

# PURE 3



# VOLUME 1

# PURE

Absolute Genius. Ian Brady has held the lofty distinction of being the world's most complete murderer for over 20 years now. And seasoned PURE readers and reverent libertines will certainly need no introduction to his eloquent crimes. Few, if any, will need reminders of his perfectly integrated individualist and lustful lifestyle and the glorious feast of personal pornography, torture and brutal murder that meshed with it.

Just as a recap and celebration of Ian's pleasures and philosophies is always exciting, so too are the latest bursts of news from his prison cell. Every word spoken by Ian is compliant with the brilliance of his every sex-action. As is the constant pain of those that Brady used.

First off; Myra Hindley, Brady's lap dog, sex toy and equally lustful, murderous accomplice, has, not unsurprisingly, been denied parole. In the wake of Myra's pleaful statements to justice and the English press' vehement outcry against her, a surprising story has been forced into the light.

After an English tv show broadcast a short interview with Mrs. Anne West, the mother of Lesley Anne Downey -Brady's 10 year old cock sucking, ax tasting victim, who pleaded publicly to the Home Secretary for Hindley's continued remand, her brother, Patrick Downey, also felt the need to talk. So, in an effort to demonstrate just how brutal the effect on his life was, caused by Ian and Myra, Partrick told the press of his plot to kill the couple over 19 years ago.

Patrick's every breath is a tribute to Ian Brady -the man that rammed his hard cock down his niece's throat until she choked, who photographed her naked and crying as only a horrified, trembling 10 year old can, and who viciously killed her. Patrick is now 60 years old.

He told reporters how he made plans to acquire a gun and how he intended to use it to destroy the people that took away his darling Lesley.

"When the trial started at Chester I was going to smuggle in the gun.



"With everyone taken unawares, I could get close enough to the dock to pump bullets into their heads.

"I would feel no pity, no remorse. Just elation that these two vicious killers were being meted out fair justice for their awful crimes."

Mr. Downey explained that his murder plans went down the tubes when local police heard about the plot and made him surrender the weapon. The police were sympathetic, Patrick said, and they agreed not to charge him with any crime. They all decided to keep quiet.

But Patrick is still fierce in his contempt for Ian and Myra. His pain lives forever. He told reporters that he would not allow either of them to be free -ever. "They would be killed", he said. "If not by me, I would pay someone to do the job, and I would not feel regret.

"All of us in the family worry that one day Hindley might walk free, because she has managed to con influential people into believing she is a reformed character. How can she be?"

Although Patrick Downey is certainly unhappy with his lot, he has, weakly and submissively, chosen to be this way.

Ian Brady is eminently successful at murder. Earlier this year, Ian agreed to talk to a reporter from the English newspaper "Sunday People", in preparation for a larger book on him. But the reporter wasn't ready for Brady's libertine honesty or his evasive manipulation of facts, and after only 8 months of interviews, the reporter ended up being banned from further meetings by the English Home Secretary. Ian proved too shocking.

There has long been speculation that Ian killed more people than just the three he has been charged with. Little 12 year old Keith Bennett, who vanished on June 16, 1964 and Pauline Reade, 16, who vanished on July 12, 1963, have always topped the list of suspected Brady prey. Both kids disappeared from the same general area in Manchester as Lesley Downey and John Kilbride.

The reporter, Fred Harrison, asked Ian if he killed Bennett and Reade and said that, after a long pause, Brady slowly nodded his head yes.

Brady had earlier told Harrison that he was responsible for more deaths than he was sentenced for, and that if he



**KEITH BENNETT**

Aged 12. Blue eyes. Fair Hair. Very short-sighted. Disappeared after leaving his home in Chorlton-on-Medlock, Manchester, on June 16, 1964.



**PAULINE READE**

Aged 16. Slim. Pretty. Disappeared after leaving her home in Wiles Street, Gorton, Manchester, on Friday, July 12, 1963.

revealed all that he knew, Myra wouldn't have a chance for parole. "She'd never get out in 100 years", he said.

Brady told the reporter that Pauline's murder occurred in another, unnamed, man's house.

Brady: "It involves me, I'm not opting out.

"But the police can't prove it now because the house is demolished."

Harrison asked Ian what evidence was in the house, and Brady replied "Blood".

Harrison: "Did Pauline die in the house?"

Brady: "I can't go into details, otherwise the whole thing will come out."

Harrison: "Was Myra involved with Pauline's death?"

Brady: "I'm involved, she's involved. Of course."

Brady refused to talk about the murder of Bennett and questioned Harrison's insistence about these two particular deaths. "The police were questioning me about 12", Brady reminded him.

Brady further explained that he was not ready to disclose fully all his deeds and thoughts.



*Vengeful—Mr. Downey rushes for Brady's car.*

**HINDLEY:** Evil grew out of her love for Brady.

"I'm not ready for the balloon to go up.

"Who is going to benefit? Objectively, nobody would.

"It's just bringing up ancient history and opening old wounds. Nobody is going to gain by it, nobody."

Harrison thought Brady would feel better by getting the news off his chest, but Brady assured him, "I find death more attractive than that."

And Ian teased the reporter. He said he had told a psychiatrist in prison all about the other killings. "It's explosive stuff", the genius gaurded.

Brady declined to talk further about the murders -even about the three he was sentenced for: "As soon as somebody mentions the other things, the blocks come down.

"That's part of my trouble -the blocks get lifted with-out me lifting them. It's getting out of control."

Brady was extra careful to keep his admissions in constant check. He explained that he often had dealings outside the law and that sometimes, these actions would necessitate a simple murder.

"I had no moral qualms about any criminal matters. It was all to do with getting money as quickly as possible and by any means.

"Anybody who just happened to get in the way ...well, it was just too bad. They were totally irrelevant. They would be wiped out."

But Brady, ever the consummate libertine, made sure Harrison understood that sex-murder and street-murder are very different styles. As Harrison persisted in questioning Ian on specifics -especially the disappearance of 20 year old Philip Deare, who often helped Brady in illicit matters:

Brady: "Deare is not connected in any way with the, shall we say, rotten branch that grew out after I met Myra."

"Deare was connected with the criminal activities. He was one of the ones who brought getaway cars to us from Manchester."

Harrison: "How did Deare die?"

Brady: "I can't go into that. This is stuff the police questioned me on. I'm not committing myself.

" But at least it had nothing to do with the Moors. They can't bring that into the Moors, not that lad Deare."

When Harrison grew more stubborn about details, Brady finally cut him off: "I can't touch it because it's like a thread on a jumper. Once it starts, the whole thing begins to unravel."

Brady later said that he understood the murder instinct:

"Yes I do. I believed that nothing was impossible, that you could do whatever you wished. There was no morality, no god.

"There's nobody you're accountable to, so experience anything you wish.

"Whatever comes into your head, do it.

"That's the overall attitude which was destructive."

Brady asked Harrison not to reveal much of what he had told him. "You can have the exclusive story when I'm ready to go under", Ian said. "I have always intended to go by my own volition. But not when it suits the Home Office.

"It's an escape -as long as I go my own hand."

Myra Hindley's chances of parole were further dashed by

Brady's revelations and Hindley was angry. She talked at length to a prison friend, who later also reported to Fred Harrison.

Hindley let the following bons mots fall as she became more and more bitter about Brady's statements:

"I didn't always know where he was. Sometimes he'd be gone for three days but I couldn't question him.

"If he said he was going to see his mum, I believed him. He could have been meeting another woman or been up to anything for all I know."

"Years later some things began to click into place and I realized he was killing even before our relationship."

"I think he used me for alibi reasons."

"My head feels like a pressure cooker. I don't know if the police will want to interview me about all this. If I knew anything I'd have told them.

"But he was so secretive. If I asked him where he was going he'd just say, 'I don't know yet', in a voice that made me scared to question him further.

"What will I do if they charge me with more murders? I will have to go in the dock with him and I just couldn't bear it. They'd have to drag me kicking and screaming."

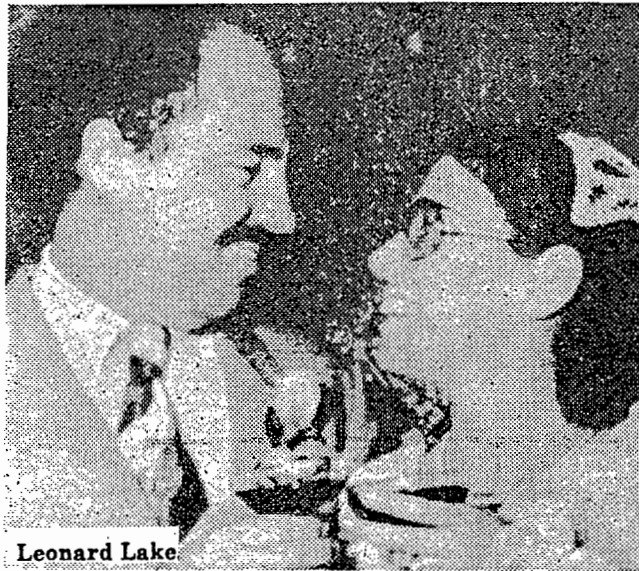
"I wish he was dead. I wish he'd stop talking about killing himself and get on with it."

"I am going to tell my lawyer to put together a press release totally dissociating myself from anything he has to say. Anyway, that reporter won't be able to go and see him again."

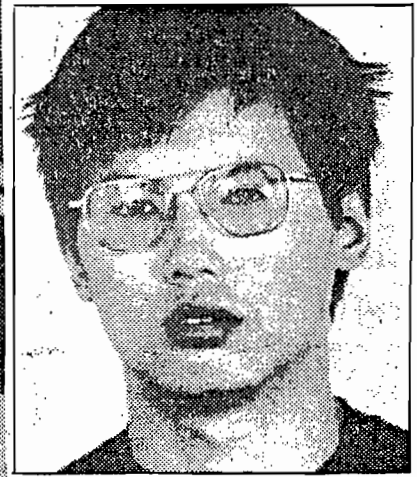
PURE 4 will carry more from Ian Brady's interviews, including his disclosures on why he attacked another child-killer in prison. Also, more from Myra Hindley, who tells how she came to hate Ian.

\*\*\*\*\*

The case against Leonard Lake and Charles Ng grows more interesting every day. Although initially disappointing (as self professed survivalist Lake and his gun obsessed buddy Ng seem like the usual type of paranoid, 'Soldier Of Fortune' fed, war game players), the truth is as more facts come into the open and more details are made clear, the confused duo's crimes prove to provide a great deal of excitement.



**Leonard Lake**



**Charles Ng, 24, of San Francisco is a suspect in the slayings of up to 25 people.**

Lake, a twice married, twice divorced 39 year old ex-marine, committed suicide by swallowing a cyanide pill during questioning on a shoplifting charge. Lake knew that the simple misdemeanor arrest would lead police to greater discoveries, harder questioning and, eventually, multiple felony charges that would include murder. At the time of his arrest, Lake was driving the car of a man listed on California's missing persons list, and was carrying a .22 caliber ruger semi-automatic pistol with silencer and ammunition in the trunk. Ng, who was jointly arrested with Lake for stealing a \$75.00 wrench from a department store, was able to break free of police grasp and escape. Ng was already a fugitive from weapons-theft charges.

When police started to question him about the stolen property, Lake politely asked for a drink of water and offered to write a full confession. He promptly scribbled a quick note on the piece of paper given to him by a cop and collapsed unconscious. He fell into a coma that would last four days and end with his death. Lake had scrawled a message to his ex-wife; "I love you. I forgive you. I'm sorry", on the paper.

Meanwhile, as Lake was placed in a hospital and attempts made to pull him from his coma, Ng had managed to slip out of California. He travelled to Chicago and stayed there for five days before finally flying off to Canada. He was apprehended on July 6 in Calgary, Alberta.

Ng had tried to shoplift some food from a store in Calgary and was dutifully accosted by a security guard. Ng



shot the guard during the resultant fracas, but to no avail. Ng was captured. However, ironically, Ng's reflex action may just help keep him alive, as he is now charged with attempted murder in Canada and is subject to Canadian law. Canada, of course, has no death penalty and refuses to extradite prisoners back to the U.S. if that prisoner will face a death penalty upon his return. Canadian authorities can try and sentence Ng on their own; keep him in jail for the length of his sentence, and then ship him back to California -provided, only, that California agrees not to impose the death sentence. More probable, however, is that Canadian judges will deem the Californian charges more serious and decide to forego their charges by sending Ng back to the U.S. and seeing him serve time in jail at home. But there still can be no death sentence. This certainly must be good news to a survivalist.

And as the cops and robbers game continues to play itself out and more and more charges are filed down Ng's way, the evidence against Ng and Lake continues to build.

Police came up with quite a discovery when they searched Lake's Wilseyville, California home (Ng had been living with Lake since Leonard's wife moved out).

To date, investigators have found:

A total of four trenches used as gravesites spread out around Lake's 2½ acre ranch. Police suspect there are more burial grounds and have recently increased their hands-and-knees searches to cover a 5 mile radius around the house.

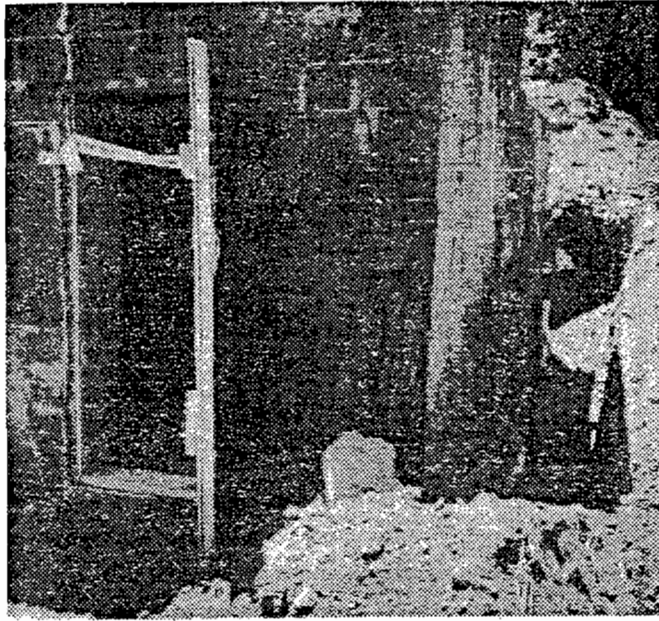
The trenches were ostensibly used as garbage dumps and telephone cable receptacles.

The first trench immediately yielded three badly decomposed bodies -two black men and a woman. The first man had a bullet hole in his skull and the second one had multiple broken bones. The female corpse was headless. All the bodies were heavily burnt and virtually unrecognizable.

Also pulled from this trench were five shopping bag size bags of cut up human bones. "The bones are in halves or thirds", an investigator at the scene said. "It's difficult to identify what part of the body they come from."

Most of the bone fragments ranged in length from 1/15th of an inch to just about 4 inches.

Police are still searching for more corpses, remains and clues around the ranch house and are confident they'll find more. In all, area investigators have, so far, unearthed over 40 pounds of human bone fragments (including the teeth of a baby) that forensic experts will have to try to put



United Press International

**As many as 25 missing people are believed to have been murdered after being sexually assaulted and tortured in a hidden room in this building owned by Leonard Lake.**

the walls. Behind this room (enterable through a secret compartment made of plywood shelving) is a second smaller room that houses a single bed. This chamber comes complete with a one-way mirror that allows the occupants in an antechamber to view all the secret room's goings on.

A large collection of home made videos lined the walls of the shed. Investigators have carefully guarded most of what exactly is on the tapes, but they have hinted, at various times, that some tapes contain snuff movies.

One video, featuring Lake's next door neighbor, Brenda O'Conner, was described by Calaveras County Sheriff Claude Ballard as "like a horror film. Vicious. Vicious. Vicious."

In that video; Branda is handcuffed and seated in an easy chair. Lake tells her "I am the Captain" and proceeds to describe the sexual perversions that she will have to perform.

Brenda pleads with her captors and then begs for her 2 year old child. "Where is my baby?", the woman cries. "Please tell me where my baby is." She implores Lake not to kill her little baby.

Lake tells her her baby is "sleeping like a rock" but that she will fare less better. He explains that she will have to cook and clean and be a "sex-slave" for him and Ng.

together.

Two infant bodies are among the nine corpses found in tact at the home.

Just near the large ranch house police discovered a cinder block shed that had obviously been used as a torture chamber. Inside the shed were handcuffs, a muzzle, a whip, video equipment, ropes, chains and leathertongs.

The main room in the shed is small with a double bed in the center and the various bondage implements about

Lake then points a gun to Brenda's face while Ng pulls out a large pocket knife and begins to cut off her blouse and bra.

The blubbering woman is next forced to remove the rest of her clothes as Lake and Ng place her in leg irons. Lake tells her that she will have to bathe before he fucks her.

Brenda is then raped by both men. Authorities assure that the video does not conclude with Brenda's murder.

(Brenda, her husband, and her two year old son are among the 25 missing people that police believe Lake and Ng killed. Investigators are currently searching the area for a second torture chamber and a fifth burial site. Clues throughout Lake's diaries and evidence found in the video tapes and on the corpses suggest that they do exist.)

The other videos that police have released details on are two lengthy series of tapes entitled "Operation Fish" and "Operation Miranda". In "Miranda", Lake tells of his sexual fantasies and plans for females, and in "Fish" he reveals plans for a complex checkkiting scheme.

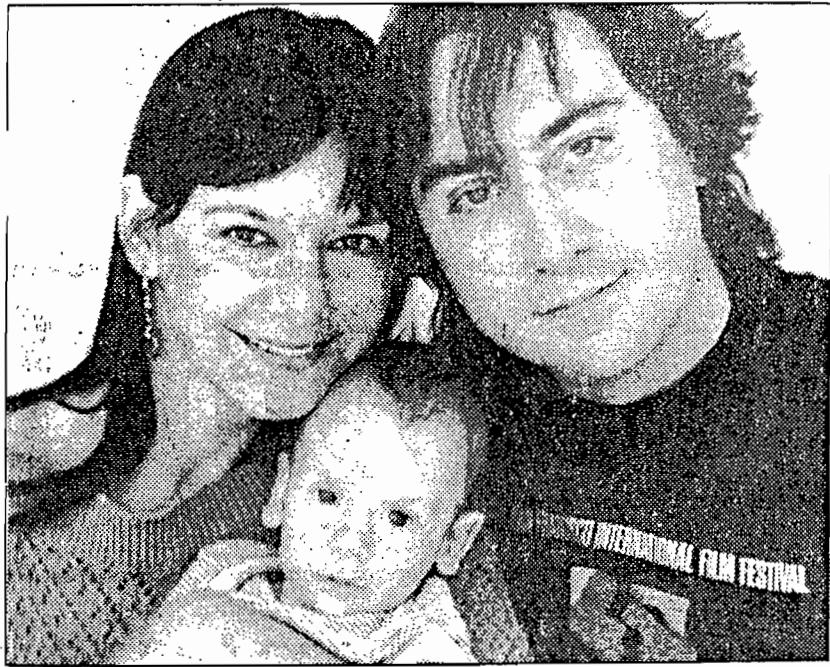
"Miranda" is the name given to Lake's philosophy of keeping women in captivity as slaves for survivalist reasons.

Police found other goodies in the torture room. Photos of over twenty different females, in various modes of undress, lead police to believe that Lake and Ng forced the girls to pose under torture. Some of the girls in the pictures were no more than 10 years old.

Also, Lake's personal diary, kept since 1983, and an unpublished novel were hidden in the shed.

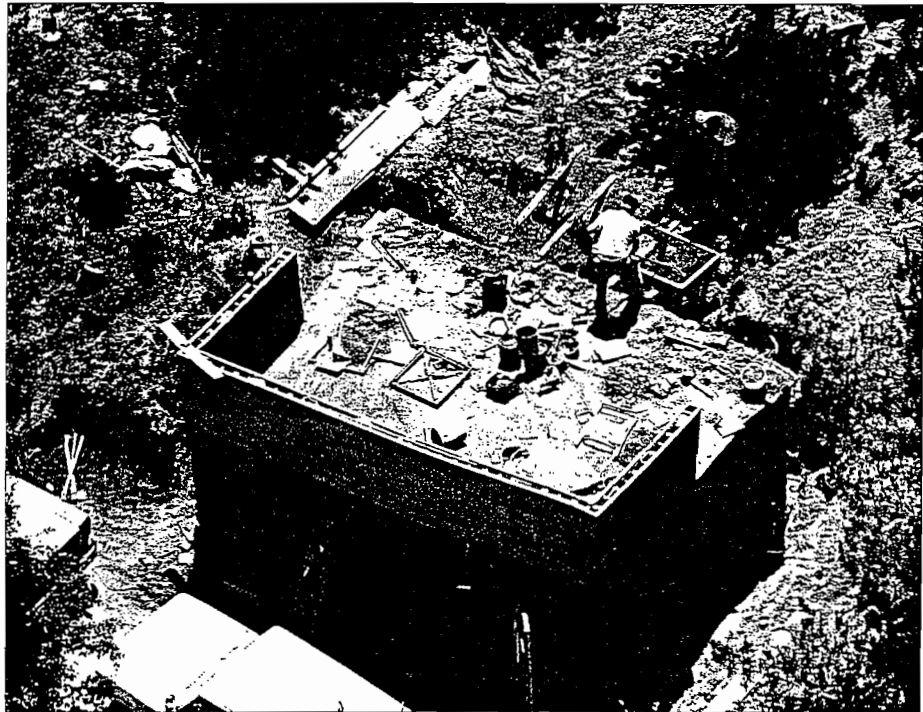
The diaries explain more of Lake's survivalist aims and details how he found victims through classified newspaper ads. The pages go on to describe plans for letting male prisoners loose in the forest to allow Lake and Ng to hunt them down like game. Spread throughout the diaries are medieval fantasies and paganist paeans as well. Police are now searching for part of the diary they say is missing.

Calavaras County Sheriff's Deputy Jim Stenquist recently said of Lake, "Every time this guy met somebody, they wound up gone." And with good reason. It seems that police expect Lake and Ng of killing over 25 people -most of whom knew, lived near, or had some other form of contact with the pair. For example: Paul Cosner was an auto dealer from San Francisco, who disappeared in November after he announced that he was on his way to show a car to "a wierd guy". Cosner's car was being driven by Lake when he was arrested. Harvey Dubbs,



AP PHOTO

**These three** San Franciscans have been missing since last July 25 and are believed to have been among victims of mass killers near West Point, Calif. The three are Deborah Dubs, 33; her husband, Harvey, 29, and their 16-month-old son, Sean.



*Excavating Lake's alleged torture chamber: Bones, videotapes—and 25 missing persons*

his wife, and his infant son went missing in July. Harvey had been selling video equipment to Ng just before his disappearance. Jeff Gerald, a mover from San Francisco, vanished in February. His last job was helping Ng. Jeff Askren of Sunyville disappeared in April of 1984. Soon after, his car was found abandoned near the Lake homestead. Likewise, Donald Lake, Leonard's younger brother and Charles Gunner, a friend from Lake's marine days and best man at his wedding. Gunner's license was found on Lake when he committed suicide.

So far, Charles Ng, who is still in Canada, has been charged with kidnapping, burglary, false imprisonment, conspiracy and two counts of murder. He is charged with the killings of Kathleen Allen, 18, of San Jose, and Brenda O'Conner. He has not been charged with the "special circumstances" that would suggest California prosecutors are seeking the death penalty.

Police have pieced together 11 bodies so far. There remains a lot more to be done. A full report with extra details coming next issue.

\*\*\*\*\*

It's difficult to know whether or not Richard Ramirez enjoyed his crimes. Certainly, it seems that he didn't enjoy them to their fullest potential -but all the facts are currently blurred by media outrage and hype.

Ramirez received nationwide attention as "The Night Stalker" for a series of vicious sex-attacks from February to September 1985. Ramirez crept through unlocked doors and windows around California while the inhabitants slept. The late night/ pre-dawn attacks stretched from Los Angeles to San Francisco and panicked almost the entire state of California. Sales of guns and locks in the state skyrocketed and Californian investigators mounted their biggest manhunt since the Hillside Strangler case.

The killer was finally apprehended on August 31, after being beaten up by a mob of crazed mexicans in notorious East L.A.. Authorities had earlier that day identified Ramirez as The Night Stalker through tips from Ramirez's "friends", as well as fingerprints left at some of the murder scenes. Ramirez saw his face on the front page of a newspaper in a liquor store and burst into a frenzied run through various locales until he finally came to East L.A.. There, he tried to steal a couple of cars by pulling drivers out of their vehicles, but he met with heavy resistance and was

"Night Stalker" suspect Richard Ramirez flashes his left palm to show a pentagram, a symbol some believe associated with satanic worship, during court proceedings yesterday in Los Angeles.



**"Night Stalker" suspect Richard Ramirez**

finally set on by an angry mass of screaming wet backs.

Ramirez himself, is of Spanish descent and originally hails from El Paso, Texas.

There is no question as to the actual motives for the crimes. They were exceptionally brutal and sadistic. What is arguable is whether or not Ramirez was aware of what he was doing or of even, what he wanted.

Ramirez was originally suspected of over 20 murders and 24 attacks, but the figures have been whittled down as it comes time for authorities to tie evidence and charges together. Currently, Ramirez is charged with 15 murders (14 in Los Angeles and 1 in San Francisco) plus 54 other felonies including 5 attempted murders, 19 burglaries, 6 robberies, 7 rapes, 5 oral copulations, 7 sodomies, 3 lewd acts on children and 2 kidnappings. Ramirez's lusts, and perhaps his rage, were wanton.

Ramirez has a small police record of thievery and misdemeanor charges and was known as a youth as "Ricky the Klepto". He was a great fan of heavy metal music and was especially fond of AC/DC and Judas Priest. And like a lot of confused youngsters, he quickly became obsessed with the



**Richard Leyva Ramirez**  
*'It was like Satan was his friend'*

darker fantasies offered by some of these groups. He liked to think that Satan was his guardian and two years ago, Ramirez asked a tattoo artist to indelibly carve a pentagram in his left palm.

Richard was also a cocaine addict. After snorting became too tame, he started to dissolve the powder in water and inject it straight into his arm. Richard's sister said he was also an epileptic and that he frequently had to take PCP to circumvent the seizures.

Ramirez played up the satanic angle quite well. At the houses of some of his victims he would spray paint large pentagrams, and in one case, "Jack The Knife" on the walls. And recently, while he remains in a California prison, Ramirez has been heard to scream loudly and wildly from the lower lockups. At his last court hearing he shouted "Hail Satan!" as he was led from the room. Because of outbursts like this, police have resorted to locking him in manacles and leg irons for all subsequent appearances.

All these facts tend to paint a rather disparaging picture of Ramirez and his actions. But further analysis of his crimes will be necessary -as they seem definitely exciting. It is possible that Richard Ramirez is simply looking for media attention or an insanity plea, but it is highly more possible that he is a deluded young man; confused and frightened of his instincts and therefore, forced to play out pathetic horror games in his simple mind.

The crimes themselves are of excellent pornographic quality:

Ramirez usually did away with the man of the house, whether it be by shooting or knifing, first. This left him with an easy go at the females, who he raped and tortured. Authorities have described the rapes and murders as, "There was an intimacy about the killer and his victim, as if the killer enjoyed feeling the pain of his victim."

He raped women in the cunt, up the ass and down the throat. It is unknown if any of his male victims were similarly enjoyed.

And he nailed little children. He fucked kids of less than ten years old and murdered their parents. Teenagers as well.

He also sexually abused and destroyed an elderly woman of 84 years old.

Some of his victims were raped as they died beneath him. He fucked corpses.

He slashed his victim's throats and let them bleed to death. He carved into their faces.

If he was using a gun, Ramirez would usually try to shoot the victim point blank in the face.

He bludgeoned people to death.

In one instance, he attempted to gouge out his dead victim's eyes with a large knife.

After some of the killings, he sat in the violated house and ate a meal from the refrigerator.

Mabel Close Bell, 84, was bludgeoned to death.

Patty Elaine Higgins, 32, had her throat slashed.

Chainarong Khovanath, 32, was shot to death.

Christopher Peterson, 38, and his wife were shot while they slept in bed. Both survived.

Elyas Abowath, 35, was shot in the head while his wife, Sakina, was raped. Ramirez then tore apart their home but left the couple's two children (aged 3 years and 3 months) alone.

William Doi, 66, was fatally shot in the face and his wife raped. Ramirez raped Mrs. Doi's asshole and made her suck his cock.

Jenny Vincow, 79, had her throat slashed and was stabbed several times in her body.

Police are also looking into similar crimes from 1981 to 1984 that may have been Ramirez's handiwork.

"The murders were horrible crimes", District Attorney Ira Reiner said. "The investigators said they were some of the most grotesque they had ever seen."

Ramirez has pleaded not guilty to the crimes and has recently appointed his own lawyer, an ex-con, to defend him. Further hearings in the case resume December 13, 1985.

As more details become clear, and if the murders merit, a complete article in PURE should follow.



\*\*\*\*\*

John Gacy's death sentence has been upheld. Gacy was originally set to die on June 2, 1980, but had the date pushed back to November 14, 1984 because of lengthy appeal processes. He was also allowed to miss the latter date by an appeal that questioned the constitutionality of the death sentence to the Illinois Supreme Court. And, although the court refused to even hear Gacy's latest case, the appeal has, nevertheless, kept him alive. Gacy's lawyers are filing their appeals one at a time in obvious efforts to prolong the murderer's life. As of right now, there is no definite date for Gacy's death -just the sentence, and more appeals are expected to be heard for years to come.

First Assistant State's Attorney William J. Kunkle has been insistant that Gacy die. He said he was pleased with the Supreme Court's decision, but pessimistic about Gacy's chances to die soon. "We're constantly amazed by the new issues defense lawyers can find" said Kunkle.

Gacy, in a 1984 newspaper interview, said that he doubted that he will ever be destroyed. He also wasn't sure he could make it through life in prison:

"With my health the way it runs, I don't think I will probably live it out. Just like I think I will never be executed because of the lengthy appeal process."

In the same interview Gacy denied any responsibility for the deaths of the 33 young men that he was sentenced for. His original plea was insanity. Now he vacillates between complete denial and drug dependence:

"The news media made a monster out of John Gacy. But there is a great difference between John Gacy the man and John Gacy the animal.

"I would despise anyone who did what they claimed I did.

"Where the hell could I have found time for all the things I was accused of? I was working 16 hours a day and the rest of my time was devoted to the community, charity affairs and helping young people.

"How could I live on top of those bodies? Did you ever think of that?"

And later....

"Since 1975, I have been doing Valium. The stupid thing I didn't know about it is that valium takes away your memory."

(reporter) "Could you possibly have committed murder and not remembered it?"



"I don't know. Well certainly. I guess anything is possible."

Gacy says he occupies his time painting (mostly clown faces) and watching tv. He also gets a lot of fan mail:

"Ninety percent of the letter writers are women. And I have 41 people on my visiting list. I'm allowed three visits a month, and sometimes I have to deduct one from the next month.

"I've gotten foolish letters. There are sick, sick people out there. Our

society is made up of a bunch of sick people."

And just this September, Gacy was once again the subject of mass media attention. Chicago's Art Institute museum bought a portrait of Gacy from a local artist for \$900.00. The Institute's reasons for buying the work, and the artist's reasons for painting it, were all predictably lame rationalizations. But that didn't stop the public outcry -most of which was unbearably boring.

However, a few interesting quotes and remembrances did surface:

Eugenie Godzik, the mother of Gacy's 17 year old victim, Gregory, was very bothered. "This is terrible. To think they are going to put a picture of this man in the Art Institute because he murdered so many young boys. A man who does something good won't find his portrait hanging in the Art Institute. But this guy? For Murder? He will be laughing under his breath."

Harold Piest, father of 15 year old Robert -the last boy that Gacy ass fucked open with his fat cock and thick shit-caked dildo, was also in need of attention: "They call this art? My God! I think they are way out of line."

Mr. Piest lauded the decision of the Illinois Supreme Court in not hearing Gacy's last appeal: "That's wonderful. That's great....Once he's executed, I think we can say, that's part of our past life." Piest also said that he

# Art Institute buys portrait of John Gacy

By Jim Merriner

John Wayne Gacy was framed.

That is, a portrait of the mass murderer was painted, framed, hung in a Near North gallery and purchased by the Art Institute of Chicago.

In Gacy's second brush with the art world, the institute acquired his portrait as one of three paintings of killers by Chicago artist Linda Lee.

Gacy, 43, on Death Row since 1980 for the sex-related slayings of 33 boys and young men, previously made art news by selling his own paintings at the 1982 Illinois State Fair.

An institute spokesman said yesterday that Lee's works were bought last month and will remain in storage indefinitely. They may be displayed after

completion of a museum addition in 1988.

Neal Benezra, associate curator of 20th century paintings and sculpture, said the paintings "would enhance the museum's holdings of recent expressionistic figural art."

"These were selected because of the artist's perceptive expression of her chosen subjects' complex psychology," Benezra said. "The paintings were done by the artist in response to current sociological phenomena."

"The Art Institute purchased these works for the reasons stated and strongly condemns the behavior that led to these tragedies."

In addition to Gacy, from a northwest suburban area, Lee depicted James "Cowboy" Autry, executed for murder in

Turn to Page 4



A portrait of murderer John Wayne Gacy painted by Linda Lee.

would gladly go to watch Gacy's execution "to assure he's dead."

Gacy talked about the Mr. Piests and Mrs. Godziks long before. He remembered his victims: "I feel sorry for the families. I would be willing to talk to them and really dig into what happened. When I read that 19 of them were prostitutes, I ask: 'What happened to the family unit?'

"Some of the families didn't even file missing persons reports. It shows how much they cared for them. These families didn't care for these people."

\*\*\*\*\*

71 year old Nazi Klaus Barbie won't go to trial for war crimes until early 1986. Barbie was originally set for November '85 hearings, but was delayed when new information against him was discovered by the Defense Ministry and War Veterans Ministry in Lyons, France. The ministries say they now have a comprehensive list of names of those in a train of deportees from Lyons to Auschwitz on August 11, 1944. The train is the last one that can be tied to Barbie and French prosecutors say they need extra time to study all the facts.

In other Nazi news; Alois Brunner, who worked with Eichmann in the honorable attempt to solve the Jewish problem during WW II, is said to be ready to surrender after nearly 30 years of freedom.



*In his Bolivian exile, Barbie (left) never changed his Nazi tune.*

**Alois Brunner**

Alois was a SS captain during the war and is said to be responsible for the deaths of over 100,000 Jews. It was Alois who oversaw and coordinated most of the deportations of Austrian, Greek, French and Czechoslovakian Jews to concentration camps.

Alois is now 73 years old and is said to be living in Damascus, Syria, under the name of Dr. Georg Fischer. He was tracked down by Germany's Bunte magazine, who seem all too eager to duplicate their success with another Nazi expose like their exclusive interview with Rolf Mengele.

Bunte says that Alois is unrepentant. "Yes, I was responsible for the transportation. It was my task to bring the Jews out of their countries .... But I have no bad conscience about it." Brunner later added, "The Jews are the devil's crown."

Brunner also said: "I am ready to go and respond before an international court". But he also insisted on certain special conditions. Not the least of which.... "It's just that Israel will never get me. I won't become a second Eichmann." Brunner said he would commit suicide first.

\*\*\*\*\*

Los Angeles police say that city whores are once again under the weight of a killer with a special taste for their wares. Since November 1984, one man is said to have committed at least 10 brutal prostitute murders. Most of the victims

were area sluts that got in the killer's car and were then stabbed or strangled. The killer's mark is a certain form of mutilation after death that investigators refuse to describe. "A pattern of overkill" is evident in all 10 cases and are unmistakably the work of one man. The dead cunts have been dumped in isolated, empty streets and alleys.

Expect more information as it becomes available.

PURE 4 also hopes to be able to divulge more complete information on the mysterious "Monster Of Florence", who has ravaged that town in Italy for over 17 years!

This murderer has quite a flair for intrigue and the bizarre. He has attacked a known 16 times in the 17 year span and usually picks couples as his prey. He looks for young people in cars or parks and attacks them usually, when they become involved in some form of intamacy.

The killer uses a gun to first kill his victims and then a large knife to mutilate the corpses. The gun, oddly enough, is a .22 beretta target revolver that uses bullets that haven't been manufactured for over 15 years. Only 14,000 of the guns are registered in Italy.

The latest assault occurred September 6, 1985. A French couple -Nadine Mauriot, 36 (and a mother of two), and Michel Cravichilen, 25, set up a tent in a forest off the Via Cassia, just south of Florence. It is believed "The Monster" attacked the couple while they in the middle of fucking.

The killer ripped open the back of the tent with a knife and then shot Michel five times in the abdomen. He also stabbed the young man seven times after that.

Then he turned his attention to the 36 year old whorish mother and blasted her four times. Next, he cut her throat open and stabbed her body twelve times.

Long after the couple were dead, the killer continued to slice into their bodies. But these were not stabs -"The Monster" mutilated the corpses completely and tore the bodies apart.

Each time the killings become bloodier than the time before. And the time elapsed between murders grows shorter and shorter with each new body. Stay tuned.

\*\*\*\*\*

Larry Eyler is expected to go on trial for his delicious man and boy-fuck murders in early 1986, after his hearings in November and December '85. PURE is attending all proceedings. Expect exclusive and salacious details soon!!

# SPECK & HEIRENS

Richard Speck and William Heirens are from Illinois. They both consummated their vicious sex tastes in Chicago. Both now serve time in Illinois State Penitentiaries and are presently the subjects of heated parole arguments. Both, of course, have little hope of seeing freedom ever again.

Speck and Heirens are also classic examples of the overwhelming, obsessive and omnipotent power of pure lust. Both men, acting separately and under radically different influences, circumstances and histories, were forced into committing exciting acts of sex-pleasure by drives that were completely out of their control. But, as different as their rearings and learnings were (as well as their respective confusions), both men acted remarkably similar.

Both men failed to reconcile their instinctual drives and motherly engrained god fearing learned morals. Their minds became twisted and bent under the problematic weight of what they really wanted against what others told them they needed. In the end, both men acted out of misapprehension and as such, their crimes lack any eloquence or totality other than that of a riotous and all consuming sex explosion.

Even after the fact, both men fail to grasp even the most rudimentary aspects of their actions. Instead, they confess to black outs and memory lapses during the attacks and murders. They express regret for the victims and their families. They attempt suicide. The confused, foggy minds that once gave way to sporadic sexual impulses and closeted fetishes, can now only rationalize their actions in ridiculous psychoanalytic terms and thus, drown in a useless mire of misanthropy.

Q: "Are you always in the state of blacking out when you have an erection?"

HEIRENS: "Quite often, yes. I just don't know what goes



**Richard Speck**



**William Heirens**

on after that."

Q: "After you have an erection or after you have an emission?"

HEIRENS: "After the erection."

Q: "Or between the time of the erection and the time of the emission are you blacking out?"

HEIRENS: "At the time of the erection -that would be between the time of the erection and the emission."

Q: "And then you are no longer blacked out after you have an emission, is that right?"

HEIRENS: "Once I leave the premises, for some reason or other -well, I would black out just if I would get the erection. If I would get the emission I would not black out, then I would come to my senses."

Q: "But you would black out if you didn't have an emission until at least the erection receded, without any seminal discharge?"

HEIRENS: "Yes."

SPECK: "Yeah -like those girls. I sure didn't do that for kicks. I don't know why I did it. I still don't remember anything about it, but I sure as hell wonder about it a lot, like how it happened. I mean, why didn't one of them yell or scream or something? Seems like one of them would.

....

"I couldn't rape two girls, let alone eight. No man could do that. Truth is, I was probably too messed up to rape anybody. You can't do it when you're on drugs. I'm no

rape-o. I never raped a girl in my life -well, maybe one, in Dallas, but it really wasn't rape. She was just shy so I held her arms while my buddy did her. Then I did. But we all laughed about it afterward. But you don't have to rape women. There's always whores and lots of girls. You buy them one drink and they're yours. We used to call them nymphos in Dallas."

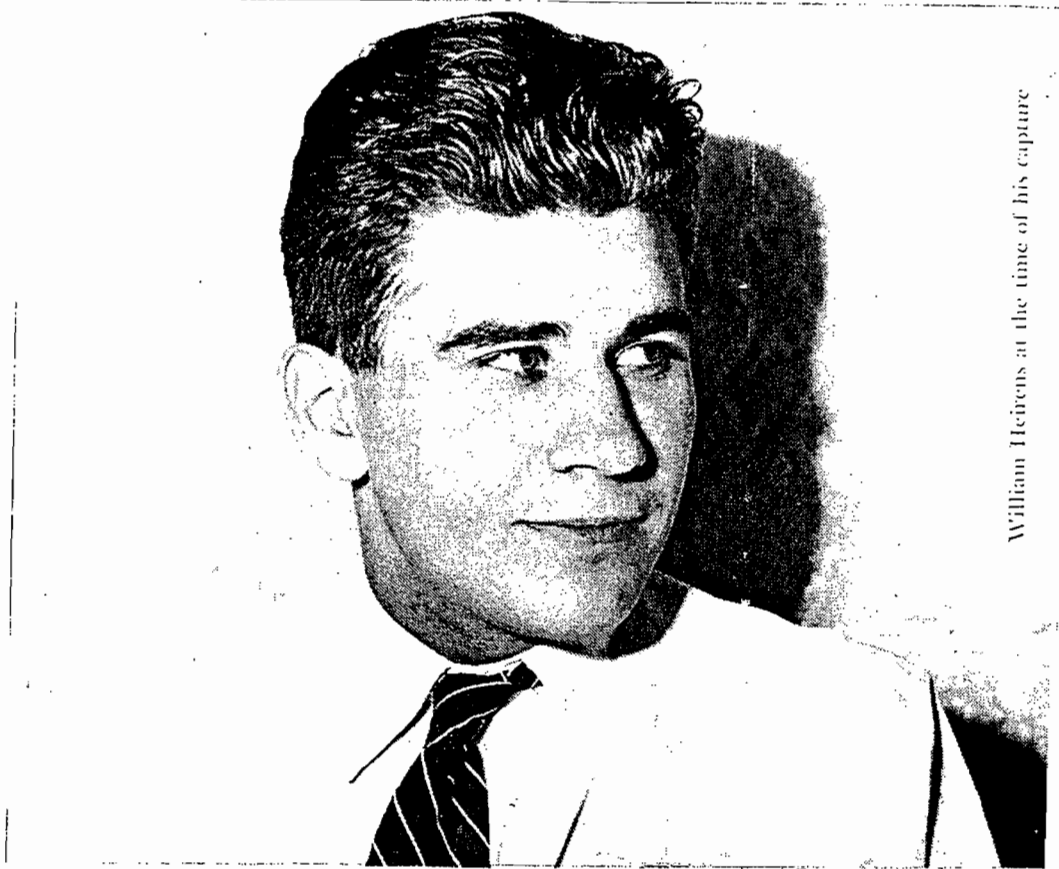
William Heirens' youth was largely driven by extreme bouts of sexual frenzy. He enjoyed burglary very much. He remembers always having a hard-on when committing the break ins and often came in his pants. For him, just the thrill of the invasion of a stranger's privacy was enough to get him off. If he came quick, he wouldn't steal anything -although he often took a shit or pissed on the floor before he left. The young man was also excited by fires. By the time he was 13, William was responsible for at least 11 burglaries and 6 arsons.

William's sexual tastes were satisfied in other ways as well. A favorite fetish was to wear women's underwear and jerk himself off in them. Of course, most of the underwear was stolen. He was also a great Nazi fan and collected photos of Hitler, Himmler, Goebbels and other Third Reich geniuses. During the early years of the 1940's, William pasted the photos on his walls and slipped them in books. His IQ was better than average (132) and he was a very keen student. He enjoyed reading and one of his favorite books was PSYCOPATHIA SEXUALIS by Richard Von Krafft-Ebing.

Heirens' youth ended at the age of 17, when he was sent to prison for life, for the murder of two women and a six year old child.

In 1982, after having served 35 years in prison, William was judged to be completely rehabilitated and as such, a very safe parole risk. However, in February 1984, an appeals court overturned that decision and left William with little, if any, hope of ever seeing freedom again. The three judges that made up the court cited a law enacted in 1973 that ruled that any parole could be denied if that release "would deprecate the seriousness of the offense and would promote disrespect for the law". It is easy to see how such a ruling could be hung over William Heiren's head when we consider the high place in the American public's





William Heirens at the time of his capture

gallery of infamy that was won by his brutal mutilation and murder of a little six year old girl.

All of Heiren's crimes were motivated by extreme sexual desires. This fact is perfectly clear to anyone interested in viewing the actuality of the crimes and not just the confused mumblings of doctors, psychiatrists, lawyers and indeed, Heirens himself. William was a gun aficionado (he was arrested with a small arsenal when only 13) and could have easily committed the attacks with any of the numerous firearms at his immediate disposal. Instead, he chose the intense physicality of knives. And although none of his victims were cock fucked, it is more than obvious that they were knife fucked (and not necessarily up the cunt). William confessed to finding women repulsive. So it follows that he certainly wouldn't have wanted to involve himself with that most sickening section of the female -the vagina. William used his knife as his cock and his victim's entire being as his fuck-hole.

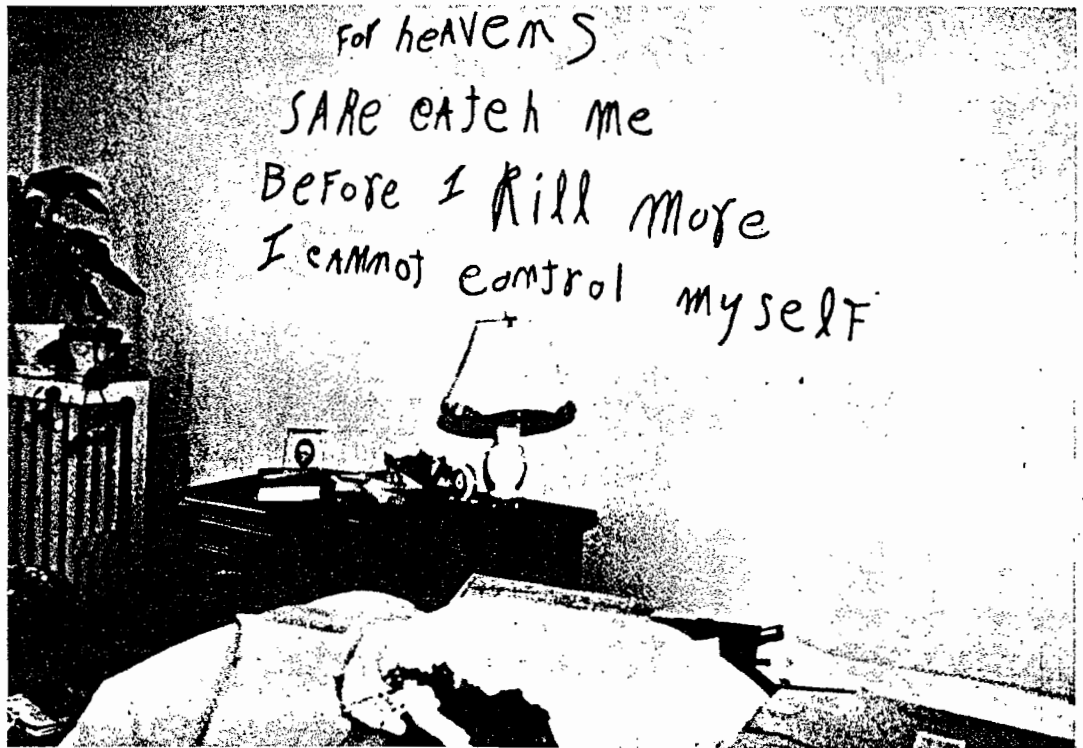


William Heirens is a necrophile.

On June 3, 1945, William broke into Josephine Ross' apartment. The 43 year old widow awoke suddenly to find William running at her and wielding a jackknife. William attacked her before she got a chance to get out of bed. He stuck the knife into her face and slashed her open.

HEIRENS: "I pushed the door open and went inside and looked around, and I turned to the right and there was an opening, and it was a bedroom, and I went in there and there was a dog and a woman. The woman was sleeping, and the dog was barking, and the woman woke up and I got excited and took out the knife and stabbed her."

Josephine screamed as William plowed the knife into her 43 year old face. Then he brought the weapon down to her throat and jammed it in. The stab was deep and split open her jugular vein. Josephine's blood pumped out in torrents and the dying lady felt her brain start to go numb. William grabbed Josephine's head and banged it against the headboard. Again and again, he smashed the suffering skull into the wood; the woman's red blood still spilling and splashing out of the meaty slice in her neck. Josephine tried to



fight back as she clenched a handful of William's thick hair in a desperate and weak attempt to save herself. Blood from the multiple cuts and stabs etched its way down her face and mixed oily with her female tears. William stabbed her throat a couple more times. More blood; this time it slid over William's hand and jackknife. Feeling death only a few seconds away, Josephine continued to fight. She tried to grab the bloodied knife away from her frenzied attacker but this action only allowed William to slice into her fingers.

One of Heirens' specialities was that he enjoyed the victims long after the attack was over. He stuck adhesive tape over the dead woman's facial cuts and gouges and twisted a red skirt around her neck. He washed the corpse with water and towels for nearly two hours after he murdered it. He later told doctors at his trial that all the blood bothered him. It is, however, much more likely that it excited him. The bed, sheets and floor around Josephine Ross' body was completely soaked in the red thickness.

Heirens' second murder earned him the misleading moniker of "The Lipstick Killer". Before he left Francis

Brown's apartment, William scrawled a message of desperation on her living room wall. This message, printed in lipstick, attests to the overpowering, almost crushing, surge of energy in Heiren's lusts. He was completely controlled by drives that he couldn't understand.

William attacked Francis in much the same way that he did Josephine Ross. After surprising her in her apartment; William rushed her and crashed the butt of his revolver down onto her head. She screamed and he hit her again. Blood started to gush from the open bump on Francis' head as William slammed the gun-end down once again. William began to beat the woman's 33 year old head with the now blood spattered gun. Francis, however, never lost consciousness and kept on bleating. William thought the shrieks were getting too loud and decided to put a quick stop to it. He turned the gun around in his palm, placed the barrel to the screaming bitch's forehead, and squeezed the trigger back. The bullet went straight through the lady's head, split through her skull, and lodged into her brain. She stopped screaming and died instantly.

Q: "Did you strike her pretty hard?"

HEIRENS: "She didn't keep quiet, so I must have struck her pretty lightly."

Q: "She went down from the blows?"

HEIRENS: "Yes."

Q: "Were all the blows administered with the back of the the gun?"

HEIRENS: "Yes."

Q: "What kind of gun did you have?"

HEIRENS: "It was a big one."

But William only killed Francis to shut her up. He didn't enjoy the torture as much as he enjoyed the dead bodies. And the lovely present he left for the police to find proves that conclusively. William celebrated a blood orgy.

Mrs. Brown's body was found, in a kneeling position, bent over the rim of her bathtub. Her pajama top, saturated in dark blood, had been pulled up over her shoulders and hung around her neck. Her pajama pants lay outside the bathroom door in a thick pool of blood. Blood splattered the area between the bathroom and the bed. Mrs. Brown's body had been thoroughly washed and cleaned with the hot water from her nearby douche bag. Blood soaked towels littered the bathroom floor. And, in a fit of masturbatory sex frenzy,

William Heirens



William had driven a long bread knife through the middle aged throat of his victim. Heirens had brutally forced the cutlery into the side of Francis' neck, just below the left ear. The knife had cut and pushed it's way through her neck and jutted out from the other side. William had driven the blade completely through the dead pig's entire throat; severing arteries and mincing flesh and scraping bone. William had fucked the female's neck like so much cunt.

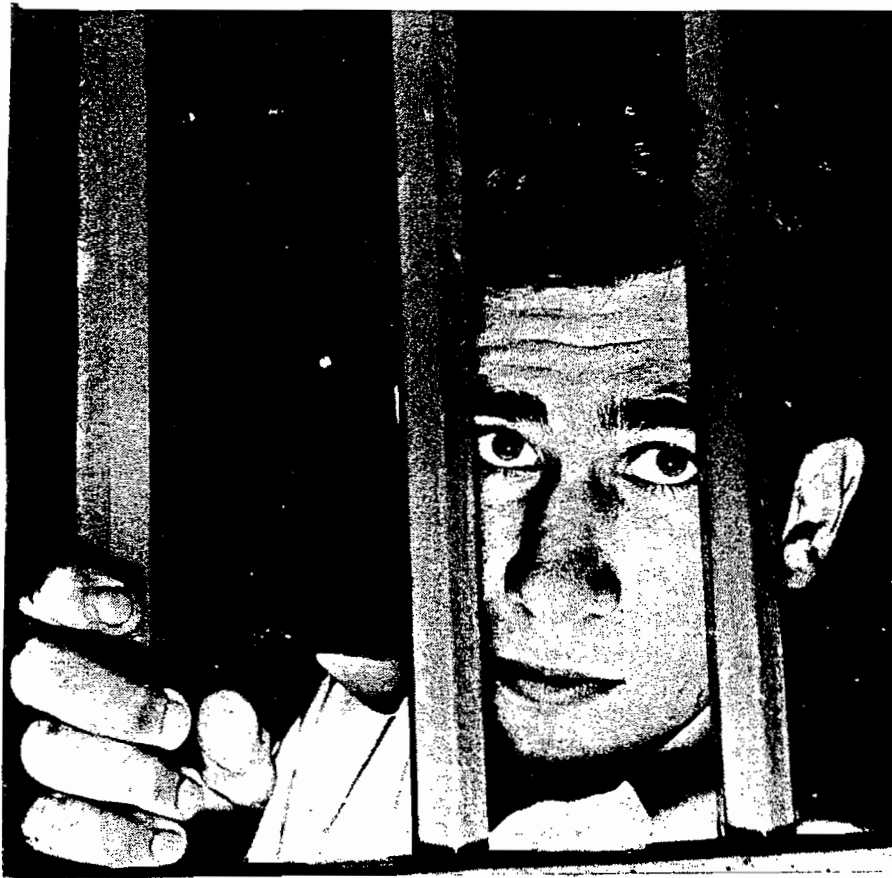
On January 7, 1946, the 17 year old William climbed into little Suzanne Degnan's bedroom through an outside window. The dark room was lit only by a small night light -put there by Suzanne's parents when they learned of her fear of the dark. The tiny six year old was sound asleep in her bed when William silently entered her little life. Her pretty eyes were shut tight as she dreamed her little girl dreams, her long blonde hair tied to a barrett behind her head and wrapped in a darling blue bow. Covered and cute, trusting and innocent.

William spoke to the little girl, keeping quiet so as not to wake her sleeping parents. Suzanne didn't even realize she was in danger. "I don't want to get up, I'm sleepy", a nosey upstairs neighbor remembered hearing Suzanne say during the night. They were probably Suzanne's last words.

William's cock was hard. It throbbed impatiently in his pants, sex-hot. He stretched his hand over the little girl's slender throat and, with his other hand, stuffed a handkerchief into her small mouth. His fingers squeezed around the tender white neck. Tighter. Tighter. He squeezed until he felt the diminutive weight beneath him convulse and die. Little Suzanne Degnan was robbed of her innocence as William strangled her. Her wonderful, Christmas-story life ended under William Heirens' sweaty palm and hard dick.

William wrenched the spit sputtered hanky from Suzanne's wet gaping mouth and threw it on the floor of her former bedroom. He scooped up the lifeless body and tucked it under his arm. His pleasure had only just begun.

William carried the body out of the window and then made his way to a nearby apartment building. There, he climbed through a basement window and into a wash area. He placed the small dead body of Suzanne Degnan in a large washing sink. He took off her clothes. Gorgeous little white flesh. Naked six year old. Dead. Then, William pulled a large hunt-



ing knife from his pocket and started to enjoy his six year old prey. First, he sliced off her tiny toes. He cut them from her feet and blood seeped from the open stumps. The blood filled the sink. William proceeded to chop little Suzanne into pieces. He cut into her body at her waist and then stabbed into her cunt. He split her up the side of her tiny slash and between her two legs and separated the chunks of flesh; leaving one ass cheek to each leg. Blood poured from the mutilated flesh and splattered Heirens' hands, arms and face. He slaughtered her like a dead lamb. He started to hack away at the girl's strangled neck and succeeded in pulling the darling golden haired head away from the rest of the body. He tried to find joints so that he could cut Suzanne's arms off and when he failed to locate them, simply sawed straight away. Strong forceful slammings that ripped through the flesh and bone. Chunks of chewed skin, flesh meat, matted hair and viscera entered and later clogged the drains. Heirens chopped off the girl's baby arms. Her flat pink nipples forever stained with blood and

tiny bits of flesh and bone fragments. Dead baby.

Heirens put the pieces of Suzanne under the faucet to wash away her blood. He ran his fingers over her cold clean skin and meat chunks. It is most probable that William jacked-off as he viewed his sex work and the mutilated corpse of a six year old. He could have rammed his cock into the flesh mess or spilled his cum onto her cut up head.

He collected the sections and wrapped them in old clothes and paperbags. He stuffed these into a shopping bag and then walked back out into the night. He roamed around Chicago and quietly dropped the bloody chunks into sewers.

Suzanne's head was the first piece found by the police, a few days later. Her blonde head matted in sewage, shit and muck, rotted and contorted by pain and death, had floated beneath the streets of Chicago long enough to be almost completely unrecognizable.

William had left a phony ransom note in Suzanne's room to lure her parents into thinking the child wouldn't be hurt. They easily swallowed the bait. As he clung to the naive hope that his daughter was still alive, Suzanne's father made a heart felt plea to the kidnapper via the press. "Please don't hurt her, she's only a little girl", he whimpered. "And please try to keep her warm. She wore only her pajamas, so wrap a blanket around her, or anything else you can find." William smashed Suzanne's little body into bits and pieces and shoved her down drains while her father prayed that she wouldn't be harmed. She soaked in the warm shit and mud of the sewer.

It is obvious that William Heirens will never be paroled. His next appeal is sure to be met with the usual riotous indignation, hyperbole and impassioned pleas from the public in regards to his victim's sacred memories. Suzanne Degnan's sister, now a suburban house wife and motherly pig of six, Betty Finn, attends all of Heiren's hearings. It is a flattering compliment to William that she still feels the pain of her sister's death. She hails the decision to keep Heirens in jail:

"I feel it is a wise decision. I think it is a great deterrent for other criminals, seeing that somebody has been kept in prison for 37 years.

"Perhaps they won't harm some other child. Parents can rest a little easier. I think children deserve protection.





**William Heirens**

In addition it was such a terrible crime. It should not be taken lightly.

....  
"I don't want to be vindictive, but I feel he should remain incarcerated. He says he's rehabilitated. How do we know he has been rehabilitated?"

"My mother died of cancer at 63 and my father died of a heart attack at 65. Both are stress related illnesses. I'm grateful they didn't have to go through this too.

"I guess I can't blame him for my parents dying. I do blame him for my sister dying. I would certainly like to have her around."

William Heirens' parole hearings and the laws that bind it are going to greatly affect the chances for Speck's parole. But that doesn't seem to bother Richard Speck at all.

Speck didn't even bother to show up at his last parole hearing on Sept. 7, 1984. He said he's grown tired of the yearly hoopla that surrounds the hearings and now refuses to pay lip service to the bothersome media events. He sent a note to the board stating that he won't show in court "til they stop all of the tv shit and treat me like the rest of the inmates".

Richard is quite happy with his surroundings at Illinois' Stateville Penitentiary. Now 43 years old and behind bars for 19 years, Speck is content with his privacy and his job as a painter. He was originally sentenced to death for the rape and murder of eight nurses, but was given a life sentence when Illinois repealed the death penalty as immoral in 1971. In 1977, Speck sent a message to the parole board: "If I knew Stateville was this good, I would have been here a long time ago. Why don't you give paroles to some of these young guys in here. They don't need to be here in the first place." Speck didn't appear before the board that year and hasn't appeared since.

## Richard Speck



1961

Speck lived a poor hillbilly's life. A part time sailor who enjoyed the cheaper thrills that came his way: gambling, bar room brawls, two dollar whores, robbery, etc. Richard's police record tallied 37 arrests for petty crimes before he was 25 years old. The troubled and delinquent young man grew up into a drug addict and an alcoholic. He downed any kind of pills that he could get his hands on, sniffed glue, injected heroin and drank constantly. He complained of constant headaches and endlessly searched for drugs and vitamins to relieve the pressure. His life quickly muddled into confusion and mindless self abuse. He scarred his thin body with garish and crude tatoos: "Richard and Shirley"(Richard's hated and cheating wife) above his right elbow, the prprophetic "Born To Raise Hell" printed in three sections on his left forearm, "Ebb" (fuck) below a grinning skull in an army helmet just above his left elbow, his "Dicky Bird" -an erect penis and balls on his left shin, a large snake coiled about a long dagger on his right arm, plus various initials and words (including the name of daughter) almost everywhere else. Richard's suicide bids were honest but awry: "Life just ain't worth living anymore. When I tried to kill myself before they got me, it was because I didn't



have nothing to live for ....I ain't interested in nothing -don't care about nothing, either. ...I don't care a god-damn thing about this world."

And now in jail for the rest of his life, Richard Speck is a happy man. He has his memories. And even though Richard doesn't give a fuck about getting out, the families of his victims continue to make a fuss.

Joe Matusek lives with his wife Bessie in the quiet suburb of Homewood, Illinois. Their daughter, Patricia Ann, was fucked and killed by Speck. The arthritic, wheel chair ridden, useless old man (now 77) had this to say about Speck and his possibility of parole:

"They should have burned him a long time ago!

...

"Am I bitter? How can you feel any other way? And how about the other families? There are nine parents who have died because of the stress and strain caused by what Speck did. I accuse him of killing them too.

"Never, never release Richard Speck. May he die in hell."

Matusek's life long and life ruining burden was the brutal rape death of his prize -his only daughter. But Patricia Ann was only one white chunk of female cunt flesh that was enjoyed by Speck in one night's sex-murder orgy.



**Joe Matussek and his wife, Bessie.**

Her ugly cunt hole was just one of eight that Speck violently stuck his dick in. Her tits and ass, her mouth and crying face -all just one of eight that Speck fucked, beat and destroyed. She wasn't special to Speck. She was female shit and her memory is just one bloody, fucked vagina more.

On July 14, 1966, Richard Speck killed and raped eight nurses, one by one, at a nurses' boarding house on Chicago's south side. Speck made a mistake and let one nurse live (she snuck and hid underneath a bed), a Filipino pig named Corazon Amurao, who's testimony lives on to provide us with a most exciting description of lust controlled sex-pleasure.

Speck bound and gagged each girl and kept them all together in a bedroom of the house. The girls thought he only wanted to rob them and, like the lemmings females naturally are, offered little resistance. One by one, Speck took the girls out of the room for his private pleasures.

The first to die was Pamela Wilkening.

Corazon Amurao remembers: "After about one minute, I heard Miss Wilkening say 'Ahh'. It was like a sigh."

The 20 year old Pamela was found strangled with a strip of torn sheet. Speck had stabbed her left tit with a hunting knife. Technicians later figured that Miss Wilkening's breast was attacked before she was strangled to death. Ramming his blade deep into the crying female's naked dug, Speck sighs in pleasure as Pamela sighs in pain. Speck twists and turns and gropes the bleeding tit and pink nipple under his mauling hands. His palms soak up her blood and he spreads the warm liquid over her floppy fleshed chest. Strangled with a piece of linen, Pamela was spared the pain of having to listen to her friends die. Her birthday was



# Killer Speck



John Wilkening of Griffith, Ind., the father of one of eight student nurses slain in 1966, leaves Stateville penitentiary after attending Thursday's parole hearing for Richard Speck. He has attended all five of the convicted murderer's hearings.

just 19 days away.

Pamela Wilkening's mother came to Speck's last parole hearing to publicly denounce the parole board for even offering Richard a glimmer of freedom. Mrs. Wilkening received a great deal of attention and coddling for her miserable life's pain and, like all worthless females, was quick to bask in the limelight: "I don't want this creature to kill again. He took my daughter. He can't ever be allowed to be paroled."

John Wilkening, Pam's old father, made sure that everyone knew that he suffers as well: "This is a very emotional day because we are reliving what happened 18 years ago. Speck has only spent two years (behind bars) per girl ... No one can guarantee that he won't get out. People believe that he will never be released, but there are no guarantees and we will always be here."

Speck murdered Mary Ann Jordan and Suzanne Farris in the same room, at nearly the same time, just after he left Pamela Wilkening's shitted, strangled and bleeding corpse.

Mary Ann Jordan's body was found lying in the doorway of one of the front bedrooms. Speck had continued with his penchant for stabbing big white tits and did Mary Ann deeply in her left one. It's easy to see the action: Speck commands the frightened 20 year old girl to pull her thick breast out of her clean white nurse's uniform. She is only slightly unbuttoned, but enough, to allow her heavy tit with it's large red aureole and hard nipple to be pushed out. Richard feels and tugs the tit. Mary starts to cry and she suddenly realizes that she will probably be hurt. She sees that she is nothing but a helpless female, a weakling. Her exposed breast dangles from her chest as Speck continues to squeeze and palm and pull at it. Then, as his cock raises it's mushroomed head in erection, he thrusts out a knife and digs it straight into Mary Ann's dug. Blood spills from the tit like water from a busted waterballoon. Mary Ann starts to struggle against the pain and terror and Speck mounts her from behind. The sex crazed maniac is even more excited as he starts to wail on his pretty little piggy prey. He sticks the knife into her flesh once more, then once more again. The nurse with her bleeding tit hanging out of her dress is then left to die -to bleed to death. Speck had stabbed her in her neck and then straight through her left eye. The knife that punctured her motherly dug had ripped



(L-R) (TOP) Pasion, Wilkening, Matusek, Farris (BOTTOM) Jordan, Gargullo, Davy, Schmale.

apart the girl's heart as well.

Thomas Jordan, Mary Ann's ex-brother, attended Speck's last parole hearing. He says he misses his titted sister: "My parents are now deceased, and I will represent the family and always attend them (the parole hearings) from now on. Speck must never walk the street again."

Suzanne Farris resisted Speck's attack and Corazon Amurao remembers hearing Speck yell at her. Corazon only heard the muffled tones of Speck's rage but she understood exactly what it meant for Miss Farris. Suzanne was 21 and was wearing her underclothes. Speck became excited at the sight of her whore's body and viciously tore at her with his knife. He pounded, slashed and ripped into her scantily clothed body. An amazing total of 18 stabs punctured the cunt before Speck grew tired of the attack. He stared down at the bloody and bruised girl who lay on her back beneath him and decided he was still not satisfied. He wrapped his fingers around her neck and squeezed tightly. Then he slashed her neck and chin with quick swipes from his blade; Suzanne crumbled and died. She bled like a fat fucking stuck pig from the magnificent amount of rips and cuts that riddled her female flesh.

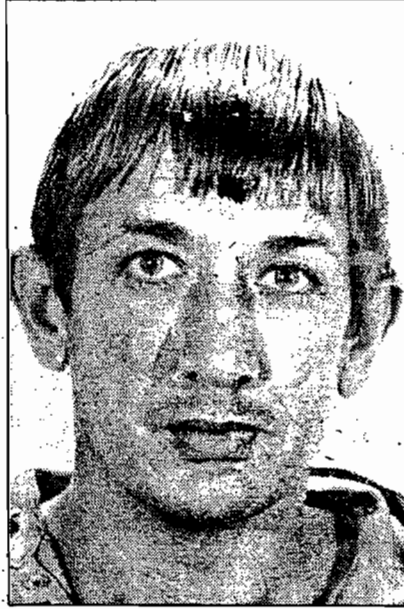
Ex-Sunday School teacher, 24 year-old Nina Schmale, was found strangled and stabbed to death, her corpse lying under a bed. Speck had made her lie down on top of the bed and then raped her cunt with his still hard cock. Miss Schmale's god deserted her as Speck strangled her with his hands and then delivered a coup de grace of a brutally deep knife stab to the throat.

Valentina Pasion was next up for Richard's sexual satisfaction. He took her and Merlita Gargullo into yet another room, where he stabbed Valentina almost immediately. He plunged the knife deeply into her neck and the woman sank dead to the floor. Then, without an extra second's notice, Speck started to ravage Cargullo. He grabbed her by the throat and swung her head back and forth. He was choking her with all the might in his arms and shaking her head like an epileptic. She started to suffocate and tried to scream. Speck quickly thrust the knife into her neck. She cried out in Filipino for Speck to stop. She told him that he was hurting her. She died. Speck draped her 23 year old body over the corpse of the lovely Miss Pasion and left them there to bleed into each other.





SPECK



Richard Speck

Patricia Mausek served as Richard's seventh plaything. He climbed on top of her and porked her 20 year old vagina. Her legs were bound together at the ankles when Speck shoved his hard prick into her fuck hole. Speck made sure it hurt. His red, cum full hard-on scraped viciously against Patricia's cunt skin (she was, of course, bone dry) as he forced himself into her body. She begged Richard to be gentle. "Will you please untie my ankles first?", she asked from underneath him. Speck didn't stab this female. Instead, he threw her off the bed and beat her. He punched her face and kicked her stomach and legs. He booted her crying body and then fell on her and choked her to death with a torn sheet.

Mr. Mausek raised his little girl to semi-adulthood only to allow her to die beneath Richard Speck's fist and cock. Brutally beaten and fucked before her death, Miss Mausek died in pain. Cunt.

Gloria Davy, the last object for Speck's gratification, was slam-fucked on the bed underwhich Corazon Amurao hid. Corazon remembers the lustful attack:

"Speck stood up and I saw that he was removing Miss Davy's jeans.

"Then I heard pants being unzipped.

"Then, when I look at them, I saw that Speck was already on top of Miss Davy.

"I saw Speck was on top of Davy. Then when I heard the bedsprings moving ...After a few minutes, Speck asked, 'Will you please put your legs around my back?'"

Gloria Davy was the only victim found completely nude. Speck made her strip fully and then fucked her big cunt. Her hairy bush and big naked tits excited Speck enough to still allow him to get it up. He pumped his cock into her for about 25 minutes; ripping and tearing her disgusting red cunt-meat flesh strips raw. After he blew his wad, Speck made her walk with him downstairs to the living room. He

grabbed her naked ass, tits and cunt all the way there. He still wasn't satisfied.

Speck made the nude, pained and trembling girl lay down on the frontroom divan. He then grabbed a mysterious object (most probably an aerosol can) and rammed and dug it into Gloria's asshole. Miss Davy's tender, virgin butt-hole was found hideously and brutally mutilated. Speck climaxed his pleasurable sex-feast by strangling the naked, contorted and bloody body of Miss Gloria Davy with a strip of sheet. The idea of this young girl being raped and humiliated and ass-fucked by a spray can is extremely exciting! This young whore, her adult life just opening up, gets tortured under Speck's lusts while her shit-hole gets chewed up by a fucking metal can. Her female blood mixes with her dark shit and her thick ass mucous.

Attesting to the great ferocity of Speck's crimes is a Chicago attorney who fought one of the cases against him. Casimir R. Wachowski said recently, "He should never, never be released. What he did to those girls is beyond description. I've got a set of photos and I'm going to take them to the hearings. I want the board members to see them."

Unfortunately, the photos are not available for public viewing.



**Richard F. Speck**  
*Fifth parole hearing*



# ***Heirens***

# KIDFUCK

America's current fascination and ostensive horror over child abuse is a double edged sword. Encouraging on one hand, because it allows for a more complete, in-depth and reliable coverage of interesting and exciting actions, yet highly distressing on the other, as the recent land-spills of salacious kid-fuck news brings with it tremendous hordes of outraged housewives, do-gooders, moralists and politicians -all hell bent on putting an immediate stop to this sickening disease.

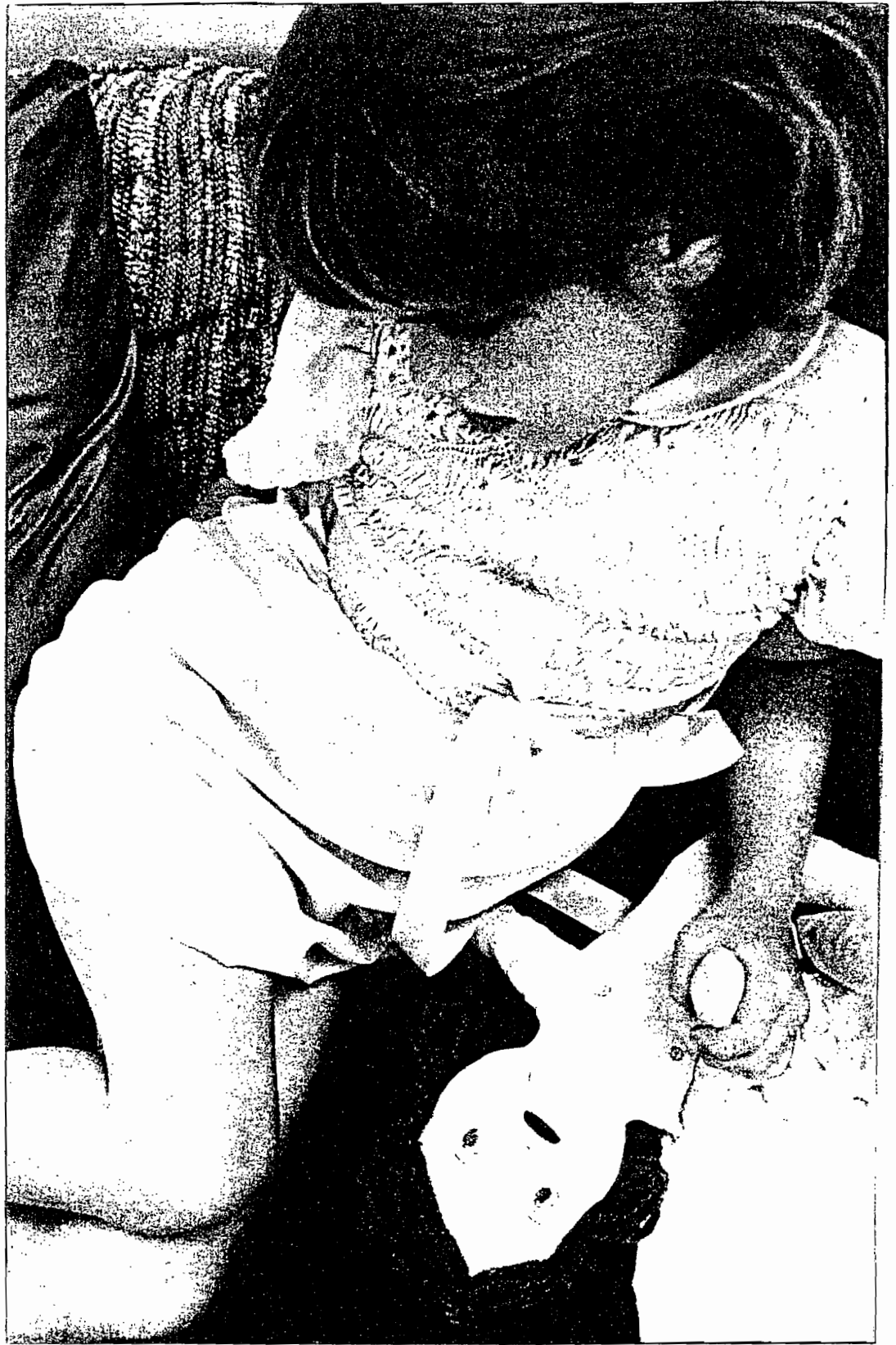
And the new laws and regulations proposed and brought to bear by these seething witch-hunters has succeeded in making things very difficult for fans of kid fucked flesh.

In 1984 a federal law was enacted that strengthened the reserve against kiddie porners and their clients. This law changed the legal definition of a minor from age 16 to 18 and eliminated the requirement that kiddie porn must be intended for sale to be illegal. Now, photographs and magazines of child fucks need only be on your person or in your home and you can be prosecuted. In addition, the law changed the actual definition of kiddie porn and made even photos of naked children alone, or in seductive or "compromising" positions a crime (whereas before, the kidling had to be performing some act of sex with an adult or other child).

And, what's worse, the United States has stepped up it's postal and FBI patrols of kiddie pornographers and enthusiasts. U.S. custom agents now open absolutely everything that comes through the mail from Denmark and the Netherlands with the hope of nailing some poor kiddie-flesh masturbator. As well, postal officials have begun numerous "sting" operations designed to trap unsuspecting child abusers. By sending fake "contact lists" that compile parties supposedly interested in buying, selling and trading kid photos, magazines and other LOLITA-type products, the authorities try and lure suspicious characters into giving themselves up. PURE has, in just the last couple of months, received two of these phony lists at our p.o. box. A word of warning: never trust an unnamed friend that said that you might be interested in "special and clandestine" services.

Amsterdam, long the bastion of kid-fuckers, kiddie-fans and flesh-peddlers, has also been affected by the riotous public outcry against child abuse. After the death of a 4 year old girl from an overdose of cocaine (used to quiet the little tyke down during the filming of her sucking dick, licking ass and getting it up the tiny cunt with a big finger) government officials in Amsterdam pulled out all the stops in an effort to finally and forever end child porn in their country. Just before the crackdown, Amsterdam had made it illegal to produce kiddie porn and then to even sell it. However, under-the-counter buying remained common and was not looked at as a particularly heinous crime by the local constabulary. But that semi-freedom ended with the naked dead body of the little 4 year old found draped over a luggage stand in an Amsterdam hotel. Alongside the tiny girl's cold corpse were numerous cans of undeveloped film including one especially exciting fuck-short starring our little druggie swallowing thick amounts of adult sperm. When the press got hold of the story and revealed that the child had been sold to prominent pornographers by her junkie prostitute mother, public indignation was loud and strong enough to increase the laws against kiddie porn and effectively all-but-stop the Amsterdam flow.

The Amsterdam pornographers and their equally reliable aides in Denmark and Sweden can produce child porn magazines in their countries using underground but high quality printing presses. But it has become far too dangerous to produce photos of local kids (who can be traced without too much difficulty) so photo swapping has become a necessary skill. Customs agents make no secret of the fact that most of the magazines currently being produced (and they are still being produced) are made up of "American children being molested by Americans in America". The U.S. Mafia, who probably control 90% of the porno market including bookstores and film producers, supposedly won't handle kiddie porn because "it's just too hot". So, adventurous and enterprising Americans have been able to make an extremely pleasurable life's work out of filming and photographing their lusty encounters with naked little children and then sending the raw, undeveloped film overseas. Customs in Denmark, Sweden, Amsterdam and lately, Brazil, are not near as careful or as nose-y as their U.S. counterparts.



But as this attention and it's subsequent parents' groups, vigilante detectives and TV news swat teams has made kiddie porn extremely hard to get, there are contingencies. One of the surest ways for interested parties to obtain their pleasures in this field is to relegate themselves to a floating list of buyers and sellers. This list is a rather dangerous way to do business, however, as one never knows exactly where the list may be at any given moment.

Recently, a Thai distributor was apprehended by a team of U.S. customs agents and Bangkok police for selling and shipping child porn depicting mostly Asian kiddies sucking and fucking middle-aged white men. The distributor, Marit Thararee (50), was arrested after having dealt with Chicago and Detroit based customs agents for nearly a year. The agents finally made the sting after arranging a meeting with Thararee, in Bangkok, where he had agreed not only to sell them a large number of kiddie-fuck negatives but to supply them with real little girls as well. After his arrest, Marit confessed completely to distributing and producing large numbers of child porn. Fortunately, Thailand has no laws dealing exclusively with child porn so Marit will be charged under less severe general pornography laws. Unfortunately, however, U.S. customs are now ecstatic that they were able to seize a seller's list of more than 300 customers plus the addresses of Europe's leading child pornography distributors and makers.

This is the horror that the child-sex world now operates under. The customs agents and FBI nab the kiddie-fan and then turn their attention to the distributor, who in turn lets out more names of clients ad infinitum. A truly vicious circle that seems to suggest that the best job right now is that of a U.S. customs or postal agent. Before they arrested Marit, the customs team were able to purchase: for \$100.00 (cash) four separate envelopes each containing three different shots of a girl, about 12 years old, and a white man "in every type of sexual activity imaginable"; for \$300.00 (cash), another 40 photos of different children; and for \$5000.00, an offer for 600 color photographs.

But as dire a picture as these recent events paint, it is not to suggest that all is forsaken. Indeed, because of the massive crackdown on child crimes, the few goods

**01619** Male 30's, wants to hear why you love maturing boys, and where you get their pictures and films. Your experience gets mine. Will answer all.

**01668** Single, Professional, considerate, Black Male, would like to meet females, young pre-teens, divorcee with daughters for sex, friendship, and possible marriage. Also purchases photos, magazines and books on young girls.

**01051** Please help. W/M, 51, lost wife. That's not bad. But now I can start collecting material of young girls. That's good. Will pay for picture, 8mm or VHS. Prefer Action.

**01090** Young couple desires to add to our "young" photo album (PT subjects). M/F — M/M or F/F, etc.

**01088** Gentleman interested in pre-teen films, home or commercial. Bold photos also welcome. Trades o.k. Answer all who send sample with same.

**01060** Love them young & innocent, will buy photos, films, magazines, video tapes, professional and homemade.

and artifacts that do make it through the barbed wire are usually guaranteed hard ons of a severity rarely seen. The crackdown has pushed the buyers and sellers so far underground that only the truly diligent make it through the system. As such, the sellers know the tastes of the buyers even more intimately and are willing to go the extra lengths to satisfy them. As long as everything is so very illegal, the manufacturers have been able to pull out all the stops and are no longer concerned with making their products look tasteful or sugar-coated. Instead, the newest batch of kiddie porn is excellent. Gone are the days of fresh smiling faces undressing for daddy and mommy, gone are the naked young boys, hands at their side and laughing as some photographer points to his little dick, gone are

**01191** Wanted to trade women with friends

**01209** Lively swinger with others with possible.

**01245** Would like people into "Fam" necessary.

**01111** Need teen and will even settle for coming to share their e spond. Maybe we c

**01036** Interested in revealing poses a of similar content. A

**01021** Single male is swing. Meet with female who likes to necessary.



material, any species.

**01055** Desperately need teen or pre-teen material to help me in training of young daughter. The more action the better for good training. Send list and sample if possible.

**01400** Like to meet someone with young daughters for marriage, friendship or ??? Also avail films, photos, mags and books on the young ones.

**01499** Family fun. White male enjoys participating in family fun, will travel.

**01633** Turn your old pre-teen magazines, films and video tapes into cash. Send list and price. Any condition considered.

**01050** Divorced, 35-year-old W/F with active 14-year-old daughter loves family fun and hot photos or tapes of the same. Trying to improve a small collection. Very discreet.

**01017** Single W/F, very attractive and well-built, would like to purchase nude photos of young boys, any race. Also likes hot letters.

the innocuous, mutuality-inspired pictures and artisms favored by the deluded NAMBLA and PIE types, or the fuzzy edged statue portraits favored by the dilettante fag crowd. The buyer who ventures through the many stops and seizures and the multifarious laws, threats and restrictions is today almost assured of getting only the finest in child humiliation and torture. Little children sucking fat dicks of men whose face stays well out of camera range. Big, thick sex tools spurting juicy jism over tiny 18 month-old girls in close up or even, just the spilling cock and the little girl's tender flesh and confused, bawling face.

Certainly, one of the great attractions that child pornography holds for it's many fans is their knowledge that the child fucked, sucked and forced has more than a good

-----  
males who are submit  
your fantasies and de

**01131** 39 year old ma  
boring sex life. I wish  
status who want fun c

**01689** Handsome blc  
zines of the Bizzare c  
exchange, also want  
women swingers. Oh

**01663** New Ad. Swe  
mother-son, father-d  
photos, magazines,  
loaned. No money. S  
will reciprocate in ki

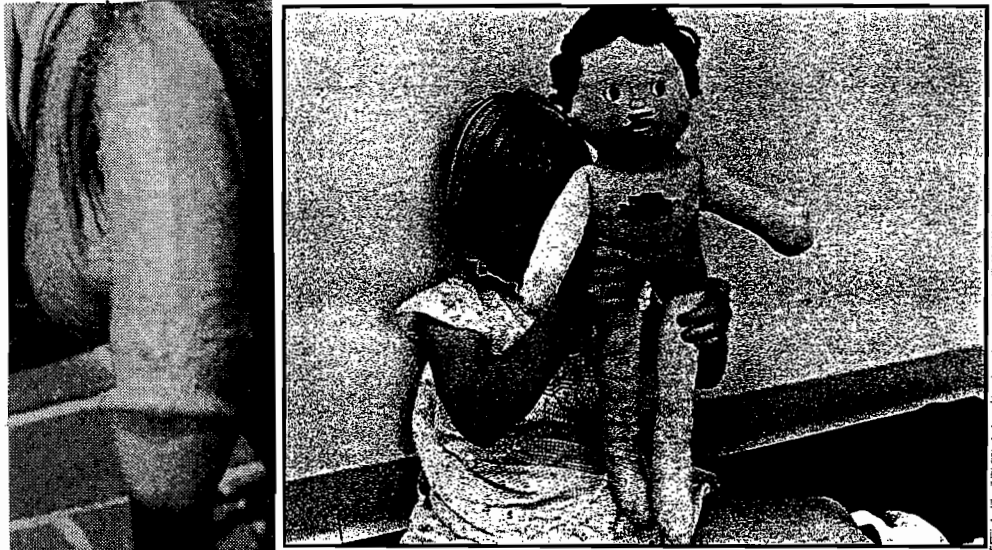
**01641** Young man wis  
active 11 to 15 yr. old  
girl out 10 to 16. I so h  
travel.

**01354** Male escort ave  
escort females and cc  
Wis. Will entertain c

chance of ending up a young corpse, or at the very least, whoring on some corner effectively brain-dead, at the end of the film session. There are thousands of well documented cases all concerning street children kidnapped and then kept as prisoners for as many books, movies and photos that can be squeezed out of them. The used and abused children either end up cut up like a skinny lamb and floating in some filthy river or out on the streets, again, hooking under a Puerto Rican/nigger pimp. Countless interviews with teen sluts relate the crushing effects of child porn and it's immense influence over their later lives. Kiddie porn's major attraction is clearly the smashing of innocence and it only works when it's for real. The slow, understated destruction of little minds is obvious from the salient images of 4 and 5 year old girls trying desperately to keep their legs closed together as a hulking elder tries just as desperately to pry them loose. Or the 6 year-old in pony tails who tries to hide her tears from the camera. Or the embarrassed little boy who pulls his face away from a man's looming hard-on, because he knows it's wrong somehow.

PURE readers are, no doubt, more than familiar with the child porn connections and the tremendous body count of dead nigger children that hangs over Wayne Williams' afro'd head.

The brutality and genius of child pornography is almost chilling in it's thoroughness and eloquence. The incidents that create the glorious snaps of child flesh and child control and child anguish gives the knowledgeable voyeur a consummate thrill. The fear and shattered





chastity, the foresaken trust and shock of brutal reality are inherent in the pint-sized hand of a 4 year old, blonde, blue eyed girl whose fist can't even begin to close around her torturer's throbbing upright cock.

Quite possibly, the greatest collection of kiddie porn belongs to Ray Buckey and his McMartin Preschool cronies from Manhattan Beach, California.

Seasoned PURE readers will need no introduction to the crimes attributed to Buckey and the other McMartin teachers: Virginia McMartin, Peggy Ann Buckey, Babbette Spittler, Betty Rider, Peggy McMartin Buckey and Mary Ann Jackson. Now, after preliminary hearings that lasted over 13 months and cost Los Angeles over \$2.4 million, the 208 charges of sexual abuse against children have been whittled down to less than a quarter of the original total. Also, Judge Aviva Bobb, a female, has ruled that the remaining witnesses (the victimized kiddies) will have to come face to face with their tormentors in court. A motion was attempted to allow the children to appear in court via tv screens after parents became worried that their children were being "abused again" in court proceedings. And while a newly enacted law in California would make this dehumanizing process viable in future cases, it will not be allowed in this case as it had already been in session when the law was passed. This is a great triumph for fans of Raymond Buckey's tortures and fuckings and we can all look forward to the upcoming trials and the very exciting testimonies

of many cute-fucked toddlers in 1986.

As it stands, Raymond and his female compatriots have to face the charges brought on by 13 child witnesses. Investigators teamed with child psychologists and therapists are interviewing or have interviewed another 400 children who say they have been abused at some time at the school. Police are also looking into friends, former teachers and others indirectly or directly involved with the school, in an attempt to charge even more constituents and rack up more crimes. It is suspected that Raymond ran quite a thriving kiddie prostitution and pornography business through the school and the police are looking to nail some of his customers. Investigators say there are at least three dozen uncharged suspects.

And of course, the legal rigamarole keeps getting more and more entangled with the prosecution changing lawyers almost as fast as the little kiddies change their stories.

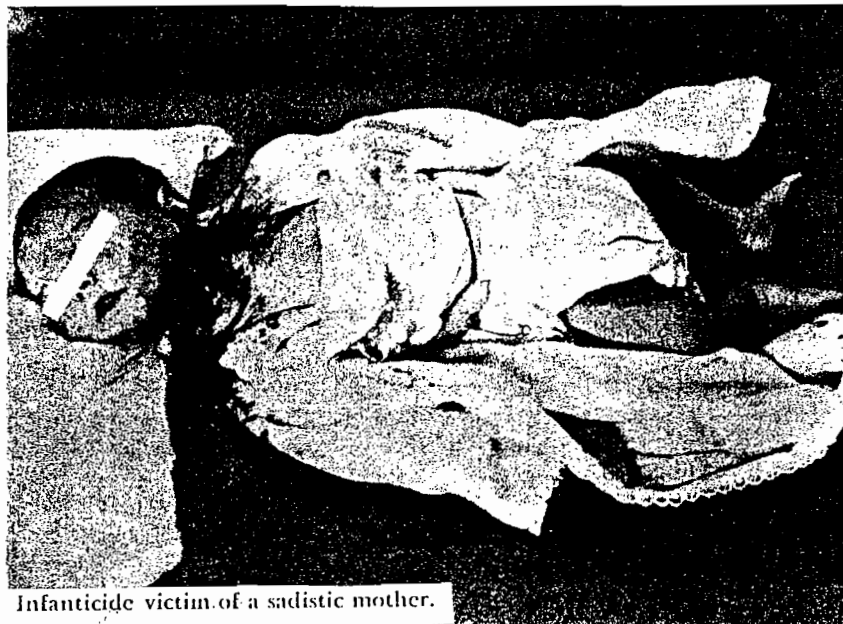
Just recently, the case has taken a new and abrupt turn that threatens to blow the whole thing even larger. Some of the children, while testifying about their swollen sodomized buttocks, made references to mysterious black masses and satanic rituals that they supposedly took part in. This, not surprisingly, is hard for the judge and jury to believe as anything other than an overworked childhood imagination and the prosecution has tried, unsuccessfully, to downplay the angle.

However, in recent months numerous, similar allegations have been made throughout the country, most by children in unrelated (or assumed unrelated) cases in California.

In July, 1985, in Bakersfield, California, more than half the children currently giving testimony in an alleged sex abuse ring made accusations against their parents and adult friends that involved satanic sex rituals. These children recalled, sketchedly, events that included the drinking of blood, cannibalism and the murder of other children.

In Mendocino, California, several children, who were abused by preschool teachers there, swear that they were made to chant "baby jesus is dead" before being finger and cock fucked and similarly exploited.

Nine children, ranging from ages 4 to 10 and all living on the same street in Pico Rivera, California, make kindred



Infanticide victim of a sadistic mother.

allegations. There, children contend to being sexually abused and then forced to witness and participate in the ritual murder of children.

In Contra Costa County, California, a 9 year old girl had accused her father of sexually abusing her and her friends in concert with a group of satanists. She also described incidents of murder in which she took an active part in the slaughtering of babies. A mistrial was granted when the jury became deadlocked 6-6; most agreeing that they believed the child was sexually molested but that they couldn't believe the devil ritual parts. The little girl's lawyer even seems unsure of her story: "There's no doubt in my mind that she was a participant in satanic worship. But she also described incidents of human sacrifice, brutality and cannibalism, how her father put his hand around her hand and then the two of them plunged a knife into the chest of an infant. That raised some questions.

"This case wasn't about devil worship, it was about child molest. But without corroboration of the satanic stuff, her credibility was just more than we could overcome."

The little darling's doctor sees the case differently, however: "Her description of how the guts pop out when you slit open a live abdomen does justice to a Vietnam Veteran."



Strain and concern were showing when these mothers of alleged victims emerged from a meeting with McMartin's prosecutor.

71  
CURT GUNTHER/LAMER'S 147

Another case, about to start trial, concerns five men, most of them waiters from the same restaurant in Sacramento, California. The five men are charged with 77 counts of sexually abusing nine little children. The lawyer currently preparing the case for preliminary hearings, Rich Lewkowitz, had this to say: "There've been descriptions of satanic rituals. One of the group dressed up with a devil's mask on, some of them wore robes. Four of the children have described one specific incident where three children were killed by the sexually abused victims.

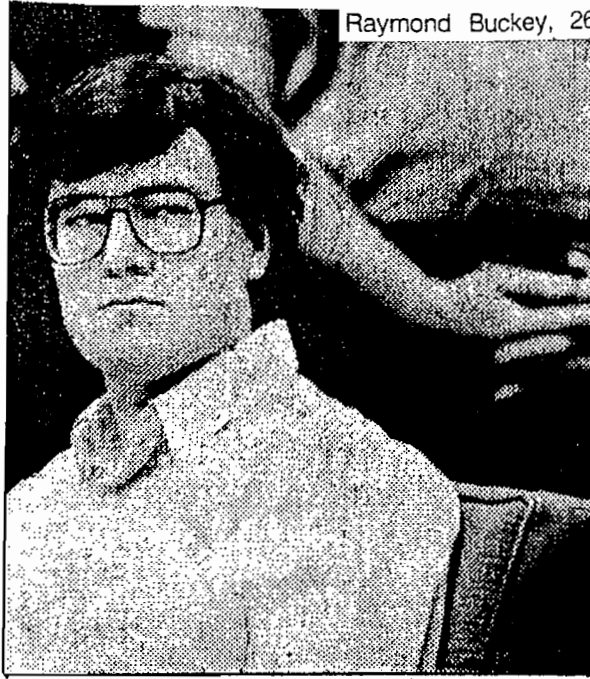
"I don't see where these kids would be able to come up with the consistent detail they come up with, if not from their own experience.

"If I worked night and day, I could not coach these kids into saying something like that. It's very difficult to place things in a child's mind when they haven't experienced something."

So far, none of the cases have turned up any real evidence to support the little kid's testimonies. That is, except for the McMartin case.

Several of the 13 lollitots who gave witness during the pretrial hearings alleged incidents with a more satanic flavor than simply sexual. The children recited details about being forced to drink rabbit's blood and eat shit during a "ceremony" at an episcopal church. Some went so far as to even describe the black robes that the adults wore and the candles that burned in the background during the rituals. Of course, black robes and candles are archetypes of devil fantasy and it would seem easy for any child to conjure up such images quickly. However, these particular descriptions become much more powerful when we understand that local police seized a pair of rabbit ears, a black cloak and a black candle at the Manhattan Beach home of one of Raymond Buckey's close friends. Police disclosed this information when it was announced that they were checking into the histories and whereabouts of the countless "uncharged suspects".

Another child, a 10 year-old boy, testified that he and other children from the preschool were forced to dig up dead bodies at a nearby cemetery and then watch while some of the teachers hacked up and mutilated the corpses with long knives. The child, and other witnesses as well,



have been able to accurately describe the insides of sealed mausoleums -even down to the correct placements of chairs and clocks.

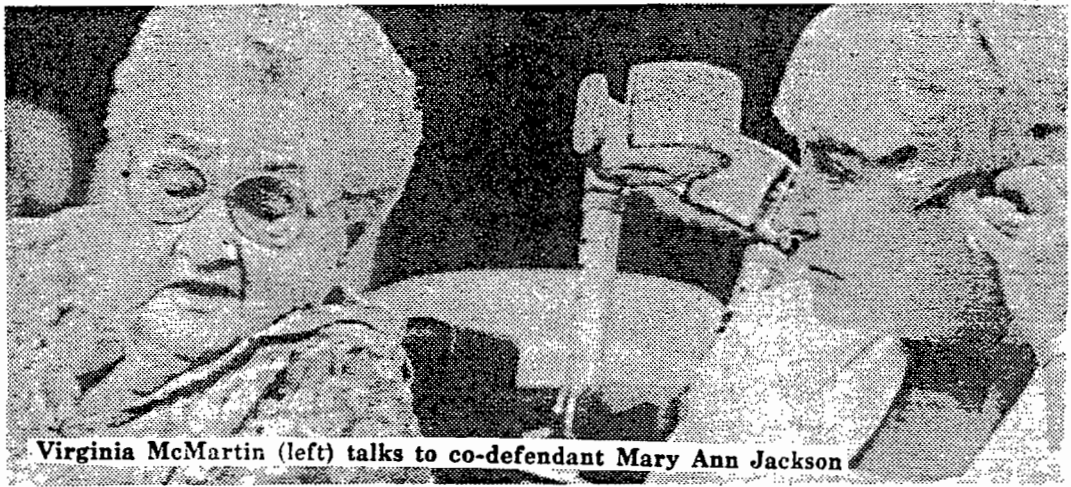
This, certainly, adds a new spark of color and eloquence to the already exhaustive list of libertine pleasures enjoyed by Raymond Buckey. The robes, candles, masks, etc. can well be explained as tools and props used to frighten,

tease and confuse the children. Instruments used to slowly peel apart the little impressionable darlings' minds. Agents to cause mental anguish and anxiety. The very little child, crying so uncontrollably that his miniature body convulses and hiccups violently, can grasp at nothing that makes any sense -nothing with any familiarity or warmth. The diminutive child's entire 4 year-old existence is under the will and fancy of Raymond Buckey. And Buckey can turn the child's asshole inside out just as fast as he can the child's mind.

It is Raymond's personal satisfaction that provides the impetus for his crimes; his unique understanding of his tastes and drives combined with his absolute knowledge of children's minds and mannerisms that make his extreme sex-acts so exciting, powerful and complete.

The children, in having to recount their tortures, fondlings, dick sticks and other abuses are often forced into actually reliving their pains and traumas on the witness stand. The consolidation of the trial (which means that Buckey and the rest of the McMartin workers are being tried together rather than separately requires many of the children to stay long hours on the witness stand, telling the most intimate details to complete strangers, while all the while being stared down by their tormentors. Long





**Virginia McMartin (left) talks to co-defendant Mary Ann Jackson**

hours turn into endless ordeals turn into deep scars that last forever in the minds of children and weak adults. Some children have been on the stand for more than a week. One 10 year old boy testified for 16 days -each day attacked again and again by defense lawyers whose single vision is to break the child's words into pieces. "Children cannot survive extensive cross-examination, period", one prosecutor said. "And if you have multiple defendents, the problem of cross-examination is exacerbated. If you have seven attorneys, it's not seven times worse, it's 250 times worse. It goes up exponentially."

The torture these little moppets go through is unmitigated excitement. Their tears, their empassioned, desperate clutching of favorite stuffed pets, their wet pants, their sobs and terrified pleas for understanding, relief and warmth. All their being sliced open and exposed; helpless, fucked and raped and forever useless children who can only grow up bent and even more useless.

And as enjoyable and intensely stimulating as these performances are, they still run only a close second to the incredible actions being remembered. Images of Raymond Buckey cutting into small animals and then commanding the children to lick it's blood from his fingers. His same fingers probing the kiddie's flesh, slithering around a boney, flat chest and slowly digging into the little one's tight cunt-hole. Sodomizing. Fucking. Sucking. Spitting. tasting. Abusing. Genius.

The defense has been accommodating:

The first child to testify was a 7 year old, blonde



haired boy. He told the court about unique sex games that he was made to play, under the guidance, instruction and ever-watchful, roaming hands of Raymond and co.

The first game was called "Cowboys And Indians", where the teachers "were the Indians....They would capture us and they'd put us in jail. They'd touch us in jail.

"Ray and Miss Peggy touched us on the penis."

The little boy, who said he was neither scared nor nervous, said the children played the game while completely naked. He was also naked during three other games:

Alligator: "We would take off our clothes and get on the floor and crawl around and when we were on the floor they would touch us."

The Tickle Game: "The kids would take off their clothes and the teachers would tickle us in the butt and penis."

The Movie Star Game: "I would take off my clothes and do tricks, and they would take pictures of us." The child then told the court, in a charming sing-song voice, that they were made to sing "What you see is what you are. You're a naked movie star." He also told the court that it was Ray and Betty that took turns manning the camera.

The boy said that the only defendants that played the games with him were Babette Spittler, Peggy McMartin Buckey, Betty Rider, and Raymond. He was especially frightened of Ray, who, the child said, cut off the ears of rabbits and stabbed pet turtles.



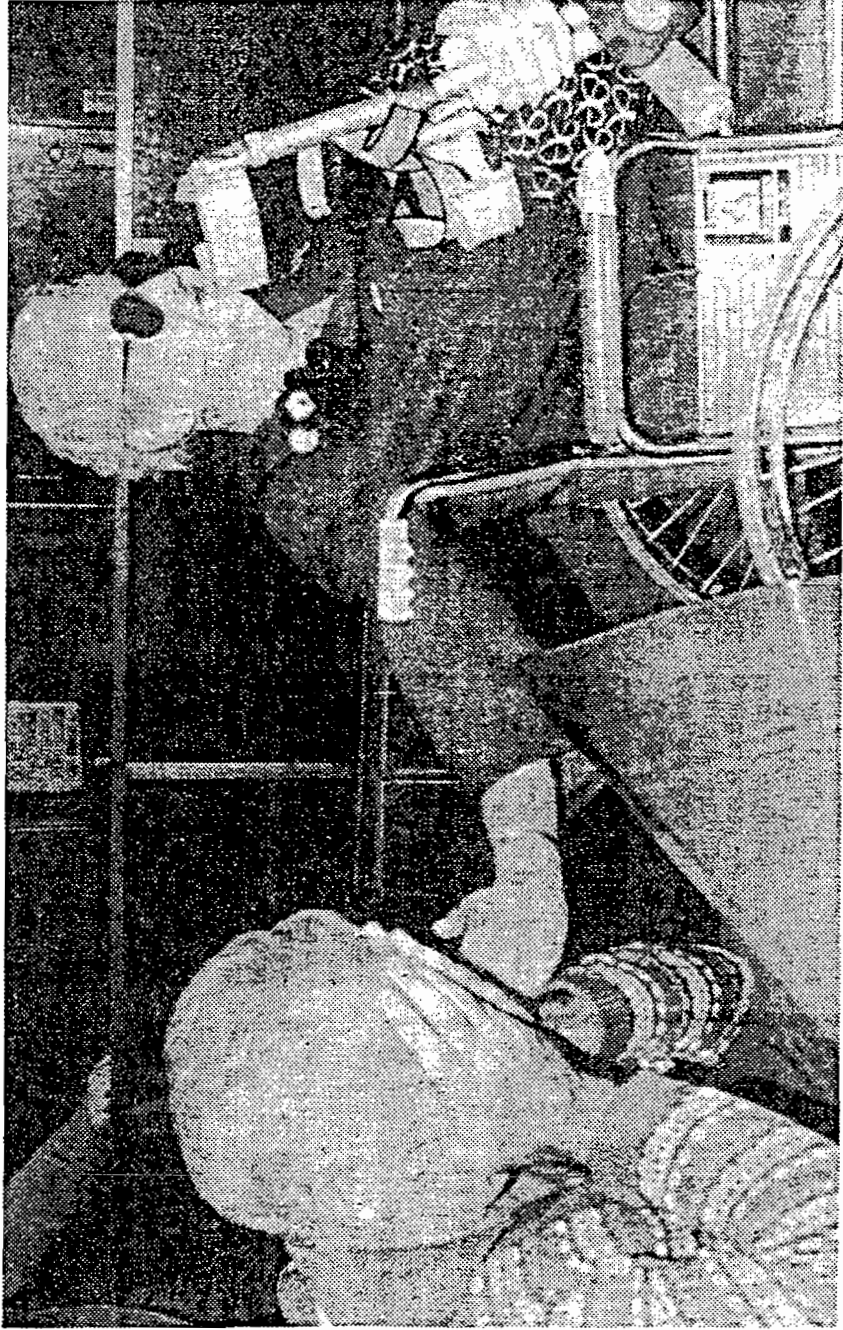
The boy went on to describe a field trip that several of the children took with Raymond to a farm, where Ray constantly thrashed and beat the horses with large sticks. During the outing, Ray threatened to harm the children's parents the same way he was hurting the horses, if they ever told what was happening to them. Other field trips, including many visits to "strangers' homes" were detailed. "We got touched there", the boy said, claiming to have been taken to quite a few different houses with a variety of teachers and other classmates.

The defense was later able to completely dismiss the child's entire testimony by citing incidents of undue influence and brainwashing by the child's therapists.

The first girl to testify was as cute as a button. Only 8 years old and wearing a delicious red sweater decorated with tiny pandas holding big balloons, the little girl constantly chewed her lip and stared off into space. She tugged and played with her long, dark hair and met most of the lawyer's questions with long bouts of silence.

But her angelic good looks were belied by her sexual revelations. She testified to having her lovely innocence defiled by Ray and told similar stories about naked games and photo sessions. She described the turtle that Raymond slashed open in front of her and his simultaneous conten-

## Court appearance in abuse case

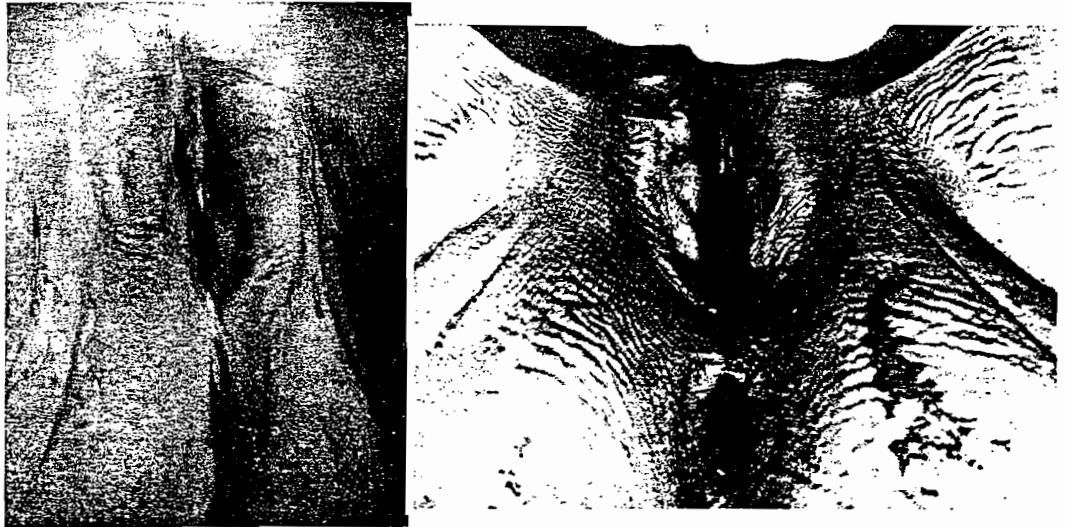


Charles Henry Buckley buries his face in his hands as his mother-in-law, Virginia McMartin, comforts him in a Los Angeles court-

room yesterday. McMartin and other family members and teachers have been charged in connection with a decade of sexual

abuse of children at the McMartin Pre-school in Manhattan Beach, Calif. Buckley has not been charged. (AP)

Conditions of victims in Case of W. following forcible rape and pederasty. Note the traumatic rupture of hymen, laceration of vagina and rupture of perineum. The anus was dilated with laceration of the sphincter.



tion, "If you tell your mom and dad, this would happen to you."

The girl, who was only 4 when she was first initiated into Ray's lustful control, also described times when she was tied up and fondled and otherwise molested by three of the adult defendants.

Ray's finest moments were described by a second little girl. This child, a 5 year-old who attended the school from Sept. 1981 to Nov. 1983, was more forthcoming than the children before her. However, she was also more problematic. Her tiny 5 year-old body was so small that a great deal of court time was spent trying to adjust her chair. She even had to be lifted up and down from the witness stand by the Bailiff.

The girl, extremely fidgety and more than a little bratty, chewed a chocolate chip cookie and clutched a fuzzy yellow toy bear, as she recalled her past fucks and gropes. She took frequent sips from a cup of root beer that stood next to the stand. She swiveled around in her chair, stuck her tongue out and took long stares at the ceiling.

She told the court about being taken to the school's bathroom and then forced to take off her clothes and "dance around" in front of Ray. Ray took photos, of course. She said she was ass-fucked by dirty fingers and lead



pencils. The District Attorney asked her: "When you were at the school, did Ray Buckey ever touch your bottom?" And her touching, soft spoken reply: "Yes."

"With what?"

"A pencil."

"Did he ever place any part of his body inside your bottom?"

"Yes, his fingernails."

"Did he ever place anything inside your vagina?"

"Yes, a pencil."

"Did Ray ever place his penis inside your body?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"My mouth."

"What did he tell you?"

"He said he would kill my mom and dad."

This little 5 year old girl, licking and sucking Ray's big hard on. His adult, erect, full cock in her little face, his bulbous, hairy balls against her rosy-red cheeks while her tender, innocent, delicate and gentle tongue darts out and just brushes the piss-hole of that throbbing red knob. Ray puts his swollen pecker into the child's mouth as far as it will fit. Her petite baby lips are barely big enough to get around the thick meat pole and a frightened tear rolls down her soft cheek. The more her face stretches, the more she cries. Ray jerks his cock about in the tight mouth and commands the baby to move her tongue around. She tastes the rigid gristle as she, hesitantly, licks the bottom of his pulsing boner with short, scared tongue strokes. Her gorgeous, fresh 5 year-old body, so prettily dressed by her loving mommy this morning, stands beneath him as she laps at his big fuck-stick.

Soon, his large, man-sized fingers and dirty fingernails caress her soft round ass cheeks. He squeezes her baby flesh. His finger rubs the tighter-than-tight pink puckered hole that rests so delicately between those tough flesh packs, Raymond feels her warmth breathing through her tiny ass-hole. His fat finger pushes in. His big dick

presses viciously into her bawling face. Full of blood and cum aching for release, Ray savors the child's pain and terror. His fingernail scratches the insides of her flesh. He rips and scrapes the girl's innards. He enters her body; her warmth and sticky tissue wrap firmly around his digit. Just one of the many child butts that he has befouled and fucked open.

Later Raymond spills his hot cum in her mouth. The greasy white fluid drenches the child's lips, nose and cheeks. Later still, Raymond introduces a pencil into the child's baby-soft shit-hole.

The girl went on to recall the many naked games that she was made to play, but added a new twist. She said the children were taken on an airplane, where the adults wore scary costumes (Ray is alleged to have donned a witch outfit) and then dropped off at houses where the adults acted out strange rituals and dances.

The other testimonies have been equally enjoyable. Little children describing their sexual initiations and helplessness at the hands of rabid rapists. The children say they have been sodomized, orally raped, made to view and mutilate dead bodies, forced to eat excrement, vaginally violated, viewed animal tortures and even murdered. A more recent allegation is the eating of raw, bloody meat and being forced to suck off animals.

And even with the dropping of charges, the McMartin case has refused to die, and if anything, looks to become greater and more brutal in it's scope of violence and sexual ingenuity. Ray Buckey already appears to be the consummate child-sex genius and we await, with bated breath, further details of his magnificent sex exploits.

The final testament to Ray's genius is the graffiti that today stains the permanently closed McMartin school. Already burned and vandalized, the brick walls of the school have been scrawled with "RAY IS DEAD" and "RAY WILL DIE". Stay tuned.....



# KID KILL

There's not another idea under the sun that's as blatantly stupid as that of parents. Indeed, it is the grotesque idiocy of even being a mother or father that, most times, renders a potentially exciting crime like incest desperate and puny. But it is because of the parent's doeful relationship to their child -that pathetic, insecurity driven sense of mindless benevolence that controls and rationalizes their entire being; that the crime of child murder, and especially child torture/murder, becomes a thrilling single crime with more than just one victim. The wails of pain, confusion and longing that replace the dog-like mutterings of cooing and coddling from these vulnerable weakling parents is an excitement well known and celebrated by child-flesh fans and voyeurs alike.

These delights were celebrated in the first issue of PURE; primarily in our "KIDDIE TORTURE" article. "KIDDIE TORTURE" recalled the crimes of a then-unknown, English murderer thought responsible for the brutal deaths of three little girls. The article paid special attention to a little girl who had been missing for 7 months; 4 year-old Marie Payne, and also, the subsequent warblings and grievous blubberings from her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Payne, who missed their tiny offspring like only a parent could.

And now, more than a year after the discovery of little Marie's fucked and mutilated body and the sensational apprehension of her killer, we are again reminded of this most eloquent crime. This time, through the actions of a libertine from PURE'S home state, who, in his enviable wisdom, not only supplied us with an electrifying crime of kid-fuck-death, but also with shining examples of the slow, painful destruction-through-stupidity that parents must live out. PURE invites you to a feast on the corpses of three -the charming little girl and her parents who loved, cared, and most of all, needed her:

Little Melissa Ackerman, or "Missy" as she was known to those who loved her, missed her 8th birthday party. It was to be held at her parent's home in Somonauk, Illinois, on her birthday June 12th, 1985. But darling Missy





was still missing on June 12th -missing since June 2nd, when a man pulled her off her bicycle and threw her into the back seat of his car. And she would remain missing until June 17th, when Dekalb County Police would find her dead body, lying face down, under some rocks in a wet, muddy drainage ditch. Little Missy was already fucked (having lost her virginity to a 28 year-old man) and stone-dead by the time her birthday rolled around. But her parents didn't know that. They suspected it in their darkest thoughts, but they still hoped and prayed to god that their little baby would be alright. They prayed publicly in neighborhood masses and on tv. They issued statements



SUN-TIMES / Amanda Alcock

As the widespread search goes on, weeping Sheree Ackerman (left), mother of abducted Melissa Ackerman, is comforted outside her home yesterday by neighbor Marta Schreck, 16, who often baby-sat with the missing 7-year-old. With them outside the Ackermans' Somonauk home is another neighbor, Nicole File, 8.

the back car window and, screaming and shouting, hurriedly scampered out. She hit the pavement and tore across a large field and through a sales lot to safety. Missy was left behind.

The driver tossed the remaining little girl into the

and pleas to Missy's kidnapper. They cried, complained and hurt. They slowly fell apart permanently.

Little Melissa and her best friend, 7 year-old Opal, were out enjoying their friendly neighborhood in downstate Illinois. They were riding along a quiet rural road when they were suddenly stopped by a man in a rusted blue compact car. The man shouted out that he needed some directions and pulled the car over to a gravel strip that ran alongside the highway. He stepped out of the car and beckoned the girls over.

Ever helpful and oh-so-innocent, the two little ones quickly rode up to the car.

The man snapped open his car's back door and lunged at Opal. In one fell swoop, the man yanked the girl off of her bike and threw her into the car. Then he turned to Missy, who had started to cry.

But meanwhile, Opal was able to pull down



SUN-TIMES/Phil Velasquez

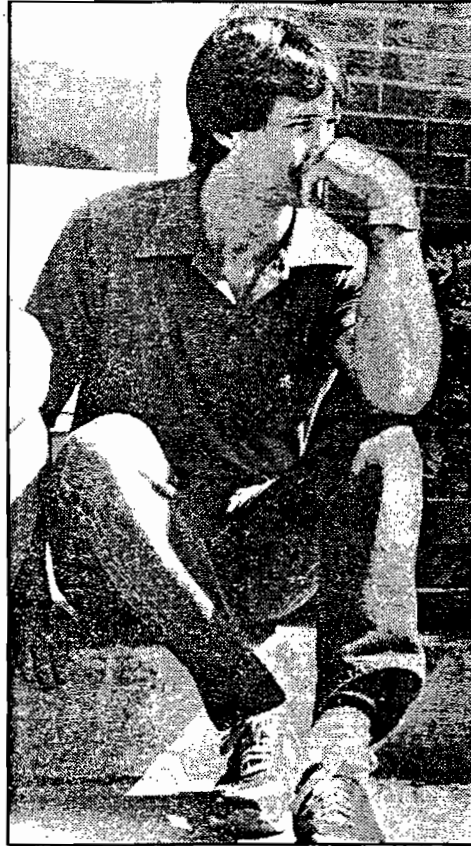
**Eight-year-old Opal, who escaped the kidnapper who killed her playmate, Melissa Ackerman, watches a magician yesterday at a Lincoln Park Zoo party also attended by Gov. Thompson.**

backseat, drew up the windows and slammed on the gas.

Sheree Ackerman, Missy's mother, was distraught when told the news. "I don't know how someone can do this", she said. "She was just out for a bike ride, like any other day. I just don't see how it can happen."

Sheree, the 28 year-old wife of Michael Ackerman, has lived all her life in the little town of Somonauk, and it was a harsh slap in the face from reality when her child was stolen from her. Indeed, reality slapped the entire community pretty hard. Gone now are the days of trust in your fellow man -replaced with the dream shattering knowledge that real men like little clits and tits and that they like to choke them to death after filling their tiny bodies with gobs of hot cum.

The inhabitants of Somonauk were in an uproar. The police instituted road blocks and started questioning strangers and searching cars. Mrs. Ackerman placed her hope in her neighbors, but her words leaked an entertaining impotence:



SUN-TIMES/Jim Klepitsch

Michael Ackerman, father of kidnapped 7-year-old Melissa Ackerman, sits in front of his Somonauk home yesterday, waiting for the phone to ring with news about his daughter. "Every time it does, my heart stops," he said.

"This used to be a good place to bring up a child. Now, I don't know. They've got to keep looking for her. They've got to find her. I keep praying they'll find her."

But the searches, the description hand-outs, the extra police, the good intentions and everything else was all in vain. No Missy.

As the days progressed, the townspeople grew sadder and sadder. Melissa's parents grew desperate and started to issue statements to the press and give public interviews. "I am praying and hoping, praying so very hard", Sheree said. "I just wonder if she's cold, if she's hungry."

The neighbors, too, talked to the press. Melissa's school principal remembered Melissa as a "very outgoing, happy little girl, the leader of her class, a

mature girl for the second grade. She always had a smile."

Even the chief of the volunteer fire department was depressed: "Well, I've watched that little girl walk home from school at night. I've watched her skip by our lumberyard. I want to find her."

Missy's birthday was dreaded by her parents and when it finally arrived, it was even more difficult than they thought it would be. Sheree remembered that Missy wanted a Cabage Patch Kid -what could be more sweet? And Missy's mommy wanted to have her birthday cake decorated with tiny Cabage Patch Kids as a special surprise. "We were just planning her party when he took her", said Sheree, at this



SUN-TIMES Photos/Rich Hein

## Celebrating Melissa's birthday

Arms intertwined, Michael and Sheree Ackerman read a birthday card sent to their daughter, Melissa, yesterday for her 8th birthday. Melissa was abducted



A police composite drawing of the suspect in Melissa's abduction.



**MELISSA ACKERMAN**  
FEMALE, WHITE, 7 YEARS OLD.  
SHORT BROWN HAIR, BROWN  
EYES, MISSING TWO FRONT  
TEETH. LAST SEEN WEARING  
PURPLE TOP AND JEANS. AB-  
DUCTED JUNE 2, 1985. FROM  
SOMONAUK, ILL.  
CALL SOMONAUK POLICE DEPT. 815-495-6252  
WITH ANY INFORMATION. 429-33

time not even knowing who "he" was. "But now there won't be a party. Now there won't be anything until she comes home." Micheal added, "We got her stuff, but she's not here to get it. I don't know why he won't let her go if he's got her."

Sheree Ackerman couldn't stop the constant flow of tears on her daughter's birthday. She couldn't stop the delivery men who brought a bouquet of roses and a giant balloon (emblazoned with "HAPPY BIRTHDAY") either. "All her friends know that roses are her favorite flower," she said.

Sheree remembered Missy's last -her very last, birthday party. "We always have a big birthday party, and we planned the same for this year." She fought back the tears and added, "Melissa's father is taking it pretty rough." Sheree had a final thought for Melissa's kidnapper: "I want him to know that he and anyone who knows about this must come forward -bring her home." And then some tender words for her missing child: "I love you very much and want you to come home. Happy Birthday, my little girl."

By this time, Melissa was long dead. She'd been fucked in her 7-going-on-8-year-old cunt and then strangled. Her

face lay stinking in mud.

And Police already had Melissa's murderer, in custody, at the time of her birthday.

Brian Dugan, a 28 year-old machinist from Aurora, Illinois, was arrested just one day after Melissa's abduction but was not formally charged with her murder until June 26th, nine days after Missy's body was finally found. Police say that fibers and particles found in Dugan's blue Gremlin positively link him to Somonauk and Melissa. At the time Dugan was charged, he was in custody as a suspect in the attacks of three other women, the youngest of whom was 16.

Dugan was arrested on June 3rd, when a Geneva, Illinois cop noticed that he looked alot like a suspect in a May 28th rape attempt on a 19 year-old local. Dugan was subsequently placed in a line up and identified by the victim as her attacker. Brian was officially charged with aggravated battery and unlawful restraint. And his problems were just beginning.

During the days that followed, two more incidents of rape were hung over Brian's shoulders. He was charged with kidnapping, aggravated kidnapping and two counts of aggravated criminal assault against a 16 year old Aurora girl, after this girl, too, identified him in a line up. This attack occurred on May 29th.

Still later, additional charges were filed on behalf of a 21 year old woman who said Dugan raped her on May 6th in North Aurora. This third attack added three counts of aggravated criminal assault to Dugan's already healthy list of crimes.

All the while that Dugan was in custody, police were pretty sure that he was also responsible for Missy's death, but they were unable to charge him when Missy's lucky friend, Opal, failed to identify him in a line up.

Melissa's rotting corpse remained unfound for a total of two weeks. During that time, the parents continued to talk to the press. And cry. And hurt. And be weak.

Sheree: "We need all the help we can get, Missy's out there somewhere...I can't think of her out there in the fields. I can't think of anything."

Sheree (as she kissed a wallet-sized photo of Missy):

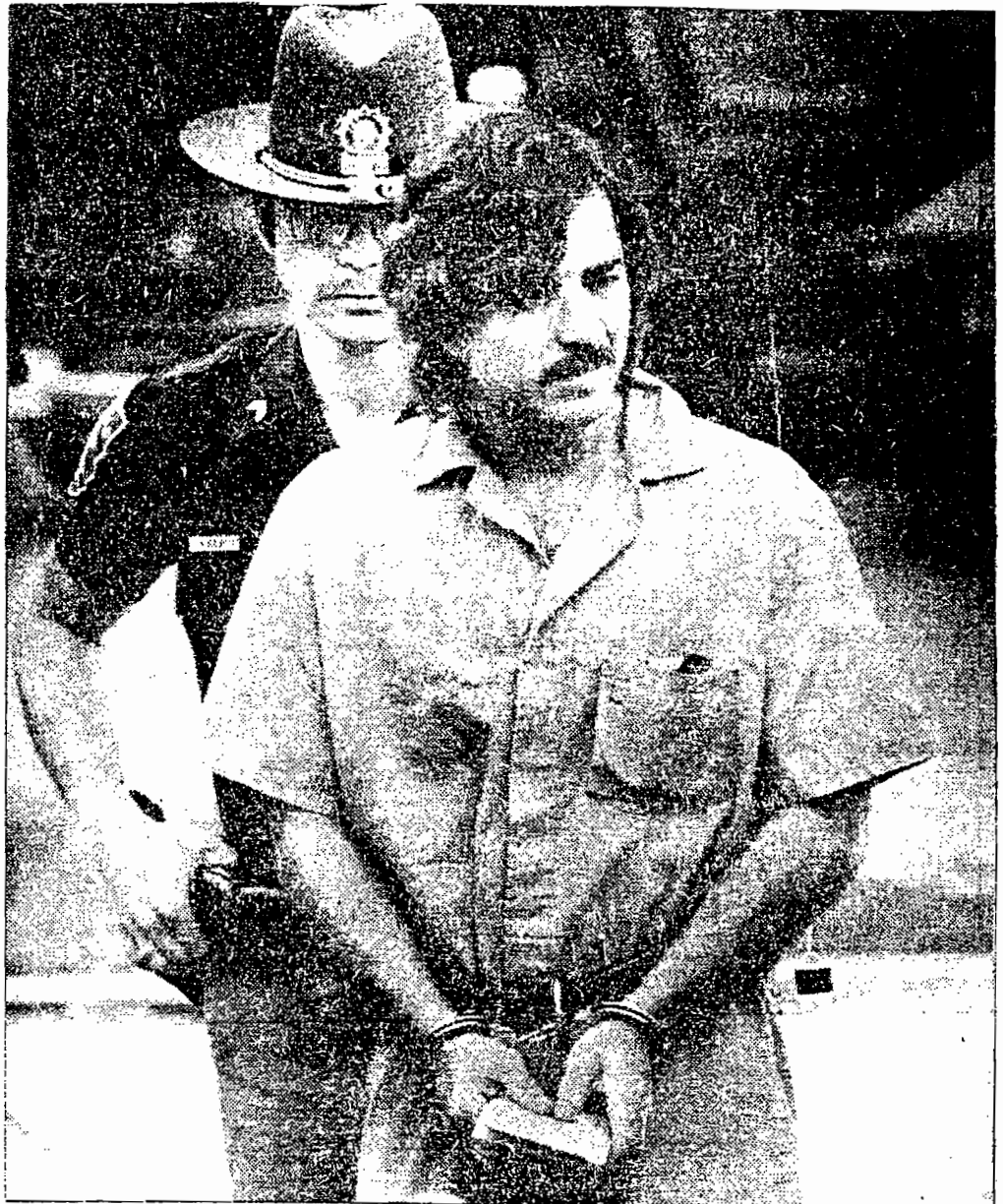


**Pallbearers carry casket containing the body of Melissa Ackerman out of St. John the Baptist Catholic Church in Somonauk after funeral mass yesterday. Parents Michael and Sheree Ackerman walk hand in hand behind the coffin.**



**With a picture of their missing daughter, Michael and Sheree Ackerman comfort one another as they await word in their Somonauk home.**

Tribune photo by Quentin C. Durr

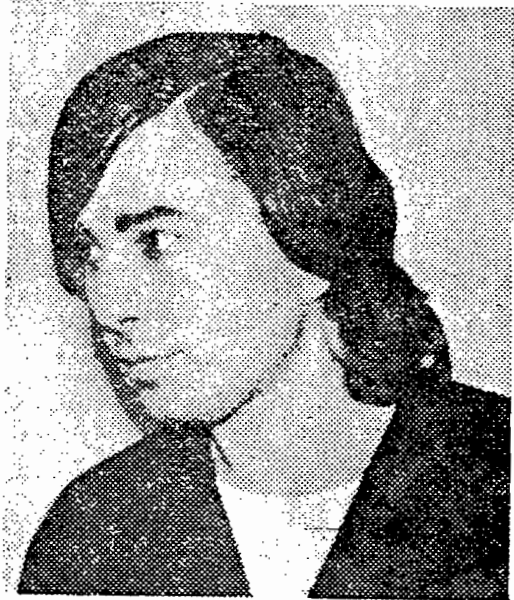
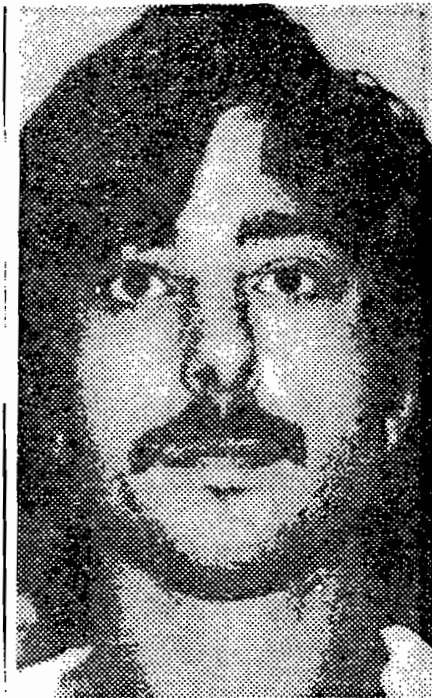


Tribune photo by Frank Hanes

## Dugan enters innocent plea

A shackled Brian Dugan is escorted to the Kane County court house in Geneva Friday where he pleaded innocent to charges of abducting and raping a North Aurora woman. A July 18 pretrial status hearing was set. Dugan also is charged with the kidnap-slaying of Melissa Ackerman of Somonauk.





**Brian Dugan**  
*Two requests denied*

"I just wish he'd let her go."

Sheree: "The hospitals probably let people like this out. Somebody knows him. Somebody knows what he's like, what he'd do."

"They give people like him psychiatric treatment for a year and then let them walk among children again. It's happened to other parents."

Sheree: "Please -just please -let her go."

Exact details of Melissa's death have yet to emerge. Her body was found, clothed, buried beneath rocks in a drainage ditch off U.S. Highway 34 in LaSalle County, Illinois. The ditch lies in a large field dotted with clumps of trees.

Melissa still had her necklace around her throat, it was inscribed "MISSY". She was raped. Her body lay partly submerged in water.

The exact cause of death was asphyxiation, but investigators are unsure if it was caused by strangulation, poisoning or drowning.

The officer that found the little corpse noticed "the legs were sticking out" from under a rock. The water in the ditch was 2-3 feet deep and Missy had been held there,



**Brian James Dugan**

beneath the surface, by rocks. "It looked like it (Missy) had been covered all the way and the water or the weather uncovered it some," the cop finished.

The coroner reported, shortly after his examination of Missy's corpse, that there was the possibility that she was murdered "within an hour or so" of her kidnapping. He also added that Missy met "a violent death" but that she didn't look to have been beaten or stabbed.

Details of Brian Dugan's whereabouts on the day of Melissa's first and last fuck may shed some light on the pleasure that he experienced with her. There seems a very good chance that Brian is a necrophile.

Dugan's landlady, Bernice Larson, said she saw Brian carrying a "small bag" into the house on the day of Melissa's abduction. Later, she said she went up to the second story bathroom that Dugan used and found it covered with mud. As she stood in the bathroom, Dugan quickly ran in and told her: "Bernice, I'll clean it up. Don't worry about it."

Melissa's casket was closed at her wake. A color 11X8 photograph of Missy on rollerskates was perched atop her coffin. The coffin was adult sized and was surrounded by a harvest of pink and white mums and carnations. Michael wore a grey suit and his wife wore a pink blouse and cream colored skirt.

Brian was finally charged with five counts of murder, six counts of aggravated criminal assault and three counts of aggravated kidnapping for Missy's rape and murder. He has pleaded "not guilty".

Brian's trial for Missy's demise will begin February 3rd, 1986. Meanwhile, he faces continuous hearings for his other crimes. Police are also investigating the murder of one Donna Schnorr, a 27 year old nurse who was raped and drowned on July 15, 1984 in Geneva, Illinois. Police say

# **Goodbye, Melissa**



SUN-TIMES/Rich Hein

Michael and Sherce Ackerman, parents of slain Melissa, comfort each other at her casket yesterday at graveside services in Somonauk. Hundreds of people turned out to pay respects and bid "Missy" goodbye.

they can place Dugan in Geneva at the time of the murder, as well as match paint chips from Schnorr's car to the car that Dugan owned at the time. Donna is said to have been sideswiped off of a road near her home and then raped and knocked unconscious. Her attacker threw her body into a water filled ditch where she drowned. She had been beaten. Brian has been denied bond.

Missy's parents, in yet another pathetic, desperate attempt to give their ridiculously paltry lives some sense of meaning, have found a new outlet for their fabulous humanity. "Friends of Melissa Ackerman" is a "Kidnap prevention foundation" newly formed by the Ackermans. It's existence is designed to help prevent child abduction as well as provide support to parents of abducted children.

"We're saying ...don't think that because you live in a tiny town, it can't happen. It can. It happened here", Michael said at the announcement. The Ackermans plan to speak to parent's groups around the country. Michael is still unemployed but looking for work.

Further news on Dugan's sex crimes should be available soon. We can only hope that his actions live up to the immense possibilities: The screaming little Missy in the car could have been forced to suck his cock and swallow every drip of his cum. She could have been made to jerk his rod and run her 7 year old tongue around it's coarse skin, as he finger-fucked her tight little snatch. He could have rammed his hard cock up her very soft, very young asshole. Shot his cum into her face, up her cunt, on her ass or on her belly. And then made her lap it off his fingers. Or his cock. Forced to stick her fingers in Brian's asshole and then to lick them clean. He could have pissed on her, made her swallow his garbage. A fun toy for even an hour.

Or even...Dugan spilled his spunk over her cold dead body as it lay in his bathtub, her 7 year old womb scratched and torn from dugan's cock attack. Her dead open mouth fills with his piss and shit.

Melissa could have been a very enjoyable rape. Four feet and fifty pounds of child flesh just begging to be used, misused and destroyed.

It is hoped that Brian Dugan enjoyed little Missy as much as Colin Evans enjoyed Marie Payne....

The tiny body was lifted from the shallow grave at a well known beauty spot in Epping Forest, Essex.



Colin Evans enjoyed children very much. The 45 year old truck driver from Reading, Berkshire, England, had already served numerous prison sentences due to his special taste for tender flesh and still, his desires couldn't be quelled. Rather, each successive crime grew more violent and grand, more brutal and complete. And now, finally sentenced for murder for what will probably be the rest of his life, Evans can look back on this impressive list of sexual ambitions with a sated smile.

In 1966, Evans was fined 30 pounds in Barking, Essex, for "indecent assaults" against a 2 year old boy and 3 year old girl.

In 1970, Colin was charged with "gross indecency and indecent assault" for attempted sex attacks on another little girl and boy. He was sentenced to 10 years in jail but released in 1975.

Another count of "indecent assault" was filed against Colin in 1978 for his attack on a 9 year old girl. Although this crime was considered especially vicious, as the little girl was a spastic, Colin was only sentenced to 3 years in prison. He was released in 1980.

In 1980, just out of jail, Colin was sentenced to another 6 months when he pleaded guilty to an assault on a 12 year old girl. He was released in early 1981, after which, he quickly found a job babysitting.

Colin pleaded not guilty to charges of attacking two little girls that he was babysitting in 1982. He was ac-

Marie Payne



quitted by a jury, after a two day trial, because of a technicality.

Colin was also acquitted by a jury in 1983, after he pleaded not guilty to attacking an 8 year old girl.

Colin killed little Marie Payne in March 1983, but her body was not found until 14 months later. Colin confessed to the murder after being questioned as a suspect in an attempted assault on two children just 11 miles from where Marie was abducted. Police were quick to tie Colin to the scene and later, found photographs of a dead and mutilated Marie in his apartment. Police found photos of other children as well.

Little Marie Payne, a 4 year old, blonde haired, blue eyed pixie, was playing with her dog in a park just outside her home in Dagenham, England. Colin Evans was driving by, on his way home, when he saw Marie all alone. He quickly parked.

Colin knew how to be nice towards little children and was an expert at quickly gaining their trust. It was a skill he learned from his many encounters with the little darlings and from his job as a babysitter. Back home in Reading, he had a swing, sand pit and paddling pool installed in his garden and he often invited children to come and play.

He talked to Marie about her dog and started to play games with her. Colin also knew how to make children laugh and Marie was a bubbly push over. He asked the tiny girl if she might like to take a ride in his car and go for a treat. Marie thought that would be nice.

Colin must have been tremendously excited when the babe climbed into his car. Certainly, he was beaming as he basked in Marie's innocence and trust. To destroy that immediate and gentle trust, to watch as the child slowly comes to the realization that not everything is fair or for her benefit, to see her extreme pain and fright and confusion, to see her die -that is a pinnacle of pleasure.

Evans and his enchanting baby toy drove to a secluded area in Epping Forest, just nine miles away from Marie's home and mommy and daddy. There, the happy pair played and romped in the grass. Marie skipped and ran and giggled. She listened to "Uncle Colin" tell funny jokes and make funny faces. Soon, however, Nature took it's delightful course and Marie whispered to Colin that she had to go pee.



**Murder victim  
Marie Payne**



**In the hands of a killer ... Evans with one of the youngsters left  
in his care ... we have protected the child's identity**



Marie tugged down her tights and squatted among a pile of leaves. Colin watched. His cock pulsed and started to grow in his pants. He watched the little girl's red cheeks and fresh smile as she delicately went about her business. Colin eyed her 4 year old gash and the sporadic drips of yellow that tinkled to the ground. His balls tightened, his cock got thick.

Marie finished and stood up to pull her tights back up -just as Colin moved. His heavy fingers snapped at Marie's little cunt and he started to rub her. Marie was shocked. She began to scream and cry wildly. She yelled that she wanted to go home, louder and louder. Colin still fumbled at the baby's small fuck-hole -so tight and unused.

Colin reached in the grass and wrapped his fist around a huge piece of wood. He brought it up from the dirt with one quick pull and sailed the wood crashing into the side of the little girl's head. Marie's skull was fractured extensively and she lost consciousness before she even hit the pile of leaves beneath her. Blood poured out of her head and seeped into the earth. Little Marie was dead.

Evans left the bleeding body and ran back to his car where he fetched a small shovel and his camera. Then he returned to the tiny corpse. He stripped off the dead baby's clothes and exposed her lovely limbs. Her pint-sized waist and flat bony chest, her tiny little pink nipples, her diminutive legs and bald teeney vagina, her fresh, untouched white skin. Her cute little face and dead smile.

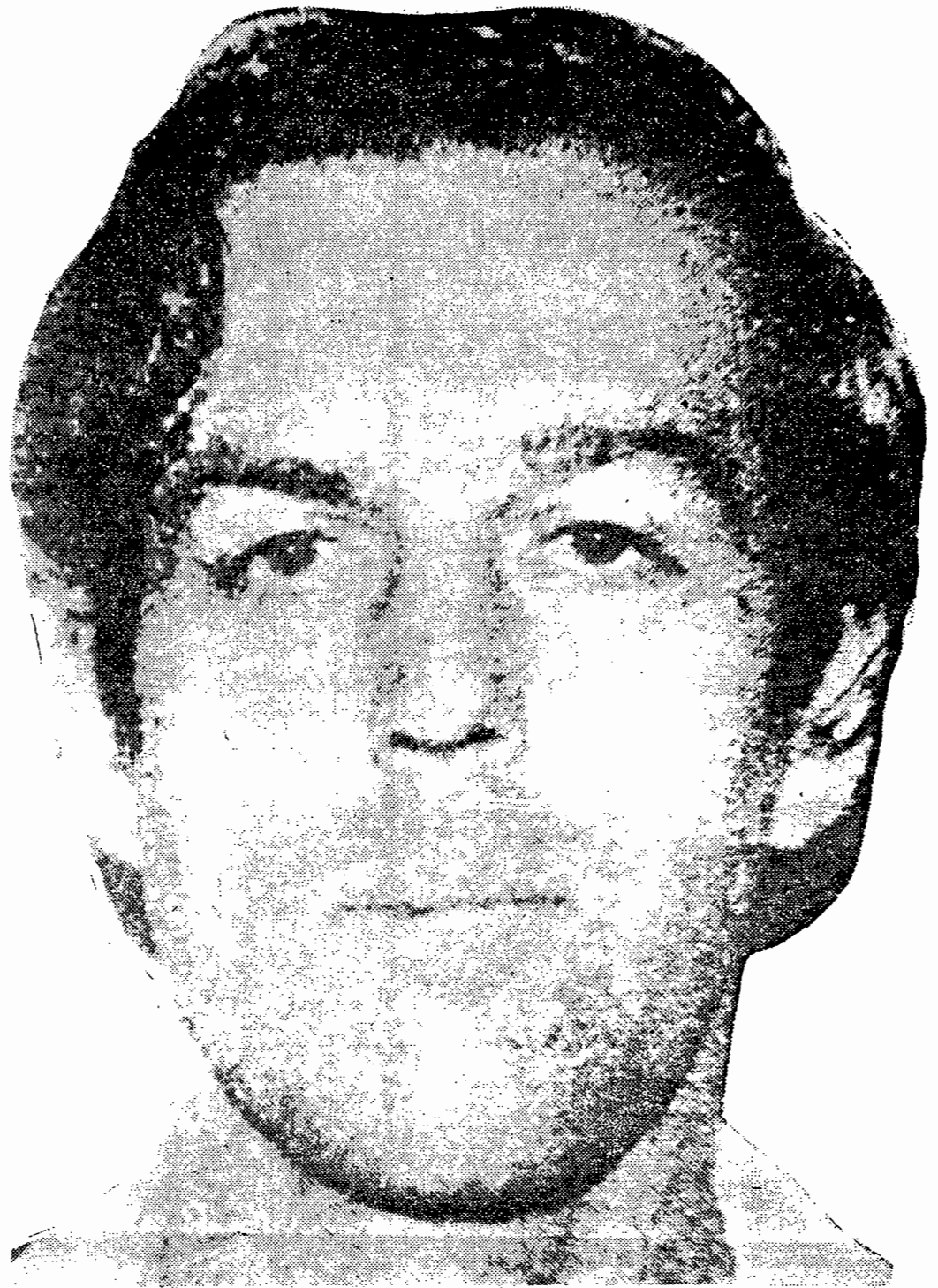
He took photos. He snapped shots of Marie's dead, naked body in a pile of leaves and dirt. He most likely yanked out his throbbing cock and fit as much as he could of it in that little flesh-slash. He, at least, jerked his big meat over the dead baby and riddled the corpse with thick, sticky gobules of cum. Spitting his sex-goo over Marie's mother's whelping.

Colin dashed Marie's clothes in a nearby tree and then, set about burying the child. Then he drove home, ecstatic.

But Colin was too excited. And he found that his camera hadn't worked right, when he tried the next day to develop the photos.

So he returned to Epping Forest and Marie, just 36 hours after he had killed her.

Colin dug up Marie's already rotting body and, again, celebrated his prize. He laid the tiny body out on a black



***EVANS***



**Grieving parents John and Brenda Payne**

plastic sheet and proceeded to take more photos. But he wanted something more. Something more physical. Once again, Colin grabbed a stick from the ground and once again, slammed it into Marie's body. He began to beat the little corpse. He started to mutilate her. He jammed the wood up Marie's cunt -up her bald slit. He tore into her body, up into her. He further defiled her flesh by spreading it, slicing it, slashing it, hammering it and fucking it with a piece of forest wood. Insatiable ghou! Libertine!

Sated, he reburied Marie and left her forever.

For 14 months, Marie's parent's, Brenda and John Payne, suffered the pain of not knowing what happened to their child. They suspected she was dead. They even prayed for it sometimes. Somedays they felt guilty -the days when they would wake up and forget to think about their missing daughter. They'd feel twice as bad when they'd realize.

Mrs. Payne took sleeping pills and her husband started to drink more. Colin Evans completely controlled their paltry, suburban lives.

But then, 14 months later, the Paynes found out. Their little baby had had her head bashed in, had her 4 year old cunt raped and had her tender body mutilated. The Paynes sunk into despondency once again.

And worse news was on the way. Shortly after Colin's arrest and confession, Reading police searched his home and found a veritable treasure trove of personalized kiddie-

porn. Colin had taken dozens of photos of 16 different little children and carefully hidden them in the back of an old record player. Included in Colin's flattering collection were the photos of mutilated Marie, as well as salacious shots of the two girls that he had been acquitted of raping back in 1982.

This is an eloquence rarely seen in crime. Now, after 14 months of mental torture, the Paynes are faced with the prospect of having to view new photos of their dead child. The last pictures ever taken of their darling daughter. And now their sweet memories are destroyed. Every time that Brenda or John decide to look at their scrapbooks, they will be instantaneously reminded of Marie's last photos. A loving photo of a happy child on a swing twists, uncontrollably, into a dead, bloodied child lying limp in a mess of leaves; her naked body of only 4 summers captured for eternity by her murderer, who, only seconds before, spilled his filthy sex-seed into her corpse.

"I want him to go through hell", John Payne pronounced the day that Evans was sentenced to a 30 year prison term for the murder of his daughter. "I want him to suffer every day for the rest of his life. And to endure some of the misery he has brought on us.

"I know people who go to jail for offenses against little children have to go through nightmares at the hands of other prisoners.

"Hanging would be too good and too quick for him for what he did to my daughter.

"Whatever I wish on him it will not bring my daughter back.

"My one satisfaction is that at least he will not be able to do to another child what he did to Marie.

"He has brought a lot of pain to my family. I would like to think he will lead a life of misery for the misery he has brought on us."

When John learned that Colin had returned to Marie's dirt grave, just days after killing her, to mutilate her, he shook his head and trembled.

"It's unimaginable to believe that anyone could be so evil. It is horrible to think that he once worked as a child minder.

"It wasn't until today that I learned the extent of



Mrs. Brenda Payne



Mr. John Payne with Marie's pet mongrel Ben

# **BABE IN THE WOOD KILL**

his crimes against little girls. He received the heaviest sentence in the law that he could have got and as the law stands I'm satisfied.

"Now we hope that our lives can return to some level of normality.

"People in general may have read and heard a lot about us, but no one really knows what we've been through.

"Somehow it had become slightly easier to bear since Marie's body was found and Evans arrested.

"At least we know what did happen to her and we have a grave to visit. Otherwise we would have faced a life time of uncertainty.

"Our Christmasses will never be the same without Marie."

Colin Evans jerks himself off in jail remembering little Marie's tiny cunt, naked body and bloody head.



. the hollow tree that held poor little Marie's clothing

PURE/ P.O.BOX 14297/ CHICAGO, ILLINOIS/ 60614-0297/ U.S.A.



PURE 1: ROBIN GECHT/LUCAS & TOOLE/IAN BRADY & MYRA HINDLEY/  
FRIDAY MOTORWAY FIEND/NAZI TRIUMPHS/JOSEPH VACHER/LARRY  
EYLER/JOHN GACY/DEAN CORLL. PURE 2: PETER SUTCLIFFE/DENNIS  
NILSEN/LARRY EYLER/MCMARTIN PRE-SCHOOL RAPES/GERALD STANO/  
KLAUS BARBIE/CHRISTOPHER WILDER/TED BUNDY/ AND MUCH MORE!  
Available directly from PURE for \$5.00 each plus \$1.00 pos-  
tage. Also, write for more information on the three PURE  
VIDEO RELEASES, plus: SS PRODUCTS, PURE SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE.