limp figure of JonBenét was carried into the house upon the family's return home.

Some investigators also believe that some elements of the crime scene, particularly the ligatures, were staged. That is also consistent with the child having been killed elsewhere and then deposited in the basement. It is possible that the

ligatures were added after the fact, when it became apparent that it was not going to be possible to dispose of the body. It is also possible that the ligatures were an artifact of the party, necessarily loosened when the body was re-dressed, and then retied.

The claim by the California woman that there were numerous witnesses to the murder is also consistent with JonBenét having been killed at the party. One of those witnesses would have been sibling Burke, who some suspect witnessed or was involved to some degree in the killing. That would explain the Ramsey family's concerted efforts to shield the boy from the media and from inquisitive police (the Ramseys claim that the extraordinary security afforded Burke is intended to protect him from the still-at-large killer).

As a final note on the Ramsey case, John and Patsy have on occasion publicized the fact that a stun-gun was possibly used to incapacitate JonBenét prior to her death. That fact is supposed to bolster the intruder theory, since the Ramseys claim that they have never owned a stun-gun. One of the videotapes seized from their home, however, included instructions on how to use, of all things, a stun-gun.

Chapter 21

Atlanta

"I have never believed Wayne Williams killed not only Yusef—I don't believe Wayne Williams killed anybody."

—Camille Bell, the mother of victim Yusef Bell

"I don't believe he did it any more than I'd go out there and shoot somebody myself."

—Willie May Mathis, the mother
of victim Jefferey Mathis

"Wayne Williams ain't doing no time for killing my child. He ain't doing no time for killing nary a child."

—Eunice Jones, the mother of victim Clifford Jones

As the cases of Marc Dutroux and many others have amply illustrated, there can be a very fine line between organized pedophilia and serial murder. Perhaps nowhere was that point more clearly made than in what was at the time America's murder capitol: Atlanta, Georgia, during the killings commonly referred to as the Atlanta Child Murders.

By this time, it should not come as any great surprise that the Atlanta killings did not follow the patterns suggested by serial killer 'profiles.' First of all, the victims of the 'child' murders were not all children; six of them were in their twenties, and there were many more in that age bracket who should have made the victims' list. "The List," as the official tally of victims was dubbed, was one of the more controversial aspects of the investigation, and one that needs to be addressed in order to put the remainder of this discussion in context.

A number of researchers have charged that The List was subject to constantly shifting parameters, which resulted in a number of victims whose cases appeared

to be connected being excluded from the official victim count. Chet Dettlinger—a former Public Safety Commissioner and assistant to the chief of the Atlanta Police Department, and the co-author of *The List*—maintains that sixty-three “pattern” victims were arbitrarily left off the official tally, more than twice as many as actually did make it. He also argues that twenty-five of those victims were killed *after* the arrest of Wayne Williams, the purported Atlanta child murderer. The county’s chief medical examiner at the time of the killings, Joseph Burton, has said much the same thing: “by no means did the deaths of young black children and young black men stop with the arrest and conviction of Wayne Williams.”

Among the names that were arbitrarily omitted were a number of adult victims. Before March 1981, nearly two years after the killings had begun, adults were not deemed to fit the ‘profile’ and were therefore excluded from The List. After the parameters were changed to allow the first adult victim to be included, five more victims in their twenties were added in rapid succession over the next eight weeks, but none of those killed in the prior twenty months who otherwise fit the pattern were retroactively added. Similarly, many female victims were excluded, even though two of the earliest list victims were young girls. A number of young boys were excluded as well, for reasons that appear to have been entirely arbitrary. There is a considerable amount of uncertainty, therefore, as to how many victims there actually were, and when the killings began and ended. This discussion will be limited to the twenty-nine officially recognized victims, though it is quite apparent that at least as many more were deliberately omitted from The List. As Public Safety Commissioner Dick Hand has acknowledged, “The list that was created by the Task Force, in my own personal opinion, was an artificial list.”

According to the artificial—but government sanctioned—list, the victims of the Atlanta ‘child’ murders ranged in age from seven-year-old LaTonya Wilson to twenty-eight-year-old John Porter. Males and females were both represented, though a large majority were male. All of the victims, significantly, were African-American. There was no consistent pattern to the killings, as medical examiner Burton acknowledged: “there was no signature that said this case and this case and this case are people that have been murdered or killed by the same individual.” The first victim, fourteen-year-old Ed Smith, was shot. All the rest were killed with weapons of opportunity. The most common cause of death was asphyxiation, with strangulation a close second. Two victims had their heads bludgeoned with blunt objects, two others were stabbed to death, another was drowned, and young Aaron Wyche broke his neck after being pushed or dropped from a bridge. One victim’s body was never recovered and several others were too badly decomposed by the time of their discovery to determine the cause of death.

There was no discernable pattern to the cases that were added to the list, beyond the fact that all the victims were young African-Americans who met with violent deaths. As *Los Angeles Times* reporter and *The List* co-author Jeff Prugh put it, "There was no pattern, per se, that I could really see, other than that they were all dead." But while there was no pattern connecting the manner of the abductions and killings, there were a number of troubling connections between the victims, most of whom lived in the same four 'inner city' neighborhoods. Those connections were consistently, and seemingly deliberately, ignored by the police.

The first two victims, young teens Ed Smith and Alfred Evans, were friends who spent a good deal of time together. They disappeared just four days apart, strongly suggesting that the victims were known to the killer(s) and were definitely not randomly selected. That would become all the more apparent as the body count mounted.

More than one witness reported seeing the fourth victim, Yussef Bell, getting into a car with his mother's former husband. The man was considered a suspect in the boy's disappearance for more than a year, but was ultimately cleared of any involvement. He would not be the only close friend or family member to become a prime suspect.

The body of the next victim, Angel Lenair, showed clear signs of sexual abuse, although that evidence was notably downplayed and deemed insignificant by authorities. As the story continued to unfold, however, it became increasingly apparent that sexual abuse of the child victims was indeed of considerable significance.

Like Yussef Bell, Jefferey Mathis was also last seen getting into a car, described as blue by witnesses. According to another witness, Jefferey was again in a blue car, and still very much alive, a couple days later. This was just the first of many bizarre episodes that suggested that at least some of the victims were not killed immediately, but were kept alive for an indeterminate period of time following their abductions. That were other indications as well that at least some of the victims were not killed right away: some of them were found wearing different clothing than what they had been wearing when they disappeared, and some had undigested food in their stomachs that was not consistent with the meals they were known to have eaten before their abductions.

Shortly after Jefferey's disappearance, other boys at his school reported men in a car attempting to lure them away from the school grounds. They described it as a blue car. While that certainly did not amount to a positive identification, it did represent a potential break in the case. The boys reported the incident, and even memorized the car's license plate number to give to police—who nevertheless declined to investigate the lead.

The next victim, Eric Middlebrooks, received a phone call at 10:30 on a Sunday night and, upon hanging up the phone, immediately grabbed his tools and raced out the door, claiming that he suddenly had to repair his bike. He was never seen alive again. The questions of who could have called the boy and what they could have said to him to lead him so eagerly to his death are ones that have never been answered.

The next victim who later became a name on the list added a rather peculiar twist to the case, yet again reminiscent of the notorious Lindbergh abduction. Seven-year-old LaTonya Wilson was allegedly kidnapped from her occupied home, but an eyewitness account of the abduction painted a scenario that could not possibly have occurred. Perhaps significantly, the disappearance occurred on June 22, the summer solstice. A friend of the young girl's family was initially considered a prime suspect in the abduction and murder—a reasonable suspicion considering the bizarre and implausible circumstances of her kidnapping. The targeting of the man by police, however, provoked outrage in Atlanta's black community, as had the police targeting of Camille Bell's former husband.

The death of the next victim, Aaron Wyche, was initially deemed accidental, until it became obvious that the official finding that the boy had 'fallen' was, to say the least, extremely unlikely. Anthony Carter reportedly disappeared while playing hide-and-seek outside his home around 1:00 AM, though one wonders who allows a nine-year-old to play hide-and-seek outside in the middle of the night. Some police investigators apparently pondered that very question, concluding that the story told by the boy's mother seemed rather unlikely. She was subsequently arrested, then released and thereafter tailed and questioned for several months, eventually leading her to move out of the area. Those actions by the police further enraged the citizens of Atlanta.

In mid-July 1980, an activist group formed by the parents of victims finally pressured the police into linking the killings and launching a serious investigation, or at least the appearance of one. The disappearances and murders had begun at least a year earlier and at least eleven lives had already been taken. Police reluctantly announced the formation of a special task force on July 17. Before the end of the month, another victim, Earl Terrell, disappeared. His aunt promptly received a call from an unidentified person who delivered the following cryptic message: "I've got Earl. Don't call the police." Shortly thereafter, she received a second call: "I've got Earl. He's in Alabama. It will cost you \$200 to get him back. I will call back on Friday."

There is no indication that Earl was in fact taken to Alabama. There is also no evidence that anyone is actually stupid enough to kidnap a child and transport him out of the state for the purpose of raising a couple hundred dollars in ransom money. Those bizarre phone calls though served a very important purpose: they

immediately made the case a federal matter. The task force was barely on its feet when the FBI rode into town to take over the investigation, with some 200 FBI agents descending on the city of Atlanta. Suddenly, everyone wanted to be involved in investigating what police had previously considered to be a batch of unrelated violent deaths. The nation's top 'big city' detectives were flown into town and hailed as 'supercops' come to save the day. The FBI sent in 'profilers' in what was billed as the first real test of the 'science' of profiling. The Bureau's self-styled experts predicted, not surprisingly, that a black serial killer was responsible for the murders.

Before the investigation was wrapped up, no less an authority than Vice-President George Bush even came to town, ostensibly to coordinate federal and local efforts and to make sure the investigation stayed on track. Citizens, meanwhile, began organizing themselves into 'bat patrols'—vigilante groups who patrolled the streets of their neighborhoods wielding baseball bats. The police quickly saw fit to break these groups up.

In the ensuing months, community leaders organized search teams, eventually numbering thousands of volunteers. Often working alongside these mostly African-American search teams were groups of unidentified white 'volunteers,' attired in flak jackets and carrying rifles, walkie-talkies, and various other pieces of paramilitary equipment. No explanation has been offered for the presence of these curiously equipped men.

In addition to federalizing the investigation, Earl Terrell's disappearance was significant for another reason: it exposed the dark underbelly of the Atlanta killings. Earl disappeared after leaving a public swimming pool that was directly across from a house that was known to be the hub of a child pornography ring. The owner of the house, John David Wilcoxon, was ultimately convicted for his complicity in the ring. He was never, however, seriously considered as a suspect in Terrell's disappearance, despite a witness placing Earl at Wilcoxon's house on several occasions, and despite the fact that literally thousands of child pornography photos were seized from Wilcoxon's home.

The next victim, Clifford Jones, was found dead alongside a dumpster behind a laundromat in late August 1980. No fewer than three young witnesses reported seeing the laundromat manager, James Brooks, go into the backroom accompanied by a black male youth. One of them even saw the boy beaten, anally raped and strangled to death by Brooks and another man, Calvin Smith. Other witnesses saw Brooks, wearing a hooded ceremonial robe, carry a large object out to the trash where the body was later discovered. Brooks candidly admitted to police that the boy had been in the laundromat around the time of his death, but he steadfastly denied any involvement in the murder. Notably though, he failed two polygraph examinations. The police nevertheless cleared him as a suspect, claiming

that the eyewitness to the killing was “retarded.” They did not bother to explain all the other witness accounts or the failed polygraphs.

At around the time of Jones’ death, the task force finally began to assemble the infamous ‘list.’ Darron Glass was the next name added to it. Shortly after his disappearance, his mother received an emergency breakthrough call from someone claiming to be her son, but when she picked up the line to speak to him, it had gone dead. Around that same time, an explosion at a daycare center in one of Atlanta’s black neighborhoods took the lives of four more kids. Investigators quickly concluded that the explosion was accidental—the result of a boiler malfunction. Many in the neighborhood though, and in other neighborhoods where children were under siege, remained unconvinced.

Charles Stephens was the next victim to disappear. When his remains were discovered shortly thereafter, the crime scene was quickly contaminated by an officer who opted to toss a blanket over the body (the contamination of crime scenes was, alas, a fairly common occurrence throughout the investigation). Shortly after Charles’ disappearance, a drug dealer and police informant told investigators that he had seen the body of a black youth in the backseat of a customer’s car. He also reported that he knew the man to be a pedophile who had on occasion offered him cash to procure young male prostitutes. Needless to say, this lead was not followed up on by police.

Next to disappear was Aaron Jackson, a friend of both earlier victim Aaron Wyche and future victim Patrick Rogers, who disappeared just nine days later. Rogers was the oldest victim to date at fifteen. He was connected to at least a dozen other victims on and off ‘The List.’

Lubie Geter disappeared next. Like Earl Terrell, Geter was connected to child pornographer Wilcoxon, as well as to another adult pedophile who was later connected to William Barrett, one of the last names to be put on the list. Three weeks after Geter’s disappearance, his friend Terry Pue disappeared as well. Pue’s body yielded some of the best forensic evidence of any of the killings: fingerprints. The prints were not left by Wayne Williams, a fact that neither side would mention at trial.

The next victim, Patrick Baltazar, called the task force shortly before his disappearance and expressed fear for his life. His teacher received a call not long after he vanished from a loudly sobbing boy who did not identify himself, though the teacher suspected that the boy was Patrick. The next addition to the list was Curtis Walker. An uncle with whom Walker lived was murdered as well, but he did not make the list. Next was Joseph Bell, who knew several other victims on the list. Shortly after he was reported missing, a co-worker reported receiving a call from the boy during which Joseph begged for help and stated that he was “almost dead.” Days later, Bell’s mother received a call from a woman who

claimed to be holding the boy. The woman called again later and managed to talk to Bell's two siblings. The mother reported both calls to the task force, but never got a call back.

Ten days after Bell's disappearance, his friend Timothy Hill disappeared as well. Hill was later connected to earlier victims Alfred Evans, Jefferey Mathis, Patrick Baltazar, and Anthony Carter. Hill was known to frequent a home owned by a known pedophile named Thomas Terrell. At least two witnesses, one a neighbor of Terrell, placed Hill at the house around the time of his disappearance. Terrell admitted to police that he knew the boy and had previously engaged in sexual acts with him. Although what he admitted to was a crime, he was not arrested nor was he ever seriously considered as a suspect.

Larry Rogers and Eddie Duncan, who was connected to earlier victim Patrick Rogers, were the first adults to make the list. They were followed by Michael McIntosh, who knew both Joseph Bell and final victim Nathaniel Cater. McIntosh had been seen on numerous occasions at Thomas Terrell's house. John Porter disappeared next, though he was not put on the list until much later, as part of an effort to build a dubious fiber evidence case against Williams. Jimmy Payne was next on the list, followed by William Barrett. Barrett was connected to the same unidentified white male pedophile who was connected to earlier victim Lubie Geter. Police records later revealed that Barrett had reported being in fear for his life after receiving threats from someone he described as a "hit man."

The final victim to make the list was Nathaniel Cater, an admitted drug dealer and homosexual prostitute. The discovery of Cater's body on May 24, 1981 provided the first 'evidence' throughout the two-year killing spree that allegedly linked Williams to the crimes: he had been observed on a bridge two days earlier at the time a splash allegedly occurred in the river below. Two days later, Cater's body was discovered downstream from the bridge, which purportedly pointed to Williams' guilt. Some investigators do not believe, however, that Williams ever stopped his car on that bridge or that there was a splash that night. It has been noted that the officer filing the report did not immediately report the splash, nor attempt to verify the source of the alleged splash, nor request equipment to drag the river and recover the alleged object. It is certainly possible that the entire incident was fabricated to tenuously link Wayne Williams to the murders.

Significantly, the medical examiner was initially unable to ascertain the time of Cater's death, but he later accommodated police by placing it in accordance with the bridge story. No fewer than four eyewitnesses, however, came forward to report that they had seen Cater very much alive *the day after* the alleged bridge incident. That crucial exculpatory evidence was never introduced at trial. Williams' attorneys later claimed that they were never informed of the existence

of the witnesses, but that claim is rather dubious considering their overall performance at trial.

Williams was not immediately arrested following the infamous bridge incident, but he was publicly identified as the new prime suspect, thus beginning a two-and-a-half-week press circus at the Williams' family home and a trial by media that found Wayne guilty long before he ever set foot in a courtroom. This occurred despite the fact that there was a noticeable lack of evidence tying Williams to *any* of the murders. The local district attorney was keenly aware of that fact and was therefore not too eager to have Williams arrested. The FBI, however, along with federal and state officials, had no problem with pinning all of the murders on Williams. Local authorities were duly pressured into making the arrest. Completely ignored was the rather obvious fact that the suspect did not bear even a passing resemblance to any of the witness descriptions on file with the task force or to any of the composite sketches that had been created.

Though publicly branded the 'Atlanta Child Murderer,' Wayne Williams was indicted and he faced trial for the murders of two adults: Nathaniel Cater and Jimmy Payne. He was never indicted for the murders of any of the children that were slain. Evidence of their murders was allowed into court, however. Despite the fact that there was never enough evidence to build a case against Williams for the crimes, the trial judge allowed testimony about ten other killings. As outraged Georgia Supreme Court Justice George Smith later noted, Williams assumed an "unenviable position as a defendant who, charged with two murders, was forced to defend himself as to 12 separate killings."

Besides that inflammatory testimony, which would have been disallowed in any legitimate courtroom, the state's case was built almost entirely on highly suspect fiber evidence. That evidence, purportedly the strongest element of the prosecution's presentation, had seemingly been planted to provide the state with some semblance of a case. It was claimed, for example, that fibers from Williams' car were found on one victim who had disappeared *before* Williams had even purchased the car. It was also claimed that Clifford Jones' body yielded fibers linking him to Williams, though all the other available evidence indicated that Jones had in fact been killed at a laundromat by James Brooks.

Another rather curious fact about the trial is that one of the two men whom Williams was formally accused of killing, Jimmy Ray Payne, was not even initially considered a murder victim. The cause of death listed on his original death certificate was 'undetermined.' Recognizing, however, that a homicide prosecution requires an actual homicide victim, the state later had the death certificate altered.

The legitimacy of Williams' defense attorneys was suspect before the trial even began on January 6, 1982. Despite the amazingly high profile of the case and the wholesale vilification of Williams by the local media, no request was made for a

change of venue—an incomprehensible oversight for anyone truly motivated to protect the rights of the accused. Despite the best efforts of the state to railroad Williams with a largely fraudulent circumstantial case, he likely would have been acquitted if his defense team had not made another crucial ‘error’ by sending Wayne to the stand in his own defense. Williams performed well on the stand for the first two days, until his attorneys compounded their ‘error’ by urging their client to be combative. Jurors later described Williams as “his own worst enemy” for the performance that followed.

On February 27, the promising young man who had once been installed as student council president by Andrew Young was found guilty of two counts of first-degree murder. He received two consecutive life sentences, as punishment for crimes that he clearly did not commit. There is reason to believe, however, that Williams *was* involved in the pedophile operations that formed the backdrop for the murders.

By profession, Wayne Williams was a freelance photographer and a self-styled ‘music promoter’ who spent much of his free time trolling for ‘talent’ among Atlanta’s black youth. He was also known to impersonate a police officer, a talent that had once gotten him arrested at the age of eighteen. According to reports that author/investigator Chet Dettlinger received from neighbors, Wayne and his father responded to the alleged bridge incident by performing “a major cleanup job around their house. They carried out boxes and carted them off in the station wagon. They burned negatives and photographic prints in the outdoor grill.” It does not require a great deal of imagination to figure out what sort of photographs it was that Williams had been taking.

Nevertheless, there is no evidence to suggest that Williams was responsible for the deaths of Nathaniel Cater or Jimmy Payne, let alone the other twenty-one victims whose murders were declared solved following his conviction. Even before the trial began, there were clear indications that the state considered all the killings solved. “Emergency Hot Line” posters had been taken down from phone booths, buses and schools; “Reward” signs had also been taken down, and extra police patrols had been withdrawn. The task force had been pared down to just six remaining members, and most of the media circus had left town.

None of the pedophiles connected to the case were ever seriously considered as suspects, and certainly none were ever charged with any of the murders. There is little doubt though that many of the victims were involved in a large and well-protected child prostitution and child pornography ring. Unanswered though are the questions of why, and by whom, they were killed.

Many have theorized that the Ku Klux Klan, as well as the CIA and the FBI, were involved in the killings. FBI documents purportedly reveal that a Klansman named Charles Sanders confessed to involvement in many of the killings as a way

to incite a race war. While inflaming racial tensions may well have been *a* goal of the killings, however, it seems unlikely that that was the primary motivation. Another motive was identified by a witness named Shirley McGill, whose story was made public by Roy Innis, head of the Congress of Racial Equality, which had assisted in an independent investigation into the murders. McGill, a Miami cocktail waitress, claimed that the murders were perpetrated by a cult involved in drug trafficking, child pornography, and Satanism.

The cult, she said, was composed of members in both Georgia and Florida. One of the leaders was her part-time lover, Vietnam veteran Parnell Traham. She claimed that she had witnessed both animal and human sacrifices and she spoke of “business murders” that the cult had committed. Wayne Williams was identified as a member of the cult whom she had seen filming rituals, but not directly participating in the ritual homicides. McGill claimed to be a bookkeeper for the cult’s drug trafficking operations, which involved purchasing used cars in Miami, packing them with drugs, and then delivering them to Atlanta and Houston. She also said that the ring had police protection and that at least one funeral home was complicit in disposing of bodies.

CORE’s Innis delivered this story to the press in April 1981 and he was, not surprisingly, greeted with skepticism and derision. With its witness under attack, CORE commissioned a battery of tests to gauge her veracity. McGill passed two polygraph examinations, repeated her story under hypnosis, and was declared sane by examining psychiatrists. She was also able to lead investigators to remote sites that had clearly been used for the performance of rituals.

A few months before CORE’s attempt to publicize McGill’s story, police had received an anonymous call that led them to an abandoned home in southwest Atlanta. Neighbors that were questioned reported strange comings and goings at odd hours. Investigators reported being sickened by an odor “like decaying flesh,” though no bodies were found. Detectives did find children’s clothing, along with an ax, a hatchet, and two bibles nailed to the wall—both open to passages on human sacrifice. Professor Carl Raschke has written that, in the neighborhoods where the killings occurred, “a number of children have told police about satanic sex abuse in which, they insist, they were compelled to drink both animal and human blood.” Some months after McGill came forward, searchers stumbled upon a ritual site littered with the carcasses of slaughtered animals. Prominent features of the site included a stone altar stained with blood and a twelve-foot-high charred cross.

It is not inconceivable that the killings were performed as human sacrifices. Some reports hold that several of the parents reported to independent investigators that the bodies of their children had crosses carved into their foreheads and

chests. It is also not inconceivable that the ritual killings were recorded as snuff films.

There is another, even darker, scenario that merits brief mention here, even if it is almost entirely speculative. Atlanta is home to the Center for Disease Control (CDC), a prime suspect among conspiracy researchers as the origin of the AIDS virus. The Atlanta child killings began, strangely enough, just as the first cases of AIDS, yet to be identified, began surfacing in a few of America's big cities. There is a possibility that some of the young victims, known to be involved in sexual activities with both adult pedophiles and other children, were deliberately infected with the virus to track the progress of the disease and determine its communicability through sexual contact.

Several of the unindicted pedophile suspects died from the disease in the years following the murders, including James Brooks in 1987, and some of the most suppressed details of the case hint at some type of medical testing of some of the victims. A law enforcement memo that surfaced during the investigation, for example, described the castration of some victims, and a mortician's assistant reported finding the presence of syringe marks in the genitals of many of the victims. Were these children used as human guinea pigs for the most far-reaching biological warfare project ever conceived by man? If so, then they would certainly have had to be eliminated after serving their purpose. After all, it would have been difficult to explain a number of black children dropping dead from an 'emerging' virus thought at the time to be affecting only white gay males.

It could be that the young victims were doomed even had they not met with violent deaths. And it could be that their deaths were just the opening salvo of a 'final solution' that is now quietly killing millions.

"I happen to believe that the numbers [of child prostitutes] are far greater than we can imagine...I don't have a doubt in my mind that were we to adequately police this problem that we would find that it is far more pervasive than any of us ever have imagined."

—Atlanta Mayor Bill Campbell, commenting on the prevalence of child exploitation in his city, *NPR News Morning Edition*, May 9, 2001

Chapter 22

Role Models

“No habit is more easily acquired than mard-savoring; eat one, delicious, eat another, no two taste alike, but all are subtle and the effect is somewhat that of an olive.”

—Donatien Alphonse Francois, describing
the joys of, quite literally, eating shit

Long before Marc Dutroux, there was Donatien Alphonse Francois.

Francois was born into an atmosphere of power and privilege; his mother was a relative of the ruling administration and his father served as an ambassador. When Donatien was just two years old, he was sent to live with his paternal grandmother and her five daughters in what has been described as a sexually promiscuous atmosphere. The women reportedly lavished attention on the boy, though it is debatable just what sort of attention it was.

After two years there, Donatien was sent to live with his father's brother, who was ostensibly a man of the cloth. Francois' uncle was rather notorious for frequently engaging in decadent sex, with numerous male and female partners. He also had a considerable collection of pornographic literature. The young boy spent a considerable amount of time reading through his uncle's collection. After six years there, he was uprooted once again and sent to live at a religious prep school. At the school, he was subjected to harsh and frequent punishment from his caretakers, including being frequently sodomized. The young man was also taught the importance of confessing his sins as the means to identify and eliminate personal weaknesses.

Following his years at the prep school, Donatien was enrolled in a military academy, after which he entered into military service. Due to his family connections, he entered as a lieutenant and was soon placed in an elite, Special Forces unit. He left the military after eight years holding the rank of captain, and at that time married a woman from a socially prominent family. She would serve as his

accomplice in many of his subsequent crimes, and his new mother-in-law would actively work to free him from various legal entanglements.

His first arrest came some ten days after a violent sexual assault on a woman. He is said to have raped her with a religious icon, and likely to have whipped her as well. For this, he served less than three weeks in jail. Shortly thereafter, he went to live in a secluded, fortified family estate that had at one time served as a jail. Within a year or two of his arrival, he had built a secret room. He also hosted frequent parties that were notable for featuring what were euphemistically dubbed 'orgies.' These parties were attended by various members of the ruling elite and the clergy, including Donatien's aforementioned uncle.

Within a few years of taking up residence in the estate, Francois was once again arrested. Once again he had violently assaulted a young woman, on Easter Sunday, forcing her to strip and then binding her, sexually assaulting her and whipping her with a cat-o-nine-tails. He then left her locked up, but she was able to escape out a window. She was found running from the estate half-naked and covered in her own blood. For that assault, Francois served just four months before being once again released.

Shortly thereafter, Donatien rejoined the military, elevated to the rank of colonel despite his criminal past. It was not long before he once again ran afoul of the law. Francois and a male accomplice reportedly engaged the services of four prostitutes, as well as the services of each other. There was, of course, the requisite whipping involved. Following the encounter, the women became violently ill and grew convinced that they had been poisoned. When police went to arrest Donatien and his accomplice, they found that someone had tipped them off to the impending arrest and the men had fled. By the end of the year, however, Donatien was in custody, and he once again served prison time.

He 'escaped,' however, after less than five months, curiously leaving behind a note claiming full credit for engineering the escape and explicitly clearing his captors of any culpability. Strangely enough, the escape occurred on, of all days, April 30: *Walpurgisnacht*.

In short order, Francois was back at the family estate, with authorities making occasional raids on the compound in an alleged attempt to arrest the escaped convict. His activities, meanwhile, grew increasingly disturbing. Shortly after his return, he began staging what some accounts refer to euphemistically as extended 'orgies.' That hardly seems a fair description of what occurred, however, since some of the 'participants' were young boys and girls being held at the estate, many of whom had been abducted. The victims were abused continuously for several weeks. Assisted by his wife and at least three other adults, Francois inflicted all manner of torture and sexual abuse on the victims. Whipping was a preferred means of torture, along with burning with heated implements. Donatien also had

a fondness for sodomizing his victims, and for forcing them to eat excrement, which he himself indulged in as well.

Despite the gravity of his crimes, legal action was not immediately taken. It was several months before police finally raided the estate, in search of the escaped convict, kidnapper, torturer, rapist, and pedophile. Though the suspect was reportedly hiding in the estate, his pursuers failed to locate him. A little more than a year later, he was still free and was back at the property, accompanied by a number of young women and girls procured for him by a member of the clergy. A few months later, he was finally arrested and imprisoned, but he quickly escaped once again, only to be recaptured a month later. Following his recapture, he remained in prison for thirteen years, during which time he wrote prolifically of his fascination with torture, coprophilia, pedophilia, and various other depravities.

Amazingly enough, just two years after his release he held political office. A decade later, he was confined to a mental institution, where he spent the last twelve years of his life once again writing of rape, torture and murder. After his death at the age of seventy-four, his oldest son burned most of his writings, though some survived.

Donatien's full regal title was Donatien Alphonse Francois, Comte de Sade, but he is better known as the Marquis de Sade. His crimes were committed over two hundred years ago, around the time that America was declaring its independence. Yet even as these words are being written, he is being revived and rehabilitated on America's movie screens. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* provides the following assessment of the Marquis: "de Sade is to some an incarnation of absolute evil who advocates the unleashing of instincts even to the point of crime. Others have looked upon him as a champion of total liberation through the satisfaction of his desires in all forms."

Virtually those same words have been used to eulogize such other notorious figures as Aleister Crowley and Anton LaVey, both of whose later musings echoed the writings of the Marquis.

Perhaps the most cogent analysis of those writings was provided by Alex Steiner, a contributor to the *World Socialist Web Site*. Steiner noted that the "clearest formulation of de Sade's philosophy appears in his *Philosophy in the Bedroom* [which] features a philosophical interlude." Within that interlude lies a "philosophical defense, argued in the language of the Enlightenment, but not of course, in the spirit of the Enlightenment, that presents a justification for incest, rape, murder and cruelty." That interlude is said to have been published separately in 1848, under the title "Yet Another Effort, Frenchmen, If You Would Become Republicans." It was intended for distribution as a political manifesto. Among other things, the tract contained a "defense of murder as a legitimate civil activity

used to weed out the weaker members of society.” Steiner also noted that writer and film director Pier Paolo Pasolini⁴⁹ saw “in de Sade the antecedents of fascism.” One of the defining characteristics of de Sade’s philosophy was his “view of society as composed of atomistic individuals potentially engaged in a war of all against all,” which is, of course, precisely the direction in which Western society is being driven.

Perhaps the most revealing passage in Steiner’s piece reads as follows: “De Sade’s state of nature is a veritable hell on earth. Perhaps de Sade’s alleged Satanism is an appropriate metaphor of his philosophy.” It could be reasonably argued that Satanism was more than just a metaphor of de Sade’s philosophy; it *was* his philosophy. As Steiner notes, “De Sade is unwilling to allow any restraints on his ability to exploit, mistreat and even destroy other human beings in the pursuit of pleasure.” That same notion is now the mantra of modern Satanists, expressed by Crowley and others as: “Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law.”

“Sade...only had one occupation in his long life which really absorbed him—that of enumerating to the point of exhaustion the possibilities of destroying human life, of destroying them and of enjoying the thought of their death and suffering.”

—French writer Georges Bataille

* * * * *

More than three centuries before the birth of de Sade, another Frenchman was providing a blueprint for the Marquis to later follow. Born in 1406 in the ‘Black Tower’ of his family’s castle at Champtoce, Gilles de Rais was the eldest son of one of the wealthiest men in all of France, Guy de Rais. Gilles’ mother was Marie d’Craon, the daughter of Jean d’Craon, who was also one of the wealthiest and most politically powerful men in the country.

In 1415, Guy de Rais was reportedly gored to death by a boar while hunting. That same year, Gilles mother died as well, as did her brother, Amaury d’Craon,

49 Strangely enough, Pasolini was killed in an apparent ritual murder in 1975. The slain leftist was discovered just two days after Halloween with his head bludgeoned beyond recognition. UK author Janet Street-Porter noted that “only a few weeks before his death he had written a series of newspaper articles attacking his compatriots, saying they had become obsessed with crime and had abandoned genuine values for those of the bourgeois consumer society.”

who was slain in the legendary battle at Agincourt. As Amaury had been Jean d'Craon's only son, the rapid succession of deaths left young Gilles de Rais as the sole heir to both the de Rais and the d'Craon family fortunes. In 1420, Gilles kidnapped and then married his cousin, Catherine de Thouars, whose family had vast land holdings adjacent to the properties owned by the de Rais and d'Craon families. At just sixteen years of age, Gilles de Rais stood poised to become the wealthiest man in France—by some accounts, possibly the richest man in all of Europe.

Following the death of his parents, Gilles was raised by his grandfather, Jean d'Craon, and was trained as a knight and a soldier. By 1429, he had been named the Marshal of France, making him the highest-ranking military figure in the country—roughly equivalent to the post today of Secretary of Defense. Serving alongside of him was someone who is now regarded as the patron saint of France: Joan of Arc. Joan was said to hear voices in her head, not unlike numerous others whose stories have filled the pages of this book. She also reportedly had 'visions,' which she apparently attributed to divine guidance.

Traveling with a 10,000-man army and accompanied by her general and adviser, Gilles de Rais, Joan was credited with saving France by lifting the siege of Orleans, a crucial battle in the Hundred Years War between France and England. Shortly after that, Gilles was given the honor of personally crowning France's new king, Charles VII. Joan of Arc sat at the new king's side during the coronation. Joan's fortunes turned quickly, however; she was captured by the Duke of Burgundy the next year and accused by the Brits of heresy and sorcery. She was burned at the stake on May 30, 1431.⁵⁰ The next year, de Rais ended his public career and retired, along with his entourage, to a family castle at Machecoul, which was just one of five lavish country estates that Gilles then owned.

The arrival of Machecoul's new residents was accompanied almost immediately by the disappearances of local children. The first child was abducted in 1432 by Gilles de Sille, a cousin of Gilles de Rais. The kidnappings continued, uninterrupted, for nearly a decade. The victims were taken to the de Rais castle where

50 According to a report in *Pravda*, Ukrainian anthropologist Sergey Gorbenko determined that it was some other woman, with her face cloaked, who burned at the stake that day. Joan of Arc—also known as Margarita d'Champdiver, the daughter of King Karl VI and his mistress, Odetta d'Champdiver—lived to the age of 57. Gorbenko based his findings on an examination of a collection of skulls of the French royal family housed at the Notre Dame Cathedral, and on correspondence among royal family members and other historical artifacts. ("Joan of Arc Was Not Executed. She Died at 57," *Pravda*, January 17, 2004)

they were brutally and ritualistically slaughtered by Gilles and his accomplices. As the years went by, the list of those accomplices grew, numbering both men and women. Among his more notorious accomplices were Roger de Briqueville, another cousin, and a woman named Perrine Martin, who was also known as “La Meffraye,” or “The Terror.” Another known accomplice was a man named Etienne Corrillaut, who was also known as Poitou. He was, apparently, initially brought to the castle as a victim, but he was spared for unknown reasons.

The rest of the abductees were not so lucky. At the hands of de Rais and his numerous accomplices, they were subjected to torture, rape and sadistic mutilation. Gilles took great pleasure in watching his victims die, frequently raping them or masturbating on them as they were in their death throes. Gilles was also deeply involved in occultism, necromancy and alchemy. Many of the child victims’ dismembered and disemboweled body parts were reportedly used in rituals that were aimed at “summoning demons.” Some reports hold that the blood of some of the victims was used to write a book of spells and incantations.

De Rais’ fatal mistake was apparently the kidnapping of a priest. The church had been aware for years of the recurrent hushed reports of abducted children, but had chosen to ignore them. It was common knowledge among the townspeople that the missing children had been tortured and killed, but they were powerless to voice their accusations against the unfathomably wealthy and powerful Gilles de Rais. In 1440, the accusations were finally made public by the church. Gilles de Rais and Roger de Briqueville promptly disappeared into one of history’s black holes. On September 14, arrest warrants were issued for de Rais and several of his remaining cohorts.

On October 13, 1440, de Rais was indicted on thirty-four counts of murder, sodomy and heresy. The indictment held that 140 children had been abducted over the course of fourteen years. Many historians have denied that the killings began that early, primarily because acknowledging that to be the case would necessitate a reevaluation of the revered Joan of Arc. There is considerable debate about the number of victims as well. Some accounts claim that the figure of 140 is grossly inflated. Others, however, contend that the actual victim count was somewhere between 200 and 800. The true number is, most likely, forever lost to history. According to one account, the dismembered remains of fifty children were found in the tower at the Machecoul castle, and a similar number were discovered at another of the de Rais estates. An untold number of other victims had apparently been cremated.

De Rais confessed to many of his crimes, but he steadfastly refused to admit to the charge of heresy. Both he and the church apparently felt that heresy was a more serious offense than sadistically murdering scores of what were, after all, ‘peasant’ children. Gilles ultimately did confess to all of his crimes, either due to

the threat of, or the actual application of, torture, depending on which account one chooses to believe. On October 26, he was sent to the gallows and executed.

Gilles de Rais reportedly claimed that he had patterned his life after Caligula, the notoriously depraved Roman emperor. He is said by some to have provided the inspiration for the mythical Bluebeard. He also, needless to say, provided the inspiration for countless others who have followed in his footsteps.

* * * * *

“I’m no psycho. I have a good mind.”

—Howard Unruh, responding to a
query from an arresting officer

Long before ‘spree’ killers became a fixture of American society, terrorizing the nation’s schools and workplaces, there was Howard Unruh. Howard was, like the other young men of his generation, drafted by the United States Army and sent off to war. He was trained to kill, and he apparently performed that task quite well as a machine-gunner. It was later discovered that he had kept a diary of his war experiences. All of his kills were carefully recorded, complete with the date, time and place of each killing. Most importantly, Howard included a detailed description of how each of his victims looked in death. He received a number of commendations for his exemplary service.

After returning from the war, he grew increasingly estranged from his parents, with whom he was living. He eventually became something of a recluse, spending much of his time indulging in a hobby he had acquired in the army: collecting, admiring and practicing with various lethal weapons.

Then one day, Howard Unruh just sort of went off.

Armed with a 9mm handgun and a back-up weapon, he took a brisk stroll through downtown Camden, New Jersey, along the way shooting sixteen people, thirteen of whom died instantly. He proved to be a remarkably efficient assassin, robotically shooting most of his victims twice—once in the head and once in the torso. He walked door to door, from a cobbler shop to a barbershop, then to a pharmacy and finally to a tailor. He killed almost everyone he encountered and reportedly remained expressionless throughout the rampage. His youngest victim was just three years old.

Running low on ammunition, Unruh soon retreated to his house. His entire killing spree had lasted just twelve minutes. No sooner was he back home than a local reporter phoned the house. What followed was what Jay Robert Nash described as “one of the strangest phone conversations in the annals of crime”:

Unruh: Hello.

Phillip Buxton: Is this Howard?

Unruh: Yes, this is Howard. What is the last name of the party you want?

Buxton: Unruh.

Unruh: Who are you and what do you want?

Buxton: I'm a friend, and I want to know what they're doing to you.

Unruh: Well, they haven't done anything to me yet, but I'm doing plenty to them.

Buxton: How many have you killed?

Unruh: I don't know yet—I haven't counted 'em, but it looks like a pretty good score.

Buxton: Why are you killing people, Howard?

Unruh: [pause] I don't know. I can't answer that yet—I am too busy. I'll have to talk to you later.

With his house surrounded by dozens of armed officers, Howard Unruh walked out and calmly gave himself up. He never faced trial for the killings. Instead, he was declared incurably insane and committed to the New Jersey State Mental Hospital for a life term. According to recent reports, he is still there, more than half a century later.

* * * * *

“For the highest spiritual working, one must accordingly choose that victim which contains the greatest and purest force. A male child of perfect innocence and high intelligence is the most satisfactory and suitable victim.”

—Aleister Crowley, *Magick in Theory and Practice*

Before JonBenét Ramsey, there was the ‘Eaglet,’ otherwise known as Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr. His mother was Anne Morrow Lindbergh, born on the summer solstice to Dwight Morrow, U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, onetime partner at J.P. Morgan, and close associate of OSS Director and MK-ULTRA operative “Wild Bill” Donovan. His father, of course, was famed aviator Charles Augustus Lindbergh (not to be confused with Richard Speck’s step-father, Carl August Lindbergh).

Lindbergh’s father, in turn, was a prominent attorney and United States Congressman also named Charles Augustus Lindbergh, and his grandfather had

been a member of the Swedish Parliament before moving the family to the United States in 1860. Charles' mother was Evangeline Land, a daughter of Dr. Charles Land. The Lands—like the Lindberghs, Morrrows, and Donovans—were closely tied to the American intelligence infrastructure. Dr. Edwin Land later was the driving force behind the U-2 spy plane project and the chairman of an intelligence subcommittee. He also founded the Scientific Engineering Institute, which served as one of the major funding conduits for MK-ULTRA projects.

In 1905, Charles and Evangeline's family farmhouse burned down and the couple thereafter lived apart, although they remained married. Charles, Sr. was soon inaugurated as a U.S. Congressman. The junior Charles remained with his mother, and for the rest of his childhood, Evangeline kept him away from others. She was so hated by the local townspeople that on at least one occasion, shots were reportedly fired at her and her son.

Fascinated with both guns and aviation, Charles joined the Army Air Corps in 1924. Three years later, he made his famed trans-Atlantic flight and instantly became an international celebrity. After touring the country and basking in the mass adulation, as well as picking up a Congressional Medal of Honor, Lindbergh stayed at the opulent Guggenheim estate where he passed the time with such notables as John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Herbert Hoover, Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., and Dwight Morrow. By December 1927, Morrow had introduced Charles to his daughter Anne. Reportedly engaged after just three dates, the couple was married in May 1929. Just over a year later, on the summer solstice of 1930, yet another Charles Augustus Lindbergh was born.

Around that same time, Charles began working at the Rockefeller Institute in New York alongside Alexis Carrel, a eugenics-minded researcher who openly called for the mass extermination of the unfit. Lindbergh chroniclers Ahlgren and Monier described Carrel as "a strange individual who wore a black hooded robe in the laboratory and insisted that all of his lab assistants do the same." Lindbergh also acquired a plane to use for survey flights, which he christened the *Sirius*, so named for the brightest star in the night sky, located in the constellation *Canis Major*. Also known as the 'Dog Star,' it is believed by some occultists to represent Lucifer, the 'light bearer' or 'enlightened one.'

On March 1, 1932, the Eaglet disappeared from the Lindbergh family home—a rambling, newly built, two-story mansion in Hopewell, New Jersey. According to American popular mythology, the child was kidnapped from the isolated, remote and occupied home. The facts of the case have never supported that notion.

Any kidnapper would have had to know the exact location of the child's second-story room, and would have had to know that the shutters on the window of that particular room were the only ones on the house that did not properly latch.

It would have also helped to know that Charles Lindbergh had ordered that the child not be disturbed before 10:00 PM that evening, and that there would therefore be little risk of discovery by any of the five adults who were moving freely about the house that evening. The kidnapper would have had to enter a well lit home that was owned by a man with a known penchant for firearms, and do so without alarming an extremely high-strung dog that was known to bark at the slightest provocation, but that nevertheless never barked that entire evening.

The kidnapper would further have had to know that the Lindberghs were going to be home that night, since it was not their custom to stay at the house during the week. Other than on weekends, the family could usually be found at "Next Day Hill," the country estate of the Morrow family in Englewood, New Jersey. Charles Lindbergh had requested an unusual deviation from the normal family routine, just as he had requested that no one enter his son's room that evening.

Upon discovering that the child was missing, Lucky Lindy immediately declared that there had been a kidnapping, before making any effort to search the house and before the discovery of an alleged ransom note. Anne Lindbergh's first thought was that Charles had done something with the boy. The child's nursemaid, Bettie Gow, drew the same conclusion. That was in part due to Charles having staged a fake abduction just two months prior, by hiding the child in a closet for twenty minutes and announcing a kidnapping while the household panicked. This time, however, Charles produced a ransom note, which he claimed he found on the windowsill of the nursery, *after* the room had already been thoroughly searched by Anne, Bettie, and another family servant, Elsie Whatley.

Charles Lindbergh promptly made a series of phone calls. The first was to his friend and attorney, Colonel Henry Breckinridge, a former Assistant Secretary of War. The next was to Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf,⁵¹ another friend and the head of the New Jersey State Police, a law enforcement agency designed and run as a military entity. The third was to Colonel William "Wild Bill" Donovan. All three colonels joined in the investigation. Breckinridge brought along Robert Thayer, a known associate of various organized crime figures. Thayer, who was married to a Standard Oil heiress, was later identified as a CIA agent working under State Department cover. To insure that there were enough intelligence operatives in the mix, Admiral Emory S. Land later became peripherally involved in the investigation as well.

51 Schwarzkopf was a West Point graduate, World War I veteran, and the father of George Bush's future 'Desert Storm' commander. He later played a key role in the CIA sponsored coup that installed the Shah of Iran.

Lindbergh appeared calm, cool and collected to police arriving at the scene, and he immediately took command of the investigation, in conjunction with Colonel Schwarzkopf. The Colonel's State Police badly mishandled the investigation right from the start by failing to secure the crime scene, which compromised every piece of potential evidence in sight. They did though quickly set up a command post in the Lindbergh's garage, bring in extra phone lines, and begin a full-scale media circus that possibly topped even the Ramsey spectacle. Before long, reporters were allowed to join with the police in freely trampling over potential evidence.

The only piece of evidence that does appear to have been gathered was a crudely constructed ladder that allegedly was used to enter the second-story window of the Lindbergh child's room. The room itself yielded no evidence whatsoever. As trooper on the scene exclaimed, after the room had been thoroughly dusted for fingerprints: "I'm damned if I don't think somebody washed everything in that nursery before the printmen got there."

The investigation essentially went nowhere for the next several weeks. The only major development was that Lindbergh enlisted the services of a number of organized crime figures, ostensibly to assist in solving the crime and locating the child. Lindy even attempted to secure the release from prison of the notorious Al 'Scarface' Capone.

On May 12, 1932, the mutilated and decomposed corpse of a child was found less than three miles from the Lindbergh home. The body was 'discovered' in a remote location where there was only one building nearby—a Catholic orphanage directly across the road. The corpse's left leg was missing below the knee, as was the left hand, right arm, and most of the internal organs. A ludicrously inept autopsy was promptly performed on the body. Although it was claimed at the time that the examination was performed by Dr. Charles Mitchell, it was actually the work of funeral home director Walter Swayze, who was entirely unqualified for the task. That fact was kept covered up for some forty-five years. The cause of death, if the 'autopsy' report is to be believed, was from a blow to the head. Though no photographs were taken of the skull during the examination, it was claimed that there was evidence of a fracture and a resultant blood clot, as well as a small round hole in the base of the skull.

Charles Lindbergh himself positively identified the body as that of his missing child. His daughter Reeve later stated: "He would have examined the teeth, he would have examined the hair, he would have checked the clothing, any physical evidence...that would have been where he would find relief would have been in the facts." It is unlikely that Lindbergh did any of that. He reportedly was in-and-out of the morgue in less than 90 seconds. In truth, all he really needed to check was a tape measure; the body that was discovered was thirty-three inches tall,

according to Swayze's autopsy report, whereas the missing Lindbergh child was only twenty-nine inches tall, as listed on the 'Wanted' posters distributed around the country. The boy's own physician, who spent more time with the corpse than Lindbergh, was unable to positively identify the remains.

The body was most likely not that of the Eaglet, and Charles Lindbergh, Sr. must surely have been aware of that even as he claimed the dead child as his own and ordered its immediate destruction. Less than twenty-four hours after being discovered, the body had been cremated and the ashes scattered at sea. Anne Lindbergh would later say that she never saw Charles shed a tear for the slain boy.

As the investigation progressed, a number of people connected to the disappearance met with untimely deaths or otherwise dropped out of sight. The Morrow family maid, Violet Sharpe, allegedly killed herself with cyanide just before a visit from the head of the State Police in June 1932. Schwarzkopf claimed that he found her dead upon his arrival. He had been, by most accounts, relentlessly and unconscionably harassing the woman. A German-born gardener, Henry Liepold, who was at one time considered a suspect and who one handwriting expert thought was the author of the ransom note, allegedly killed himself in October 1933. Oliver Whately, another household servant and potential witness, died of unspecified causes before the case made it to trial. And Bettie Gow's boyfriend, "Red" Johnson, was held by police, without being charged, for eighteen days before he was shipped off to Norway, never to be heard from again. Johnson had worked for a business partner of Dwight Morrow.

On September 19, 1934, German immigrant Bruno Richard Hauptmann was arrested and charged with the kidnapping and murder of the Lindbergh baby. After being held without access to an attorney, deprived of sleep, and unmercifully beaten, all in an effort to extract a bogus confession, Hauptmann was put in a police line-up alongside two burly Irish cops, one of them still in uniform. He was positively identified. Schwarzkopf's New Jersey State Police promptly moved Hauptmann's wife out of their home, assumed the lease, and moved in. By all appearances, they then proceeded to manufacture and plant evidence. A week after Hauptmann's arrest, an officer living in his former home 'discovered' that the ladder found at the Lindbergh home had been partially constructed from a floorboard allegedly missing from the attic of the Hauptmann home.

The trial of Richard Hauptmann was, even relative to the standards established by other trials discussed in this book, a ridiculously transparent sham. Virtually everyone who has studied the case, including those who believe that Hauptmann was guilty, acknowledge that the defense case that was presented was hopelessly inept. Hauptmann's attorney, Edward J. Reilly, who was provided for him by the *New York Daily Mirror*, had only one fifteen-minute private conference with his client throughout the entire trial. He was visibly inebriated during

much of the proceedings. He was also reportedly supplied with a steady stream of attractive young prostitutes throughout the trial.

Even had Reilly been motivated to win the case, it would have been an uphill battle. No deposition of witnesses was allowed and no discovery evidence was turned over by the state. The prosecution's case was kept completely under wraps until it was revealed at trial, making it impossible to plan a defense. A number of the witnesses called by the state gave obviously perjured testimony that was completely at odds with both prior statements to police and prior testimony before a grand jury. One such witness was Charles Lindbergh himself, who was, amazingly enough, allowed to sit at the prosecution table throughout the trial, packing a loaded handgun in a shoulder holster.

Transcripts of the trial reveal a painfully obvious bias displayed by the judge, who distinguished himself by routinely overruling all defense objections and just as routinely sustaining all prosecution objections. He also openly mocked the case presented by the defense in his final summation to the jury. Despite the obviously stacked deck, however, the defense could have introduced enough reasonable doubt to win an acquittal had the identification of the child's body been challenged. It was not, however, and Hauptmann was quickly found guilty and sentenced to die.

Just two weeks after the guilty verdict was rendered, defense attorney Reilly suffered a complete nervous breakdown. He was quickly shuffled off to a Brooklyn mental hospital in a straightjacket. Just a few weeks later, he was back in action as though nothing had happened.

Appeals of the conviction were summarily denied, the final denial coming from the U.S. Supreme Court on December 9, 1935. New Jersey Governor Hoffman, however, was resisting the wholesale fraud being perpetrated. He openly accused both Schwarzkopf's team and the prosecution team of fabricating evidence, particularly the ladder, and he announced his intention to go to the Board of Pardons on Hauptmann's behalf. In the wake of that announcement, the Lindberghs fled the country bound for the United Kingdom. Hauptmann was executed three-and-a-half months later at the state prison in Trenton, New Jersey.

Lindbergh soon wound up in Nazi Germany, where he developed close ties to the Nazi elite, particularly *Luftwaffe* chief Hermann Goering. He also became a mouthpiece for virulently anti-Semitic, pro-Nazi propaganda.

It was mentioned previously that the Lindberghs immigrated to America from Sweden in 1860. It was at that time that Lindy's grandfather opted to change the family name. Had he not done so, one of America's greatest folk heroes, Charles Lindbergh, would likely have had a much different name, although one perhaps no less well known: Charles Mansson.

Epilogue

“I need not look beyond this courtroom to see all the liars, the haters, the killers, the crooks, the paranoid cowards... We are all expendable for a cause. No one knows that better than those who kill for policy, clandestinely or openly, as do the governments of the world which kill in the name of God and country.”

—Richard “The Night Stalker” Ramirez,
addressing the court

Jean-Bedel Bokassa was, like all Western-supported ‘Third World’ dictators, a fascist thug who allowed his country’s rich natural resources to be ruthlessly exploited while his countrymen starved. Under his rule, The Central African Republic, a French satellite, was one of the twenty poorest countries in the world.

Bokassa was reportedly orphaned at the age of six, when his father was murdered and his mother allegedly committed suicide just a week later. At the age of eighteen, he joined the French Colonial Army and served throughout World War II. He remained in the army after the war and later served in the First Indochina War (*aka* Vietnam) and then in Algeria (two of the bloodiest and most brutal colonial occupations in recorded history). In 1961, Jean-Bedel left the French Army holding the rank of captain. A few years later, he was appointed by his cousin, President David Dacko, to head the army of the Central African Republic. Just one year after taking the post, he took control of the country from his cousin. Lt. Col. Bokassa assumed the presidency on January 1, 1966, four months before the reputed commencement of the ‘Age of Satan.’

By December 1977, Bokassa had decided that ‘president’ was not a lofty enough title, so he declared himself Emperor Bokassa I of the re-christened Central African Empire. As the country’s self-appointed dictator, he had a very close relationship with French President Valéry Giscard d’Estaing. The two leaders were frequently photographed together and Giscard was reported to have several relatives in positions of influence in the Bokassa regime and within the Empire’s business community.

In May 1979, it was reported that Bokassa had personally ordered the massacre of 100 (more, by some reports) schoolchildren. The children had been suffocated, stabbed, and beaten with nail-studded clubs. Some eyewitnesses to the carnage claimed that the emperor himself had not only personally killed nearly forty of the victims, but had cannibalized them as well. The Bokassa regime, of course, denied the reports. The atrocity was confirmed though by Amnesty International, and in August 1979, a five-nation team assembled to investigate the incident determined that Emperor Bokassa was indeed personally responsible. Bokassa responded by ordering the executions of forty witnesses who had offered testimony to the investigating board.

The next month, Bokassa was overthrown in what was described as a ‘coup.’ In truth, it was merely a quick facelift to ward off the popular uprising that was brewing in the wake of the revelations. The ‘coup’ merely put Bokassa’s cousin back in power. French troops were on hand to oversee the transition.

Bokassa fled the country, taking with him hundreds of millions of dollars looted from the national treasury, and ultimately settled in France.⁵² He had, however, left a few things behind. As the *Associated Press* later reported, prosecutors at his trial noted “Bokassa’s old palace was filled with evidence of atrocities, including the frozen body of a schoolteacher hanging on a freezer hook and mounds of human flesh prepared for roasting.” Other evidence of atrocities included, according to author Janet Street-Porter, a Dahmer-esque refrigerator full of butchered human remains and a crocodile pond on the palace grounds that contained the partial remains of some forty additional bodies.

Bokassa’s former cook testified at trial that he had regularly served up dishes prepared from human flesh, and that Bokassa had consumed them “with relish.” The *Associated Press* reported that Bokassa enjoyed serving up his critics and political enemies at state dinners honoring visiting dignitaries and heads of state. It has been claimed that at Bokassa’s coronation as emperor—an ostentatious affair financed by the French government to the tune of tens of millions of dollars—guests unknowingly dined on human flesh.

52 Bokassa’s first stop after fleeing his country was in Libya, where he visited with Muammar al-Qaddafi, with whom he had close ties. Ugandan dictator Idi Amin, also ousted in 1979 from the leadership post he had attained with Western support on February 2, 1971 (*Candlemas* on the occult calendar), likewise fled to Libya amid widespread reports of cannibalism. It is claimed that Amin ate one of his own sons and murdered and dismembered one of his wives. He was also known to publicly praise Adolph Hitler.

After eight years of exile, Bokassa returned to his homeland in 1987, despite the fact that he had been sentenced to death *in absentia*. He was arrested, tried, convicted, and once again sentenced to death, but the sentence was shortly thereafter commuted to a twenty-year prison sentence. In 1993, Bokassa was granted amnesty and he walked away a free man, returning to his home village of Berengo. On November 3, 1996, he died of a heart attack at the age of seventy-five and was given an official state funeral befitting a former president.

How then are we to remember Jean-Bedel Bokassa? As a respected head of state—or as a cannibalistic serial killer?

Or is there any difference?

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