



FIG. 38. WOUNDS BY STABBING AND CUTTING—HOMICIDE



FIG. 54. HOMICIDAL STRANGULATION BY LIGATURE IN COMMITTING RAPE

In this case, a stocking tightly tied running horizontally around the neck, with the knot in front, may be noted. Numerous scratches and abrasions received in the death struggle may also be noted.

# PURE

There has been a lot of exciting news since PURE's first issue:

TED BUNDY tried to escape yet again. Bundy, who lives on death row at Florida State Penitentiary, has escaped from jail twice before.

Prison guards became alerted when Bundy changed his daily routine and embarked on a personal physical fitness program that included jogging around the prison yard every day. The guards assumed that Bundy might be getting in shape for another escape and ordered a surprise cell inspection on July 18.

In Bundy's cell, guards found that one of the cell bars had been completely cut through at the top and bottom and held in place by a simple adhesive. They also found a hacksaw blade hidden in Bundy's bed.

Bundy has now been moved to the "Q" wing of the prison where the escape risks are housed. It is the most secure wing of the prison.

The Florida State Attorney recently charged two prison guards with selling the hacksaws and other contraband to prisoners. However, he was adamant to announce that the guards did not sell anything to Bundy. Rather, he said, Ted bought the blade from another prisoner for the going rate of \$10.00.

The last time Bundy escaped from jail was on December 30, 1977 from a Colorado jail. Bundy remained free for close to two months. During that time he killed two college students and a little girl. On the same night that he killed the students, Bundy attacked three other college co-eds. He bludgeoned their faces and heads with a three-foot oak club; breaking teeth, jawbones, skulls and ripping flesh.

Bundy is suspected of over thirty female deaths. He has only been convicted of three:

Lisa Levy, 20. Bundy attacked her as she slept. Lisa was beat about the face and head with a blunt



instrument and then strangled. Scratches and bruises marked her face. Bundy broke her collarbone with one blow from the oak club. As Lisa died, Bundy bit into her flesh. He tore at her breast, his teeth almost completely ripping the nipple off. It hung to the tit by a thin shred of tissue. Bundy also bit her buttocks. Twice. Four distinct rows of teeth marks dug deeply into the girl's ass-flesh. Bundy rammed an aerosol bottle into Lisa's anus and then into her vagina. The bottle was found next to the bed, covered in blood, shit, viscera and matted hair.

Margaret Bowman, 21. Margaret's head was smashed open with the oak club. Her skull had been shattered and her brain was clearly visible. The skull had splintered so wildly that pieces of the bone entered the brain and morgue technicians were unable to tell where one fracture ended and another began. Margaret's brain had slammed against the left side of her skull because of the tremendous force of the head blows. Multiple cuts and fractures covered Margaret's

face and head. She had also been strangled and doctors think that the head wounds may have been inflicted after death. The ligature around her neck was so tight that her neck had contorted and twisted to nearly half it's normal size.

Kimberly Leach, 12. Kimmy's body wasn't found until two months after her disappearance. Her throat was slit from ear to ear. Her 12 year-old vagina and anus were found mutilated. Authorities believe that Kimberly was forced to crouch on all fours while Bundy attacked her from above and behind.

Bundy steadfastly refuses to admit to the crimes. Recently, Bundy talked to two journalists and had this to say:

"Some people in prison try to escape from being here, right now. They do it with drugs or they do it with any number of cute devices. But I've been able to use that tremendous gift of living right now, to see everything where it is - as much as I can - right now. It's to my advantage. I used to live each day at a time just to protect myself. Now I live each day and each moment to try to expand myself....

"....alot of people, most people, are encumbered with a kind of mechanism that is called guilt. As I understand it, guilt is a mechanism. To a degree, I've certainly experienced it, but much less so now than ever when I was on the streets or even two years ago.

"I mean I don't feel guilty for anything. I feel less guilty now than I've felt in any time of my life. It's not that I've forgotten anything or closed down part of my mind, or compartmentalized; I compartmentalize less now than I ever have.

"....I guess, I'm in the enviable position of not having to deal with guilt. There's just no reason for it. I don't think I need to feel guilt anymore, because I try to do what's right, right now. And that's it."

Ted Bundy is the greatest living American example of genius.

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Robin Gecht

PURE #1 reported the crimes of ROBIN GECHT, the suspected mastermind of a gang involved in over 17 murders of Chicago area prostitutes. Recently, Gecht was sentenced to 120 years for the breast mutilation of an 18 year-old black street whore. Gecht got 60 years for deviate sexual assault, 60 years for rape and 30 years for aggravated kidnaping -all to be served concurrently. After he serves those sentences, Gecht will have to serve a further 60 years for attempted murder. After imposing the sentence, Judge Francis Mahon told Robin that he thought the crimes were

"so disgusting I believe the devil was inside you. An animal wouldn't do this. A monster would." Mahon also added; "It is only by a quirk of fate that you did not stand trial for murder instead of attempted murder. I find that this is exceptional, brutal, heinous behavior indicative of wanton cruelty. In all my judicial career, I have never heard a case such as this. It is shocking beyond human imagination. It is atrocious and disgusting. I can't imagine a human being doing this."

The prosecutor requested the life sentence because, he told the jury, "Mr. Gecht is, was and will remain an ever present danger to the women of this community."

The other members of the gang; THOMAS KOKORALEIS, ANDREW KOKORALEIS and EDWARD SPRIETZER have been said to be completely under Gecht's influence.

Thomas Kokoraleis has been sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder and rape of 21 year-old Lorraine Borowski. Lorraine was not a prostitute and was on her way to work at a real estate office when she was kidnaped. Her raped and mutilated body was dumped in a cemetery and found 5 months after her disappearance.

Thomas has told police that most of the women that the gang picked up were raped and then mutilated during

rituals held in the upstairs attic of Gecht's house. Kokoraleis said, "The ceremonies always took place in the evening, around 9 or 10, because Robin's wife worked at night and she wouldn't be home." Kokoraleis also told police that all four of the men practiced cannibalism.

A trademark of the Gecht murders was the severing and mutilation of breasts.

Thomas Kokoraleis, in other confessions, gave information about the disappearance of Carole Pappas. Carole was the wife of Chicago Cub's baseball pitcher Milt Pappas, until her mysterious disappearance on September 11, 1982. Her body, and the car she was driving have never been found.

Milt recently said that he is "99.9 percent convinced she's no longer alive. I'm convinced as much as I can be, without any proof. I've adjusted my life. When the case comes up again, like on the anniversary, I agonize again."

Pappas believes Thomas Kokoraleis is the murderer. After talking to police about the case, Pappas told the press; "He (Thomas) had detailed information on the jewelry she wore and other things and knew where she normally parked her car at Stratford Square.

"When police took him out there they started to lead him up a ramp to the upper level and he said, 'No, her car was on the lower level on the outside row.' That's where Carole normally parked.

"He also knew alot of little things that only I or family members would know. It makes me cringe every time I think these guys may have been involved."

Kokoraleis said he could take police to where Carole's body was buried but the search proved unsuccessful. He told police that she was slain and buried in a farmer's field but then switched his story and said that she had been killed in his apartment, mutilated, stuffed in the trunk of her car and then hid. Kokoraleis is unsure of where they stashed the car.

The chief investigator in the case had this to say of Kokoraleis, "He's either such a moron he couldn't find his way back to where the body was buried or they

killed so many women he got confused on where they were buried."

Andrew Kokoraleis is still awaiting trial.

Edward Sprietzer pleaded guilty to taking part in four mutilation/murders and one attempted murder and has been sentenced to natural life in prison.

Gecht is awaiting trial in DuPage County for another prostitute's mutilation and murder.

PURE is attending all proceedings and will report further in upcoming issues.

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One of the finest, most glorious examples of Nazi power and lust is JOSEF MENGELE. Mengele, the genius behind the Auschwitz medical experiments, has lived his post war life in complete freedom. Mengele was responsible for much of the selection at Auschwitz. As the weak and half-dead subhumans crawled off the trains to the KZ, Mengele would usually be there to greet them. Whistling Wagner and smiling, Mengele separated the prisoners into two groups with a simple wave of his gloved hand. One group would work as camp slaves, the other group marched into the gas chambers.

Simon Wiesenthal, world famous parasite and part time Nazi hunter, has called Mengele the most wanted Nazi criminal.

On October 1, another famous Nazi hunter made news with the statement that Mengele is now living in the United States. Tuvia Friedman says Mengele has been living in Florida for five years and has asked the Israeli Prime Minister to seek President Reagan's help in finding, arresting and extraditing Mengele. Friedman says, "Mengele was physically responsible for sending one million people to the gas chamber. He was a mass murderer and a sadist."

Wiesenthal doesn't believe the news and contends that Mengele still lives in Paraguay. "It's nothing but an old stupid story", Wiesenthal says. "The United States would be the last place Mengele would go to. Can you imagine his living in Miami, for instance, where there



Photograph that purports to show Mengele as he passes through customs at the airport in Asuncion, Paraguay.

are so many jews?"

Another Nazi genius was WALTER RAUFF. Rauff also enjoyed freedom after the war and on May 14, 1984, died of a heart attack in Santiago, Chile. As late as January 25 of this year, Israel had officially requested Rauff's expulsion from Chile to Israel so that he could be charged with war crimes. At the time, a jewish justice said, "The principles of justice and the rules of international law demand that a criminal like Rauff charged with the crime of genocide, not be allowed to escape punishment for his abominable crimes.

"It is unthinkable that he should continue to go about undisturbed, like any innocent man."

Chile ignored the request and Rauff went about like any innocent man until his heart finally gave out at the







**HINDLEY: Expects parole next year**



*Victim—Lesley Ann*

ripe and respectable age of 77. Rauff was a Nazi SS colonel and is heralded as the inventor of "The Black Raven" vans, THE EINSATZGRUPPEN. The vans were mobile death vehicles capable of killing up to 50 people at a time. Unsuspecting townspeople were herded into the back of the van (carefully camouflaged as Red Cross trucks) and asphyxiated with exhaust fumes.

Rauff was accused of killing over 97,000 jews.

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After serving 18 years of a life sentence, MYRA HINDLEY has announced that she wants to be a nun. If her nun bid goes through, Myra will be free to join a convent in West Germany.

Fellow prisoners at Cookham Wood Prison in England have attacked Myra. Inmate Jean Smith described the attack: "Soon after I arrived we decided to have a go at Hindley in the chapel.

"As she walked down the aisle between two screws, we jumped on her. There was a terrific struggle. All the prisoners were shouting 'Kill her! Kill her!'

"I managed to kick her in the face. I enjoyed every minute of it.

"The others were pulling her hair out, scratching and thumping her.

"No charges were made because it might have got

into the newspapers."

Jean also said, "Hindley says she's sorry for what happened and it was all Brady's fault. But no one believes her."

Mrs. Ann West, mother of Lesley Ann Downey -the little girl that Brady and Hindley tortured and murdered by bashing her little head in, said; "I am disgusted at the suggestion that this fearsome woman wants to be a nun. The whole idea revolts me."

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Little Marie Payne's dead, 4 year-old body was finally found in a shallow grave in England's Epping Forest. COLIN EVANS, a 44 year-old truck driver has been charged with the crime. However, it seems like Evans is not responsible for the other "Friday motorway" deaths. A full report next issue.

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Also in next issue: PETER SUTCLIFFE has been moved to Broadmoor Hospital, where it seems he always wanted to be. Plus news on WILLIAM HEIRENS' and RICHARD SPECK's parole denials, LUCAS' and TOOLE's recent confessions, and the latest on the GREEN RIVER KILLER!

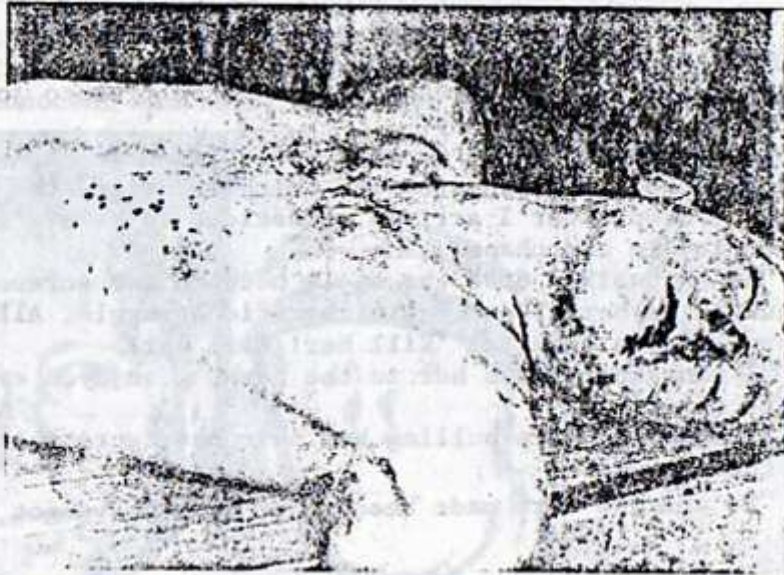


FIG. 37. MULTIPLE STABWOUNDS—HOMICIDE

# PURE

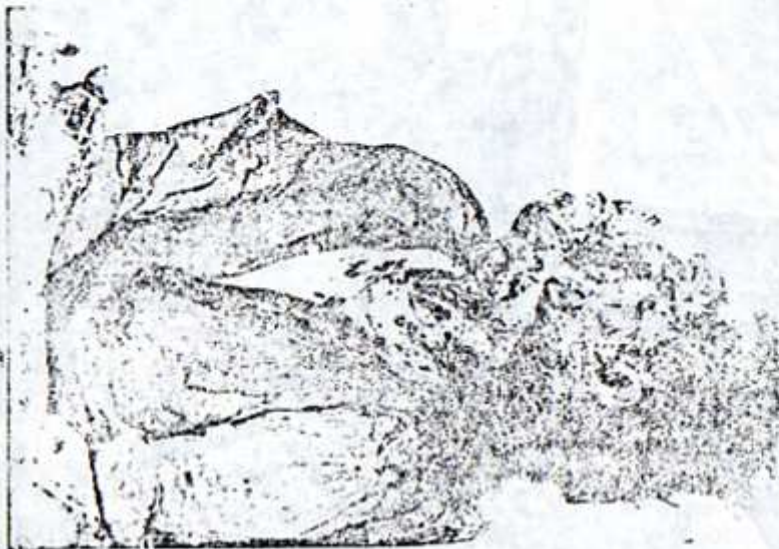


FIG. 39. WOUNDS MADE WITH AXE--HOMICIDE

PURE #1: Robin Gecht/ Henry Lee Lucas & Otis Elwood Toole/  
Ian Brady & Myra Hindley/ The Friday Motorway  
Fiend/ Nazi Triumphs/ Joseph Vacher/ Larry Eyler/  
John Gacy/ Dean Corll (\$5.00)

PURE #3: Gilles deRais/ Richard Speck & William Heirens/  
Edmund Kemper/ Albert DeSalvo/ and more.  
...available January 1985. (\$4.00)

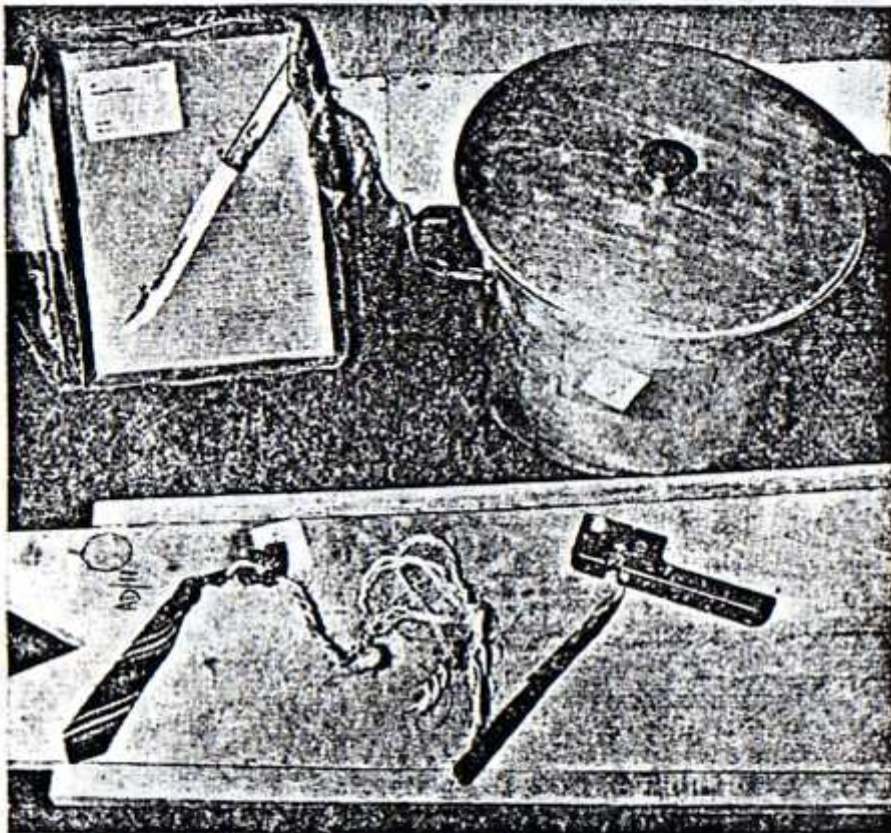
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SS ONE: Dean Corll

SS TWO: John Wayne Gacy

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● THIS is Dennis Nilsen's black museum of murder . . . a grisly gallery of the tools he used in his four-year orgy of slaughter.

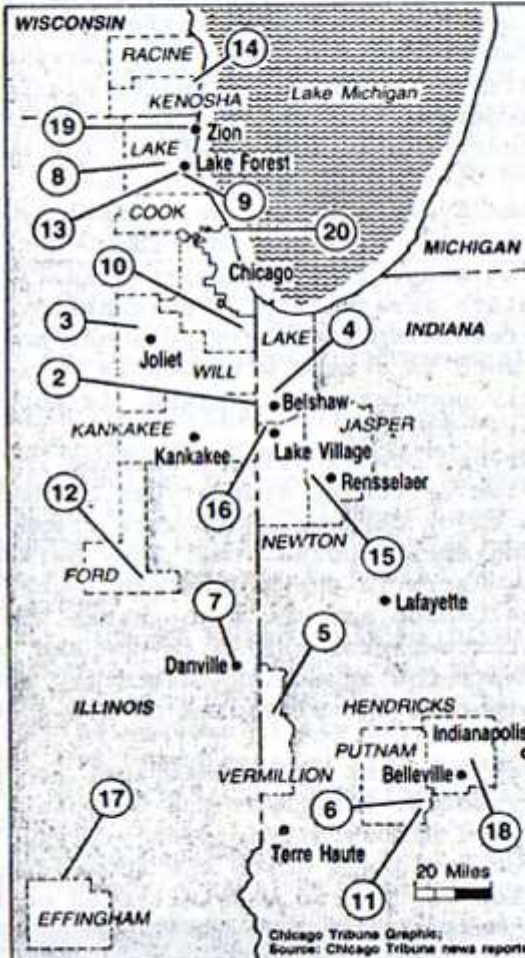
● Among the Old Bailey exhibits is a copper cooking pot in which he boiled the heads of several victims. The ex-Army Catering Corps soldier made office party curry in the same pot.

● Two kitchen knives with which he chopped up bodies are also on show, with a sharpener and the wooden board on which he carried out his depraved dissections. A tie with a length of cord attached to it—Nilsen's deadly strangling device—completes the gruesome collection.

**Revealed . . . the  
tools of Nilsen's  
trade in terror**

# Male murder victims

## 24 bodies found in four states



1. March 22, 1982: Jay Reynolds
2. Oct. 23, 1982: Steven Crockett, 19
3. Oct. 30, 1982: Robert Foley
4. Dec. 25, 1982: John R. Johnson, 25
5. Dec. 28, 1982: Steven Agan, 23
6. Dec. 28, 1982: John L. Roach, 21
7. March 4, 1983: Edgar Underkoller, 27
8. April 8, 1983: Gustavo Herrera, 28
9. April 15, 1983: Ervin Dwayne Gibson, 16
10. May 9, 1983: Jimmy T. Roberts, 18
11. May 9, 1983: Daniel Scott McNieve, 21
12. July 2, 1983: Skeleton of unidentified male
13. Aug. 31, 1983: Ralph Calise, 28
14. Oct. 4, 1983: Derrick Hansen, 18
15. Oct. 15, 1983: Skeleton of unidentified male, aged 18-26
16. Oct. 19, 1983: Four skeletons; two identified as Michael Bauer, 22, and John Bartlett, 19
17. Dec. 5, 1983: Unidentified male
18. Dec. 7, 1983: Richard Wayne, 21, and an unidentified body
19. May 7, 1984: David M. Block, 22
20. Aug. 21, 1984: Daniel Bridges, 16

# ON TOP

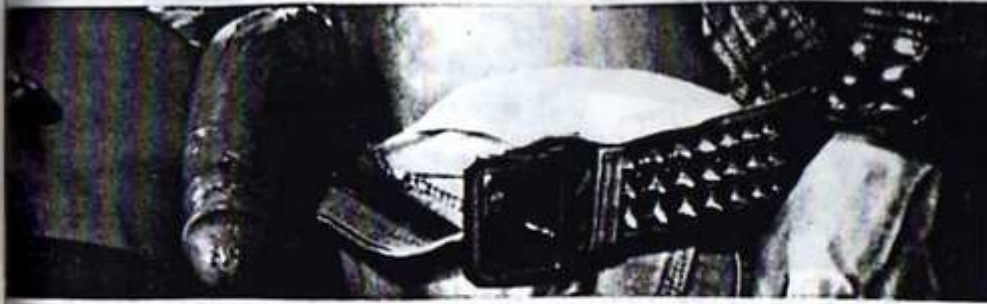
PURE #1 reported the suspected crimes of Larry Eyler. He was, at that time, prime suspect in the deaths of 20 homosexuals in Indiana and Chicago. On February 6th, Eyler was released on a reduced bond of \$10,000.00 when police weren't allowed to use a blood-soaked knife and various bondage implements as evidence against him. Larry was free until August 21st, when he was arrested again and charged with the murder/mutilation of a 16 year-old prostitute that had occurred only a day before. The number of Larry's suspected victims has now risen to 24.

PURE #1 described Eyler's crimes as resembling the homo-fuck mastery of Dean Corll and John Gacy. But now, with details of this latest slaying, Larry's lusts take on a much more complete personality - a personality that seems, while still remaining intensely personal and individual, to share much in common with Dennis Nilsen. Nilsen, only recently convicted in England, is known as the "House of Horrors" killer.

Both Larry Eyler and Dennis Nilsen, working in different countries and with different stereotypes, understood how simple it is to enjoy faggots. Both were tremendously successful in felling their chosen prey. They paraded the gay clubs and areas; Larry in the midwestern leather-boy scene, Dennis in the London gay-men's pub scene. Both scenes were rife with hustlers, easy pick-ups and lonely hearts. Easy game where the screaming insecurity and quick trusting naivete heightens the pleasures of ass-fucking-murder.

Master AND slave, dominant AND submissive, top AND bottom -faggots play roles. Playgames and worthless fantasies. Larry Eyler and Dennis Nilsen didn't play. They lured. They were true dominants where the submission was real, where submission was forced and inflicted on the weak. True Men, Real Masters.

the leatherboy catches HIS eyes from across the room. he saunters, cockily, over. he exhibits his tight black leather outfit stretched over firm, sweaty muscles.



he walks up and faces HIM. his eyes stare, he tries to look tough. his hand reaches and brushes HIS crotch. he grabs HIS crotch full palm. Grope. his eyes still stare straight into HIS face. cool, tough and mean and yet, he offers himself to HIM. They walk out together. They go to HIS house.

leatherboy wants to be dominated.

HE agrees.

ON YOUR KNEES FAGGOT!

leatherboy loves it. he falls to his knees. he bends and starts to lick HIS boots. tongue against shiny black. spit on dirt.

WORTHLESS COCKSUCKER! SUCK MY COCK.

the leatherboy tongues up HIS pants and licks at the thick leather bulge. HIS cock stays tight in HIS pants. the leatherboy outlines the large, heavy protuberance with his wet slobbering tongue. Around the head and into the packed balls. his mustache is buried in leather stench, sweat and groin.

LICK IT, LICK IT FAGGOT. EAT MY DICK!

leatherboy's cock stiffens. his spiked-cock ring tightens at his hard-on base. Harder. he licks and bites. his teeth grinding down slowly across the thick, worm-like bulge. HIS hands envelop the sides of the leatherboy's head. HE shoves the leatherboy's face deep into HIS leather-crotch.

FUCK YOUR FACE ASSHOLE!

the leatherboy starts to grope his own penis. he's





loving it. he loves the humiliation, the orders. he needs it; he enjoys his game. power. he gets what he wants. his face smashes against HIS crotch. his teeth, lips, tongue taste HIS leather. his fingers rush to the bulge. Grab, rub, smear. the leatherboy unzips and unfastens HIS pants. Big cock is exposed. Big and strong, soft. Hairy and musty smelling.

SUCK MY COCK, FILTH.

leatherboy's mouth squeezes around HIS long cock. Full. Up the thick, flacid shaft. Taste of flesh. HIS pubics stare him in the face, HIS full balls against his chin. Up and down on the muscular, veined dick. Tonguing the stem and sucking the red bulbous knob. Suck, taste, lick. HE remains soft and strong. Tight.

LICK MY BALLS, SICK QUEER!

YOU FUCKING FAGGOT FEMALE!

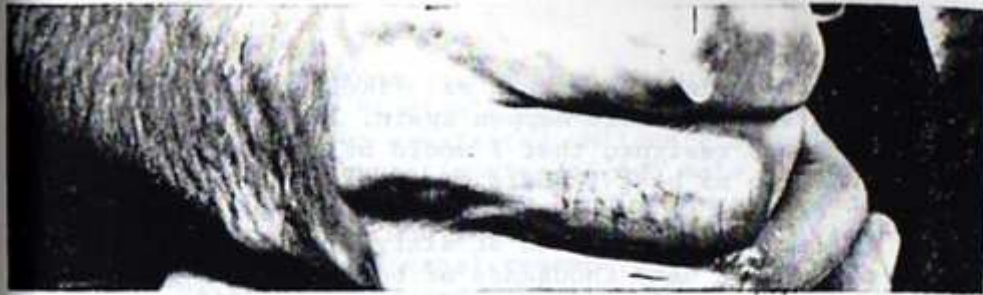
YOU WEAK SHIT! YOU WEAK CUNT!

the leatherboy's dick soars. his throbbing **hard-on** presses even tighter. he needs the insults. he wants them. he wants HIM. Faster and wetter along HIS big dick. Long. Suck, lick...suck. Wetter.

HIS hands grab the leatherboy faggot by his close-cropped hair and thrusts him back on the floor. HIS cock wrenches quickly out of the wet weakling's pussy-face. HE slaps the leatherboy in the face. Full open, stinging palm against his saliva-sad face. The hand rebounds back against his other cheek. Smash. Back and forth, back and forth. leatherboy is stunned, dizzied. he is in pain. he assumes it's o.k., it's sex. we need each other, we







trust each other.

HIS cock starts to pulse. Fist clenched. The knife slices into the leatherboy's leather-strapped chest. HE is dominant. Blade through leather, flesh. Stab. Full Fist. The knife goes down again. HIS cock hardens. Full red-throbbing, beating hard-on! Blood washes up and down HIS fine muscles, taut with power. Blood runs over HIS large, erect, proud cock. leatherboy starts to scream. tears in his eyes. he's lost control. he's lost his toy. he was only playing. HE pounds the faggot. Fists to the face, fists to the chest. Knuckles bang the bleeding, bruised and cut leather-chest. The knife enters and rips. Wound fuck! flesh spreads and tears. Red blood covers black leathers. Splashes. HE digs at the homo-flesh with HIS knife. FUCK! FUCK!...HE tastes blood on HIS lips. Red spatters and drips. HIS hand finds HIS aching, hard dick. A bloody hand slides up and down HIS jutting erection. The knife plunges in again. Thrash. Split. Fuck. Blood splashes around the room. the leatherboy crumbles. Blood covers his body, his face, blood washes his penis. his soft dick. Blood on soft dick, blood-matted hair, mustache, pubics. pain. he cries. HE massages HIS cock. FUCK. BLOOD- FUCK. leatherboy groans, coughs and bleeds.

HIS sperm shoots up HIS shaft and out HIS cock-hole. Cum mixes with sweat, blood. Pure power. Cum.

HE slides HIS fleshed, bloodied knife into the bleeding dead-defecating leather's asshole. Shit. Blade in flesh. Fuck. Shit, piss discharge. leather cunt. HE shoots HIS jisim onto the corpse. DOMINANCE.



"By this stage I knew this was likely to happen again. The killing would happen again. I was resigned to this and I was resigned that I would be caught eventually but I would do as best I could to dispose of the evidence. I wasn't talking at that stage of turning over a new leaf. If I had been arrested at sixty-five years of age there might have been thousands of bodies behind me."

-Dennis Nilsen

Dennis Nilsen remains an enigma. Even though convicted of six murders/butcheries, Nilsen still refuses to tell what drove him to kill. Stories and accusations abound as to his reasoning, tastes and fascinations and most are quickly refuted by Nilsen. However, in his detailed confessions of 15 murders and 2 attempted murders, it is Nilsen himself, that casts doubt on the refutations. The confessions, told in a clinical (if not oblique) manner, clandestinely attempt to deny any strong sexual impetus. And it is these denials that in fact, tell so much.

"I have an overwhelming desire to kill. But the strong side of my moral character should have produced the power to resist. I cannot allow the buck to travel outside my responsibility. I deserve punishment for their deaths."

Nilsen neglected to tell many things in his confessions to police. He detailed, to police, his strangling method and unique methods of dead-body disposal. In his later confessions to psychiatrists, he let much more out:

"Dead bodies fascinated me, but I would have done anything to have them back alive. The greater the beauty of the man, the greater the sense of loss and grief."

He told the psychiatrists that as a young man he would often dust his naked body and then stare at himself in the mirror. He liked to imagine himself dead. He also told them that he dusted some of his dead victim's bodies in a similar fashion. Sometimes he would dust his own body as well, and then compare himself to their dead flesh. Nilsen told the doctors that he masturbated over his victim's bodies. That this was a way of saying goodbye. Nilsen also confessed to continually fantasizing about assaulting small children.

Nilsen contends that he has spent most of his life

celibate. But, he adds, he has had sex with both men and women in the past. He didn't enjoy either experience and says he's never been penetrated. Nilsen's avowals are contradicted by the testimonies of two male prostitutes who came forward shortly after Dennis' arrest. Whore Martyn Hunter-Craig (who shared, on and off, Nilsen's flat for about nine months) remembered:

"Although Desi remains very special to me, he was really like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, because, I think, of his heavy drinking. Perhaps it's because I don't drink myself that I'm still alive. He would drink whole tumblers of spirits, either gin or vodka. And then he would want to act out strange games. For instance, he would play the psychiatrist and I would be the patient, with the object of him insulting me, humiliating me, reducing me to tears until I would submit to sex.

"In my job as a homosexual prostitute I reckon I've seen every trick in the book, but he showed me some more. One of his special sex games was something else. It was called "necrophiliac's revenge". He would play as if he were dead and I would play the part of being alive, literally trying to persuade me to have sex with him as if he was a corpse.

"Once, he even asked me if I fancied the idea of bathing in a bath of blood. I said the whole idea disgusted me. He just gave me a crazy sort of laugh, but he did not forget it. He would wait for a moment suitable to him and ask me again. He did it on several occasions."

Hunter-Craig also says Nilsen had a great respect for Hitler and kept loads of cassette recordings of Nazi speeches, rallies and songs. "Do you not feel a sense of power when you hear that man speak?", Nilsen once asked Martyn as they listened to a Hitler tape. Dennis often described the Nazi sex-experiments carried out on Jews to Hunter-Craig. Martyn says that's where Dennis got his ideas of blood-bathing. "I just want to know what it would be like. It must be nice to wash in blood", Nilsen told Martyn.

Nilsen confessed to cooking many of his victim's mutilated and severed body parts. He contends, though, that



he did it only to make disposal easier. By boiling a head (for example), Nilsen could quickly pull the flesh off of the skull and flush it down his toilet. He would bury the bones in his yard. It looks likely, that Nilsen's reasons are too simple. There is a greater possibility that Nilsen was a cannibal. Martyn Hunter-Craig remembers eating a mysterious slab of meat once, that "smelled like vomit". Hunter-Craig refused to eat it and Nilsen refused to explain what it was. Nilsen gave the meal to his dog.

Peter Lamont was a close friend of Billy Sutherland (Nilsen's fourth victim) and a male prostitute. He also knew Nilsen. Lamont said Nilsen enjoyed pissfun. Nilsen, Lamont says, was always trying to goad him into it but he always refused. Lamont recalls;

"He then suggested a bit of bondage, that he should tie me up. I had no intention of letting him do that so I refused again. Nilsen never ever threatened me, but he had those sort of eyes that look straight

through you. You know what I mean. I felt at the time that he seemed quite capable of doing exactly what he wanted to do. In all our games he insisted that he was the master and I had to do what he wished."

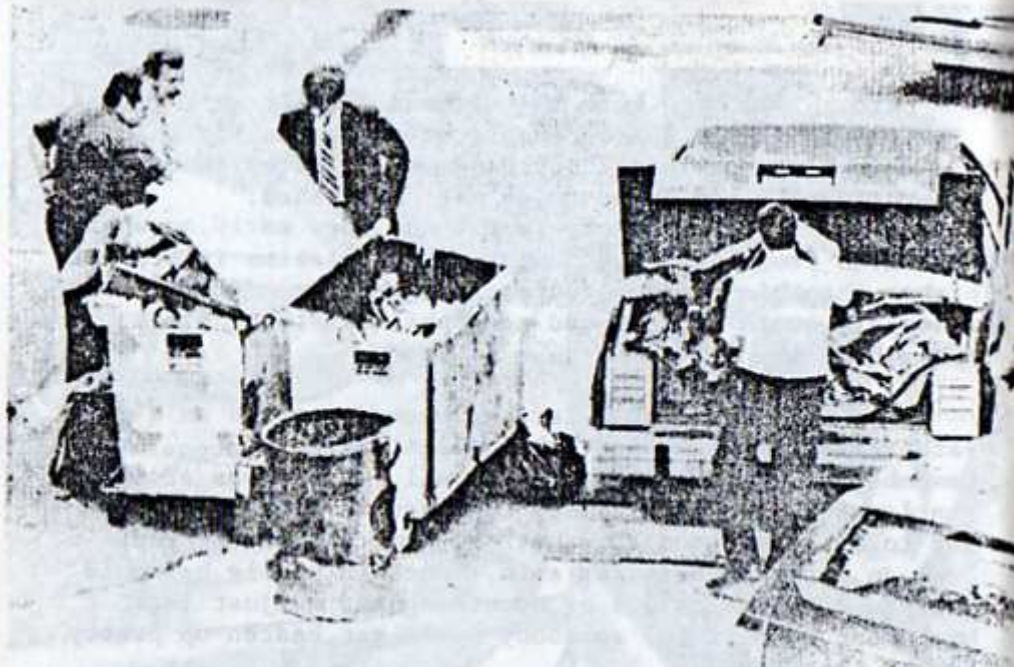
Nilsen is a master of himself and knew early on what he wanted from life. The number of his victims is probably higher than his fifteen confessions and the murders, most assuredly, more violent and necrophilious than he has described.

Like Nilsen, Larry Eyler has been described as a quiet, rather isolated man. And like Nilsen, Eyler's acquaintances remember another side to him as well. "There was always a gentle side to Larry, a part that wanted to help people and to be recognized for that", a homo that knew Eyler from an Indiana queer-bar said. "Once in awhile he would just go off. Real weird or something and we just left him alone. Sometimes, somebody would get beaten up pretty bad by Larry".

Danny Bridges also knew Eyler's moods. 16 year old Danny was a prostitute who worked Chicago's Uptown area. Larry frequently cruised the area, both before and after his first arrest.

Because of his prostitution record and young age, Danny was just recently interviewed for an expose' on child abuse. During the course of the interview, Danny was asked if he knew Larry Eyler (Larry had just been charged with Ralph Calise's murder). "Yeah, I knew him", Danny replied, "he was a real freak. He used to come around Uptown and hang around." On August 20th, Larry took young Danny to his apartment at 1628 W. Sherwyn and killed and slaughtered him.

Larry enjoyed bondage/leather-sex. He was a Top. It is unknown, so far, as to whether or not young Danny allowed Larry to tie him up. It is most likely that Larry forced the act. Danny, as a street-whore was more used to being paid for letting men suck his 16 year-old penis. It is easy to see Larry punching, pulling, grabbing, kicking and beating young Danny into submission. Body punches, ball-fist-smashes, leather boots to the 16 year old face, arms, chest, thighs and balls. Danny's tender



Police officers remove evidence from a dumpster at 1610 W. Sherwin, where earlier today dismembered body parts of an unidentified man were discovered. Larry Eyer, a suspect in as many as 19 sex slayings of men in Illinois and Indiana, was being questioned in the slaying. Eyer, 30, lives at 1628 W. Sherwin.

body was found, cut into eight pieces, in a garbage can the next day. The boy-whore had obviously been bound and gagged.

So far, the evidence has yielded these facts: Larry tied Danny up in his frontroom. Larry had fucked little Danny's 16 year-old, whore-swollen asshole. Larry stabbed Danny repeatedly with an awl and then with a larger knife. Danny's blood splashed all over Eyer's room. Larry probably killed Danny in the frontroom and then dragged the dead body into the bathroom, where he butchered it. Larry cut up young Danny's body with a hacksaw. Danny's blood soaked the porcelain bathtub and bits of his flesh clogged the drain. Police even found human tissue under the bathroom radiator.

Larry was, without doubt, exceedingly brutal to the woe-begotten whore. Police found blood spattered on the ceiling and noted that the walls were freshly painted. Larry's bedsheets had also been recently, thoroughly, washed with bleach. Blood had also been found IN the furniture.



Larry Eyer



Dan Bridges, 16

Eyer wrapped Danny's severed flesh chunks in hefty bags and threw them into a nearby garbage can. More than a dozen awl cuts and 6 knife stabs had ripped into Danny's body before he was cut into pieces. Police also found two bloody pails of water in Eyer's basement.

There is a great deal of peripheral pleasure in Eyer's crimes. Danny's short, "tragic" history and his mother's typical female weakness/stupidity and her boisterous pain provide much enjoyment.

Danny was a magnificent failure in the game of survival. He was raped by a neighbor at the age of nine and soon after became a street prostitute. Danny hated his life. He told the child abuse interviewer; "I don't consider myself gay. I did it so I wouldn't starve to death. I really didn't like to have sex with other men, because it made me feel cheap. My friends would call me names in school. ...Most of the men who picked me up were stupid middle class guys. But sometimes they were crazy and threatened to hurt me or wouldn't pay me." Danny, at the time of the interview, said he was off of the streets and back with his mother. He didn't stay very long.

Little Danny was a confused little boy. He spent alot of time in and out of special schools and was clearly neglected by his parents. This is another joy. Danny's fat, ugly mother has been publicly bawling her eyes out



Accused sex slayer Larry Eyler (right) walked out of Lake County jail last February after evidence against him was ruled inadmissible. With Eyler are his mother and attorney David P. Schippers, who defended Eyler against charges that he murdered Uptown resident Ralph, Calise.

over her son's brutal death and worthless life. Mrs. Bridges and her family cry and wail about poor Danny. About how hard his life was and how he died thinking no one cared about him. About how lonely, alone and hurt he was. Mrs. Bridges cries to show she cared about Danny; that it wasn't all her fault. Danny has been buried without a gravestone as his family couldn't afford one. A collection has been started to help buy a marker.

Another cunt-mother, who's child is believed permanently fucked by Eyler, is Wilma McNeive. She met Mrs. Bridges to talk over their pain and console each other. Wilma says, "I just wanted to meet them (the Bridges family) because we share a tragedy. There aren't too many people you can talk to about something like this." This is, indeed, a tribute to Eyler's mastery. These two old female sluts crying and sobbing on each other's shoulders allows Larry's crimes to live on. A classic series of

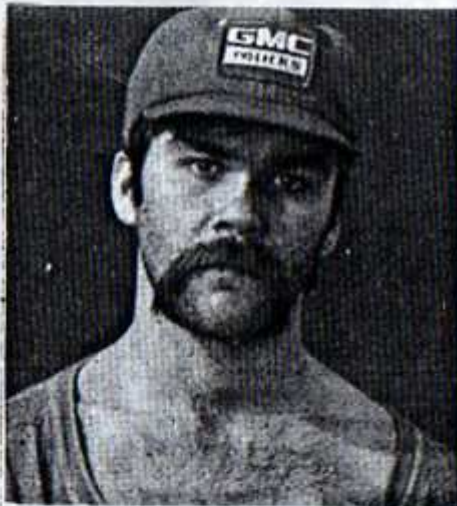




SUN-TIMES Bob Reighan  
Aaron Faught (right), the sister of 16-year-old slaying victim Daniel Bridges, is comforted by a friend, Linda Ann, outside the police station last night.



SUN-TIMES Kathleen Reeves  
A friend comforts a grieving Austine Bridges, mother of Danny Bridges, 16, as she arrives in court here yesterday for arraignment of Larry Eyer, 30. Eyer pleaded not guilty in the dismemberment murder of the Bridges youth. In addition to that slaying, Eyer is a suspect in 23 killings in four states.



Police believe Larry Eyler is the murderer of as many as 25 young men, most of whose bodies were found deposited in rural areas in Illinois and Indiana. Among the victims (clockwise from top left): Chicagoan John "J.J." Johnson, 25; David Block, 22, of Highland Park; and Michael Reiley, 22, and Daniel McNelve, 21, both of Indianapolis.

murders that gloriously affect more than just the fleshed victim. The mothers see their child's mutilated remains in police photos and morgue IDs. They remember Larry's tremendous, lustful, murderous hard-on.

More details of Larry's previous murders have finally been released. Most of the victims were mutilated and dismembered. All of them were sexually assaulted either before or after their death. Repeated and multiple stab wounds usually marked the back and chest.

Recently, body parts of a white male were found floating in the Kankakee River. The torso was found just six miles southwest of a farm where four other male bodies had been buried. The soaked and barely recognizable torso had been shot and multiple stab wounds darted the back and chest. A further search of the area produced the arms, part of a leg and a thigh.

Chicagoan Steven Crockett's 19 year-old body had been stabbed 32 times. He had been drugged with Placidyl, a hypnotic depressant used to calm mental cases.

John "J.J." Johnson, 25 of Chicago, had also been drugged with Placidyl. He had been stabbed 12 times.

Steven Agan, from Terre Haute, had been completely gutted. "Dressed out like a deer", a police officer said.

Eyler's "trademark", it seems, is to leave the victim's pants undone and left about their ankles. Many of the victims have not yet been identified.

The homo-violence, bondage and brutal ass-fucking do recall the illustrious crimes of Corll and at times, Gacy. But with these newly released facts of extreme mutilation and masterly sex-manipulation, Larry's acts seem to bear a stronger resemblance to Dennis Nilsen.

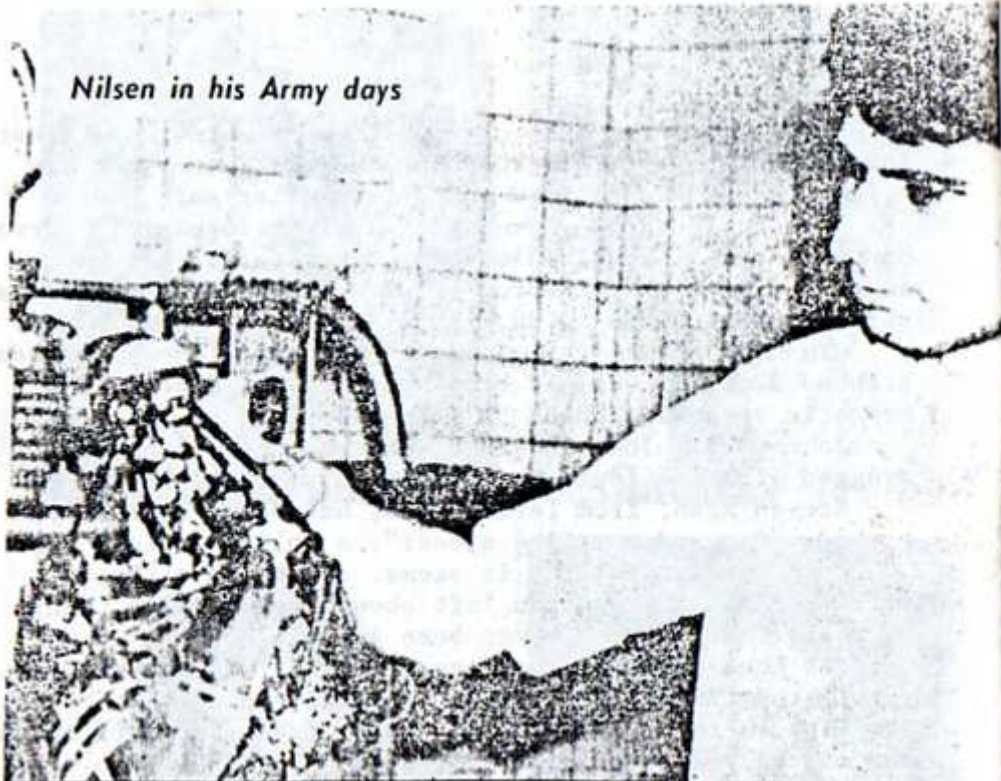
Nilsen killed most of his victims by strangling them with his necktie. He strangled one of his victims with the flexible cord to his headphones.

(second victim) "It must have been well after midnight. Maybe one or two in the morning. I was dragging him across the floor with a flex around his neck. The flex was around his throat. I was saying 'Let me listen to the music as well'. He didn't struggle. I was dragging him across the floor."

Nilsen occasionally used his hands or a piece of rope to kill his victims. Sometimes, he didn't remember how he killed. He would just wake up the next day and have a dead body on his hands. Using a tie, though, was his favorite.

(sixth victim) "I put the tie around twice, doubly around his neck and it was loose at that stage. Then I slowly pulled it tight. There was no reaction for about half a minute. There was a weak struggle. There was no sound. His legs were lifting and separating in slow motion

Nilsen in his Army days



## EYLER HELD BY POLICE



Larry Eyler upon release from jail last February. (Photo: Paul Cotton)

As *GayLife* went to press Tuesday, Aug. 21, Larry Eyler, of 1628 W. Sherwyn, was being held in custody for police questioning about a body found Tuesday morning at 1640 W. Sherwyn.

Eyler was called a suspect in the slayings of about two dozen young men, many of them gay or with histories of prostitution, in Indiana and Illinois over the last several years. He was arrested Oct. 28, 1983, on one count of murder, but was released on bond in February of this year when a Lake County, Ill., judge ruled that most of the evidence against him had been seized illegally. The state is appealing the judge's decision.

The victim discovered Tuesday was described as a white male of about 20. The body was cut up in eight parts, police said, and could not be identified immediately. An autopsy was scheduled for Wednesday morning.

rather like riding a bicycle. I kept on for about a minute and a half before his legs stopped. There was no feeling of urgency about it. I held on for another half minute and let go my hold. At that stage I could not actually believe he was dead. I checked. He had stopped breathing. He was obviously dead."

(ninth victim) "I remember sitting on top of him and strangling him, possibly with a tie. I remember that because at the moment of strangulation, for some biological reason which I don't understand, he urinated and made my trousers wet."

Dennis is the only person who knows exactly what went on after his victim's strangulation. He almost certainly enjoyed the dead body by doing more than masturbating over it. Nilsen describes the mutilation and dismemberment in a matter-of-fact fashion and allows little room for sexual connotations. To police, Nilsen argues that the slaughter was only for disposal purposes. It is interesting to note how closely Nilsen's disposal techniques and Larry Eyler's sex-mutilations resemble each other.

Nilsen kept the dead bodies underneath his apartment floorboards (sometimes as many as five bodies lay there together). When he took the bodies up he would butcher them on his frontroom floor or in his bathtub. He placed the meats in old suitcases, packages and garbage bags. He then burnt the remains in annual bonfires.

Nilsen changed addresses after his twelfth victim and third bonfire. He moved into 23 Cranley Gardens in September 1982. Here, he was forced to change his disposal methods. Dennis began to chop the bodies down to smaller pieces and then flush the flesh down his toilet. He buried the bones outside in a neatly kept garden.

Again, when we consider all the information we have on Dennis Nilsen, we can see a tremendous lust that was satisfied completely and eloquently. For a man with Nilsen's tastes, it must have been great pleasure to manhandle and manipulate dead bodies. To slice, rip and tear dead flesh. To chop, smash and peel. To bathe in blood. To taste, chew, bite and swallow bloody flesh-meat. And too, with his fascination and respect for Adolph Hitler, Nilsen must have truly enjoyed the body-burnings. Images of gas chamber-fresh jews burning in Buchenwald



NILSEN

ovens, as he watched the dead flesh chunks singe, melt and burn.

"The fire started early in the morning and there were spurts, bangs, cracks, and hisses and a continual hissing and sizzling coming from the fire. This I took to be fat and other parts of the bodies burning."

"Burnt meat smells but I had made sure to burn rubber in the fire. It cancelled out the smell."

(eighth victim) "He was about 25 to 30 years old, 5 feet 11 inches approximately, slim build. I put him under the floorboards. He might have had a bracelet but if so I threw it out. I don't recall conversations or anything else. The rope was around his neck. Later I removed him from under the floorboards and cut him into three portions. That is head, thorax and abdomen. I wrapped him in plastic bags, and then into packages and stacked them under the floorboards again to await burning. They were probably burnt on 29 to 30 of September, 1982."

(fourteenth victim) "I filled the bath with cold water with him still in it. Two days later, having changed the water a couple of times, I decided on a course of action. As with the previous body I too dissected it in the bath but on this occasion I only boiled the head, hands and feet."

(fifteenth victim) "I took a plastic bag and sliced it into a sheet. I put it on the middle part of the front-room and took the body from the cupboard and lay it on the plastic sheet face up and got the long kitchen knife with the brown handle and sharpened it with the sharpener. I cut the head off and got the pot out of the bathroom. There was a fair amount of blood and some of it spilled out on the carpet.

"I put the head in the pot and filled it with water. I put the lid on, lit the stove and lit the front and rear burners and one at the side. ...Then I moved the body on to another sheet which I laid beside the original one because there was a sizable pool of blood on the first sheet.

"I tried to pick up the sheet and moved through the door and a big drop of blood splashed on to the white



carpet by the bathroom door."

Perhaps the most brutal murder that Dennis performed was that of his thirteenth victim. Nilsen climbed atop this one in bed and started to strangle him. The victim, John Howlett, was in good physical condition and immediately started to struggle. Nilsen smashed the queer's head against the bed's headrest and blood started to pour.

"He still struggled fiercely so that now he was half off the bed and in about a minute he had gone limp. There was blood on the bedding and I assumed it was from his head."

Howlett passed out but didn't die. Nilsen strangled him again. "I looped the material around his neck again, pulled it as tight as I could and held on for what must



have been two or three minutes." Howlett's heart continued to beat, so Dennis dragged the weakened man to the bathtub and filled it with water. "His head was on the bottom of the bath and in a minute or so it reached his nose. ...Rasping breath came on again. The water rose high and I held him under. He was struggling against it. The bath continued to fill up. There were bubbles coming from his mouth, nose, and he stopped struggling. I held him in that position for four or five minutes. The water had become bloody. I left him there. Because of the blood I emptied the bath."

Nilsen let the dead body lay in the bath for a day until he finally moved it to the cupboard. Soon after he decided to slaughter. He cut the body into small, then smaller sections. He cut the meat off the bones and flushed the flesh heaps down his toilet. Genius.

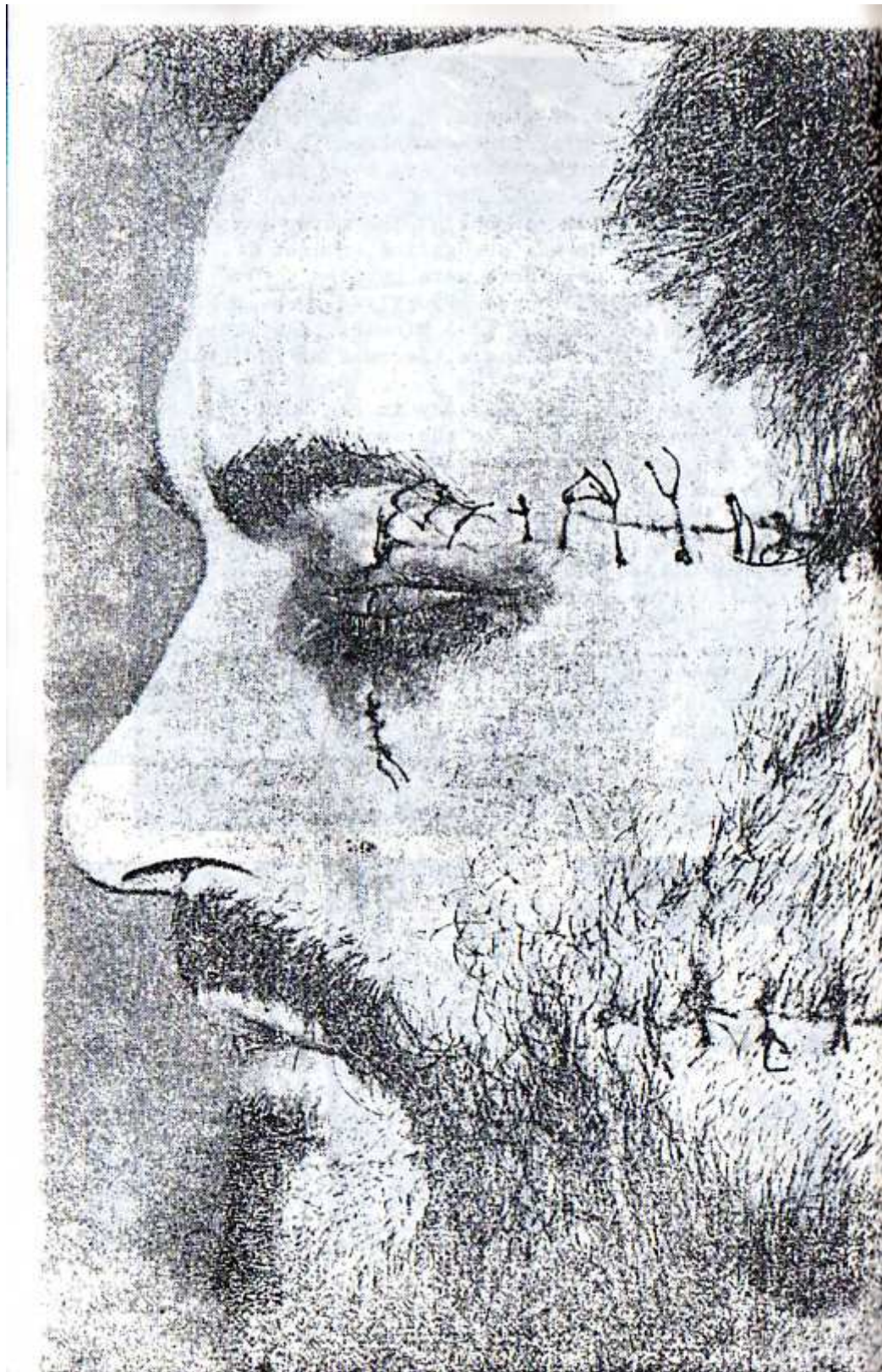
Dennis Nilsen and Larry Eyler have only recently been confined. Nilsen confessed to 15 murders and was only charged with 6 because many of his victims were lonely-heart homos and prostitutes that no one ever missed. Undoubtedly there are more.

Eyler is charged with the murder of Danny Bridges while he was out on bail as suspect in the murder/mutilation of Ralph Calise. Police suspect the number of Eyler's murders to rise above 24 very soon.

Nilsen and Eyler; true masters.



.. a trainee policeman . . . a budding executive.



# LUSTMORID

PETER SUTCLIFFE - b. June 2, 1946

IN THIS TRUCK IS A MAN  
WHOSE LATENT GENIUS IF  
UNLEASHED WOULD ROCK THE  
NATION, WHOSE DYNAMIC ENERGY  
WOULD OVERPOWER THOSE  
AROUND HIM. BETTER LET HIM SLEEP?

Anna Rogulskyj July 5, 1975

Peter Sutcliffe had talked to Anna a couple of times before destroying her. He leveled three hammer blows to the back of her head. He then pulled up her blouse and slashed her stomach three times before he had to flee. The police have termed the slashes "exploratory" and Peter admitted his intention was to next stab her abdomen. Sutcliffe readjusted her blouse before running off, leaving Anna and her fractured skull and slashed stomach to bleed all over



the alley way.

Anna was rushed to the hospital and during a twelve hour operation, was given her last rites. Splinters of bone had entered her brain and had to be delicately tweezered out. Anna survived her ordeal but her life is completely destroyed. Her once-friends now shun her and she lives alone with her cats.

Anna says: "No, I'm not Anna. I will never be Anna again. I'm Joanna now. Anna died that night and I wish I had died with her. I wish I had died that night, then I would have known nothing. I wish I had not had that operation, that there had just been the blackness and then

no more. If I had known what lay ahead for me I would have refused what they termed a "life-saving operation". My life is ruined. So I've had fifteen thousand pounds from the Criminal Compensation Board. So what? No amount of money can give me back my anonymity, can give me back my lost boyfriends. No money can remove the stigma of 'The Ripper'."

Olive Smelt August 15, 1975

"As I walked down the street a man came up to me face to face and said, 'The weather's letting us down, isn't it?'. The next thing I remember is crawling along the pavement covered in blood and shouting for help."



Peter smashed the hammer onto Olive's head and as she fell, hit her once again. The investigating officer later said her head resembled a smashed eggshell. Peter dragged a small hacksaw across her naked back (just above the buttocks) after pulling her clothes apart. One cut was 6", the other 8" long. Olive survived the attack

but again, it makes no difference as her life is ruined. She carries severe lacerations above both eyes.

"All I can think is that he didn't finish me off because a courting couple in a car happened to switch on their headlights. I was in hospital for weeks, and I'm still not right. I have blood pressure and I suffer from depression, and I have sudden feelings of antagonism towards men. For a long time I wouldn't sleep with the window open: I had this fear that he might come back."

Wilma McCann October 29, 1975

Prostitute McCann, mother of four, was 100 yards from her home when Peter murdered her.

Peter remembers: "I was driving through Leeds at night. I had been having a couple of pints and I saw this



woman thumbing a lift. I stopped and asked her how far she was going and she said, 'Not far, thanks for stopping', and jumped in. I was in quite a good mood and just before we set off she said, did I want business? I asked what she meant and, to me, a scornful tone came into her voice. She said: 'Bloody hell, do I have to spell it out?'. . .

"She sat down on the coat and unfastened her trousers and said, 'Come on, get it over with'. I said, 'Don't worry, I will'. I then hit her with the hammer on top of the head. She made a lot of noise and kept on making noise, so I hit her again."

After crushing her skull (the entire head was caved in at the back), Sutcliffe tore off her pink blouse, bra, cream skirt and panties and plowed into her torso with a knife. Her dead body recieved 15 stab wounds in all; 9 times in the stomach, 5 times in the breasts (ripping them completely open) and one deep stab in the throat.

Emily Jackson January 21, 1976

Emily Jackson whored in a van while her husband usually sat in a nearby pub. Mr. Jackson has told of his wife's almost insatiable sex drive.



Peter cracked Emily's head with two blows from his hammer. Then, using a philips-type screwdriver, Peter Sutcliffe dug into Emily's prostrate body a total of 52 times. He had pushed her sweater, cardigan and bra up but left her wearing her pants and tights. He stabbed her in the breasts, neck, back and lower abdomen. Peter also stamped on the

body. His footprint of a heavy-ribbed wellington boot was pounded into her right thigh. A piece of wood was thrust between her spread-eagled legs which, Peter said later, was put there "to show her as disgusting as she was", that he was "just pushing her out of sight with it. I pushed her with it because I couldn't bear to touch her again." Peter also stated that her "overwhelming smell of cheap perfume" nauseated him.

Marcella Claxton May 9, 1976

Because of Claxton's obvious stupidity (with an IQ of 50, the police remember her as "just this side of a gorilla"), many of the details concerning her attack remain sketchy.



Sutcliffe dealt the black whore two huge hammer blows to the back of her head. At the time she was squatting behind a tree, urinating. She fell against the grass and grabbed her head to stop the blood flowing. She remembers Sutcliffe's hand moving rhythmically in front of his pants and explains "He had been, you know, masturbating himself".

Marcella needed more than 50 stitches in her head and wishes Peter would have killed her. She also recalls: "After I dialed 999 and was sat on the floor of the telephone box, a man in a white car kept driving past. He seemed to be staring and looking for me. It was the man who hurt me."

Irene Richardson February 6, 1977

Sutcliffe told the over-anxious whore, "I might not have wanted you" as she quickly jumped into his car. She assured him that she would give him a good time.

Irene also felt the need to urinate. As she crouched on the grass, Sutcliffe's hammer hit her three times on the head. The blows caused a massive fracture of Irene's skull and were so severe and violent that large bits of the skull were imbedded deep into her brain. Her bra



was left intact but her skirt had been pulled up and her tights pulled off one leg. She had been wearing two pairs of panties as she was having her period and they had been removed and stuffed inside her tights. She was stabbed in the neck and throat. Sutcliffe had also stabbed her in the stomach three times using strong, viscous, down-ward stabs that completely ripped open her body. Her intestines had spilled all over the ground around her.

Peter neatly folded her calf-length, zip-up whore boots and placed them across her thighs.

Patricia Atkinson April 23, 1977



Tina took Peter back to her flat. As she sat on the bed, Peter smashed her head in with four massive hammer blows. Her entire face collapsed. Peter had hoisted her bra and blouse up and her pants and panties down and then tore at her breasts and abdomen with a claw hammer. He would hit with one end and claw with the other. He also made short slash marks along the left side of her body and abused her backside, but didn't break the skin. Peter stabbed her stomach a further six times with a knife and then pulled her pants back up. Tina's flat was drenched in blood. Peter later remembered her loud death rattle.

"Horrible gurgling noises", he recalled, told him that she "would not be in any state to tell anyone".



Jayne MacDonald June 25, 1977

Jayne is called the "first innocent" as she wasn't fucking for money. She was only 16 years old when Peter walked up behind her on the street and struck her with his hammer. He dragged her bleeding body, face down, 20 yards into a nearby playground. Peter used both his hammer and his knife on young Jayne's body. He stabbed the same two stab-wounds repeatedly -one in the stomach, the other in the back. A broken bottle with the screw-top still attached was imbedded into her bloody chest.

After Jayne's father identified her body at the morgue, he described the corpse to his wife. "All he could say was there was blood all over her beautiful hair", the distraught wife later said.

Maureen Long July 10, 1977

Maureen, a prostitute who prior to the attack asked Sutcliffe if he "fancied a bit", just barely survived his wrath.



Maureen was in a crouching position, getting ready for a piss, when Peter crashed the hammer down on her skull. He ripped off her black disco-dress and stabbed her four times in her breasts, stomach and back. He pulled off her girdle, panties and tights and ripped a deep slash from her breasts down to below her navel. She was dragged nearly 40 feet from the spot where the initial attack occurred.

Maureen remembers little. "I woke up on a piece of waste ground in Birkshall Lane under a mattress", is about all she can recall. She does know that Peter



destroyed her life. She is now a recluse and has recurring nightmares about the attack. She says children in the street call after her, "Jack The Ripper-lover".

Jean Jordan (nee Royle) October 1, 1977

Peter remembers Jean as "slim but not bad looking". He cracked Jean's skull with the first hammer blow and then proceeded to brutally pummel her head with a further 10 smashes. The skull was fractured at least 6 different times and one of the hammer blows caught Jean straight in the face, smashing four of her teeth. The bloodied body was hid near an undergrowth when Peter was startled by passersby.

Peter returned to the hidden body on the 9th and found her just where he left her. She had already begun to rot and her face and hair were matted in dried blood and dirt. Her face was black with decomposition. Her body had been chewed by vermin.



Peter stripped off the remainder of her clothing and dragged the body out of the bushes. He savaged the corpse with his knife, stabbing her breasts and stomach. 18 wounds cut into her stomach and tits and 6 more scarred her right side. Her intestines had coiled around her waist. Peter sliced her open like a butcher's carcass, making 10 horizontal cuts across her midriff. He also used the hammer on Jean's body and inflicted 19 more injuries to her upper chest and arms. Some of the cuts ran 7" and one was so deep that it actually cut into the backbone. Sutcliffe grabbed a broken window pane that was lying nearby and viciously ripped the body from her right knee up to her shoulder. The incredible stench of putrefication made him vomit. He clawed her vagina.

Because of the beating received days earlier, Jean's head and face were already an unrecognizable mess but

Peter continued the attack. He used a hacksaw to sever the head from the body but gave up before removing the head completely. He kicked the body. His heavy boots stomped the bloody flesh and left deep marks and dents.

Marilyn Moore December 14, 1977

Yet another whore who wishes Sutcliffe would have left her dead. "I can never forget that night", she says. "For the first few months all I could see when I closed my eyes was his face. Sometimes I wish he had killed me, it might almost have been better than the nightmares he left me."



As she stepped out of Peter's car (to get in the back to fuck), he hit her a glancing blow. As she fell, Peter smashed her two more times on top of the head. Peter used a lot of force on the second and third attacks as Moore's injuries included a depressed fracture behind the left ear, measuring 1½" X 1", and about eight lacerations up to 2" long. Both hands

were also bruised with a 4" laceration covering the left.

"I started unbuckling my right shoe, thinking we were going to stay in the front seat, but Dave said he wanted to go in the back of the car. It was a bit unusual, but I didn't mind because he seemed such a nice bloke. So I fastened my shoe and got out. As I did I saw him bend down to pick something up as he stood outside the driver's door, then he came round the front of the car. I'd just got my hand on the handle of the rear door when he hit me. I didn't know what was happening; I didn't really feel the blow, but I put my hands up over the back of my head for protection and he hit my thumb with the second blow. The third one really hurt and I began to go down.

"I could hear him screaming at me 'YOU DIRTY PROSTITUTE' and the next thing I knew I was lying on the ground and everything seemed to be a haze."

It took 56 stitches to close up her head wounds.

Yvonne Pearson January 21, 1978

This prostitute appealed to men with "special tastes" including one who liked to be burned with cigarettes. When approached by Sutcliffe, she told him her price was "10 pounds for more than a good time".



Instead of the usual ball-pien hammer, Sutcliffe used a heavy wall-hammer to smash this slut's head in. He had beat the head till it was unrecognizable and stuffed stuffing from an old garbaged sofa down her mouth and throat to keep her quiet. He tugged her pants down around her ankles and exposed her breasts. He kicked her with his boots -all over the head and body. He jumped up and came down full force upon her breasts.

Peter hid the body underneath the old sofa and piled dirt, rubble and garbage on top of the trampled flesh. Yvonne's dead body was found two months later, badly decomposed.

Helen Rytka January 31, 1978

The first hammer strike just grazed Helen's head and she began to cry. "There's no need for that, you don't even have to pay", the 18 year old terror-stricken prostitute mumbled. Peter hit her again, and then again, and she fell bleeding to the ground. Her blood splattered all over the wall of a workman's shed. Peter crushed her head with 5 blows of the ball-pien hammer.

He stripped her and dragged her by her blood-soaked hair to a more secluded area. She had stopped her crying and moaning but she wasn't dead yet. Sutcliffe noticed her eyes were still open and staring and her hands were up to guard herself.

Sutcliffe told Helen not to make anymore noise. He fucked her. Peter later remembered she "just lay there". He pushed up her checkcloth shirt and pulled her



limp and didn't put much into it". She was very near death. "I didn't have sex. I entered her, but there was no action. It was to persuade her that everything would be all right." After he was done, Peter plunged the knife "five or six" times into her ribcage. He mutilated her body by repeatedly stabbing through the same wounds.

She was naked except for her socks. Peter stuffed her dead, bloody body between an 18" gap in a wood pile

Vera Milward May 16, 1978

Vera was killed by three huge hammer blows to her head. Sutcliffe dragged the dead body to a fence and propped her up against it, making her look like an "old doll".

Her intestines had spilled onto the ground after Peter mutilated her. He used a sharpened philips-screwdriver. Peter had raised her dress and underskirt and stabbed, continuously, one deep wound just below the lower left ribs. He fucked the gash with his screwdriver.

Vera screamed "help" loudly while Peter slaughtered her.

Peter later explained what he felt, "I had the urge to kill any woman. The urge inside me still dominates my actions. Following Milward the urge inside me remained dormant, but then the feeling

came welling up. I had the urge to kill any woman. It sounds a bit evil now. There I was walking along with a big hammer and a big philips screwdriver in my pocket ready for the inevitable. I have been taken over completely



by this urge to kill and I cannot fight it."

Josephine Whitaker April 4, 1979

Josephine was the second female to be called "completely respectable and innocent". Her father remembers her last night: "She was so sweet and clean and she bent down and kissed me goodbye. She was untouched and perfect,



just like a flower." Josephine's father also remembers identifying her dead body: "It was her hair, I can't get it out of my mind. It had looked so blonde and soft a few hours before, and now it was hard and caked with blood."

Peter teased 19 year-old Josephine before hammering her to the ground. He asked her where she was going and if she knew the time. He told her that "you don't know who to trust these days."

He brought the hammer down on her head twice; once as she was walking in front of him, the second as she hit the ground -each smash crushed the skull. He removed her clothes and stabbed the body 21 times. He used the screwdriver.

Sutcliffe stabbed and tore at Josephine's tits, stomach and thighs and viciously screwdriver-fucked her cunt.

Josephine's multi-colored skirt with white lacy trimmings, and pink jumper were soaked with blood and found covering her dead body.

Barbara Leach September 2, 1979

Barbara Leach was yet another respectable girl, not a paid-prostitute. She was 20 years-old and was wearing a "BEST RUMP" patch on the seat of her pants when Peter murdered her.

It only took one ball-pien hammer crash to the back of her head to kill her. Barbara fell instantly to the ground dead. Peter dragged her body into a nearby backyard. He pushed up her cheesecloth shirt and pulled her



bra up over her breasts. He stabbed into her stomach and shoulder with the same sharpened screwdriver he used on Josephine Whitaker. He stabbed her flesh a total of eight times.

Sutcliffe pushed the body against a wall and covered her with a piece of weighted carpet. Barbara's dead and rotting carcass was found by authorities 36 hours later, after a particularly fierce rain.

#### Marguerite Walls

August 18, 1980

47 year-old Marguerite worked for the Department of Education. She was on her way home from work when Peter smashed her head with his hammer. She quickly turned around and started to fight with him. She scratched and clawed, but Peter was able to loop a length of cord around her neck and pull tight. He dragged her 20 feet to a high-walled garden and then kneeled full-weight on her



chest and pulled the cord tighter. Peter strangled Marguerite to death as blood gushed from her huge, gaping head wound.

He dumped her dead body at the bottom of the garden wall.

#### Upadhya Bandara September 24, 1980

The fourth so-called innocent victim. Upadhya survived



the attack as Peter heard some nearby noise and was forced to flee. She was 34.

Peter grabbed Upadhya from the back and threw her to the ground. He leveled two hammer blows to her head as she lay beneath him. Blood soaked her hair and ran down her face and she quickly lost consciousness. Peter looped the length of cord around her neck and tugged. He was

just about to strangle her when he was disturbed.

Theresa Sykes November 5, 1980

Peter followed Theresa down a dark street when suddenly she started to run. Peter quickly kept up. He was just about upon her when she turned around to face him.



She received the first hammer crack to her forehead. She fell to the ground, screaming. Sutcliffe had time to hit her a second time before her screams alerted some neighbors and once again, was forced to flee.

Theresa was an "innocent" and only 16 years old. Today she carries a large half-moon scar on her forehead and only recently said: "I have a great mistrust of men at the moment. Jimmy and I planned to get married in the near future, and when I came out of hospital we got back together for awhile, but it just didn't work out. I am on edge all the time and frightened of being alone with him.

All that mattered was that he was a fellow, and I didn't feel safe. I preferred being with my mother and sisters. I am obsessed with having my back to the wall all the time, even when I'm surrounded by friends. I have tried

to stop myself, but I simply can't stand anyone to my back."

Jacqueline Hill November 17, 1980



20 year-old Jackie was murdered by a rain of hammer smashes to her head. Peter hoisted the dead, bleeding body up to a standing position and dragged her across the road to some waste ground. He exposed her breasts by bunching her shirt and bra up into her face. He started to stab. He ripped into her tits with the screwdriver and tore up her lungs. The cuts into her chest entered and re-entered and became uncountable. One of the dead girl's eyes refused to close

and Peter rammed his screwdriver through it. Peter Sutcliffe later said: "I just put it to her lid and with the handle in my palm I just jerked it in."







**RIPPER**

# My night of terror, by Tracy

TRACY Browne last night relived her terrible ordeal on a lonely farm road six years ago when Peter Sutcliffe attacked her with a hammer at night.

'He hit me five times on the head,' said Tracy, who was a 14-year-old schoolgirl at the time. 'I heard him

grunt, like Jimmy Connors serving, each time he struck. I kept saying to him "Please don't!"'

Miraculously, she survived. Sutcliffe, disturbed by a car approaching, threw her over a fence near her home at Slieden, West Yorkshire. Tracy covered in blood, managed to crawl 400 yards to a caravan. She was rushed to hospital, and neuro surgeons worked for four hours to save her life.

She recovered to give police a detailed Photofit.

Two hundred officers joined the hunt and found a distinctive wooden-bead bracelet and a paper handkerchief which her attacker had used frequently and which could have provided valuable forensic evidence in the Ripper hunt. But after two weeks, Detect-



BEFORE THE ATTACK: Tracy Browne, aged 14

tive Chief Superintendent Jim Hobson told her parents. It seems to be a one-off attack. We have come up against a blank wall.

## Ignored

During the years of the Ripper manhunt, Tracy, now a 21-year-old shop assistant, was convinced the same man had

attacked her — especially when she saw a Ripper Photofit in a newspaper. Then she went with her mother to Keighley police station. But there was no follow-up.

Tracy said last night: 'I am still very angry, but I have bottled it up inside. It was obvious to me for years I had been attacked by the Ripper. But no-one would listen.'

What price double glazing?

DOUBLE  
GLAZING

JUST  
OUT!



# CHILD RAPE

All too often, we hear about child abuse. And all too often, the crimes we hear about are paltry and pedestrian. Too many child-fuckers use children as surrogate wife-cunt flesh. Too often, they lack any genius and brutality, taste and power. Today, the instigators of kiddie abuse are usually fucked-up old morons who only "need a bit of flesh"; old lonely-hearts who can't get anything else because they're too ugly, stupid or weak.

However, once in awhile, the rare case ringing with genius does come about. The McMartin School incident is one such case. Largely because of one man, this glorious series of pre-schooler tortures and rapes rises above everyday child abuse status to provide us with REAL sex-pleasures.

The numbers keep growing. At first, the number of abused children at The McMartin School in Manhattan Beach, California was 18. It has now grown to over 200! The founder and teachers of the pre-school have been charged with over 115 counts of sexual molestation already and police say these figures will mount considerably in the near future. As well as the 7 teachers charged so far, police are now investigating 30 more possible suspects. These suspects include friends and neighbors of the school who used the children as prostitutes and/or bought pornographic photos of the little darlings. The currently charged are: 76 year-old Virginia McMartin (school founder Babbette Spittler (36), Betty Rider (64), Peggy McMartin Buckey (57), Mary Ann Jackson (56), Peggy Ann Buckey (28) and Raymond Buckey (25).

Virginia McMartin, at 76 and confined to a wheel-chair has become something of a cause celebre recently. To the media and American public, she seems to present a most amazing paradox -more of a nice old grandmotherly type rather than a sick, depraved child-molestor. The other older teachers and school workers suffer the same sort of character summation and hyperbole. Especially since they'r

female. It doesn't seem possible that these women would be capable of such "horrors". Raymond Buckey is the only member of the group who isn't subjected to the public's confusion. His detached, cold, sexually-studied look leaves no room for doubt. Clearly, it is Raymond Buckey who is the master-mind behind the crimes. The public is right. The women look to have been simply doing his bidding and acting under his powerful influence.

Raymond ran a tight business, filled with money and extreme pleasures. First, Raymond and the other teachers abused the children. Fucked their little orifices with fingers, cock, instruments. Bound them and used them in every way. Hurt them, tortured them.

Tears of fright and pain streak down the little boy's face as the big stiff cock rubs against his taut little naked ass. Large, hairy hands fondle his soft little dick and tug at his tiny-set balls. No pubics yet. Soft and scared. The child is made to bend over, his tormentor to his back. The man sticks a finger into the child's tiny, tight asshole. The pink puckered hole resists against the intrusion. The man feels the tightly knotted fresh skin. The child begins to sob, then to cry openly. It hurts the little one terribly, his stomach bunches in pain, confusion and terror. His finger pushes roughly into the child's asshole. Knuckle and nail scraping the fleshed innards. Tight. Warm. Dry. Mucas slides up the man's finger. His cock pulses as the child bites down hard on his own lip. The little boy cries. The man's other hand grasps and pulls at the child's ass cheeks. Roughly, brutally, he grabs, pinches and kneads the firm flesh bags. His hand quickly moving up and down, cheek to cheek. The hand moves between the child's small, skinny legs and reaches to cup the little balls, small tight sack. Little balls. His palm holds the balls and small dick. The loose, little penis squirms in his hot hand. He feels the child tremble through his balls. Ray's dick rises. He rams another finger up the ass! The little boy screams! Mommy! God! Raymond starts to furiously pump his fingers in that little asshole. In and out, up and down. Wet flesh. The child



**Taj Narbonne, 12**

Three years ago at age 9, Taj "Tadg" Narbonne vanished from Leominster, Mass. He is now 12 and has blond hair and blue eyes.



**Robert Fontes, 6**

Robert and his brother, Christopher, were abducted three years ago from Oakland, Calif. Robert is 6, has a scar on his forehead and his hair and eyes are brown.



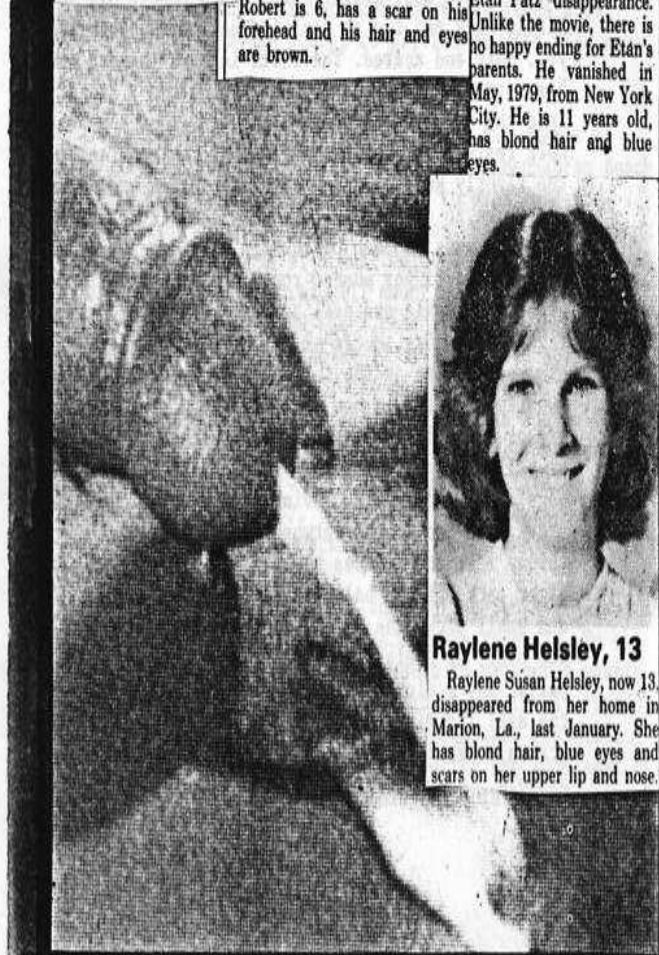
**Etan Patz, 11**

It is said that the first part of the movie "Without a Trace" was based on Etan Patz' disappearance. Unlike the movie, there is no happy ending for Etan's parents. He vanished in May, 1979, from New York City. He is 11 years old, has blond hair and blue eyes.



**Chris Fontes, 5**

Abducted with his brother, Robert, three years ago from Oakland, Calif., Christopher, 5, also has brown hair and eyes. The boys' abductor may use the aliases "Roberts" or "Durkin."



**Raylene Helsley, 13**

Raylene Susan Helsley, now 13, disappeared from her home in Marion, La., last January. She has blond hair, blue eyes and scars on her upper lip and nose.



**Daniel Elhadidy, 9**

Just eight months ago, Daniel Elhadidy was abducted from Los Angeles. He is 9½ years old and his hair and eyes both are dark brown.



**Bryan Richter, 7**

Bryan Thomas Richter is 7 years old. He was abducted from Louisville, Ky. Ann hasn't been seen since. She has two scars, one on his nose and one on his temple. His hair is and light eyebrows. Ann's hair is brown and eyes are blue.



**Ann Gotlib, 13**

June 1, Ann Gotlib's bicycle was found at a shopping mall near her home in Louisville, Ky. Ann hasn't been seen since. She has two scars, one on his nose and one on his temple. His hair is and light eyebrows. Ann's hair is brown and eyes are blue.

screams in agony. Ray pumps the little baby's ass! His other hand pulls harder at the kid's balls. The balls squirm, shift, move in his mighty hand. The child's eyes search the room nervously, tears stream down his bright red, pair-contorted face. Ray's fingers push further into the child's guts. Squishy, asshole fuck. Ray pulls out quickly. Both fingers are a sticky mess. The child throws his head back in pain. Screams louder.

Raymond pushes back on the boy's little works and shoves him into his own hairy crotch. Raymond's hardened cock wrests against the little boy's upper back. He lets go of the boy's balls. He starts to rub his full cock. Heavy scrotum. Hairy and hard, mighty. Erect with the child's pain. Raymond pushes his cock onto the boy's back, shoulder then face. He smears his lube-fluid on the child's tender face. Pain-red cheeks, fresh with innocence and confusion. Raymond's hand wraps around the little child's head. His hand feels the soft, blonde hair and back of the skull. So young and gentle. So trusting. So little and innocent. He thrusts the head into his musty, cummy smelling cock and balls. He wrenches his hard-on into the spitted, wet mouth. He makes the child taste his hot flesh. Child-Fucker! Tears run onto Raymond's throbbing flesh. The little mouth is small and frantic, crying, swallowing snot. Raymond slaps the child with a hard back-hand. Another. His other hand still pushes the child's face into his big balls and hard cock. Taste it you little darling! Taste my cock you little boy! His swollen, red-cock-head jerks violently around the boy's mouth, just into and between lips, back out. Raymond slaps the young face with his cock. Pulsing veins and tight skin against soft, very soft skin. Raymond starts to pull his dick. He starts to masturbate on the child's face. The baby cries harder. Jerking up and down, wet fist wrapped around beating erection. All over the child's face. Dick in the face. Dick in the child's very being. Face-fuck a little boy. A little boy all alone. Little, helpless. Ray jerks himself off in the boy's



face. Cum jettisons upward into the eyes. Tears and sperm. Wails. Raymond's balls tighten, his back arches, his head throws back. Cum into the crying mouth. Cum on the wet tongue, down the sore throat. Into the boy's eyes and onto his forehead. Raymond's fingers clasp around his thick, spurting cock as the sperm spreads over the young innocence. Little face, big, red, wet eyes.

The confused child is thrown to the ground and made to lick his slimy lips. Around his mouth, his tongue catches snot, sperm, sweat and tears. His tiny face aches. Raymond stands over the child. He jiggles his softening cock, his last drops of sticky, thick cum fall. He grabs his heavy balls and massages his withdrawing dick as he looks down at the crying, whimpering child. Raymond aims his dick with one hand, the other pulls his balls tighter. He begins to piss. A few drops at first and the child looks up from his sprawled position on the hard floor. Then the piss comes steady, in a hot stream, drenching the tiny, naked and bruised body that quickly, uncontrollably pulls into a fetal position. The boy stops crying and stares, blankly, into his thin, bunched stomach. He closes his eyes and prays for his mommy and daddy. Raymond pisses all over the little body.



After Raymond enjoyed the children, he sold them to friends. He offered their bodies for prostitution and allowed others, for a price, to watch the sex acts. He also ran a kiddie-porn ring and sold color polaroid snap shots of the children. The children were shot naked; alone and in pairs, sometimes in bondage and often when being fucked by grown-ups.

Pills and a mysterious red liquid were used to drug the children into obedience. But Raymond's greatest technique was sheer brutality. He taught the kiddies fear. He taught them constant, unwavering fear. The children were scared to death of Raymond because:

After fucking, hurting and selling the tiny tots, Buckey would torture and slaughter a small animal in front of them. As he killed the animal (most usually a rabbit, squirrel or a turtle), Buckey explained to the children that he could do the same to them or even, their parents. He would cut off a rabbit's ears for a start, then slowly work his way to evisceration. The little animal squirmed underneath Raymond's hands as he poked and tore and ripped and cut at it with a knife. The children cried and, no doubt, Buckey's hard-on raged. He once, mutilated a horse to drive his point home.

Raymond and the other teachers made the children draw cute pictures of rabbits, turtles, squirrels and horsies and told the kids to hang the art-work up in their bed-rooms at home. Constant reminders of their torture and endless pleasure for Raymond.

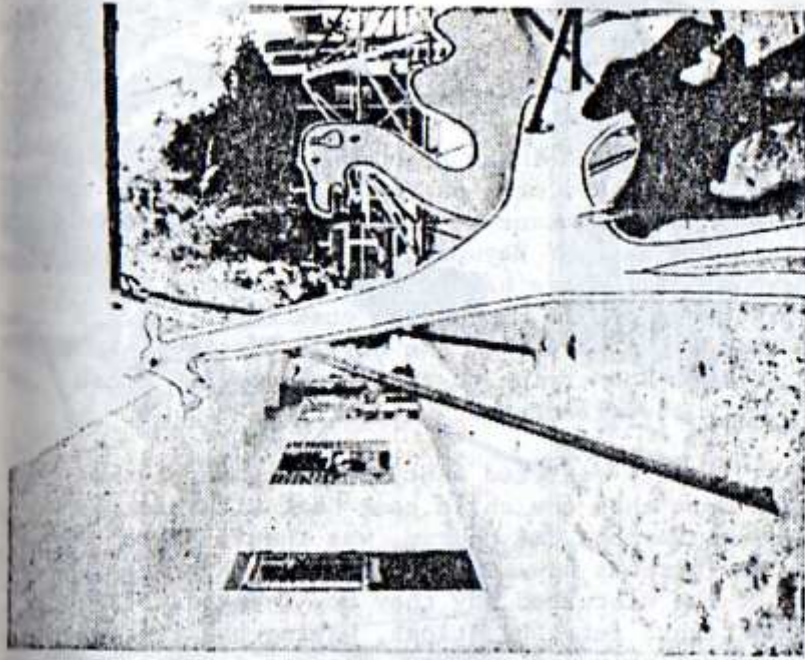
Raymond also set fire to bushes outside the school rooms and told the frightened children, "I can do that to any house on Manhattan Beach". Raymond was always showing off his flare-gun to the kiddies.

The teachers played games with the children. Games like "nurse" and "naked schoolhouse", where the children ran around the classroom nude. The little children (some as young as two!) were made to probe the teacher's cunts and assholes with their fingers. The teachers, in turn, probed the kiddie's assholes and cunts. The little boys were fondled and sucked. They were made to fondle poke, lick and suck. Sagging tits, wrinkled asses being kissed and touched by little mouths and tiny fingers.



### 'Not guilty, period' in child molestation

Virginia McMartin, 76, founder of the Virginia McMartin Preschool in Manhattan Beach, Calif., sticks out her tongue at photographers Friday during her arraignment on child-molestation charges. Entering a plea of "not guilty, period," McMartin was named along with three of her relatives and three teachers in a 115-count indictment alleging the molestation of 170 children over the past 10 years.



The empty playground of the Virginia McMartin Pre-School in Manhattan Beach, Calif. (AP)

Saturday, April 21, 1984

All under the controlling, sex-excited eye of Raymond Buckey.

Even after the school has been shut (and recently vandalized) and the teachers put in jail, the little pre-schoolers are reluctant to tell of their pains. They are still afraid of Raymond, so great was his power. Psychologists have had to resort to using anatomically correct dolls and puppets to coax the stories out. The children lash out at the dolls, hitting them and spitting at them and trying to tie them up. They probe the dolls with their fingers.

Parents finally realized what was going on at the school when more than one child came home with his asshole bleeding. Raymond, of course, was the first to be arrested. The parents now know the reasons why their children act the disturbed way they do. The kids started sleeping in tight, fetal positions, having bad nightmares, crying uncontrollably for no known reason, fighting with neighbors, talking to themselves, etc.. The children are forever scarred with Raymond Buckey's sperm. The memories of the abuse, torture and rape will stay with the children forever. As they grow up the images will get stronger and harder to cope with. They are constantly under Raymond Buckey's will. As teenagers trying to enjoy their first kiss, they will automatically remember kissing Buckey's dick. Almost everything they do will be marred with the remembrance of adult cock, adult power, tortured innocence, destroyed trust, REAL SEX PLAY! These children's assholes, faces, dicks, cunts, little tits were sold for money. Their little bodies were spit on, tasted, cummed on, pissed on, shitted on, pinched and poked, grabbed and manipulated, raped, fucked, humiliated, beat. Their little minds are destroyed. Their parents lives are destroyed. Buckey's pleasure and his power are everlasting as he watches these kids and their families grow into emotional hunch-backs and sick lepers.

As we view the illustrious crimes of Raymond Buckey and The McMartin School, we remember the grandeur of child torturers before him. We are quickly reminded of Gilles de Rais, the greatest child-fucker ever! NEXT ISSUE!



# KLAUS BARBIE

"I am a convinced Nazi. I admire the Nazi discipline. I am proud to have been a commanding officer of the best military outfit in the Third Reich, and if I had to be born a thousand times again, I would be a thousand times what I have been."

Klaus Barbie has good reason to be proud of his life. His life is exemplary. Every action that Barbie enacted had to do with his pleasures and every action, in turn, worked to the betterment of his position.

He quickly rose to the higher echelon of the SS after being a strong Nazi soldier and dedicated Hitler Youth. His life in Lyon, France, where he was in third command of the Gestapo, was full of the most glorious and sex-exciting tortures. He earned Himmler's Iron Cross (with sword) and was responsible for many destroyed French towns and countless Jew deaths. His methods and motivation were enjoyable and effective.

After the war, Barbie was able to make himself extremely useful to U.S. Intelligence, who in return provided him with money and a position that he was able to exploit magnificently. Barbie spirited many of his SS friends and comrades out of Germany and into the U.S. and freedom by using the money, U.S. forged documents and Rat-line provisions regularly employed by the C.I.C.. Later on, while he celebrated his older age in Bolivia, he was surrounded by Nazi friends (often toasting "HEIL HITLER" in their exclusive German club and talking of the good ol' days). He lived famously on the money he embezzled and tricked out of companies funded by the Bolivian government.

Presently, Barbie sits in Mont Luc prison where he awaits trial for "crimes against humanity". Finally cap-

tured at 70 years old, he serves as a perfect example of how sickeningly weak and ridiculous his enemies are. His enemies are still his playthings. Barbie knew Mont Luc well while he was stationed in France and, no doubt, his days there now are full with fond, close-up images and graphic remembrances of his brutal power and sexual tortures. The lame Jew-groups that want Barbie prosecuted typically cry over their pains and wail for his trial to begin. Barbie enjoys their bawling; at 70 years old, he is the ultimate symbol of Nazi power and is back in Lyon to extoll it. His presence; his immaculate, unharmed presence only shouts his triumphant, correct and right life and mirrors the weakness, impotence and stupidity of the worms outside.

"The reason why the French are so interested in me is because I wounded their Gallic pride. I proved to them that they're stupid."

The best way to celebrate Barbie's tremendous achievements and ecstatic pleasures is to enjoy the pained whimperings of his toys. This, however, is difficult as the tales of Barbie's best tortures died with his victims. We must be content with the descriptions provided by the weaklings and lepers that survived (survived only due to Barbie's eventual disinterest -Barbie was tremendously effective and thorough). Clearly, the magnitude and pleasures of his crimes shine through and are paid tribute to.

The conditions at Mont Luc were kept at their worst. The prisoners watched each other slowly die by deep torture wounds and later watched them rot. The cells were full of vermin -cockroaches, lice, fleas, mice and rats crawled on and ate at the sickly prisoner's shit and blood stained flesh persistantly. The prisoners were often naked and crowded many to a cell. Conditions at the specially built torture/interrogation center Ecole deSante, followed suit.

(after interrogation) "Their return in the evening was something awful to see, their bodies just a mass of wounds, burns and blood. Once, in the cell next to mine, was a poor devil moaning quitely. The Gestapo made him lie down



naked, with his back against the sharp edge of a shovel embedded in the ground. Then they whipped his stomach with a lash. His backbone was fractured and his legs paralyzed." male resistance

Barbie would administer NACKENSCHUSS (a bullet fired into the back of the neck) and let the dead prisoner fall down the steps into the basement, where the other prisoners cowered and waited.

"Barbie shot the man in the back of the head. The head split apart while the man somersaulted to the bottom of the stairs like a rabbit. To get that effect, you need to be exactly three steps behind. Barbie just laughed, the same laugh that I recognized twelve years ago in his first television interview.

"When you've seen something like that three times, and you know Barbie is behind you, you think, 'That's it, it's all over'." male resistance

Barbie enjoyed torturing females and unlike the males, immediately made them strip naked. He humiliated them

from start to end and forced many prisoners to watch the action.

"You suffered twice as much when a woman was being tortured. They burned them on the breast with cigarettes. They did that to the men, too. I was burned with cigarette ends. With the women it had to be even more painful.

"With Barbie it was a pleasure, as it was for the others. It was a pleasure for them to say 'Take your clothes off'." male resistance

Barbie kept two large German Shepherd dogs at ready wait at the Ecole deSante. One was trained to attack, bite and rip prisoners and the other to mount and fuck prisoners. Barbie would push a naked prisoner into a corner and let the first dog lunge forward. By hitting the dog with the excess leash and giving it more slack, Barbie allowed the dog's teeth to bite deeper and the attack to grow more vicious. The second dog was released on females who cried out in pain, humiliation and terror.

"The dog was obviously trained for this act. The three SS men were holding the woman down while she screamed and wept. We were off to the side and couldn't see everything, but we knew what was happening. I'll never forget that day. They were laughing, with Barbie to one side laughing with them. He was there, directing everything."

male resistance

Barbie's list of tortures is grand and seemingly endless. For a start, he would beat the prisoners again and again and again. He would use his fists first. It was not unusual for Barbie to beat the prisoners every day, hours on end, for weeks at a time.

"The man used his fists as a method of interrogation. I think it gave him pleasure, I had the impression that this man was happy to be giving out punishment, to be hitting someone. He seemed quite pleased to be in power. You could feel that he was the boss and that we were in his hands. And in fact, we were in his hands."

male resistance

He moved on to rubber truncheons after fists. The



technique for revival of those prisoners who passed out from the slow and steady pain was brutal kicks from thick, black SS boots. Barbie tied up his human punching-bags with manacles tied to the wrists. The victim would hang with his arms outstretched and his feet dangling in the air. Sometimes, fire was placed underneath the soles.

"Once I had been hung up, Barbie asked me questions -the same ones about Didier again and again -and when I didn't answer, he hit me. When you get hit like that, it makes you move and it stretches you. I had torn ligaments as a result, so today I can't lift my arms very high. 'Who is Didier? Where is Didier?' Barbie then hit me, it was always Barbie. Sometimes he had someone relieve him, but he always took over again to finish up. It was terrible." female resistance

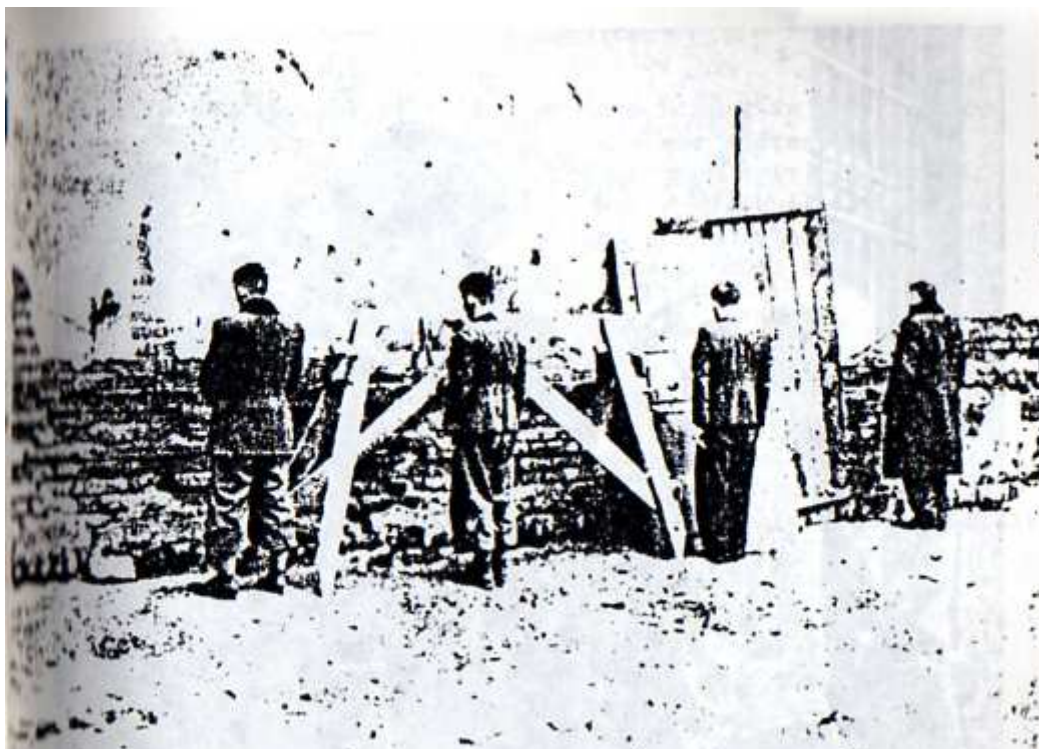
One of Barbie's favorite tortures was LA BAIGNOIRE. The victim was placed in a bathtub filled with freezing water. The prisoner's hands were then bound or cuffed behind their back while their feet were tied to a bar that laid across the tub to which a chain was attached. By pulling on the chain, Barbie forced the victim under the water and kept him there until he felt it was enough. The dunks were repeated and violent and the net effect was one of slowly drowning while one's nerves became shattered again and again.

Barbie sometimes simply tied the prisoner around a stick (tying the wrists to the ankles and shoving the stick between the trussed arms) and then pushed the victim into the bath.

"It was like an axle around which they turned me, dragging me by the hair." male resistance

The torturing continued even out of the bath and another of Barbie's favorites was the injection of acid by needle.

"He was a monster. He always had a cosh in his hand. He beat without hesitation and encouraged others to do the same. When I was unconscious, he pushed me into the freezing bath, then the cosh again, and acid injected into my bladder. He really enjoyed other people's sufferings, and even hung people up in front of us with music playing in the background." male resistance



Barbie had a torture chair to which handcuffs and straps were attached. He would lock in prisoners and beat them with all manner of instruments, including a KNOUT (a spring-driven bar with a leather ball affixed to it's end and studded with metal points).

Many mock executions were held to keep the prisoners under constant mental anguish. A gun would be placed to the head and a blank cartridge fired.

"I was slapped of course, and then they took me back and made me go down in the cellar. Barbie was there with his dog. They pushed my head against the wall. There was one man with a machine gun and another who held a revolver against the back of my neck. They said 'Do you have any last words or is there anyone you want notified?' ...At the time, I was sorry I didn't have a cyanide pill like the ones they gave the parachutists and I was very sorry they hadn't shot me." female resistance

Barbie concentrated on the same spot for days on end, until the flesh was sensitive and raw beyond repair. He



strapped victims to flat tables and used electric shocks, thick sticks and red-hot pokers on the exposed flesh.

Barbie enjoyed all types of prisoners, although, of course, he had favorites.

"For him, it was jews and communists. There were only two things that mattered, you could tell right away. Really, it was something that was an obsession with him. As soon as he ran across a jew, he went for him. He would become furious, totally furious." male resistance

And children.

"...a smiling man. At first I found him very, very charming. He was dressed in light grey, carrying a cat which was a darker shade of grey. He came towards us very nicely, stroking the cat. First he looked at my father, then my mother, and then came to me and said I was pretty. Still stroking the cat, he put it gently on the table and asked my mother where her other children had gone. We

really didn't know. They'd gone into hiding in the country two days before and we didn't have their address. Slowly, he came up to me and took hold of my long hair, rolling it gently along his hand. When he reached my skull, he yanked it as hard as he could and repeated his questions over and over again. He slapped me and knocked me onto the floor and picked me up with his foot."

(she was then separated from her parents)

"He knocked me about all day. My face was completely torn to pieces. My lip was split. I was covered in blood, and I hadn't eaten. He took me to my mother's cell. He had the door opened and called to my mother, 'Well, there you are, you can be proud of yourself.' The beatings continued for five days." female resistance(13)

Barbie enjoyed every kind of torture imaginable. He used to tease the prisoners by eating, drinking and smoking in front of them. He used to poise his secretary on his lap and feel her in full view of the dying, tortured prisoners. He enjoyed the victims in every way.

"She never said anything and they even kissed full on the mouth in front of me. It was his way of showing virility. Her presence spurred him on. Looking back I sometimes even think that he wasn't even interested in getting any information. Fundamentally he was a sadist who enjoyed causing pain and proving his power. He had an extraordinary fund of violence. Coshes, clubs and whips lay on his desk, and he used them a lot." male jew

"The worst he did to me was pushing three-inch needles through my rib cage into my lungs. I often collapsed and he threw me into the corridor to recover. I feigned unconsciousness and saw him inflict even worse tortures on others. Women were undressed and beaten, one even holding her three-year-old child; and one woman was forced to submit to Barbie's huge sheepdog. At the end of each day, we were all dragged, bleeding heavily, to the cells below and the killings continued." male resistance

Barbie enjoyed extreme mutilation. Prisoner victims were slowly torn and ripped apart and the other prisoners were, of course, made to watch. Reports exist of Barbie and his SS cutting off fingers and toes with kitchen

knives, severing women's breasts and tearing their nipples off, legs and arms being sawed and burnt off. The victims also had their eyes gouged and ripped out and their heads scalped. Barbie broke and smashed vertebrae and left many prisoners crippled worms.

Barbie's sadistic strength was also responsible for many scorched French towns and villages. Often, he killed many to simply find one suspect and shipped any questionable or even mildly problematic villagers to concentration camps. One of the towns that Barbie visited was Izeu, where he found an entire school of hide-out jew-children.

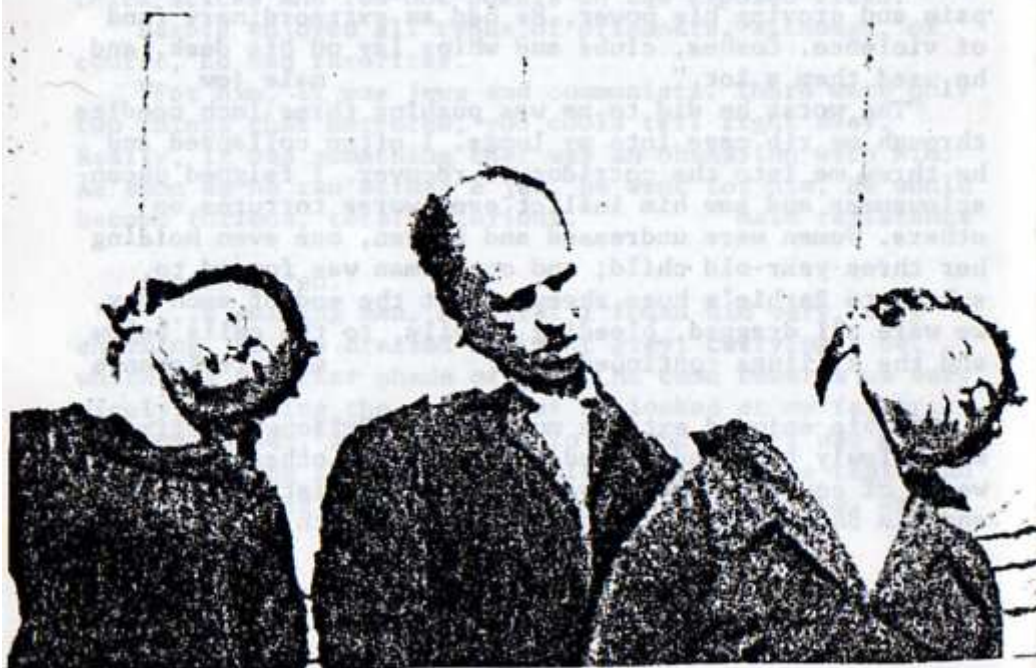
"The Germans were loading the children into the lorries brutally, as if they were sacks of potatoes. Most of them were frightened and crying. ... (one little jew tried to escape) They grabbed him and started beating him with the butts of their rifles, and kicking him in the shins."

farmhand

The children were sent to Auschwitz.

THE JEWISH CHILDREN'S HOME IN IZEU (AIN) WAS CLOSED DOWN THIS MORNING. A TOTAL OF 41 CHILDREN AGED 3 TO 13 WERE ARRESTED. ADDITIONALLY, ALL THE JEWISH PERSONNEL - COMPRISING TEN PEOPLE, INCLUDING FIVE WOMEN WERE ALSO ARRESTED. MONEY OR OTHER VALUABLES WERE NOT DISCOVERED. TRANSPORT TO DRANCY FOLLOWS 7.4.44.

SIGNED, KLAUS BARBIE SS.





# CUNTFUCK

Gerald Eugene Stano, during 11 of his 33 years, murdered and brutal-fucked over 39 females. Most of the cunt were easy pick-ups, hitch-hikers or prostitutes. All of them, Stano says, were bitches who deserved to die.

Stano knew the instinctual weakness that is female and from his early years on, surrounded himself with only the finest examples of them. His girlfriends were all misfits and fuck-ups. One was mentally retarded, another was epileptic, all of them complained of emotional problems and traumatic scars. These women provided Stano with lasting pleasure, where every day could be filled with enjoyment ranging from small bouts of laughter to intense sexual excitement.

We can easily imagine Gerald sitting at the dinner table and laughing at his docile, slaved retard choking, struggling, and drooling over a simple sandwich. Or watching her pained expression and depression as she eyes normal people doing simple, everyday tasks that she can't.

Gerald palm-rubbing his hardening penis through his blue jeans as he pretends to care about the weak, parasitic female before him as she details her familial traumas. How her father used to climb in bed with her when she was a tender 8 year-old. How his dirty, hairy and big fingers finger-fucked her bald little slash. How he rubbed his tough hands over her trembling little body and pinched her small pink nipples. How his hardened, red dick made her sick when he told her to lick it and suck it and kiss it. And how he beat her and slammed her head against the wall and told her not to tell her pig-ignorant mother.

Stano, one hand on his stiff, exposed cock, massages himself up and down in quick-jerk motions that mimic the spastic movements of his epileptic girlfriend as she flops and flays, uncontrollably, around on the floor. Stano cums. Sperm sliding off his tool and smearing his hot-hand. He reaches his spunk-thick fingers down the wet incontinent's mouth to prevent her dying on the tongue that's been torturing her throughout her fit. His smelly fingers



Jerry Stano may break the record for prolific murderers.

UPI Telephoto

wipe off clean in the mixture of spittle, snot and sweat inside the wretched animal's mouth. Every drop of the mess disappears down her throat as she later, punily, attempts to compose herself.

Even in childhood, Stano's life was marked by his strong individualist and self-pleasing philosophy. Always an intense loner, Gerald shunned physical contact and never exhibited affection for anyone. He stole constantly from his parents and neighbors and was the instigator of many a childhood fight. His behavior towards others was impatient and often violent. He enjoyed violent fantasies. He lied to everyone -a further example of his strong libertine outlook; he used people for what he could get and enjoyed doing it.

The psychologists that have examined Stano for the court's case against him have, of course, failed to find a rationalist answer to Stano's impeccable personality. They have, instead, resorted to biblical references and moralistic judgements to pronounce Stano simply evil. "The Stanos are very fine people", says Ann McMillan, one of the principal psychiatrists in the case. "If they had been Joseph and Mary, it wouldn't have changed this boy.



He was a time bomb waiting to go off. I call him one of the children that God forgot."

Stano cruised roller rinks and video-game parlors where he chose juveniles for a quick night's fuck. His adult cock wiping his thick, sticky, almond-sperm on their too-young tits. His adult hands manhandling their firm, smallish, white bodies and innocent faces. Fucking suburban, pubescent slits was enough to keep Stano satisfied for awhile. Stano created many a suburban slut.

After he tired of young cunt, Gerald decided to hunt a different breed. He found his real pleasures lied in beating, stabbing, strangling and sometimes, simply shooting jaded females. Stano drove around Florida's Daytona Beach area and picked up easy cunt. He preyed mainly on hitch-hikers and prostitutes but some of his victims were one-night stands and street whores. He impressed the sluts with his polite, trusting demeanor and immaculate, bright and shiny car. He often offered flattery, beer or pot as incitements; others only wanted money or a lift.

Once the slut was in his car, Gerald would start the small talk -always enjoying the tease and trusting naivete of his toy. Stano would carefully work his way up to insulting the female. He kept at the cunt; insinuating, insulting, suggesting. Finally he would entrap the stupid female into reacting. The female would start to argue. Then she'd start to yell, to screech like a girl. Stano allowed the female only a few minutes of blabbering. Then he attacked. "I can't stand a bitchy chick", Stano later said.

Stano punished the female for her mouth. He would punch, slap and fist the stunned woman as he shouted at her to keep her trap shut. Gerald recalls one particular slut, a 24 year-old motel maid: "(She was) bitching, bitching, bitching and I wasn't about to take it from any body. I was just meaning to keep her mouth shut because she was trying to run her mouth so goddam much she sounded like my future wife that I was going to marry." (Stano has blamed the murders on an emotional scar caused by his wife. He contends he was out for revenge.)

Stano's method of attack changed with his moods. If he just wanted another cunt destroyed, he shot them. This proved to be an efficient way to rid himself of his paltry victim. Of course, he had already enjoyed their flesh by beating them with his fists. He usually shot into their faces and blew their heads off. Most times, Stano savored his victim's pain and stabbed, throttled and/or pummelled them to death.

Quickly thrusting his fingers tightly around the cunt's neck, Stano squeezed till the squeaky bitch was forced to shut up. Her eyes and tongue jut out and gurgling, choking noises rise from within her heaving chest and bottom of her throat. Her wretched face changes pallor. Sickly. Gerald slams a full-fist into her worthless, pain-contorted face. Again and again, Stano's hard-knuckled fist pounds the sluts fucked face. His fingers grab and pull her mouth. Slap her face. Fist her fucking face. Dig at her. Cunt. Stupid female. Stano's fingers wrap again around her red neck. Her titted-chest heaves again and her back arches against her weight. Stano shakes her neck. Back and forth, throwing spit, back and forth, muffled, mumbled screams. Cry. Gerald rings her neck like a stupid fucking rag-doll. His hand palm-smashes her wet, slobbering face. His fingers dig at her. Her eyes. Her mouth. Her nose is broken. Blood dots Gerald's hand. Fucking slut, prostitute-fucking pig. The barely conscious cunt feels hard blows to her stomach. She vomits. It smears all over her face. Fists. Spit, puke, blood. The slut loses it, she starts to go black ...punches fly at rapid speed. Pain all over. She doesn't know what hurts. She wants to die. ...

Gerald slams a fist deep into her lap. His fingers spread her mess on her dress. His fingers grab the clothes and rip. Tug and pull. He fists her panties, wraps his fingers underneath the white cloth, brushing her cunt hairs at her thigh. Pig. Prostitute. She's pissed herself. He tears her panties off. Cunt. Hairy, fucking slash. Ugly fucking gash. Weakness. Bruises mark her wet, loose thighs. Whore's body. Stano's fingers slide up her blouse. Tug her tits. Tear her top. Tug her tits, rip her nipples. He bends and bites the pink flesh. Button. Blood. Cunt. His cock tightens against his pants. He



squeezes and mauls the heavy-hung tits with large, hairy hands. Dirty nails in tough flesh. Two fingers pinch and pull at the nipple. Palm grabs the breast. Stano shakes the bruised flesh. Again. His teeth come down tight on the nipple pin. His face and mouth are full of breast; blood starts to warm his gums and tongue. Blood smears over white, pale flesh and pink aureole.

Gerald hits the whore's face. Her teeth are bleeding.

Her eyes are two ugly fucking slits that glassily, stare blankly. Numb. Fucking slut still feels every blow. Cunt. Gerald spreads her legs by clamping his hands into her thighs. His fist bunches and comes down hard into her lap. He pushes her up. His fist grinds into her hairy, soaked female cunt-hole. His fingers, his nails dig her snatch. Scrapes her skin underneath her brittle hair. Ugly red lips. Ugly wrinkled, sick weak flesh. Twisted folds. Cunt. Disease. Piss. Stano squeezes his finger into the gash. Tight, wet, sick. Another. Skin scraping flesh. His palm arches, his fingers pull up inside her body. Worm insides. He wrenches against her body. Another finger in and a quick backward yank. Her body crumbles. Blood. Push, pull -inside the whore. He rips her cunt lining with his nails and finger joints.

Gerald releases his hard-on from his pants. Strong, throbbing cock. He climbs on the whore. His dick pressed against her thigh. Smash in the face with his fist. He spits in her female face. He slams his dick into the messy cunt. Skin pulls against his dick. His cock-head wrenches back in her body. Unconscious cunt. Pound. Pound. Gerald's hand slaps and grabs and tugs and mangles and punches the whore as he fucks her body. His cock sends his sperm into her dead womb. Jerking, cumming sperm mixes with her blood. Hot on cold flesh. Blood spreads to

his balls. Matted pubics. Cum. His body, his hairy, strong body presses against her weak female-shit existence. Dead fuck. Pleasure corpse.

The murders have all been marked with what the police term "unnecessary ferocity". Gerald used a knife to stab, slash and butcher some of the whores he'd beaten to death. Sometimes the knife was the instrument of death, other times, a tool used to further enjoy his dead plaything's flesh.

Stano's story about his wife's influence didn't hold in court and he has since been sentenced to death. So far, he's been charged with 39 murders; 33 in Florida, 2 in New Jersey and 4 in Pennsylvania. The murders occurred between 1969 and 1980 and police suspect there are many more. Stano has been given 7 life terms and has been sentenced to death 3 times. He now lives on Florida's death row.

Stano's attorney had this to say about him; "He doesn't know what revenge is. By killing these girls, he was satisfying himself."

Sgt. Paul Crow, the Daytona Beach detective who was responsible for cracking the case, also pays tribute to Gerald Stano; "It's hard to believe people can do this, it's hard to understand. That roach you stepped on two weeks ago was how he felt about the women he killed.

"On the surface he was like Joe Blow. Some people might look at the crimes and say an animal did it. But he's a human being. Human beings commit murders."

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As a millionaire with his own mansion, private pools, foreign cars, sauna, speed boat, etc., etc. (in all, an estate worth well over 1.8 million dollars), Christopher Wilder knew women all too well. Wilder realized early on what loathsome, slovenly slugs females are and he quickly learned to use their instinctual parasitism to his fullest advantage.

Wilder played on women's vanity. He went after the



In a videotape made for a Florida dating service three years ago, Wilder said ...



"I have a need to meet. I want to enjoy the company of a number of women" ...



"I would like to have a family one day," Wilder added.

stereotypical, model-type female. He approached them in shopping malls, at local beauty contests, anywhere he could and asked them to pose for famous magazines. He knew his smart style and monied look would easily lure the female into believing him. He was, after all, all they wanted.

Many of Wilder's fun and money filled weekends (away from his successful contracting business) were spent enjoying sex-torture. Even before his recent 5 week sex-rampage, Wilder's antics were well known to both Floridian and Australian police. Among his arms-length list of priors;

In 1976, a Boca Raton, Florida jury found Wilder innocent on rape charges by discounting a female witness's testimony. Wilder was working on a contracting job for a 16 year-old's parents, when he found himself alone with her. He started to talk to her. What did she want to do after high school and other small talk. Soon, Wilder offered the teen a secretary's job with his firm. He invited her to an immediate interview. The excited, smiling-for-different-reasons couple drove off in Wilder's El Camino to the ostensible interview. As they drove Wilder started to drop the nice-guy airs. They started to argue. Wilder slapped her. He tried to rip her clothes off. The girl began to cry. Wilder decided he felt like having his dick washed and quickly undid his pants. His exposed cock became hard and he told the sweet 16



In 1983 Wilder and Beth Kenyon went to a race track together. Says Beth's mother:  
"He found out my daughter was a good girl; then he freaked out."

to suck him off. When the girl refused, he screamed: "You're going to suck it...you're going to do what I say or I'll kill you". Wilder grabbed her body and tried to screw her. She told him that she had VD but he filled her young cunt with his cock and fucked her in the back of his van, then and there.

A K-mart employee found pornographic photos of naked kiddies and women in negatives that Wilder dropped off for development. Posed in "obscene" positions, the children had been forced to do Wilder's bidding by a knock-out drug he gave them. The women, acting on insecure-instinct, naturally complied.

In 1980, Wilder was again charged with the rape of a 16 year-old. This one, a Tennessee vacationer, was approached by Wilder and asked to pose for a pizza ad. The teenager agreed after he told her he was "David Pierce, an agent for Barbizon modeling school".

He took her to his apartment and told her to fit her young limbs into some sexy-cut shorts and spike heels. Wilder sat before her and directed her to act sexy while he evaluated her poses. Enjoying the slow tease, Wilder gave the fresh girl a slice of pizza and told her "to chew it real slow". "My eyes are the camera", he said to her as he eyed her ridiculous pouts and suggestions. The pizza was laced with the same drug that worked so well on the kiddie-porn children.

Wilder started to massage the girl's tanned body. His hands feeling her young flesh through the bright, satin clothes she wore like a stupid peacock. He fondled her breasts and cupped her flat crotch through the shorts. He grabbed her ass. The teen started to argue and fight. She wanted to know why she had to do only what he wanted. Wilder threw her to the floor and answered; "You want to be a Barbizon model, don't you?". She removed her pants and spread her legs for him.

After realizing she had been used, the little whore brought charges against Wilder. He was able to plea bargain and was put on probation.

Wilder broke probation in December 1982, when he flew to Sydney, Australia. There, he kidnapped two 15 year-old girls and forced them to pose for pictures. He made them strip and then blindfolded them. He fondled, grabbed and manhandled their small bodies but refused to fuck them. His tastes were changing and he was tired of the simple, sickly-folded, rank flesh that forms cunt. He threw the kids out after photographing them in lesbian positions that he dictated.

When arrested the next day, Wilder was able to pay his \$376,000.00 bail and quickly jetted back to Florida. He knew now what he wanted and what true pleasures could be had with his power.

Wilder's sex-rampage started on February 26 in Miami. That day, Wilder drove in the Miami Grand Prix and won



Christopher Wilder: FBI's "most wanted man."



ROSARIO GONZALEZ

\$400.00. Rosario Gonzalez was working at the race track the same day. She was wearing a tight white t-shirt and "short-shorts". She was last seen with "someone who looked like Wilder". She has never been seen since as her body has never been found. She wanted to be a model.

Wilder had known his next victim for quite awhile before he murder-fucked her. Beth Kenyon disappeared on March 5, was 23 years old and her body has also never been found. Beth's parents called Wilder to account for their silly daughter's absence and hired a detective to help find her. Wilder, using his money-power and influence was able to flee Florida and escape detection.

"We couldn't understand why a man who broke probation four times couldn't be trailed", says Delores Kenyon, the dead girl's mother. "In our justice system the criminal has all the rights and that is why my daughter isn't here tonight. If the system was different, all eight girls would be alive." After Wilder had slaughtered and hid Beth's body, he told the Kenyons, "I would never do anything to hurt you".

Terry Ferguson went missing on March 18 from Melbourne, Florida. Her body was found four days later. Wilder used the model ploy on this female and she quickly fell for





it. She had always told her family that she wanted to be a model. Her tortured, blood drenched, dead body was found in a Florida swamp.

Wilder's next sex-capade was with a 19 year-old dog from Tallahassee, Florida. This one, who's name has been kept from the press, didn't want to be a model and refused Wilder's offer. Wilder's answer to her was simple. He forced her into his car and beat her into submission. He pummelled her with punches, bound and gagged her and stuffed her unconscious body into a sleeping bag which he threw into his trunk. He then drove to Bainbridge, Georgia and rented a motel room for the night. Wilder spent the whole night regaling in sexual sadism. He raped her pained cunt. He beat and tortured her until she was very near death. He shocked her naked flesh with a 110 volt electric cattle prod, paying specific attention to her ass. Wilder poured super glue in her eyes to try and shut them permanently. He fucked her cunt and her 19 year-old asshole again and again.

The day after the female's ordeal, she was able to break free of her bonds and run screaming into the motel hall. Wilder escaped out the back way.

Terry Walden disappeared on March 23 from her hometown of Beaumont, Texas and was found 3 days later, floating face-down in a canal. She too, had fallen into Wilder's

model-trap and he customarily thrashed, brutalized, and destroyed her. Her body was covered in bruises and deep rope burns were etched into her wrists and ankles. Her body had been knifed, but it is unknown as to whether or not this was the cause of her death.

The same day that police found Terry's corpse, fishermen in Milford Lake, Kansas found the dead body of Suzanne Logan. Lovely Suzanne was 20 when Wilder killed her. Three years earlier, Suzanne had bragged to her friends and family that she was starting to compile her model's portfolio. Wilder fell his prey with glorious eloquence. Enjoying their excruciating pain and terror, Wilder was allowed the extra pleasure of proving to the girls their own stupidity and worthlessness. By their own insecurity, their own vanity, their own femaleness, they brought on their own death and torture. Wilder bound Suzanne's body with tight nylon cord and heavy, silver duct tape. She had been beaten severely and deep knife wounds punctuated her pretty tits and ass.

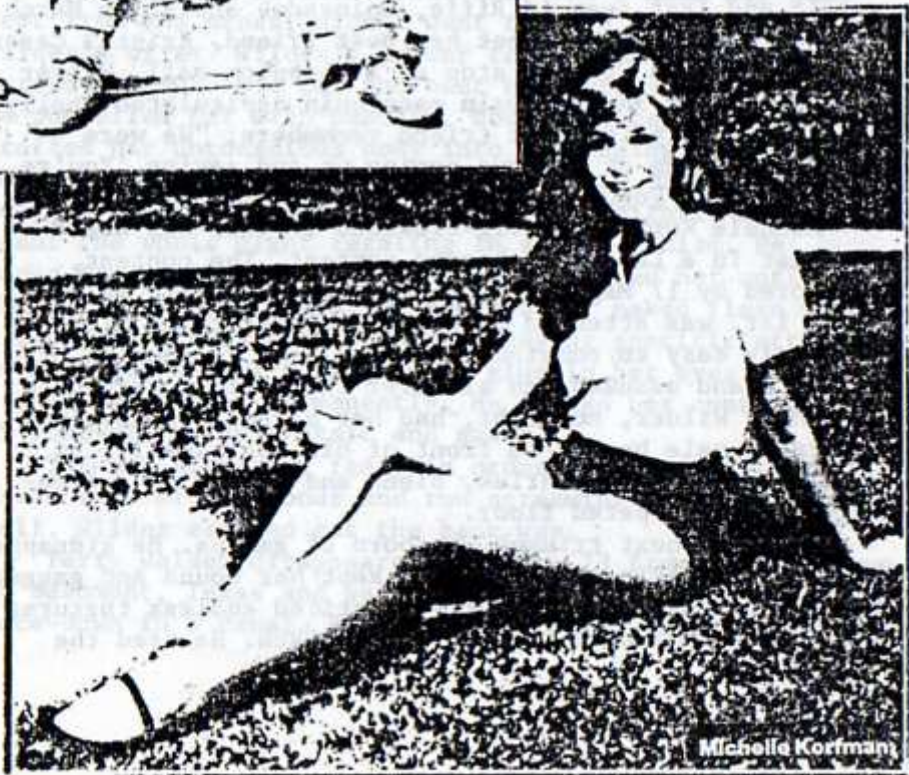
Sheryl Bonaventura's body has yet to be found. She was 18 and last seen in Rifle, Colorado. Sheryl on March 29, was on her way to meet her best friend, Kristal Cesario, when she made a "brief" stop at a shopping mall. Wilder approached her and the vain mannequin capitulated easily. Sheryl's samely-ignorant friend remembers; "We were always dreaming of someone coming up and saying 'You're found. You're Vogue material'. I would have done it."

Michele Korfman, a big-breasted 17 year-old was a finalist in a Las Vegas beauty contest. The contest, sponsored by 17 Magazine and held in a shopping mall on April 1st, was attended by Wilder. Wilder found Michele extremely easy to convince. She was used to showing off her tits and assumed men all over the world deserved to see them. Wilder, no doubt, had her parade her lovely, natural female beauty in front of him, personally, by forcing her to cry, shriek, bleed and suffer on a flea-bag motel's carpeted floor.

Wilder's next triumph was born of genius. He kidnapped Tina Marie Riscio, only 16, and kept her bound and gagged for 3 full days. He gleefully practiced endless tortures and abuses on Tina's lumpy body and face. He used the



**"She wanted to do lots of things," Sheryl Bonaventura's mother recalls. "She didn't want to stay in town. She wanted to get away."**



prod on her. He raped her. Fucked her cunt. Repeatedly. He stuck his dick in her crying mouth. He beat her for his pleasure.

But, as things were heating up, FBI wise, Wilder decided not to kill his bruised bag of fuck-meat. Instead, he used her to lure his next victim. Wilder made tortured Tina watch the nightly news reports of his killer escapades



UPI Telephoto

### **Wilder at Las Vegas fashion show**

In a photo released Tuesday by the FBI, Christopher Wilder is shown at an April 1 fashion show in a Las Vegas shopping mall after which participant Michelle Korfman, 17, disappeared. Agents said the photo was taken by a parent of one of the show's participants. Wilder, suspected of kidnaping, raping and murdering at least 11 women in a cross-country crime spree, died during a confrontation with police officers last Friday in Colebrook, N.H. Korfman is still missing.



Tina Maria Risco



"Dawnette"

and impressed upon her what he needed her to do. She was putty in his hands. Mentally and physically exhausted, with every inch of her existence aching, she was frightened and manipulated into obedience.

Controlled Tina asked Dawnette Sue Wilt if she wanted to be a model, when she met her in Merrillville, Indiana on April 10th. When 16 year-old Dawnette went to "Tina's car" to sign the model's consent form, Wilder jumped her. He pulled a gun on her and forced her into the car. Wilder drove to Syracuse, New York. His lust raging, Wilder even tortured the teenager in the car as he drove. He kicked and punched her. Grabbed and throttled her.

At the motel, Wilder enjoyed both young girls in an orgy of torture and sex-abuse. Grand thrashings. A feast of stupid female meat and slow bleeding flesh. Prod. Fists. Fucked cunts, assholes, mouths. Crying cunts, 16 year old moans and screams. Piss. Weakling females. Cunts, shits.

The next day, Wilder threw Dawnette out of his car into nearby Barrington woods. Wilder stabbed her twice in her 16 year-old tits and once in her back. The knife split through her flesh and punctured a lung. Dawnette coughed blood all over herself. Wilder left her to die alone in the woods, gushing blood and still bound in the duct tape and nylon cord. Dawnette was able to stumble to

a house nearby and seems like she'll survive.

Dawnette's grandfather insists on drooling his opinions that in fact, pay tribute to Christopher Wilder. The old man refuses to believe that his sweet Dawnette could act like the female she is. "I don't know about the other girls", he says, "but she's not interested in that". Wilder nailed Dawnette just like the other sluts. He tortured and fucked Dawnette just like women deserve.

Wilder's last murder was a simple affair. He needed Beth Dodge's car and succinctly shot her in the head to obtain it. Beth Dodge was a 33 year old mother. Wilder's lust had grown too great and he had placed himself in grave danger. He had lost control and the FBI were frantic on his tail. Christopher Wilder succeeded in killing 11 sluts in all, before his death at the hands of a Colebrook, N.H. cop. He led a life full of power and pleasure.

A bartender that served Wilder many a drink in Boward Beach, Florida, remembered his genius; "You'd see him come in here with one beautiful woman after another. Sometimes two or three at a time. God knows the partying he must have done with them."

Police and FBI suspect Wilder of causing many other female deaths but none have been confirmed as of yet.

### ***Fugitive hunted in kidnap, stabbing of Indiana girl***



**Christopher Wilder (left) is believed to have kidnaped Dawnette Sue Wilt (right) in Merrillville, Ind., and then stabbed and abandoned her. Story, Page 5.**



L. Illustration—Sigma

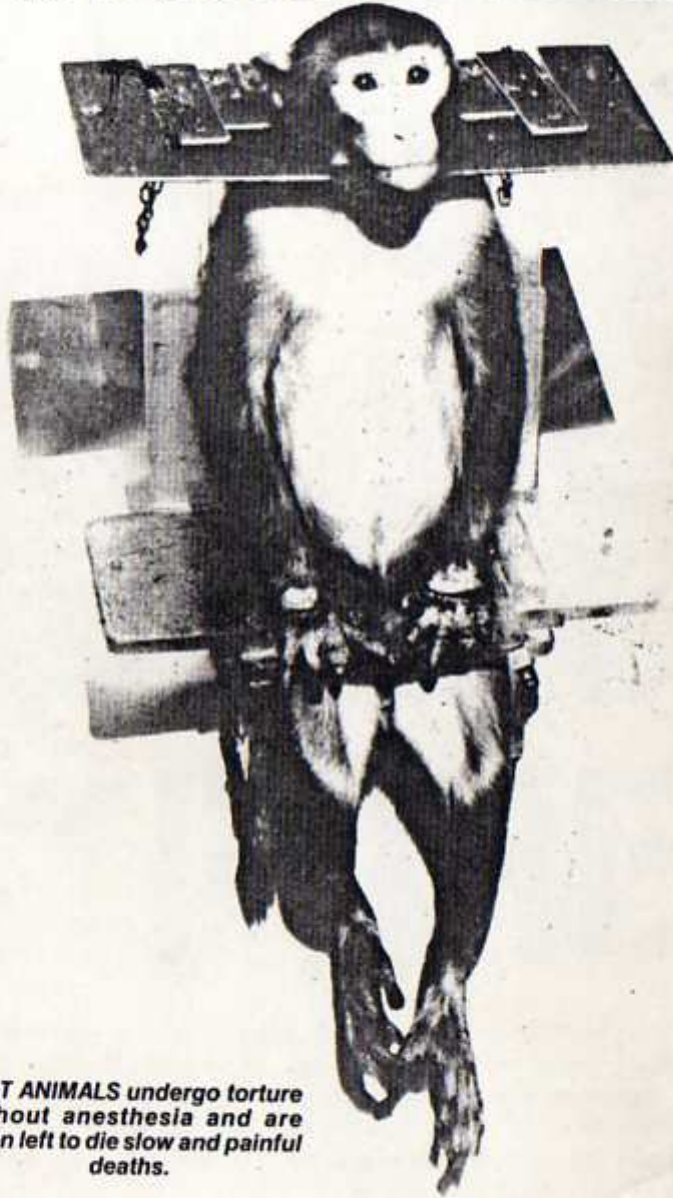


# PURE

"Whether the other people live in comfort or perish of hunger interests me only in so far as we need them as slaves for our KULTUR. Whether or not 10,000 Russian women collapse from exhaustion while digging a ditch interests me only in so far as the tank ditch is completed for Germany."  
HEINRICH HIMMLER

Coming soon: PURE #3, SS #1 & 2, PURE VIDEO COMPILATION.

# PURE



*TEST ANIMALS undergo torture  
without anesthesia and are  
often left to die slow and painful  
deaths.*

# 1984



