

# PURE 3



# VOLUME 2

# TRIUMPH

Dr. Josef Mengele won. And that his victory is of tremendous and inspirational magnitude is the only fact that is completely irrefutable and obvious.

Because legions of moralistic, humanitarian and liberal jew-buddy press reporters strive to mask their editorials as fact, the actual details of Mengele's life history get conveniently lost and glossed over. True, unadulterated facts on Mengele's reasons, tastes, interests and deeds become harder and harder to come by. Mengele's post war life has been misshapen, beyond rationality and sense, into everything from a dejected, lonely exile to a satanic emigre. From the moneyed neo-Nazi God in Argentina to the sleepless, demon-haunted nights of a poverty stricken farm hand in Brazil, Mengele's golden years have come to resemble a one man Greek tragedy.

And yet it is these very editorials -these tall tales and endless streams of good vs. evil invectives that speak Mengele's genius in a voice louder than even the most sycophantic of eulogies. Because underneath all the spot light hogging, chronic complaining and diatribal "lest we forget" rationales, lies the reason that facts have to be confused and details blurred: Josef Mengele died a free, untried man.

Josef Mengele went to his end on his own. And if his last years were spent hiding from and eluding justice, then it seems that he achieved his goal. Dr. Josef Mengele won.

But the Doctor's victory is much more than that. Mengele has made fools of the jews once again. While millions of dollars were being spent in efforts to capture him and constant promises made that he was just-this-close to being caught, the actual fact was that he was dead for quite some time. The man that tortured, executed, experimented-on and destroyed more than just the flesh of "god's chosen people" and other inferiors, had died by a simple stroke during a relaxful morning swim. Hardly the vengeful wrath of god or the justified bullet from the end of Serge Klarsfeld's righteous pistol. The genius that stepped on jewish children and eviscerated jewish sloth died a very free man.

LEAVE THE JEWS ALONE AND THEY'LL HANG THEMSELVES. Serge



Mengele

and Beate Klarsfeld were still combing the globe for Mengele when they learned of his death. A death of over 7 years ago. "God pulled him by his feet into the water", Serge announced, desperately trying to sidestep the realization of his and his wife's seven years of utter delusion and complete impotence. They had spent half their lives searching for a "Demon" that quietly ignored them.

Likewise Simon Wiesenthal, who, by virtue of his high ranking place in Jewish reverence, not only proved to the world how little he knew, but also how astoundingly empty and weak the entire Jewish nature and cause is. In a recent interview with PENTHOUSE magazine, Wiesenthal pretended to know all about Mengele and his whereabouts:

P: "Which of the major Nazi criminals are still alive and free?"

Wiesenthal: "Mengele. But the life that he lives is an imprisonment. He is always surrounded by bodyguards. Then there is also the suspicion of cancer."

P: "So Dr. Mengele is first on your list of the hunted?"

Wiesenthal: "Yes. A Mengele trial would demonstrate to a whole generation what horrors the concentration camps entailed. Then there would no longer be somebody coming forth to say there were no gas chambers. Even the biggest idiot would laugh at him.

"Look, the life of Mengele is absolutely without any importance. After so many years, the criminals change to witnesses, because, after all, you cannot punish what has happened. At every trial, the sentence is only a symbol. How can we punish somebody for the deaths of 400,000 people? The man is now seventy-one, and when he's caught he'll get life, and he will probably serve only five or six years before he dies. This will end up to be a few seconds served per victim."

Prosecutors in Germany and Israel had been compiling document after document in the hopes of eventually charging Mengele. Among these voluminous pages of condemnation and accusation lie these highlights of Mengele's brutality and genius:

-In the summer of 1944, Mengele shot approximately 100 children in the back of the head, for the purpose of



dissection.

-Dissected a 1 year old triplet from Munkacs while the baby was still alive under anaesthesia.

-At an undefined point of time, Mengele invited the witness \_\_\_\_\_ and two pairs of female twins, between 10 and 15 years old, for a ride in a car around the compound. Before the trip started he gave candy to the girls. When everyone left the vehicle for a walk to the crematorium, Mengele is then said to have killed the four twins by shooting them in the back of the neck.

-Mengele is accused of throwing the newborn son of the prisoner \_\_\_\_\_ from Vienna, alive into a furnace, whereupon the child perished.

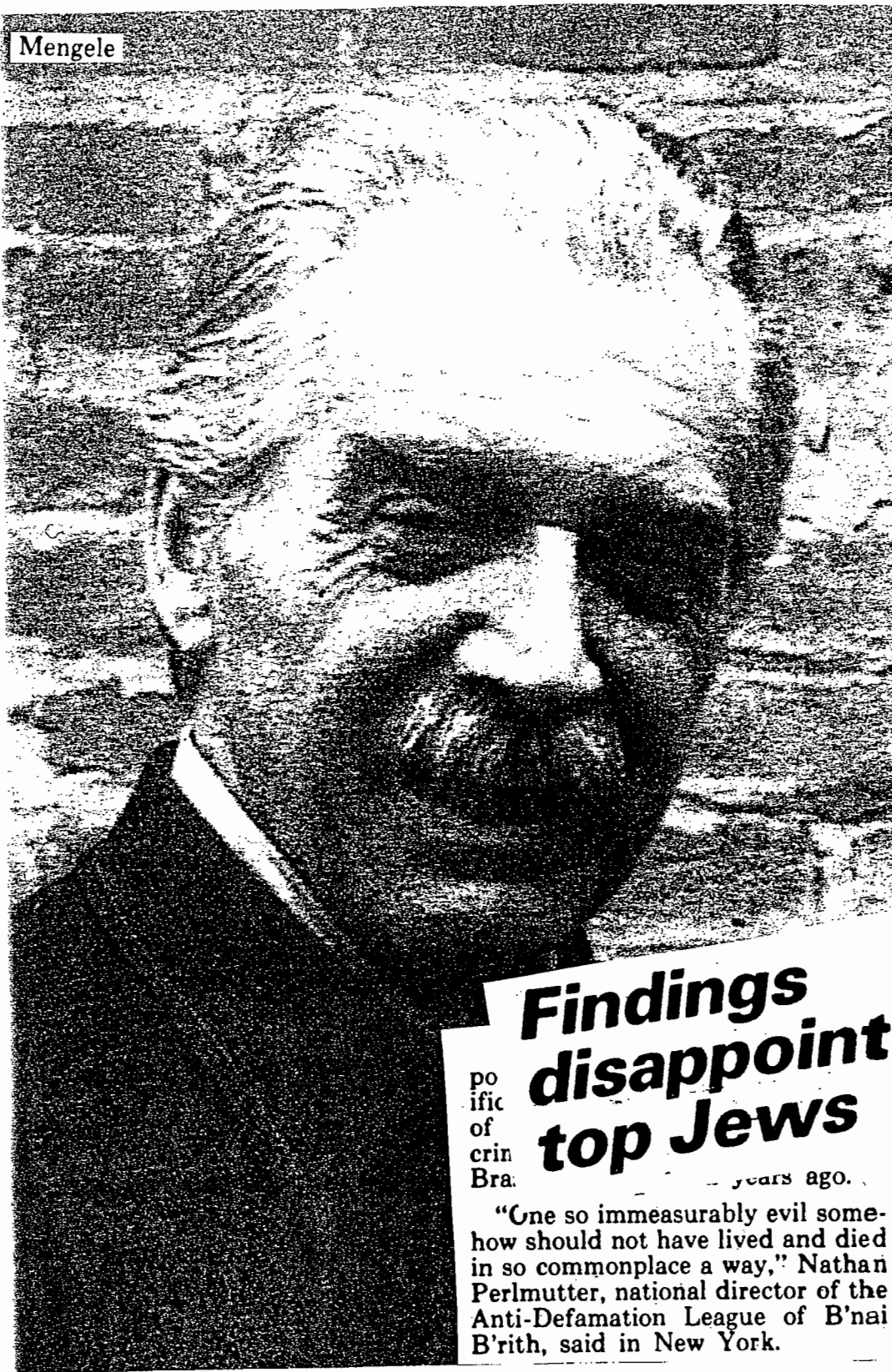
-Mengele is supposed to have taken the baby of a Russian inmate by the head and thrown it onto a pile of corpses.

-Mengele is accused of killing a Polish woman from Poznan with a phenol injection. He is said to have injected her because she had just given birth and she didn't want to kill the baby as per Mengele's instructions.

-In October, 1943, in the female camp -Block 25, Mengele killed a baby with a phenol injection. The witness \_\_\_\_\_ was holding the child in her arms.

-In May of 1944, Mengele killed a newborn child by injection. At the time, Mengele pronounced "This is not a

Mengele



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# Findings disappoint top Jews

... years ago.

"One so immeasurably evil somehow should not have lived and died in so commonplace a way," Nathan Perlmutter, national director of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, said in New York.



**Victims Samuel and Mordecai Bash**

place for infants".

-Around October, 1944, Mengele bludgeoned a 14 year old who was crying during the morning court. The kid collapsed lifelessly, and the accused accepted the death with a shrug. The child, however, may not have been dead.

-In numerous cases, Mengele is accused of forcing pregnant women to lie on the ground, on their backs. Then Mengele would kick the women in the stomach with his heavy boots until the fetus discharged.

It is exciting to know that these charges can never be leveled at Mengele. It is also exciting to know that the weaklings that died beneath the spotless boots of Josef Mengele can never be remembered without

the realization of his total victory. No gassing death, no flogging, no burnt, charred or peeled skin, no rape, no corroding disease will ever be recalled without deference to Mengele and his eventful, glorious triumph of the will.

To celebrate Mengele's deeds is to celebrate PURE logic. And it is through the tortured mouths of his victims that the PURE editors have chosen to celebrate Mengele's immortal renown. Because it is their life long scars and pain, made deeper by the indelible stain of impotence and submission, that shall forever attest to Mengele's genius.

The man who welcomed the scum, slaves and walking dead through the gates and ovens of Auschwitz, Dr. Josef Mengele was often overheard to say: "They come here as jews, and leave as smoke up a chimney".

"Before I saw them, I had heard from the older inmates that Dr. Mengele and Irma Grese were the camp chiefs and that both were good-looking. Still, I was surprised how really handsome and, indeed, attractive they were.



Josef Mengele as a young man

"Yet there was a certain wildness in Mengele's eyes that made one uneasy. During the selections he never said a word. He merely sat whistling to himself while he pointed his thumb either to the right or to the left, thus indicating to which group the selectees were to go. Though he was making decisions that meant extermination, he was as pleasantly smug as any man could be.

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"Those who were chosen were immediately surrounded by Stubendiensts, who were obliged to guard them against escape, under threat of the direst punishment

to themselves. The condemned men and women were led toward the main entrance. There a truck waited to transport them to the gas chambers. When the death facilities were overtaxed, they were sent to special barracks or into washrooms, to wait for hours, and sometimes days, until their turn came to be gassed. It was all done neatly and without the least feeling of compassion on the part of our mates.

"In addition to the roll calls, there was also what was called a 'Zahlappel', which took place inside the barrack. Suddenly, the building would be isolated and the chief SS physician, assisted by a woman doctor who was in charge of the deportees, herself an internee, would march in and proceed to make additional selections. The women were ordered to divest themselves completely of their rags. Then, with their arms in the air, they marched past Dr. Mengele. What he could have seen in these wasted figures I cannot imagine. But he picked his victims. They were made to climb into a truck and were taken away, still completely nude. Each time, this spectacle was both tragic and humiliating. Humiliating not only for the poor sacrifices, but for all humanity. For these destitute souls now being driven to the slaughterhouses were human beings -like you and me."

"Dr. Mengele never missed the chance to ask the women indiscreet and improper questions. He made no secret of his



amusements when he learned that one of the pregnant deportees had not seen her soldier husband for many months. Another time he hunted out a fifteen year old girl whose pregnancy was clearly dated from her arrival at the camp. He questioned her at length and insisted on the most intimate details. When his curiosity was finally satisfied, he sent her off with the next herd of selectionees."

"He was a specialist at the selections. He made the deported doctors accompany him from barrack to barrack; during the inspections, all the exits were closed. He could show up suddenly at any hour, day or night, that pleased him. He arrived when we least expected him, always whistling operatic airs. Dr. Mengele was a fervent lover of Wagner.

"He did not waste too much time. He made the internees disrobe to the skin. Then they had to march before him with their arms in the air while he continued to whistle his Wagner. As the frightened women came forward, he pointed out with his thumb: to the left; to the right!

"No medical considerations governed his decisions. They seemed to be entirely arbitrary. He was the tyrant whose decisions there was no appeal. Why should he trouble to select on the basis of any method? Nor did the state of health have anything to do with his selections. At the end of the inspection, Dr. Mengele decided which of the two groups, right or left, would go to the gas chambers.

"How we hated this charlatan! He profaned the very word, 'science'! How we despised his detached, haughty air, his continual whistling, his absurd orders, his frigid cruelty! If ever I was tempted to kill, it was the day when Mengele's brief case lay on the table, and I saw the contours of a revolver inside. He was carrying out a selection at the hospital. To seize the gun and slaughter the assassin would have been a matter of seconds. Why didn't I do it? Because I feared the punishment that would have followed? No, because I knew that individual acts of revolt always brought mass reprisals at Auschwitz. I think the others stifled similar desires for the same reason."

"When Dr. Gertrude Mosberg from Amsterdam pleaded for the life of her father, who was also a doctor and was being sent to the crematory, Mengele said, 'Your father is seventy years old. Don't you think he has lived long enough?'

"On another occasion he stood before a sick woman and



Mengele circa 1960



Mengele

gazed at her sarcastically. 'Have you ever been on the other side?', he asked. 'What is it like over there?'

The poor woman did not know what he meant. She shrugged. 'Don't worry', he continued. 'You will know very soon!'

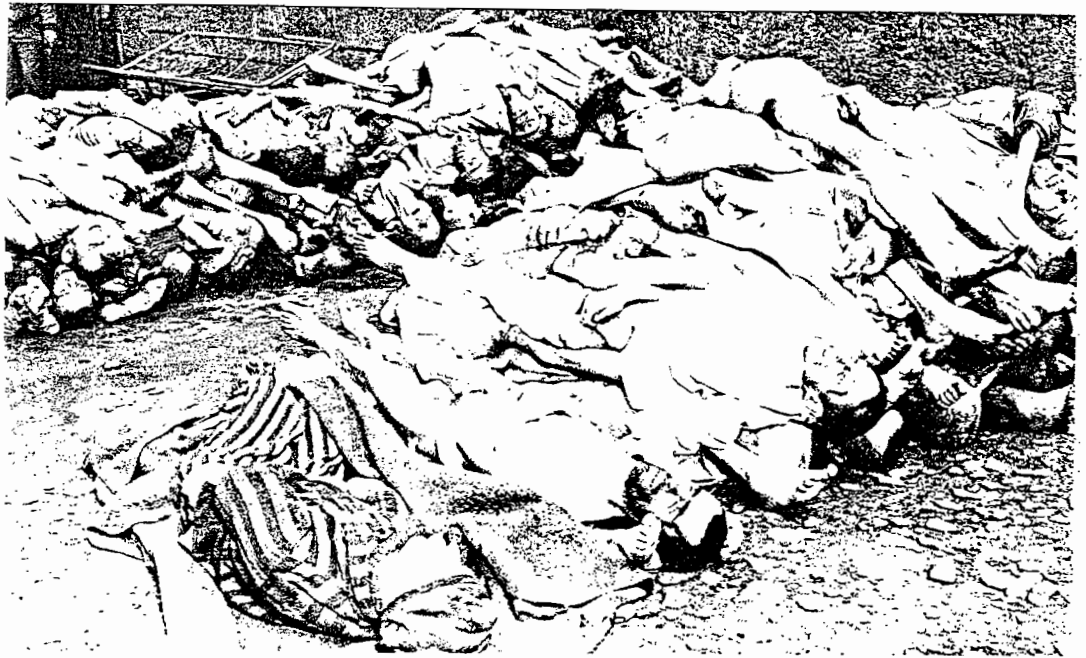
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"What conception could Dr. Mengele have had of the medical work he did at the camp? His experiments, lacking scientific value, were no more than foolish playing, and all his activities were full of contradictions. I saw him take every precaution during an accouchement, watching to see that all aseptic principles were rigorously observed and that the umbilical cord was cut with care. Half an hour later he sent the mother and child to the crematory oven. The same with the vaccinations against typhus or scarlet fever. He carried out a series of health measures on internees whom he meant to dispatch to the gas chamber."

"Dwarfs were Dr. Mengele's greatest passion. He collected them zealously. The day he discovered a family of five dwarfs in a transport he was beside himself with joy. But his was the mania of a collector, not a savant. His experiments and observations were carried out in an abnormal fashion. When he made transfusions, he purposely used incorrect blood types. Of course complications followed. But Mengele had no one to account to but himself. He did whatever pleased him and conducted his experiments like a mad amateur."  
-Olga Lengyel.

"He would never look straight at anyone. He always looked at you as if he was peering over the rims of some invisible glasses. He would just tuck his chin into his chest and look at you sideways.

"About 25 or 30 of us, including my mother and me, were moved into a back room and given shots on the inside of our cheeks. I remember Mengele had a twisted finger because he gave me my shot. To keep my spirits up, my mother would joke about it all the time, saying god was punishing him. The next day about 95 percent of the women who got these shots had enormously swollen heads. Whenever I think about it, I always feel Mengele's hand grasping my arm at the railroad station. And I really had the feeling from the moment on that I wouldn't die in the camp, because that was the moment I knew he had the power to tell me to go to the



left side and not the right side." -Magda Bass.

"on several occasions Mengele might look at you with those steely eyes, and you realized at any time he could have pointed and said, 'You go!' You tried to be invisible around him. I saw him on a regular basis walking through our camp in his uniform, looking elegant, unapproachable and surrounded by SS cohorts. He would walk through the infirmary rather slowly, looking at people in the cots and reading their charts -and pointing. Immediately as he pointed at people they were taken away on a truck. I must have carried out thousands of bodies to the trucks. My job was to fill out charts and describe a person's illness and cause of death. It was like going through a farce because everybody knew none of these people would come out alive. You would never write that somebody was shot; only 'heart attack' or 'weakness of body'. They always kept meticulous records.

"One day in the summer of 1944 we took eight women, mostly young and all healthy, into the room where the experiments would take place. I saw Mengele standing there in his uniform, surrounded by three or four others. There was electrical machinery the likes of which I had never seen. As we brought in each girl, an officer would strap her down. We left quickly because you just didn't want to be



around Mengele for very long. After a while the screaming inside stopped. When we took them out, two of the eight were dead, five were in a coma, one was still strapped to the cot. Mengele was standing there, discussing it very casually. The only word I could hear was 'experiment'."

-Ernest Micheal.

"Among malefactors and criminals, the most dangerous type is the 'criminal doctor', especially when he is armed with powers such as those granted to Dr. Mengele. He sent millions of people to death merely because, according to a racial theory, they were inferior beings and therefore detrimental to mankind. This same criminal doctor spent long hours beside me, either at his microscopes, his disinfecting ovens and his test tubes or, standing with equal patience near the dissecting table, his smock befouled with blood, his bloody hands examining and experimenting like one possessed. The immediate objective was the increased reproduction of the German race. The final objective was the production of pure Germans in numbers sufficient to replace

Josef Mengele



the Czechs, Hungarians, Poles, all of whom were condemned to be destroyed, but who for the moment were living on those territories declared vital to the Third Reich.

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"Dr. Mengele's decision to liquidate C camp had been carried out. Every evening fifty trucks brought the victims, 4,000 at a time, to the crematoriums. A horrible sight, this caravan of trucks, their headlights stabbing the darkness, each bearing a human cargo of eighty women who either filled the air with their screams or sat mute, paralyzed with fear. In slow succession the trucks rolled up and dumped the women, who had already been stripped of their clothes, at the top of the stairway leading down into the gas chamber. From there they were quickly pushed below. They all knew where they were going, but the rigors of their four months captivity, the corporal punishment they had been made to endure, and the disintegration of their nervous systems, had reduced them to such a point that they were no longer capable of putting up any resistance, or even feeling pain. They were herded passively into the gas chambers. Weary of being hunted and persecuted, of living in constant fear, they dumbly awaited the hand of the sure physician, Death. For them life had lost all meaning and purpose. To prolong it would merely have prolonged their suffering."

-Dr. Miklos Nyiszli.

(A communist prisoner relates her experience with Mengele after he promised her that he would save her close girlfriend's life as a special favor.)

"I stood as if mesmerized, unable to move from the spot. When Mengele saw me, he approached and said: 'Stand here, next to the car. When your friend comes out, point her out to me.' Apparently he was eager for me to see everything, especially the passivity of the people in the face of death. Suddenly I saw the friend for whom I had undertaken this torture beyond endurance. I started in her direction. Mengele called her. When she came close to Mengele he told her to remove her shirt and stand off to the side. I stood beside her. When the car was completely full, at the very last instant before the doors closed, he pushed her into the car. The train left, with her in it. I was glued to the spot. Mengele approached me and said, 'Understand this! I did it for her. She was too weak to live here. Why should she



suffer?'" -Erika Schneider.

"Sometime in November, 1943, we were standing outside the barracks, awakened for roll call. Dr. Mengele spotted a woman who came a few seconds late. He ordered her to come forward, threw her to the floor and stomped down on her chest with his boot. He started to whistle an aria from Madame Butterfly, and held his foot there until the woman was dead. And then he left. There were no more selections that day. In April, 1944, there was another selection and my sister was a victim. I never saw her again and there was nothing anybody could do. I

was always wondering why countries in South America gave him a place to live and citizenship. It makes me angry and I regret that he escaped justice." -Hadassa Rosensaft.

"My three sisters and I were led to the Vernichtungslager, the annihilation camp, where I saw Mengele many many times a day. He would come and make selections for both the ovens and his experiments. And not long after he left, the crematorium would ooze the smoke and stench of burning flesh. My three sisters and I, we spent our lives -and our pitiful energies -running from Mengele. Once, as we ran out the back door of the block, trying to escape his sudden nighttime selection, he shot at us with his pistol. Another time he took a group of seven girls, including my sister, and injected them with live typhus, but it didn't take and my sister survived.

"Mengele was as smooth, as civilized, as elegant as you can imagine, good-looking even. You would never suspect the evil. He was always magnificently attired. His boots shone, his shirts were beautifully pressed. Sometimes he wore white gloves. He smelled of life and we smelled of death."

-Isabella Leitner.





(Sent to Auschwitz with a new born baby)

"Mengele wanted to see how long my baby could live without food. A woman doctor, who also was interned because she was jewish, begged me to kill the baby since she had no chance of survival. She was just a skeleton lying beside me. Finally, I was persuaded.

"I murdered my own child.

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"None of us girls wanted to be the first to go into the experiment room, but one had to go.

"It was all quiet in there. We peeped through the keyhole and saw our friend standing naked between two large machines.

"(the woman in the experiment room) did not cry. It must have been painless, we thought.

"Then she came out and said it was o.k., that we should not be afraid. But within a few minutes, she began to vomit.

Josef Mengele





It was radiation. The areas x-rayed soon became almost black, as though she had been exposed to the sun for a long time.

"The girl died and so did most of the others."

-Ruth Eliaz.

"There weren't many of us, maybe 1,500 pairs of twins altogether. Because of the experiments that were done, this subject is far more painful than any other. I don't know of any surviving twins that don't have some side effect from Dr. Mengele's experiments. Even today, many of them simply are not ready to talk about it.

"...We arrived in cattle cars, I saw the smoke from the crematoriums in the distance, but I didn't know what it was then. Mengele met us at the train platform and immediately began the selection process, sending those who were to live off to the right and those who were to die off to the left.





An observer attends the opening session Sunday in Jerusalem of "The World Convention of Twins and Others Who Underwent Experiments by Mengele."

The Hebrew placard reads "I am searching for a cousin, one of the Mengele twins. He's about 43, his name is Yoel or Eli Gottesman."

"My older sister begged Mengele on her knees to keep Miriam and me together because we were twins and had never been separated before. I was already on my way to the gas chamber when he ordered me to be brought back.

"He wasn't showing any humanity; he just wanted us both alive as twins for experiments. If one twin died, they automatically killed the other one. So we had to stay alive for each other.

"One day he wanted to see me badly for my reaction to an injection he gave me the day before, but I was so sick I could not get out of bed. So he lured me to his laboratory with a piece of chocolate, which I took. But as soon as I showed up, he pushed me aside with his stick, and I fell down.

"He didn't look like a madman, but then again, we never looked him in the eye."  
-Yona Laks.

"One day I was in Mengele's laboratory for tests, and I saw a collection of hundreds of human eyes pinned to the wall. It was like a collection of butterflies."

-Vera Kriegal.

"He was a great one for telling lies. Before the experi-



**Mengele himself photographed young Berkowitz in Hitler Youth uniform.**

ments began, he came and tattooed my number personally. In a gentle voice he said, 'You're a little boy, and we have to do it so it grows with you. Whenever you look at the number you'll always think of me. This is to show the people that it doesn't hurt and you don't have to be frightened. It's for a safety reason, in case you people get lost.'

"Mengele had a certain love for the Jewish people, but it was an evil love. He said, 'I don't want to fool people who are simple. I want to fool the bright ones, the ones who study the Talmud, the ones who think they can change the world.' He was very knowledgeable about Judaism and even spoke some Yiddish. When he punished he liked to smile. He said,

'The more we do to you, the less you seem to believe we are doing it'.

"When the experiments began, he told us the pain is only temporary and it will help us survive this environment. If a child would protest, he'd get very upset and yell, 'We can't afford to lose time!' He'd kick the floor, grab his head with both hands, throw a tantrum, uttering something that was not intelligible. They put us in freezing baths, smeared chemicals on our skin, but it was the needles we were most afraid of. After the first 150 injections I stopped counting.

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"They operated and burned out some of my brain just to see what would happen. They also damaged my spine. I have had to undergo several operations to be able to function normally."

-Mark Berkowitz.

"Of the millions who came to Auschwitz, Mengele loved to single out those who had not been created 'in God's image'. I remember how he once brought a woman to our area who had two noses. Another time he brought a girl of about

ten years of age who had the wool of a sheep on her head instead of hair. On another occasion, he brought a woman who had donkey ears. Now he had brought the midgets. Every day he asked for the 'models' to be brought to the infirmary. He photographed them and examined them. In front of us he pretended that he was pursuing purely intellectual interests, but we knew that he was being driven by his personal sadism, gloating over the misfortunes of others, putting on display what he knew people would most like to hide. He would toy with his victims for a while and then kill them."

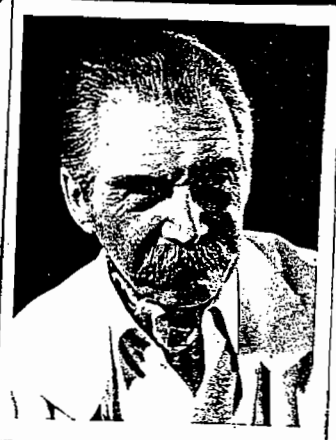
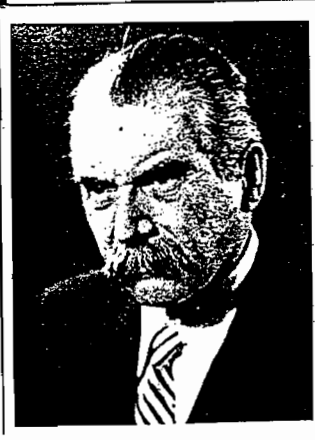
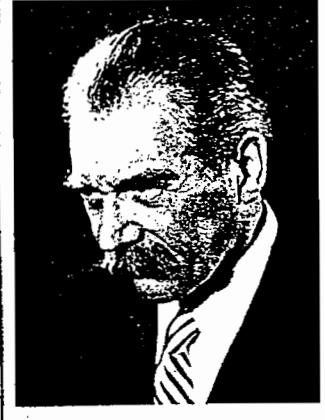
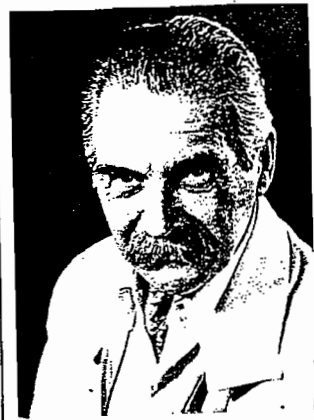
-Sara Nomberg-Przytyk.

"'Bring them in for a checkup', shouted Mengele. The first girl walked in, the one who was in a hurry to leave Auschwitz. She stood in front of me; I did not say anything. By filling out her hospital card, I was taking part in this deception that was making it easy for Mengele to execute his victim. She walked in without suspecting anything. Then I heard the crashing sound of a falling body; later, the second; then the third, the tenth, the twentieth. Always the same: the card, the squeaking of the door, the crash of a falling body. The corpses were thrown out into the waiting room, which was located behind the reception room. An SS man with a dog kept order in front of the infirmary. Calm and trusting, the women kept going in. I lowered my head so they wouldn't see my face. All I would see each time was a hand stretched out to receive a card. I really did not understand why they were so calm. Weren't they surprised not to see the other women coming out of the infirmary after they had been examined? I looked for some sign of anxiety in those stretched hands, but to no avail. I had given out about a hundred cards when it started.

"One of the girls asked the SS man why the other women weren't coming out after having been examined. Instead of answering her he hit her over the head with his rifle butt. Then I heard one of the girls yell, 'We are not going in there. They will give us an injection of phenol.' A terrible outcry started. The girls really refused to enter the infirmary. When one of them tried to run away, the SS man shot her. At the sound of a shot a whole troop of SS men and dogs ran in. The young women were completely surrounded. Each girl, having first been beaten, was dragged screaming, by two SS men, into the presence of Mengele. I didn't give out any more cards. It was no longer necessary.

"I jumped up from my seat and hid in a corner of the

# ***\$1 million Israeli reward for Nazi***





infirmery. The women did not want to die. They tore themselves out of the grip of the SS men and started to run away. Then the dogs were set on them. Their deaths were completely different from the deaths of the first batch of women who went to their deaths unknowing. Who knows which death was more difficult, but the first group seemed to die more peacefully.

"At fifteen hours the leichenarto showed up, and an hour later the entire operation was completed. Up to the very last minute we were not certain that Mengele was not going to send us, the witnesses of that bloody happening, to the gas. Mengele left, calm, and with a smile he put down the sick card he had been holding. 'Herzanfall (heart attack)', he said." -Mrs. Helena.

Recently, surviving Auschwitz victims marked the 40th anniversary of their liberation from the camp by a series of special events and commemorations. Two of these pageants are especially notable as particular attention was paid to Mengele. The first event was the formation of mostly jewish cripples, quasi-cripples, would be cripples, and the more usual sort of weeping weaklings into a coalition under the stunningly witty moniker of "C.A.N.D.L.E.S." (Children of Auschwitz Nazi's Deadly Lab Experiment Survivors). And this group took a high place of honor in what became the second memorial: a tribunal whose expressed purpose was "to

awaken the world's conscience and to see Dr. Mengele captured". The hearings allowed more than 20 twins to gather in



Israel to recount and recall their loathsome submission to Nazi will.

Every sentence, every complaint, every description, indeed, every word uttered by these human rejects and harmed pigs dripped thick with self-deprecating hyperbole and proved a forceful and honest tribute to the masters of the Third Reich. Mengele's image never shone brighter; his ideas never more important or worthy.

It is then in our interest to also celebrate the 40th anniversary of Auschwitz's liberation. The next issue of PURE will feature a special remembrance of the genius that was Auschwitz -where Rudolph Hoess worked side by side with Mengele and the lustful, lusty Irma Grese; where thousands of worthless human garbage died fittingly under the boots of Himmler and Eichmann's manifest vision. PURE will also celebrate the 50th anniversary of the 1935 Nuremburg Rally and the 46th anniversary of Adolph Hitler's brilliant, prophetic speech to the Berlin Reichstag.

Thursday, May 16, 1985

★

## Nation/world

**WANTED**

**Dr. Josef Mengele**  
For his crimes against humanity

Dr. Mengele was responsible for the death of 400,000 persons in Auschwitz concentration camp. He admitted involvement in many other crimes against humanity.

Member of the SS, Dr. Mengele was a German physician who worked in Auschwitz from 1943 to 1945. He was responsible for the deaths of thousands of prisoners, including twins, children, and the infirm.

Dr. Mengele was last seen in 1967 in Brazil. He is believed to be hiding in a Latin American country.

REWARDS - U.S. \$2,375,000

UPI photo

### Campaign to get Mengele

The Simon Wiesenthal Center in Los Angeles announced Tuesday a South American advertising campaign to find the Nazi war criminal Josef Mengele, who is believed to be hiding in a Latin American country.

**SE BUSCA**

# LUSTMORID

EDMUND KEMPER (THE CO-ED KILLER) B. 12/18/48

Kemper: "Sometimes sex was committed either during the death or after, but there were no sexual attacks... before unconsciousness was achieved in any of the cases."

Attacks 1972-1973:

Mary Ann Pensc, 18.

Picked up hitchhiking with her friend Anita. Kemper teased both girls at gunpoint after having driven to a secluded area. He handcuffed Mary Ann to a seat belt and brought Anita around to the trunk. Mary Ann tried repeatedly to talk to Kemper -to try and calm him down and rationalize with him.

When Edmund came back to Mary Ann, having locked Anita inside the trunk, he re-handcuffed her hands behind her back. He then wrapped a plastic bag around her head. Mary Ann started to yell that she couldn't breathe.

Kemper pulled out a section of rope (a tie for a bathrobe) and strung it around her neck. "I had this nifty idea about suffocating her." As he pulled the rope tight, it gave way and snapped in two. At the same time, Mary Ann started to chew into the bag and quickly tore a large hole around her mouth.

Edmund reacted. He thrust out a jackknife, flipped open the blade and jammed it into her back.

"I poised the blade over her back, trying to decide where her heart was, and struck and hit her in the middle of the back, and it stuck a little bit; and she said something like OW! or OH! and I pulled it back out."

Kemper continued to stab her back. Mary Ann started to struggle -she tried to pull away from her attacker but she was restrained by the handcuffs. Kemper started to drive the blade into the girl's back even harder.

"I struck in several places in both sides of the back and noticed as I went further down the back, that she was a little louder and more painful in her cries, but none got really loud."

a near-genius roadworker  
who killed six California  
coeds—and then his mother.



**Edmund E. Kemper**



Mary Ann began to twist her body around and so, offered Kemper a new area to stab. The knife entered her side first and then a second thrust brought the blade into her stomach, puncturing her lower intestine. Kemper was amazed that blood did not gush immediately from the wound.

But it started soon enough.

"She was pretty cognizant of what was going on, and it was getting pretty messy there in the backseat. She turned back over on her stomach, and I continued stabbing. I don't know how many times I stabbed her."

The bloody girl had fallen between the front and back seats and again started to cry. This time a little louder and more desperate.

"She was crying out a little louder, and I kept trying to shut her up, covering her mouth up, and she kept pulling away, and one time, she didn't, and like it was a cry, and I could have sworn it came out of her back. There were several holes in the lung area and bubbles and things coming out, and the sounds shook me up, and I think I backed off; at that point, she turned her head to the back of the seat and she called her friend's name, her first name. It was slow and it was not loud. That was the last thing that she said."

Blood was dripping and running all over the back seat as it poured out of Mrs. Pensc's wounds. Kemper reached up to the girl's face and grabbed her chin. He yanked Mary Ann's head back toward him and dragged the blade across her throat. The knife cut into the flesh at one end and was pulled straight through to the other.

"I made a very definite effort at it, and it was extremely deep on both sides."

Mary Ann died, her throat slashed open. Kemper had liked the way the girl looked -he later mentioned that she was pretty.

Kemper later returned to his apartment with the dead Mary Ann still in his back seat. He wrapped her in a sheet and carried her to his room, where he enjoyed her even more. He raped her dead and bloody body. He felt and grabbed and groped and poked the corpse. He fucked it. He fucked it in it's mouth and cunt. Then he mutilated it. Kemper used a large hunting knife to decapitate Mary Ann. He also took photos.

Edmund tossed Mary Ann's headless, necrophiliously raped

body down a ravine several days later. Her head followed.

Anita ---, 18

After slaughtering Mary Ann in his back seat, Kemper returned to Anita. Anita was locked in the trunk and shaking from fear. She had heard everything that went on in the back seat. When Kemper raised the trunk lid, the first thing Anita saw was his blood covered hands.

"Her lip was really quivering, and she was really scared."

Anita started to mumble and ask questions. Kemper told her that he only broke Mary Ann's nose.

Kemper allowed the girl to climb out of the trunk. As she was stepping out, Edmund reached into the side of the trunk and produced a knife that was even larger than the one he used on Mary Ann.

Anita was half out of the trunk when Edmund stabbed her for the first time. However, the girl was wearing heavy overalls and the blade failed to penetrate. Anita screamed and threw herself back into the trunk, like a scared mouse burrowing back into it's hole.

Kemper stabbed again and again. Anita continued to struggle and move deeper into the trunk. She was shrieking "OH GOD, GOD" as Kemper pushed the knife into her chest.

He decided to go for the throat and again, was thwarted. The large knife cut into his own hand and he became enraged. Anita tried to cover her throat with her hands but Kemper stabbed straight through. He cut into the fingers and deep into her neck.

Kemper next stabbed Anita's breast -aiming for her heart.

"I was thrusting and the knife was going very deep, and it amazed me that she was stabbed three times and she was still going at it. I tried stabbing her in the front again, or towards the throat area, and she was making quite a bit of noise and was trying to fight me off, and I stabbed her in the forearms. One was so bad you could see both bones, and she saw it, when I hit, I didn't think it really hurt so much, as it was the shock of everything happening so fast. She looked at it, and I could see the expression on her face of shock."

Anita kept on fighting -moving her hands in every direction and yelling and screaming. Kemper tried to stab

out her left eye. The knife knocked her glasses off and cut into her face but, again, failed to penetrate completely.

After yet more stabs and slashes, Anita slowly began to die. Her actions became sluggish, her voice started to gurgle and moan. She ended up fighting the empty air like a slow motion puppet.

Kemper closed the lid of the trunk and let her bleed to death in delirium.

After arriving at his apartment, and subsequently fucking and mutilating Mary Ann, Kemper returned to his car and the rotting corpse of Anita. There, in his garage, while Anita lay dead in his trunk, Edmund decapitated the dead girl. He pulled her head from her body and stuck it into a camera bag that the girl had been carrying. He then brought the head back up to his apartment. He photographed it and stuck his dick in it.

"There was satisfaction gained in the removal of the head. In fact, the first head I ever removed was that of Anita in the trunk of the car with the knife that killed Mary Ann, and I remembered it was very exciting, removing Anita's head. There was actually a sexual thrill. And, in fact, there was almost a climax to it. It was kind of an exalted, triumphant-type thing, like taking the head of a deer or an elk or something would be to a hunter."

Anita's body and head have never been found. Kemper buried them somewhere.

Aiko Koo, 15.

The teenager was on her way to a ballet class when she hitched a ride with Edmund.

"After blowing her off-ramp and making it sound like an accident, I said "whoops", and she said, "whoops". I think it was slightly cutting."

Aiko was a little girl, small for her age. She immediately began to cry and beg Edmund not to kill her. Edmund told her that she was probably going to miss her class.

He pulled out a .357 Magnum, and shoved it into the girl's ribs. He told her he only wanted to talk to her.

Kemper drove into the mountains and found an isolated spot near an old wire fence. Aiko was whimpering.

Edmund stretched a strip of medical tape over Aiko's

mouth and made her help with it. The girl was scared but cooperative.

That soon changed, however, when Kemper laid down on her petite body. He stuffed his thumb and index finger into her nostrils, in an attempt to suffocate her. Aiko began to squirm underneath his huge (6'9", 280 lbs) weight, and even tried to grab his balls. She kicked at the car window and punched at his side. He laid on her, with his fingers up her nose, for awhile -until he thought she was dead.

He yanked his fingers out of her nose when she finally stopped thrashing beneath him. But as he lifted her eyelids, to check how dead she was, Aiko suddenly started to fight again.

Ed stuffed his fingers back into the girl's nose and resumed the suffocation process all over again. He squeezed her little nose completely shut and soon, Aiko's breathing became violent. Her back arched and her lungs heaved; deep gasps emerged from the lower regions of her chest. The gasps came farther apart and finally, the teenager fell unconscious.

Kemper seized the opportunity. He dragged the girl out of the car and threw her to the ground. Then, he stripped off Aiko's pants and underwear, violently, and exposed her teenage cunt and dark brown pubic hair. He reached in his pants, pulled out his hard prick, and rammed it up the dying girl's vagina. Kemper fucked her as she lay unconscious; still breathing but only sporadically.

"And I reached orgasm -I guess it was only 15 to 20 seconds. It was very quick. At that time I noticed her hair falling over her face and nose. She was still breathing, starting to breath again. I took the muffler that she had around her neck still and just wrapped it very tight and tied a knot in it and ...I even choked her around the throat for a moment, but by that time I was convinced that she was dead. Picked her up by the shoulders, and she wasn't a heavy girl. I think she told me she weighed 104½ pounds."

Kemper placed the dead Aiko in his trunk and then drove away.

After numerous stops and delays, Kemper finally brought the dead body up to his apartment.

He tossed the girl on his bed and removed the rest of her clothes. He ran his hands over the small, dead body -it had already begun to go cold in places. He fucked her

again. Orally and vaginally.

He dissected, then mutilated the corpse. He cut chunks of flesh out of the body and then cooked and ate them. He severed her head and hands and arms and legs.

Kemper threw the limbs and head down a ravine and buried Aiko's torso in back of a friend's house.

Cindy---,17

A hitchhiker in the rain.

"A large girl. She was, I think, five-foot-four inches, maybe 160 pounds, straight, medium-long blonde hair, and very large chested -uh, breasted, I should say."

Kemper teased this one. He drove for quite awhile, with Cindy locked in his car. He had made a special latch that couldn't be opened on the passenger's side.

He took turns pointing a gun at her and then quickly putting it away; each time he would reassure her that he wouldn't kill her. She kept begging him not to.

"Several times she asked me not to kill her and it got to the point later on it was very nonchalant ...lying through my teeth."

Edmund told her to get into the trunk. She did. She stuck her ass towards the back of the trunk and looked up at Kemper. Kemper pulled out the gun again and fired one shot directly into her face. The bullet entered her forehead and lodged in her brain. She died instantly.

"There was no jerk. Every other case there had always been at least, you know, a jerk, a little reflex. There was absolutely nothing...She followed through with the motion.

"Just like, it amazed me so much because one second she's animated and the next second she's not, and there was absolutely nothing between. Just a noise and absolute, absolute stillness."

He brought Cindy's dead body back to his mother's house (where he'd been staying recently) and carried her up to his bedroom. He put the corpse into his closet and left her there for the night.

The next morning, Kemper dragged the chubby cadaver out of the closet and threw it on his bed. He climbed on top and fucked it. He enjoyed feeling and grabbing the dead bodies he fucked, and often compared the reality to his fantasies and memories.



He next stuck the naked body into his bathtub and started to dissect her. He peeled off strips of her skin and cut off her head, hands and feet. Then he severed her arms and legs. He sliced open Cindy's chest and pulled out her ribcage. Blood covered the tub and floor tile. Kemper even chopped up the already severed limbs.

He wrapped the pieces in plastic bags and threw them off the shore near Santa Cruz. There is a good chance that he consumed some of the flesh before he disposed of it. He buried Cindy's head in his Mother's backyard. He placed the head in the dirt so that it faced his bedroom.

"I talked to it. I said affectionate things...like you would say to a girlfriend or a wife."

Rosalind---, 23.

Kemper picked up Rosalind near her school campus. They drove awhile, chatting amiably, until Kemper spotted another hitchhiking female. Kemper stopped and offered the girl a ride. She smiled and climbed into the back seat.

Kemper continued talking with Rosalind, while the other girl, Alice, listened quietly in the back. As the trio descended down a peaceful hill, Kemper suddenly pulled out a pistol and fired at Rosalind.

"She had a rather large forehead and I was imagining what her brain looked like inside, and I just wanted to put it right in the middle of that."

Kemper then turned and shot Alice.

He drove down the hill and stopped a ways up. He then put both girls' bodies into his trunk. He continued back home to his mother's house.

Later, after having been home awhile, Kemper returned to his car and removed the bodies from his trunk. He lay each one down in the grass just outside his mother's large frontroom picture window, and there, in the dark of night, cut off the girls' heads.

He put both corpses and the severed heads back into his trunk and went to bed.

The next morning, he carried Rosalind's blood spattered head up to his room. He carved the bullet out of her forehead. He didn't touch her body again until he disposed of it by tossing it off a cliff.

Alice---,21.

After he shot Rosalind, Kemper turned and fired at Alice. He fired three times. The first bullet went through her hands and buried into the car seat. Alice tried to scrunch herself into a ball in the corner of the car. She started to cry. The second shot grazed her head and then ricocheted out of the back seat. The third and final shot hit her straight in the temple.

There was an incredible amount of blood pouring from both girl's wounds. Alice fell unconscious and started to moan and sigh uncontrollably. A long, raspy death rattle.

"Yeah, it was a sigh, a very strange sigh. It would start out very sharp, almost like a sniffle, and then it would taper off and become a little bit more like a masculine sigh than from a fine girl, a petite-type girl like she was. It wasn't low or anything, but it was very disconcerting and it was constant."

Kemper chopped off Alice's head at the same time as Rosalind's. But Kemper liked Alice more ...and he enjoyed her more.

"It surprised me, her being an Oriental, that she was built like she was. Nothing fantastic, I mean, but you know, very nice build. Anyway, she had long, black hair, rather coarse, and very square sort of a face, very wide, high cheekbones."

The morning after the decapitations, Kemper carried Alice's headless body into his bathroom. He stripped off her clothes and then cleaned and rinsed her body of all the blood. He then fucked it on the floor. After he came, Kemper cleaned the corpse once again. This time he payed special attention to getting his sperm out of her Oriental snatch.

Before he threw her body and head off the cliff with Rosalind, Kemper cut off her hands.

Clarenell Strandberg (Kemper's mother)

"What's good for my victims was good for my mother."

Edmund entered his mother's bedroom, carrying a hammer -a claw hammer, and a pocket knife. His mother, a little drunk, was sitting up in bed and reading a paperback. "Oh, I suppose you want to stay up all night and talk now", were her last words to her son.

Kemper left the room and waited for her to fall asleep. Later on, Kemper went back to his mother's room and stared at her. She was sleeping. He hit her just above the temple on the right side of her head with the hammer. It was a cruel, vicious blow, aimed with hate and power.

"Immediately after striking that blow I looked for a reaction, and there really wasn't one. Blood started running down her face from the wound, and she was still breathing. And I heard blood running into her; I guess it was her windpipe. It was obvious I had done severe damage to her, because in other cases where I had shot people in the head I heard the same -or it had the same effect -blood running into the breathing passages. And all this happened in a few seconds."

He turned his mother over on her back, grabbed her chin and held her head up and then slashed her throat. He stabbed the blade further into the woman's neck and started to cut straight through. He decapitated her. Blood spilled all over the carpet and bed and splashed the ceiling and walls.

He threw his dead mother's head around the room. Then he stuck it on top of the mantelpiece. Blood from the head slopped all over. Kemper screamed and yelled at the head. He grabbed a handful of darts and started to throw them, one by one, into the dead face and head.

He took out his pocketknife and carved out the woman's larynx. This he pushed down the garbage disposal. Then he went back to the body and cut off the left hand.

He hid the whole bloody mess in the woman's own closet and set about cleaning the rooms.

Sally Hallett.

Edmund decided that he wanted to kill one of his mother's friends. So, he invited Mrs. Hallett over for a visit. Edmund told her that his mother wanted to see her and would be home later.

Edmund was cordial to the woman at first. Then he started to punch her. She stumbled away and Edmund grabbed her. He threw her into a choke hold and began to strangle her. Edmund picked her up off the floor, as he choked her, and she dangled in front of him as she struggled for air.

"I didn't really think that I had cut her wind off so completely that not even a little squeak or any gasp or anything had come out.

"So I pulled her back farther and looked down into her face, and her eyes were bulging badly. Her face was turning black at that point, and this was moments after I grabbed her. Her face was turning from a bright red to a black, and I realized I was actually cutting her wind off completely. Later on I realized I had crushed her larynx or at least dislocated it to where she couldn't breathe."

He noticed that Mrs. Hallett's chest was still heaving, but not regularly, and so he let her down. As the woman dropped to the floor, Edmund grabbed a nearby plastic bag. He pulled it over her head and tied a cord around the bag at her neck. He stood up, placed one foot on Mrs. Hallett's head, yanked the cord up with his hands and pulled tight. He pulled against the woman's neck while his foot pushed her head into the floor. The bag soon tore.

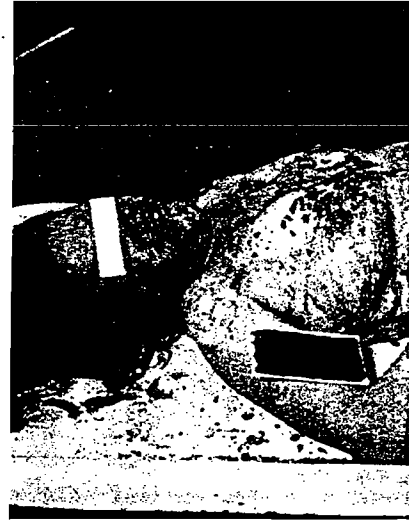
Kemper ran and got Aiko's muffler (the one he killed her with) and wrapped it around the woman's throat. He yanked it tight and finally succeeded in convincing himself that she was dead. The first choke hold had done the trick but Edmund hadn't been sure.

"I came up behind her and crooked my arm around her neck, like this. I squeezed and just lifted her off the floor. She just lay there, and for a moment, I didn't realize she was dead ...I had broken her neck and her head was just wobbling around with the bones of her neck disconnected in the skin sack of her neck."

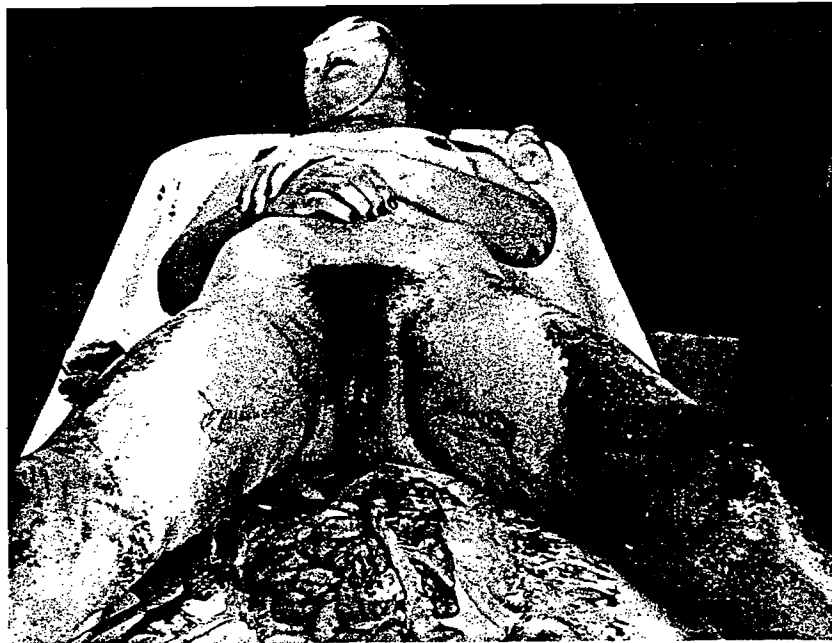
He carried Sally to his mother's bed and removed all her clothes. He mounted the dead body, undid his pants and stuffed his cock into her corpse. He fucked her, got up, and left.

"The only time I actually noticed an ejaculation was as I was killing Mrs. Hallett on Saturday night. As she was dying, it was a great physical effort on my part, very restraining, very difficult ...I went into a full complete spasm ...I just completely put myself out on it, and as she died, I felt myself reaching orgasm. In the other cases, the physical effort was less."

LUSTMORD NEXT ISSUE: Part one of a study of TRUE GENIUS!  
THE MAGNIFICENT CRIMES OF PETER KURTEN !!!



The victim's breast, showing 26 knife wounds made by the killer in his sadistic frenzy.



*Case of B.* The victim of a lust murder. Note the condition of the face and head following the beating. Also note condition of the vagina and the incision through the perineum. The sadist pulled out the victim's intestines, raping her after mutilation.



*Victim No. 1.* Condition in which victim was left following sadistic orgy. Note dissection of body, disarticulation of limbs. The liver had been completely removed. Close beside the body is the killer's knife.



*Case of N.C.* Position of corpse after attack by a Necrophile.



Note the clean stab wounds made in sadistic fury with a large hunting knife.  
This case illustrates the love-hate element of the sadist.



Note position in which the body was left after the attack.



The position in which the victim was found.



Body turned over, showing the condition in which the victim was left by the murderer. Note the bruises about the arms and face.





Scene of crime. Note the condition of room and condition of victim's body. Death resulted from strangulation.



Condition of body after the killing by the sadistic moron. The victim was beaten about the head and stabbed with a large bread knife.



*Case of K. Victim No. 2, showing position of body which was left in a hotel room after a wild blood orgy by a sadist. Note the dissection of the body and the incision down mid-section. Finger marks of the subject were found on the victim's neck. The breasts and vagina had been dissected. A razor blade was the instrument used for the dissection. The nipple of the right breast was bitten off by the killer.*



Note the condition of the body after the attack. Multiple contusions about the face, head, arms, hands, and legs. The left nipple was bitten off and swallowed by the attacker.

# WHORE DEATH

Prostitutes can't help but provide a good time. In fact, most times, just a casual glance at the loathsome street pigs can be more than enough to provide us with a simple, exciting chill of reality or, at the very least, a warm laugh.

All females are either old whores or old maids. And the garish, used slugs that stand on garbage strewn street corners and dog shit stinking alleys -the slimy, smelly cunts that suck cock, lick balls and spit cum into McDonalds napkins for \$15.00 to \$20.00 a crack, are as honest and as desperate and as disgusting as only females can be.

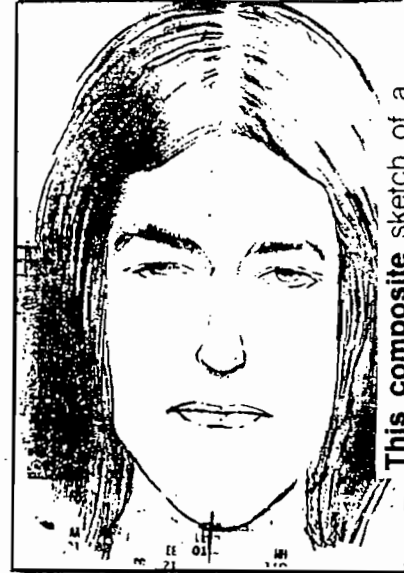
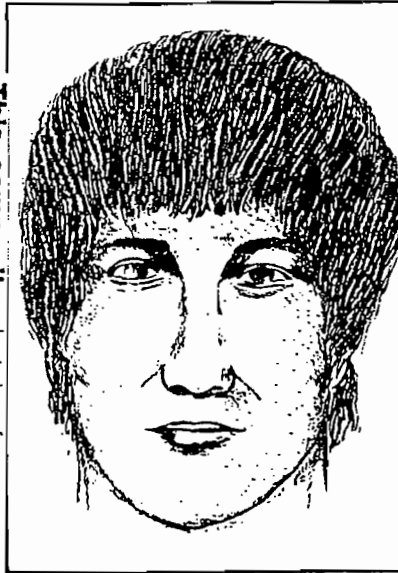
Thick-browed, stretch marked flabby niggers. Greasy, pock marked, blank faced whites. Yellow eyed spics with stunted fat tits and hairy brown puckered nipples -all eloquent examples of the instinctual weakness that is female. Rejects; stupid and pathetic from years of loss and abuse; passive cunts whose every movement, every come on and ugly, nauseating flash of sick skin is a glorious monument to their defeat under life's crushing thumb. Every thought that seeps through their twisted, confused, feeble minds and every word that slithers out of their diseased, cock-sucking mouths is a veritable lecture in failure. "C'mon honey, don't you want to suck and fuck and have some fun?"

Fucked out cunts just begging for it.

And, perhaps, no one knows the sublime pleasures offered by whores better than Washington's powerful and mysterious "Green River Killer". Named after an area in South King County, where investigators first found the remains of some of his victims, this elusive and lustful murderer is suspected for well over 61 prostitute deaths.

Press and police have kept a running score sheet -a flattering testament of brilliance for this magnificent man. Two figures; one for the missing, suspected victims

This composite sketch of a man who was seen with a Green River victim was released in January.



This composite sketch of a man who was seen with a Green River victim was released yesterday.

and one for the confirmed dead. At last check the total for the presumed dead was 11, the definitely dead 32. However, an unofficial police desk tally sheet has also been made public, and it lists 61 victims (both missing and murdered). Top investigators have been quoted countless times, saying that they're sure all the lists are wrong and that there are many, many more victims -easily in the hundreds.

The killer is an obvious genius. He never ceases to amaze. When some worthless cunt is scratched off the missing list and added to the dead list, and only to be replaced on the missing list by some other slug that didn't show up at her half-way house -your respect and appreciative awe for this passionate, studied individual, just can't help but build.

And the killer is cunning. He's changed his m.o.s numerous times. At first, police found his victims' bodies (their skeletons actually, as they have always been well behind in tracking his trail) in clusters. Two or three, even five and six skeletons at a time, hidden in isolated areas near Green River and secluded rural roads close to the Seattle-Takoma airport. Animals had often ravaged the prostitute's remains -chewed and knawed bones have been found mixed in with different skeletons, hidden far away, even buried.

Then a lay off. Police found no new bodies or recent burial sites, and began to assume that the killer had stopped. The only bodies that were found were old, most from



**Becky Marrero** of White Center disappeared in 1982.



**April Buttram** of Spokane was last seen Aug. 4, 1983.



**Denise Bush**

1983. The press began to speculate that the killer was dead.

But then new twists came to light. The killer's 30th and 31st victim were found in Tigard, Oregon. This meant that the killer had either picked the cunts up in Seattle and simply dumped their used, dead bodies in a hiding place, or that he decided to look else where for his whore meat. It also meant that the investigators had to greatly widen their scope.

These two victims, found on June 12, 1985, had been on the missing list since October 1982. And in further compliment; the trollops' remains were found just 12 miles from an area where Oregon police had earlier found the bones of two as-yet-unidentified women. And to top it off, area police are currently investigating another 11 recent whore murders and disappearances.

But it is the latest news that is cause for celebration. On September 9, 1985, Washington investigators found the killer's 32nd confirmed victim: a 16 year old slut named Mary West, last seen Febuary 6, 1984. This proves that this preternatural being is still very much active ...and that the investigation is still almost two years behind him! Cunt #32 is also the first body to be found directly in Seattle. Her rotten corpse was hidden in a clump of trees in a public park.

So far, a task force made up of more than 45 men and spending an approximate 2.4 million dollars a year, have been completely unable to stop the killer's lust. The force, running for three years now and featuring luminaries from the TED BUNDY investigation as well as psychics, computers and lately, out-of-retirement case-breaking sleuths,



Mary E. West



Pammy Avent



Joanne M. Hovland

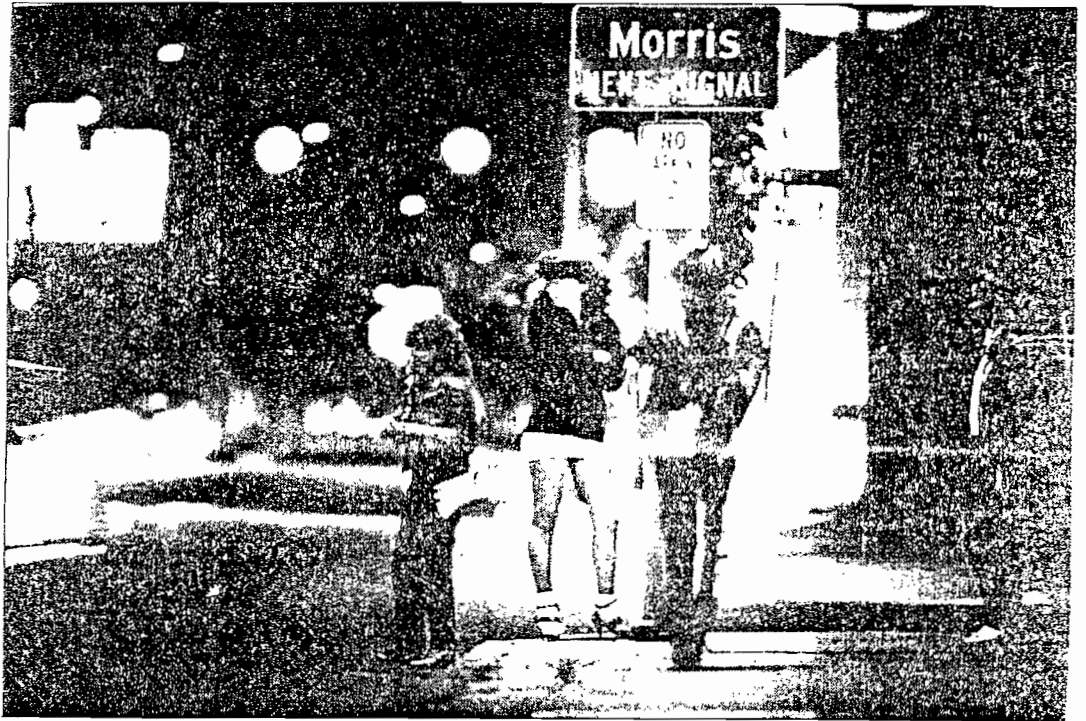
has been proven impotent. They've checked over 10,000 tip sheets and gathered over 100,000 pages of records, and the filthy cunt-corpses still continue to mount. All the force can do is wait. Wait for another body, another skeleton, and even then...still nothing.

The task force and local medias have carefully guarded the finer details of the murders in an effort to quell copy-cat killers and curb false confessions. Henry Lee Lucas, of course, has already confessed to many of the Green River murders, even though he was nowhere near any of the areas at the right times.

The only murder facts that are known are: Many of the whores were beaten BEFORE they died -evidenced by bruises and cuts on the bones and decomposed remains. They died by strangulation, and it has been reported, that at least the first victims, were manually strangled. Most of the sluts were raped.

The killer's first victim was pulled from the river covered in a mass of dark black bruises and deep cuts.

The killer's got good taste. Only 10 of the Washington victims killed so far had actual prostitution records, but nearly all had known contacts with whorish areas, or at least, more-than-easy reputations. Most of the girls frequented an area known as "The Strip", a sleazy meat market of prostitutes, topless bars, massage parlors and cheap motels. Most of the whores were known as "car hops", which means that they offer a quick cock suck in the john's car. Some unfortunate girls seem to have been luckless hitchhikers.



Northeast Union Avenue in Portland is one of three acknowledged areas in the city frequented by prostitutes.

Greg ...



# Green River victim list, updated March 15, 1985

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| Name                    | Last Seen | Location            | Found    | Location                    |
|-------------------------|-----------|---------------------|----------|-----------------------------|
| *Lynette Wilcox         | 1-19-82   | Ponders Corner      | 1-21-82  | 380 & Military              |
| *Virginia Taylor        | 1-29-82   | West Seattle        | 1-29-82  | West Seattle                |
| *Joann Reed (Conner)    | 2-4-82    | 100 & Greenwood     | 2-5-82   | Fremont Area                |
| *Teresa Kline           | 4-27-82   | 105 & Aurora        | 4-27-82  | NW 117 & 3 NW               |
| Amina Agisheff          | 7-7-82    | 200 Blk 4th Ave.    | 4-18-84  | Hwy 18 & Kerriston Rd.      |
| Wendy Lee Coffield      | 7-8-82    | 7511 31 W. Tacoma   | 7-15-82  | Green River                 |
| Gisela A. Lovvorn       | 7-17-82   | 182nd & 1st S.      | 9-25-82  | S. 200 and 19th S.          |
| Debra Lynn Bonner       | 7-25-82   | 2717 S. 216th       | 8-12-82  | Green River                 |
| Marcia Faye Chapman     | C-1-82    | 3051 S. 188th St.   | 8-15-82  | Green River                 |
| Cynthia Jean Hinds      | 8-11-82   | S. 200th & Hwy. 99  | 8-15-82  | Green River                 |
| Opal Charmaine Mills    | 8-12-82   | S. 193rd & Hwy. 99  | 8-15-82  | Green River                 |
| Kase Ann Lee            | 8-28-82   | 3002 S. 208. A-7    |          |                             |
| Terry Rene Milligan     | 8-29-82   | 144th and Hwy. 99   | 4-1-84   | Still Missing               |
| Mary B. Meehan          | 9-15-82   | 165th and Hwy. 99   | 11-13-83 | Star Lake Road              |
| Debra Lorraine Estes    | 9-20-82   | Seattle             |          | 192nd and 27th S.           |
| *Linda Strait           | 9-25-82   | Spokane             | 9-26-82  | Still Missing               |
| Linda Rule              | 9-26-82   | Seattle             | 1-31-83  | Spokane River               |
| Denise Dercel Bush      | 10-8-82   | 144th & Hwy. 99     |          | N. 115 & 1st N.             |
| Shawnda Leea Summers    | 10-7-82   | 144th & Hwy. 99     | 8-11-83  | Still Missing               |
| Shirley Marie Sherrill  | 10-18-82  | Portland, Ore.      |          | 2222 S. 146th               |
| *Kristen Sumstad        |           | 11-10-82 Seattle    | 11-12-82 | Still Missing               |
| Becky Marrero           | 12-2-82   | White Center        |          | Magnolia/Seattle            |
| *Trina Hunter           | 12-24-82  | Portland            | 12-29-82 | Still Missing               |
| Colleen Renee Brockmann | 12-28-82  | Seattle             | 5-26-84  | Clark County                |
| *Essie Jackson          | 2-13-83   | Portland            | 3-23-83  | Jovita Blvd., Pierce County |
| Alma Ann Smith          | 3-3-83    | 188th & Hwy. 99     | 4-2-84   | Portland                    |
| Delores L. Williams     | 3-8-83    | 188 & Hwy. 99       | 3-31-84  | Star Lake Road              |
| Carria A. Rols          | 3-18-83   | Seattle             | 3-10-85  | Star Lake Road              |
| Gail Lynn Mathews       | 4-22-83   | Seattle             | 9-18-83  | Star Lake Road              |
| Sandra Kay Gabbert      | 4-17-83   | 139th & Hwy. 99     | 4-1-84   | Star Lake Road              |
| Kimi Kai Pitsor         | 4-17-83   | 5th & Blanchard     | 2-15-83  | 2020 Mt. View Dr.           |
| Mari M. Malvar          | 4-30-83   | 22856 30th S.       |          | Still Missing               |
| Carol Christensen       | 5-3-83    | 148th & Hwy. 99     | 5-8-83   | 248th & S.E. 242nd          |
| *Joanna M. Novland      | 5-8-83    | Everett             | 6-5-83   | Granite Falls               |
| *Elizabeth Marks        | 5-20-83   | Spokane             | 6-14-83  | Spokane River               |
| *Rhonda Rims            | 5-20-83   | Spokane             | 6-14-83  | Spokane River               |
| Martina T. Authoria     | 5-22-83   | 188th & Hwy. 99     | 11-14-84 | Hwy 410 Milepost 36         |
| Cheryl Lee Wims         | 5-23-83   | 210 21st Ave. S.    | 3-22-84  | 146th and 16th S.           |
| Yvonne Shelly Antosh    | 5-30-83   | 141 and Hwy. 99     | 10-15-83 | Auburn/Blk Drnd Rd.         |
| Constance E. Naon       | 6-8-83    | 188th & Hwy. 99     | 10-27-83 | 191 & 25th St.              |
| *Kimberly Reams         | 6-12-83   | Ponders Corner      | 6-13-83  | Nisqually River             |
| Kelly K. McGinness      | 6-28-83   | 216th & Hwy. 99     |          | Still Missing               |
| *Tonya Harry            | 7-8-83    | Portland            | 7-9-93   | Portland                    |
| Kelly M. Ware           | 7-18-83   | 22nd & Madison      | 10-29-83 | Portland                    |
| April Dawn Buttram      | 8-18-83   | 7300 Blk Rainier S. |          | Still Missing               |
| Debbie May Abernathy    | 9-5-83    | 115 20th Ave.       | 3-31-84  | Hwy 410, near Enumclaw.     |
| Tracy Ann Winston       | 9-12-83   | King County Jail    |          | Still Missing               |
| Mary Sue Bello          | 10-11-83  | Magnolia area       | 10-12-84 | SR410 & 470 S.E.            |
| Panway Annette Avant    | 10-26-83  | Rainier Valley      |          | Still Missing               |
| Patricia Anne Osborn    | 10-28-83  | 115th & Aurora N.   |          | Still Missing               |
| Delise Louise Plager    | 10-30-83  | 15th & Columbia Wy. | 2-14-84  | I-90 Exit 38                |
| Tina Lee Tomson         | 10-31-83  | 141 & Hwy. 99       |          | Still Missing               |
| Lisa Lorraine Yates     | 12-23-83  | 4826 S. Bateman     | 3-13-84  | I-90 exit 38                |
| Mary Exzatte West       | 2-6-84    | 4525 Sears Drive S. |          | Still Missing               |
| *Vicki Williams         | 3-19-84   | Portland            | 4-22-84  | Portland                    |
| Cindy Anne Smith        | 3-21-84   | 200th & Hwy. 99     |          | Still Missing               |
| Bones No. 10            |           |                     | 9-21-84  | 146th & 16th S.             |
| Bones No. 14            |           |                     | 4-20-84  | S.E. 104th & Hwy 18         |
| *Monica Anderson        | 6-25-84   | Tacoma              | 8-12-84  | Spokane                     |
| *Cyndy Butler           | 9-24-84   | Texas               | 10-12-84 | Chehalis River              |
| *Kimberly Hill          | 10-26-84  | Portland            | 10-26-84 | Portland                    |

\* — Not on previous victim lists.

## Portland prostitutes ignore serial killings





**Shirley Marie Sherrill**, who is believed to be a victim of the Green River killer, is seen in a 1982 family photo.



**Shirley Marie Sherrill**  
Reported missing in '83

The killer seems rather easy to please. In the past he has nailed whites, blacks, Asians, and other ethnic mistakes. And although he seems to prefer whore meat in their teens, he has been known to sample older and more ripe fare.

Many of Seattle's sluts, in an effort to escape the killer's omnipotent grasp, moved downtown to practice their trade. But it was a fruitless and desperate move, as given the killer's quick mind and relentless drive, he simply moved as well. Now, more than a few of the downtown whores have turned up dead or missing.

Police sketches are released to the public at regular intervals and each greatly contradicts the one previous. The latest description is that of a 27 to 30 year old white man with greasy, dark hair, 6 feet tall and a slender 160 pounds. He is said to drive a dark colored 70's Ford pick up. The task force says that, currently, they have 11 prime suspects, along with 21 vehicles but no direct evidence. They are also looking into the possibility of 2 murderers working together (ala KEN BIANCHI and ANGELO BUONO).

Some very entertaining facts have surfaced regarding the killer's prey. The most prominent fact being the tremendous multitudes of female failure and easy killer bait that exists. The voluminous details about these sick cunt-for-sale's lives read like torture records:

Joanne Hovland, a 16 year old whore, was last seen at a youth center for prostitutes before her decomposed body turned up in a woods near an old logging road.

17 year old cunt Sandra Gabbert was last seen by her

## THE 28TH VICTIM



- **Identity:** Martina Theresa Authorlee, 19, of Tacoma area.
- **Where remains found:** about 12 miles east of Enumclaw on Highway 410 near the White River.
- **When found:** Wednesday afternoon, by hunters.
- **Last seen:** May 15, 1983, in Seattle.

mother, when she told her she was going out "to make some money". Sandra's mother said that she knew her daughter was a prostitute. Sandra dropped out of school so she could move in with a 16 year old boy. The loving couple were soon indigent and Sandra was forced to suck Seattle sperm in cars for a dirt level living.

"They were out on the street alone and with no money", Sandra's mother said. "There were a lot of girls out there doing it. She tried it and it worked. It was a way to get a motel room and eat and stay together." Still, the woman worried about her daughter..."But there was no way I could stop her from doing what she wanted to do."

Terri Rene Milligan was a 16 year old whore. Her mother remembers: "Terri was a bright, intelligent child who loved to read. Even when she was missing, I could imagine her somewhere

reading." Terri's mother contends that the young girl ended up as an open teen cunt because "she got in with the wrong peers."

Becky Marrero was a 20 year old Mexican sleaze whore who even whelped a former john's child. The child was 3 years old when Becky disappeared. Becky left the baby with her mother when she went out whoring. She's not been found.

April Dawn Buttram was a 17 year old cock sucker. This teenage pig had a prostitution record long before her disappearance. Her fat naked dead slut's body has not been found yet.

Nigger whore Martina Theresa Authorlee was 19 when the killer gave her her last fuck. She was missing since May 1983 and found in November 1984. Her mother was unhappy



**Mills**



**Milligan**



**Meehan**

with the news of her daughter's disgusting life: "Knowing what happened to her doesn't bring relief...It's not over. It will never be over. It will never be over until they catch whoever did this.

"It will never be over because of the thought that she was murdered. If it had been natural...It will never be over because I will always think of how anybody can be so cruel. Thinking of how anybody can think they can take somebody's life is the hardest part."

Martina's typically black and stupid parents insist that they didn't know that their daughter was fucking and sucking cock for a living. They say they were told by the police only when they first reported their daughter as missing. The last time Martina was seen alive was when she was released from a Seattle jail for prostitution. Her parents finally reported her missing because, Mrs. Authorlee said, "Anytime Martina did not get in touch with me, there was something wrong. When she never sent her daddy a Father's Day and birthday card. When Christmass passed without hearing from her, I just knew something was wrong."

The Authorlees remember their daughter as loving sports and athletics. "And don't leave out swimming", they beam. They also remember her as depressed and lackadaisical. The last time the nigger street whore visited her mother, they had a grand old time. "She stayed a couple of days. We went and had lunch. I gave her some money. I asked her whether she needed any more and she said 'No, I'm working.'"

And the murders keep happening. In April, 1984, the captain of the task force, Frank Adamson, said "I'm not optimistic that there won't be any more (killings) if we don't catch him sometime soon. I feel that whoever it is will continue to kill until he's caught." The force now assumes that the killer is not inactive; they can only guess that he hides his corpses more carefully. They can



Gabbert

Pltsor

Antosh

figure on picking up the bones of yet another worthless female joke. Always behind the genius.

At one time, the task force was planning to move to Tampa, Florida where a string of similar strangling murders were occurring. However, soon after that news came the news that ROBERT LONG, a Tampa resident and unemployed machinist, was responsible for the area crimes.

Long has since been charged with the murders of 9 Tampa whores and presently awaits trial. He has already been sentenced to death for one cunt's murder and he will be tried for each of the eight other whores separately.

Long was a skillful and brutal killer and we can only hope that when the complete details of the Green River murders become known that they will be equal in terms of violent personal satisfaction and lustfulness.

Robert Long enjoyed what Florida police believe to have been a six month feast of female whore flesh. He preyed on Tampa prostitutes and go-go girls and selected mostly white ones. Investigators have intimated that there may very well be more bodies than just the nine they know about.

Long enjoyed choking the sluts. He tied most of them up, fucked them, beat them and then destroyed them. Some were stabbed and butchered, some shot. Most of the dead trollops were found naked or partially clothed and often, their clothes were found heaped in a pile nearby their corpse:

Ngeum Thi Long - 19, strangled.

Michelle Denise Simms -27, tied up and stabbed to death.

Chanel Devon Williams -18, stripped and shot.

Karen Beth Dinsfried -28, found asphyxiated, bound and partly nude.

Look to PURE #4 for a complete and detailed article on Robert Long and his brilliant crimes in WHORE DEATH PART II. Keep reading for more glorious slattern torture with some of the greatest cunt stranglers ever -BIANCHI and BUONO!!!



**Long, flanked by defense attorneys  
shown shortly before his sentencing Friday.**

Of course, whenever we consider whore death -and especially whore strangulation, we can not help but think of Ken Bianchi and Angelo Buono.

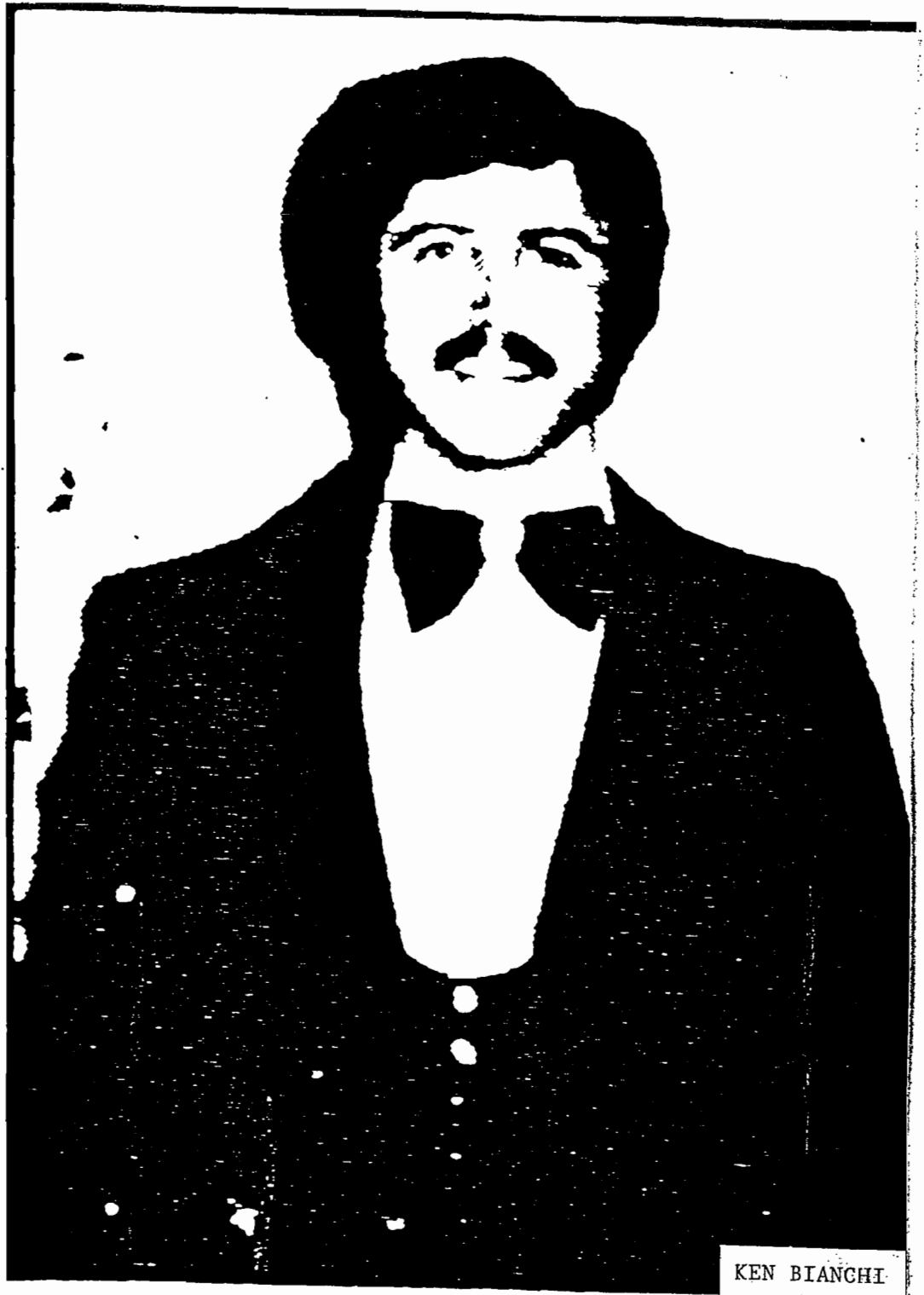
Ken Bianchi loves life. His respect and affection for it are clearly evident in all his carefully planned and expertly executed murders. And it is this tremendous love of life, and his masterful lust and control of it, that fills his willful deeds with unmistakable genius.

Ken considered all the angles when contemplating his crimes. He was fully aware of what he always wanted to do and, thus, was able to channel his every waking moment, action and thought towards that lustful end. He succeeded in murdering at least 17 females before he was stopped and that figure is most probably far short of the true body count.

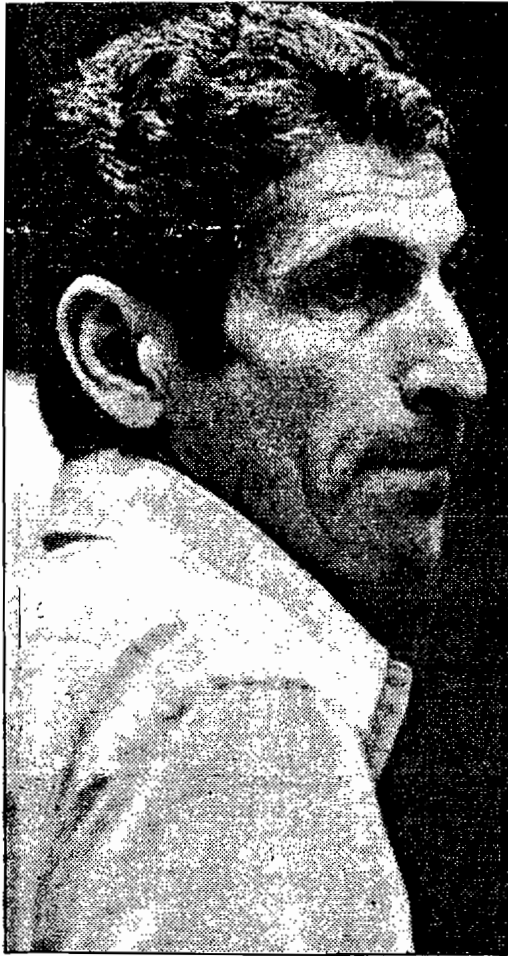
This young man from Rochester, N.Y. was able to satisfy himself over 17 times with female flesh abuse before he was 30. And even when he was stopped; even when he was forced to cease his physical pleasures, his genius allowed him a most rare and brilliant bargaining position that enabled him, finally, to live his life relatively untouched and unscarred.

Bianchi, after capture by the police in Bellingham, Washington, started to spew forth a carefully constructed ruse based on psychosomatic disorders and schizophrenic personalities. He concocted a scheme that attempted to diminish his personal responsibility by laying the blame on his alter ego/split personality "Steve Walker". The case that surrounded Ken/Steve (and later, "Billy" -a younger, more innocent version of Ken, who hated the evil and murderous "Steve") is still today, a much celebrated and hotly argued section of law banter. While pretending to be hypnotised, Ken claimed that Steve committed the murders out of hatred for Ken's mother and other abusive women. Ken drew on his studies of psychology books and was eminently successful in creating a realistic phantasm that doctors and lawyers fell for immediately. It was through the vicious, swearing and hateful guise of Steve Walker that Ken admitted to the "Hillside Strangler" crimes in Los Angeles as well as the murder of two co-eds in Bellingham, Washington.

Ken knew he had a history that could support his claims of psychosis. He was a chronic bed wetter (most probably



KEN BIANCHI



Angelo Buono Jr.

a genetic problem rather than a psychological one) and had an extremely dominant mother that dragged him to a doctor, at what seemed like, every week for years. Thus, his childhood looked like a series of traumas and abuses that could only help to produce other personalities. The more Ken confessed and the more doctors and lawyers dug into his past, the more Ken looked like a true maniac.

But, finally, and due in a very large part to some expert detective work, Ken was discovered as the careful manipulator he truly is. Police unearthed file after file of falsified psychology diplomas, degrees, affidavits and facts (even the real Steve Walker was located -a psychology student who was tricked into providing Ken with phony grade transcripts and a diploma) that proved

to Judge, jury and public that Ken Bianchi was faking mental disorder and was instead, a very, very clever man.

However, the last laugh was not to be justice's. During his confessions, Ken opened up that his cousin, Angelo Buono, had helped in nearly all the murders. Police were desperate to nail Buono, but had little real evidence to tie him to any of the stranglings. Buono was already being prosecuted for an extortion/prostitution ring that he ran with Ken, but the police wanted him to pay big time for the murders. Ken offered, in exchange for a repeal of the death sentence, to testify against Angelo in court. The law



quickly accepted and then, because of a law that forbids the exchange of one death sentence for another, Angelo was also allowed to escape the chair. And, even further, Bianchi had the last laugh -he proved to be an irritable and completely unreliable witness when he finally hit the stand against Buono. He vacillated between stories, denied previous statements, bragged, claimed memory loss and generally, threw the case against his cousin straight out the window.

When the dust finally cleared, Ken Bianchi and Angelo Buono had created California's longest ever murder trial and were sentenced to life imprisonment for only 5 murders each. Bianchi was additionally sentenced for the two Washington murders. Police, however, closed the books on 17 murders. They didn't have enough evidence, so clean and thorough were the whore killings, to convict both men on all the crimes.

As far as can be discerned, Ken Bianchi's baptism into murder occurred on November 16, 1971, when he still lived in Rochester. Carmen Colon, a 10 year old, near-retarded, Puerto Rican girl was raped, strangled and brutally beaten on that day. Ken was never charged with the crime, but in retrospect, all the details and coincidences seem to conclusively point to his unique brand of fun. The car he was driving at the time was the exact make, model and color of the one spotted at the area of the crime and the m.o. is certainly his. The little girl was viciously beaten before her death and her skull was fractured.

A year and a half later, a similar crime occurred. This time an 11 year old girl, Wanda Walkowicz, was murdered. Her dead body was found, fully clothed, on a hillside just outside of Rochester. She too, had been raped and strangled.

Finally, almost two years after the death-fuck of lil' retard Carmen, Ken, apparently struck again. Michelle Maenza's dead body was found, also fully clothed, on November 26, 1973. Michelle was a fat 5th Grader, who was almost universally hated at her school. Ken probably did her a favor as he fucked her virgin cunt then snuffed out her little loathsome life.

These three killings came to be known as the "Alphabet Murders", because of the odd similarity in the victim's initials -C.C., W.W., M.M.. Rochester law officials decided to officially close the books on these killings after Ken's imprisonment even though he can never be tried for them.

Once again, the murder scenes were too clean and almost entirely devoid of useable, damnable evidence.

In 1975, when Ken was 26, he decided to move to Los Angeles. There he was able to participate in many of his fave personal enjoyments and did so in the unique company of his 40 year old cousin Angelo Buono. Angelo already liked young girls -teen fucks and sadistic sex were favorite pastimes, and it took Ken no time at all to convince Angelo of what he was really missing.

Ken (as "Steve"): "I don't know, man. You know, he just, ah, he was just an easy guy to get with the program, you know? I gave him the idea and he went with it all the way, you know. He's my kind of person."

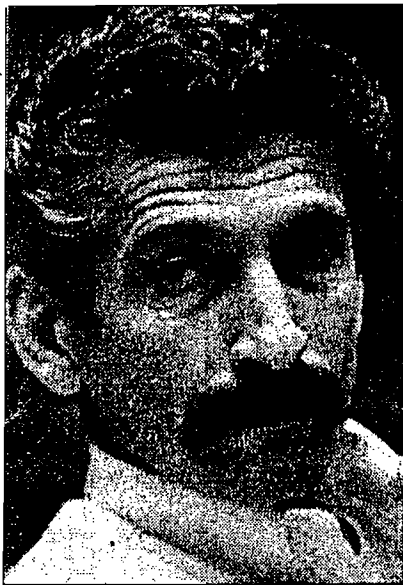
Then later, simply as Ken: "In regards to the killings, there was never any socializing. It was just go over and let's go out tonight and try to pick somebody up and he'd say, Okay, and he'd go get his stuff and change his shirt and out we'd go."

Ken had earlier been helping Angelo run a prostitution/extortion ring. Angelo and Ken hired teenage whores (some as young as 14) and sold their favors to high ranking businessmen and former city officials. Later they would blackmail the customers and make out doubly. Angelo ran the business and Ken ran the girls.

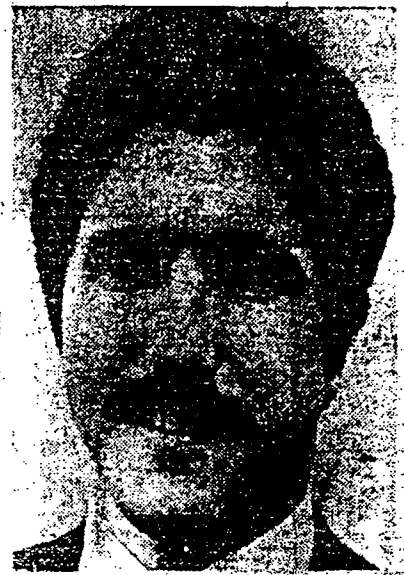
Ken often let his sadistic streak show as he had to beat the girls. One particular time of note, Ken is said to have used a knotted, wet towel, so as not to leave any dark bruises that might offend customers, to thrash a teenager that stepped out of line.

The outfit had to fold after a blackmailed lawyer hired a motorcycle gang to reap revenge on Ken and Angelo. Tiny Boyles, the 440 pound 6 foot leader of the gang, remembers Ken:

"Bianchi's a snivelling poo-butt. But he was what you call the Doc...the...what we call the perverted Doc. His job was if the girls were scared of snakes, he put snakes on 'em. He done that to make sure they brought the money home, he worked on their morbid fears. And he run behind his security door which he already knew who we were, what we were, and hid behind his door, holding the security door, snivelling: 'Please don't hurt me, please don't hurt me.' Well, we knew they were into something heavy, but we



Angelo Buono



Kenneth Bianchi

didn't know what. But if I'd a known he was killing those little, young girls -one of those girls was -what -13 to 14 years old? If I'd a known it -I got four daughters of my own -I'd a snapped their neck like a twig and not had no remorse for it."

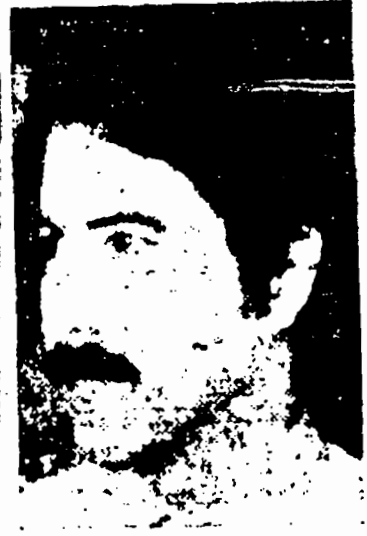
Ken always knew what females were for. First he used them for mean sex and money; always under his thumb. And secondly, for rape-murder. He always understood when to act and when to cool down, what he could get away with and what he couldn't. He enjoyed a brief respite of torturing and controlling teenage flesh and then decided to move on to the ultimate orgasm. His drive was insatiable -he had always been a frequent masturbator and action fan. He joined the Sheriff's Reserve and learned the ins and outs of law enforcement. He quickly adapted his knowledge to fit his more eloquent plans. He "arrested" prostitutes:

"I killed the first broad.....

"Some black broad. I don't remember her name. Fuckin' names aren't important.....

"She was a hooker. Angelo went and picked her up. I was waiting on the street. He drove her around to where I was, I got in the car. We got on the freeway. I fucked her and killed her. We dumped her body off and that was it, Nothin' to it."

Ken owned a fake policeman's badge and he and Angelo



developed a smooth technique for coming off as plainclothes cops. They easily convinced most of their victims with authoritative airs, law terminology, tough street sense and of course, the badge.

Yolanda Washington, a black hooker with a small nigger son, died on October 17, 1977. She was offering quick suck offs, in cars, for \$25.00. Ken and Angelo arrested her for prostitution and, like a lamb to the slaughter, the ugly cock sucker climbed into their car. Angelo drove. Ken fucked her sick, black afro'd, shit brown skinned cunt, right fucked there, in the back seat. He spilled his cum into her whore's hole -it was the last she'd ever receive. Angelo drove unto a nearby freeway while Ken started to pull off the nigger's blouse. He tugged at her exposed tits. His cock was full of her whorish nigger stink. He wrapped the blouse around his fists, pulled it tight, and wrung it around the cunt's neck. He pulled it tighter. Yolanda Washington, black scum slut, died, naked and pathetic, in the back seat of Angelo's car after tasting Ken Bianchi's thick cum. Ken was satisfied.

Angelo drove the car to a hillside near Forest Lawn Cemetary and stopped. They tossed the coon corpse out of the back seat and watched her roll down the incline. It landed face up, mid way down the hill -the sleazy colored skin tore and cut on the way down and left the corpse a mass of welts, scrapes and blood marks. The dead body rested among garbage, dirt and ground. So much garbage, so much dirt, so much shit -nigger dirt, female shit.

Yolanda was the only street pig that Bianchi and

Buono nailed in their car. The rest were taken to Angelo's house.

Judith Ann Miller died on October 31, 1977. She was only 15. Angelo killed her.

"He did a nice job doing it, too", Ken remembered later, still pretending to be Steve.

Ken arrested little Judy and handcuffed her. The charge was prostitution. Ken sat in the back with the intimidated cunt while Angelo drove home.

Inside, Judy was immediately gagged. A thick strip of adhesive tape was stretched over her mouth as she was told to undress. Ken and Angelo sat back and watched. Judy was shaking. The 15 year old slut understood she wasn't performing for money or fun this time.

Angelo fucked her first. In the cunt, on the floor of a spare bedroom in Angelo's house. He removed the gag and forced his cunt smelling cock into the whore's mouth. He told her to suck it. Judy had tasted a lot of dick in her short 15 years, she had swallowed more than her fair share of cum. And this was to be her last. In and out of her wet, slippery mouth with her tongue sloshing against the hard, red head of Angelo's hard-on. He rammed his meat down her throat and stuffed his fat hairy balls into her fuck face. Pushed his hot cock in and out of her mouth as she choked and gasped. Only Angelo's pleasure mattered here. And he soaked her worthless throat in smelly sperm. His quaking boner spit it's sex-shit straight down her neck. Judy ate the cum as Angelo wrenched himself out of the teenager's mouth. Angelo next fucked her up her young ass. Then it was time for Ken.

Ken slammed his dick into her cunt. Judy was going to die after this -it was her last fuck. The last dick that would ever enter her disgusting female gutter hole. Ken came inside her. Judy didn't move underneath Ken's pounding -she was used to being bored while strangers banged her cunt, but this time it wasn't boredom that held her still. It was fear. And pain.

"I don't remember any struggling -passive, it seems like; not real cooperation, but just lying there."

During the course of Ken's sheriff training he had the opportunity to view pictures of prisoners waiting to die in the electric chair. He compared the look in the prisoner's eyes to the look in Judy's:



Yolanda Washington    Judith Ann Miller    Lissa Teresa Kastin    Jane Fong

"she saw that -what was coming -and when I saw the sketches of this guy and his eyes were like this big, because he knew it was going to be the end ...it -it happened, you know, it looked almost identical to her and that -I saw that and that clicked something in my head, and it just really -left a really bad -effect on me on top of everything else."

Ken and Angelo tied up Judith with a white rope -tied her hands and legs. They stuck the gag back around her face. The handcuffs were put back on and sliced into her wrists. She struggled against the ties and forced the rope to burn into her skin. Adhesive glue would still be on her face when she was found dead.

Angelo strangled her with the cord.

Lissa Teresa Kastin was what was known as a good girl. Which is to say that when Ken Bianchi and Angelo Buono raped and murdered her, she wasn't fucking and sucking men on the street for money. So, in the public eye, Lissa Teresa Kastin was a good girl. What she really was, was a waitress who stopped go-go dancing because she got too fat. And horny men don't like flabby tits and saggy asses on go-go dancers, just like they don't like them on whores, so Lissa quickly became a good girl and started to fulfill her promising destiny as a food server and table wiper.

On November 6, 1977, Angelo and Ken stopped Lissa on the street. They questioned her in regards to a burglary that was supposed to have just happened nearby. They decided to arrest her.

Lissa Teresa, the good girl, was taken back to Angelo's house, handcuffed. and force-fucked like a bad girl. Ken fucked her. Angelo thought she was a dog -she hadn't shaved her legs in a long while, so he decided to just watch his cousin. Angelo strangled her, however, slowly, by tying and

retying the cord around Lissa's neck. She was allowed to catch her breath, again and again, only to have it cut off, again and again.

Jill Barcomb's corpse was found only 4 days after Lissa's murder. Jill was an 18 year old street whore. She had been fucked and strangled just like the other meat. However, Ken and Angelo were never charged with Jill's death because of the lack of evidence. Ken never confessed to killing this slut and it is widely speculated that Ken fucked and killed her all on his own.

It is again possible that Ken acted alone in the murder of the next victim, Kathleen Robinson. She was another harlot that was picked from the street, cunt-slammed and then destroyed. Kathleen was strangled with a cord. Her body was dumped on a hillside and left partially clothed.

On November 20, 1977, Los Angeles Police found the naked corpse of Kristine Weckler. Ken and Angelo tortured the girl, a 20 year old art student, to death.

Ken was familiar to Kristine because they lived in the same apartment building for awhile. They were only passing acquaintances but nevertheless friendly.

On the day of her death, Ken met Kristine in front of her apartment and told her that someone had smashed into her car that was parked outside the building. Ken explained that he was in the sheriff's reserve and offered to write up an accident report for her. He suggested that they go out to his car. Angelo, of course, was outside waiting for her.

Ken was questioned extensively about this crime because of the variation in style, procedure and taste. And Ken was understandably reticent at giving explicit details -as he was arguing for insanity, he play-acted guilt and horror and attempted to mask his pleasure during the recap. He paused at the exciting bits -effectively builds the intensity but yet argues in his defense. Pure brilliance.

Interviewer: "Okay, and so you picked her up but Angelo was with you?"

Ken: "Yes, he was waiting in the car."

"Did she -when she saw him, did she -what did she say?"

"I can't figure out that -there's parts of that that are like a puzzle. I can't figure out, number one, why she went with me and number two, why she didn't say anything when she recognized Angelo. I can't remember -any real



Jill Barcomb

Kathleen Robinson

Kristine Weckler

Lauren Wagner

distinct conversation ...when she got in the car, we immediately went over to Angelo's house and ...she went in and when she got in ...I grabbed one arm and Angelo grabbed the other and we escorted her to -to the chair and told her to keep her mouth shut and she was gagged and blindfolded."

"Had she been ...handcuffed in the car?"

"No, she wasn't handcuffed at all -until she got to Angelo's. ....

"They said that they -didn't make any sense at the time, so I thought I'd really think about it. They found needle marks on her. That was -there was a variation. What happened was Angelo had an idea to kill her other than strangling. So what he did was, he came out of nowhere with a needle -a syringe. He-

"What was in it?"

"He -I -I think he mentioned ...his mother was in the hospital at the time and I think he may have robbed it from -stolen it from the hospital. And I'm not ever really sure what he filled it with ...I could just see fluid in it and-

"Didn't work?"

"No."

"Well, that explains the needle marks."

"And also, I think it was her -I'm not sure -exactly sure who -I think it was her that -that she really didn't die of strangulation. She didn't die -die of -of manual strangulation. She died of gas asphyxiation."

"How? How so? How did that happen?"

"Oh God, do I have to? She -she was brought out to the kitchen and put on the floor and her head was covered with a bag and the -the pipe from the newly installed stove, which wasn't fully installed yet, was disconnected, put into the bag and then turned on. A -there may have been marks on her neck because there was a cord put around her





Sonja Johnson



Dollie Cepeda

neck with a bag and tied to make more complete sealing."

"I wonder, how long did that take then, I mean maybe -"

"I don't-"

"Hours?"

"Quite awhile, probably -probably about an hour, hour and a half."

One of the most eloquent, most ingenious, most enjoyable tortures ever! Angelo filled the syringe with Windex and jammed the needle into Kristine's neck and arms. This, of course, after both men fucked her cunt AND asshole in quick, relentless succession. The glass cleaning solution streamed through Kristine's veins and caused her to fall to the floor in violent convulsions. Ken and Angelo watched the girl writhe and flip-flop in incredible pain. Then, as her body threw itself uncontrollably around the floor, Kristine was affixed to the stove pipe. Angelo manned the cord around the wretched female's neck and, once again, alternatively tightened and untightened his pull. Kristine could only gasp desperately when Angelo would loosen the cord and then, she could only swallow thick gulps of gas. Her body became a sick mess of raped pain, contaminated blood and burning, perverted air. To top it off, Kristine's corpse was found covered with bruises -especially on her breasts. Genius, absolute genius.

On the same day that Kristine's body was found, L.A. police also found two more corpses -littler corpses. The naked, raped and strangled bodies of 14 year old Sonja Johnson and 12 year old Dollie Cepeda were dumped behind a trash pile.

Dollie and Sonja were shoplifting cheap jewelry at a nearby mall when Ken and Angelo, acting as police officers, arrested them for being out so late. They told the girls that they would only take them home and instructed them to get into the car.

At Angelo's house both little girls were fucked for the first and last time -twice. Ken and Angelo stuck their big dicks into each girls' tight snatch and switched partners as soon as they shot their respective loads. After the encuntments, Angelo and Ken switched partners once again

and then stuffed their hard cocks up the girl's virgin buttoles. A glorious notion that the last things the children will ever know is rape -the last thing they ever feel is hot male cum being jettisoned deep into their bloodied, brutalized assholes. Each man enjoyed both of the nubile.

Ken, no doubt, enjoyed the little girl's flesh, pain and fright even more than Angelo did. Certainly, it brought back fresh memories from his Rochester days -the times he spent screwing, beating and murdering three other young girls. Sonja was the first to die. Strangled with a cord around her neck and a bag over her head.

"When she was dead, her body was put aside. And the other girl was brought in blindfolded asking for her girlfriend. And she was told that she would be seeing her girlfriend pretty soon."

Jane King's dead body was found on November 23, 1977. She had been trying to get work as an actress and worked regularly as a model. She looked much younger than her 28 years and she used to shave her pussy.

Ken and Angelo used the police ruse on her but, as she was not a street whore, only suggested that they give her a ride home. Jane agreed and felt confident that she was safe until Angelo decided that he had to stop home first.

"I can remember what happened after that was Angelo said something about, excuse me, he had to get home. And would she mind very much if we dropped him off first and then I would drop her off home, and she said no. And home was over at Angelo's. When we got to Angelo's ...naturally she was sitting in the middle of the two of us ...and ... I grabbed one arm and Angelo grabbed the other and she was handcuffed and told not to say a word and she was escorted out of the car and into the house."

Jane was fucked in her bald cunt by both men, one immediately after the other. Ken went first and wanted more after Angelo was finished. As soon as Angelo pulled his prick out of Jane's vagina, after shooting his wad, he quickly set about hogtying her. Her wrists and ankles were tied tightly together as Ken's cock grew hard and rigid once more. Ken worked his cock up into the girl's tight bottom and started to pump. In and out his cum-slick cock pounded into Jane's abused flesh. And as Ken fucked her, Angelo wrapped the cord around Jane's throat. He started to

pull the cord tightly. Jane's air was cut off completely as Ken kept on ramming his dick up into her body. Angelo pulled tighter and Ken fucked harder. Jane was helpless - under Angelo's will and Ken's cock. Angelo loosened his pull on the cord and allowed the girl to breathe. Ken still slammed his meat inside her. Then Angelo tightened the cord again, then loosened it, then tightened it, again and again and again. Ken finally came after Jane King was dead. He fucked her corpse and spilled his sperm inside her 28 year old dead shaved pussy. The pair later dumped Jane into some bushes.

Lauren Wagner was next. She was almost in front of her parent's house when Angelo and Ken pulled her car over for questioning. Ken and Angelo had to drag the woman off of the street and throw her into their car. She didn't believe the cop story.

Back at Angelo's house, Lauren proved to be wonderful entertainment. She begged the men not to kill or hurt her and told them that she would enjoy having sex with them. She even pretended to like it when Angelo forced his dick into her mouth and Ken fucked her ass. She moved along with the men's pumping and moaned and writhed appropriately.

But Lauren wasn't going to get off that easy. Angelo went to his garage and got an old electric cord that had had it's insulation parred away at the end. By plugging the cord into the wall socket and placing the other end into Lauren's hand, the men caused violent electric shocks to jolt through the girl's worthless body. Angelo and Ken took turns plugging, unplugging and replugging. They watched as Lauren shook and jumped and spit up. After they were through torturing her they strangled her with a tight cord around her neck.

Ken and Angelo changed their pattern once again and allowed themselves the excitement of new game. On December 13, 1977, Ken made a phone call to a nude modelling agency. He requested a "pretty blonde model wearing black stockings and a dress" for a quick photo session. He was told the price was \$40.00, payable in advance, for 15 minutes.

Kimberly Diane Martin, a 17 year old street prostitute had only days before begun working with the modelling agency. She thought, what with the Strangler still loose and picking on whores, that she would be safer working for a company.



Ken had called the agency from a library pay phone and gave the address of his apartment building. However, the apartment number he gave was a room he knew to be vacant. Ken and Angelo then broke into the apartment and waited for Kim to arrive.

Kimberly started to fight with Ken as soon as she saw the empty apartment. She lost. Ken beat her mercilessly -he even smashed her head against the wall. Kim's skull was fractured and blood poured from her ear. She was forced to take her clothes off. This time she wouldn't get paid. This time there was no moronic middle aged man jerking himself off looking at her tits. This time was for real. Ken gagged and bound the girl's body. Angelo and Ken fucked her in the cunt and sodomized her ass. Angelo strangled her. Another dead slut. Both men came inside her.

20 year old Cindy Lee Hudspeth asked for it. She went to Angelo's car reupholstery shop.

"Some seat covers or something made for her car, 'cause it was fairly new. It was ...orange or red, a small car, I think Datsun. It was late in the day. "Steve" came over, late, this was like after dinner. And Angelo was in the house talking to the girl. Apparently she'd been looking for a job and he says he can help her ...I came in ...I



Cindy

grabbed her ...I came in and grabbed ...but there's nothing said ...there ...there ...grabbed her around the throat ...Angelo got up ...went and got some rope ...tied her, gagged her.

"After she was gagged and blind-folded, her hands were untied and she was told to get undressed, which she did. It was done with all the girls, all their clothes and possessions were gathered together. They were put into a bag and dumped in Angelo's trash bin. All the girls were, with the exception of the first girl, all the girls were raped -

....

"After -after both Steve and Angelo, myself and Angelo -my body and Angelo -got through having intercourse with her, she was then ...her hands had been previously untied, and her hands were tied and - and her -her legs were tied ...There was a rope put around her neck and she was -she was strangled. Then she was untied.

"What a cruel thing to do."

(The interviewer asked Ken if Cindy was completely nude at death.)

"Yes, and she was carried out ...not the back seat ... she -she was carried out to the trunk of the car ...with me driving the car ...Angelo followed behind in another car. The car was taken up to Angel's Crest and ...pushed off the side of the hill.

....

"The body was in the trunk, yes. I don't recall taking the body out, so I -you know, I know the body went into the trunk ...It's still there."

Cindy's double fuck was the last one Ken and Angelo would enjoy together. She was tied, spreadeagled, to the four corner bed posts and raped for a solid two hours.

Shortly after Cindy's death and disposal, Ken moved to Bellingham, Washington. For awhile he remained quiet -he landed a job with a security agency and was studying in the sheriff's reserve. Finally the quiet got too much and Ken got too hot. He decided to return to his old favors and this time decided to use his high ranking position at the agency to help him do it.

He offered a house sitting job to Karen Mandic, a 22 year old Bellingham resident who had previously worked with deaf, blind and retarded children. Ken offered her \$100.00 for a simple 2 hour do-nothing-but-sit job and invited her to maybe bring a friend along. She did -Diane Wilder, age 27.

Ken later met the girls at the house and started to show them around. When the happy trio got down to the basement, Ken pulled his gun from his holster (as a security agent he always carried one) and told the girls to lay down on the floor. He tied both of them up separately. They started to cry. He gagged them. Ken stuck Diane in the downstairs bathroom and locked the door. He took Karen upstairs to the bedroom.

Ken untied the blubbering Karen and commanded her to strip. He made her lay down on the bedroom carpet beneath him. He undid his pants, pulled out his hard on and slipped it into a greased rubber. He fucked Karen's quivering, naked flesh there on the floor. He came and later, flushed the cum filled, cunt rank sheath down the toilet. He told Karen to get dressed. Then he tied her up again and left her lying face down on the carpet.

Ken followed the same procedure with Diane. She meant no more to him than just another piece of cunt flesh and was treated accordingly. She was nailed just like Ken wanted to -her personality, her feelings, her dreams and thoughts mattered not the least to him. She was fucked like a cunt. Like a female. And she was fucked, destroyed and dumped just like all his females. Like they should be.

Diane was having her period and bled on Ken's dick. Police would eventually find Ken's underwear stained with cum and blood. Ken told the girl to get dressed. Then he marched her down the basement stairs.

Ken strangled Diane as she walked down, in front of him. He swung the cord around her neck and pulled tighter than he ever had before. It was almost like he was hanging her. The cord was pulled with so much force that it actually cut into the girl's throat. Deeply.

"I think it may have been some cord -white cord, that I had at my house -that's used in traction. In hospitals, when people are put in traction. It's really strong -it's good for, you know, it's good for almost anything."

Karen was murdered the same way -on the stairs with



Ken behind her and slightly above. The strangling was again violent -the cord pulled as tight as Ken's muscles.

"Brutal because both my hands were just -I mean, shaking and -it seems like I -I can see my knuckles getting whiter and whiter and, you know, I had the cord wrapped around my hand, and it was just pulling tighter and tighter."

Ken pulled his prick out once again and masturbated over the dead body. His cum stains were found on Diane's clothes.

Ken stuck the girls' corpses in their car and left it in a cul de sac where they were quickly found. Too many leads pointed to Bianchi this time. He hadn't been careful enough and he was finally arrested. It didn't take long for the Bellingham police to link up with the L.A. police, and the rest is now history.

The long, long trial that Ken caused was a showcase for his genius. He actually convinced a jail groupie to try a similar strangling murder in an attempt to show authorities that the real killer was still on the loose. He also tried to get past acquaintances and friends to write phony alibis. He used his past to convince doctors that he was crazy, invented other personalities to pretend he wasn't responsible.

He cried and shook his head in mock disbelief during his sentencing. He never gave up.

Ken loves life and he won the final match -he is still alive. His recent appearances in court show him to be fat and content. And even the judge at his trial knew Ken would enjoy his later life.

Judge Ronald George (during sentencing and final summation): "Mr. Bianchi had faked memory loss, he had faked multiple personalities. This action by Mr. Bianchi caused confusion and delay in the proceedings. In this Mr. Bianchi was unwittingly aided and abetted by most of the psychiatrists who naively swallowed Mr. Bianchi's story, hook, line and sinker, almost confounding the criminal justice system.

"I'm sure, Mr. Buono and Mr. Bianchi, that you will both probably only get your thrills reliving over and over again the tortures and murders of your victims, being incapable, as I believe you to be, of ever feeling any remorse."

## *Terror in Los Angeles:*



*Will strangler strike an 11th*



