

**REAL** **RAOUL MOAT'S VENGEFUL RAMPAGE**  
THE LAST STAND OF A STEROID-FUELLED COP SLAYER

# CRIME

**LONELY HEARTS KILLERS**  
6 Predatory daters who drugged, bludgeoned and butchered

**BRIT TEEN HOSTEL HORROR**

## STRANGLED ON THE SCHOOL TRIP

CHASING DOWN THE KILLER OF 13-YEAR-OLD CAROLINE

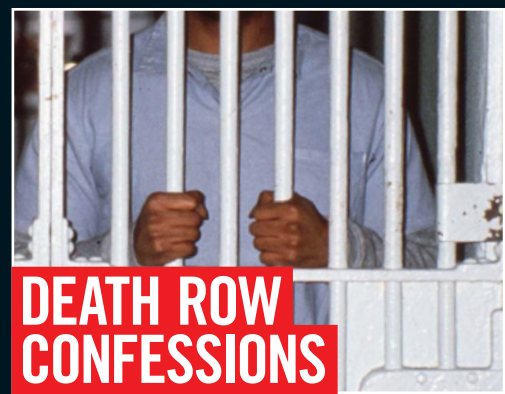


**HE HATED, SO HE HUNTED**

Shy-boy Robert Hansen secretly loved the chase... and the kill



**YAKUZA BLOOD BROTHERS**



**DEATH ROW CONFESSIONS**

**PLUS** WHO KILLED GOD'S BANKER? — RED BARN MURDER — AND MORE

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*YOU CAN'T ESCAPE*  
**THE SEEVER  
EFFECT**



**'GRIPPING, TERRIFYING . . .  
THIS BOOK HAS IT ALL'**  
*CHRIS PAVONE, AUTHOR OF THE EXPATS*



# WELCOME

In the early hours of 18 July 1996, British teenager Caroline Dickinson was raped and strangled to death in a hostel in the north west of France while on a school trip. I remember it well, it was front-page news in the UK at the time and her murder was so brazen – committed in a dormitory surrounded by her sleeping classmates – it seemed unlikely that the killer would get away with it for long. Yet drifter Francisco Arce Montes avoided arrest for years. He might have killed again if it wasn't for sheer fluke and the instinct of a canny US immigration officer that brought the cold case

to the attention of the police on the other side of the Atlantic. This issue of **Real Crime** we're also bringing together six murderers across three generations who used social engineering in the dating game to get close to their victims. Our Lonely Hearts Killers feature (on page 22) explores murderers who took out newspaper adverts, used dating apps and one who even appeared on a dating television game show, to take advantage of unsuspecting lovers.

**BEN BIGGS**  
EDITOR



In 1996, French authorities released a photofit of the main suspect in Caroline Dickinson's murder, based on witness accounts from many hostels he'd stayed in

## CONTRIBUTORS



### MARTYN CONTERIO

A freelance film critic and crime writer based in London, England, Martyn has a long-standing obsession with the crimes of Jack the Ripper and the Zodiac Killer. Martyn writes about the 'butcher baker' Robert Hansen, a murderer whose modus operandi was just as dark as the Ripper, on page 68.



### SETH FERRANTI

He began his career in journalism having served a 21-year stretch of his 25-year sentence for an LSD kingpin conviction. Seth is now free and writes regularly for **Real Crime** magazine. Seth has drawn on his stateside connections to pen a chilling insight into the mind of hitman Richard Kuklinski, on page 38.



### DR K CHARLIE OUGHTON

Charlie is a broadcaster, author, lecturer and journalist specialising in taboo (particularly serial killers), horror and gender studies. He has brought together three generations of murderers and their dating habits for our Lonely Hearts Killers feature, which you can read on page 22.



### DAVID HUTT

David is a British journalist based in Phnom Penh, Cambodia. He reports on Southeast Asia's volatile political scene, as well as shedding light on the murky pasts of gangsters and criminals. This issue he explores the world of the Yakuza, a very different criminal organisation to those we know in the West, on page 86.



### PAUL FRENCH

Long-time Shanghai resident Paul French is the author of the *New York Times* bestseller *Midnight In Peking*. His new book, *City Of Devils*, is another true crime tale that takes readers into wartime Shanghai. Paul has written our cover story this issue, on page 14.



### JOANNA ELPHICK

Jo is an academic lawyer and lecturer specialising in criminal law, forensics and crime and deviance. She has created courses and given talks on subjects like Jack the Ripper. Her book, *Murderous East Anglia*, is available on Amazon. Jo has dipped into her own background in forensics to write *Murder in the Red Barn*, on page 62.



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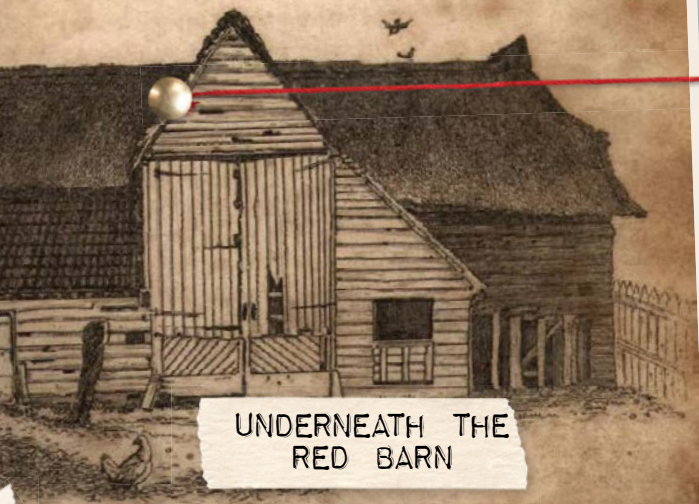
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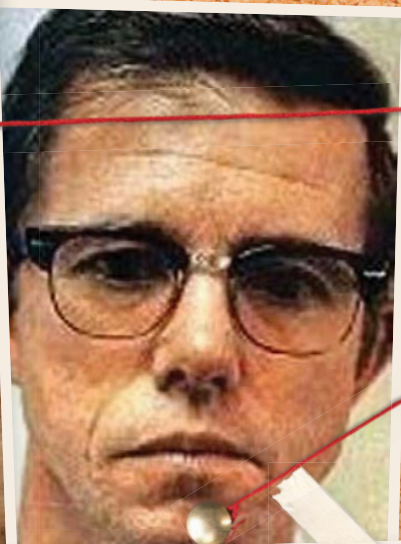
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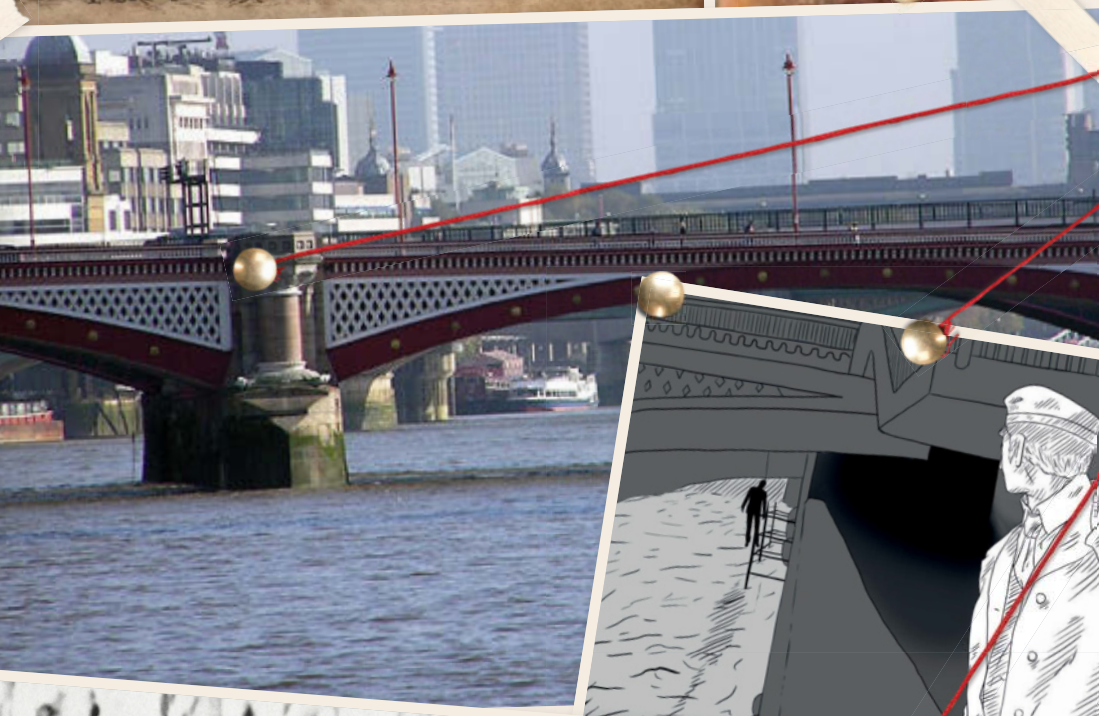
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CORPORATE CORRUPTION  
MEETS JAPANESE MOB

DISCOVER  
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SOUTH CAROLINA, USA, 19 JUNE 2015

# “MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL”

Charleston Church shooter Dylann Roof stands impassive as those affected by his mass shooting in 2015 express their forgiveness of the neo-Nazi who took nine innocent lives

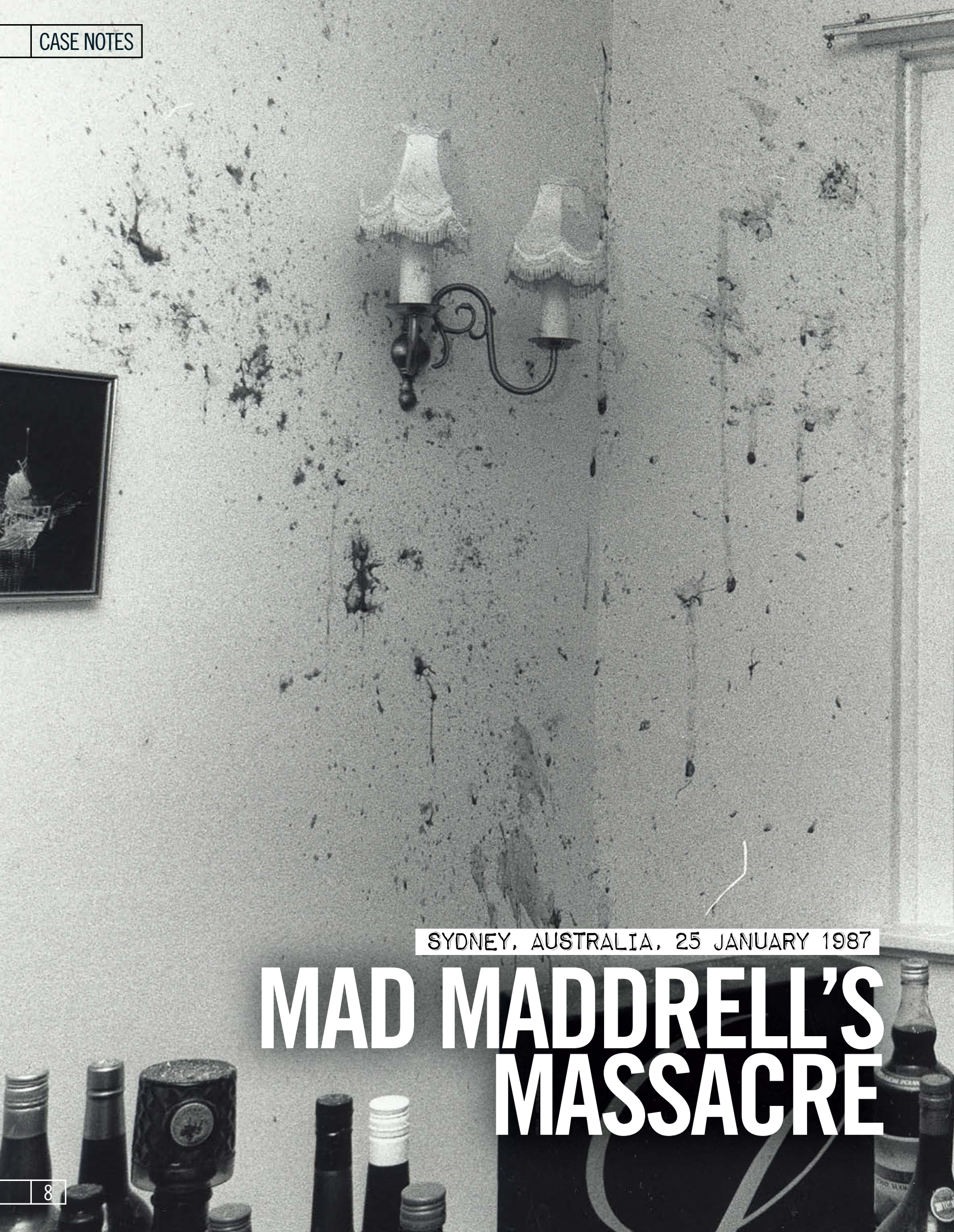
In June 2015, 21-year-old Dylann Roof appeared before a court indicted on 33 federal charges ranging from hate crimes and obstruction of religion to attempted murder and murder following the massacre of nine unsuspecting African-American civilians during a routine bible study in Charleston Church. Roof, spotted on CCTV outside the doors of the church, entered the building with a handgun and opened fire on the innocent people inside. Three of his victims were considered particularly vulnerable, as they were aged over 70. As a white supremacist, Roof had become focused on the idea of starting a race war, lashing out against ‘black-on-white crime’. As he stood in a small jail cell where he appeared via video link for his

first court appearance since the massacre, he heard the representatives of some of the nine families affected by Roof’s murderous rampage read their impact statements. Addressing the murderer, they put their anger aside and instead told Roof that they forgave him, imploring him to seek forgiveness from God and to seek redemption for his slayings. Throughout his appearance, Roof remained silent, his eyes mostly cast downwards except for a few short moments when he glanced up and looked into the camera. He was later found guilty of all 33 charges and has been given the death sentence. Roof has shown no remorse throughout, saying, “I still feel like I had to do it... Anyone who hates anything in their mind has a good reason for it.”









SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, 25 JANUARY 1987

# MAD MADDRELL'S MASSACRE





A man's infatuation with a teenage girl ended in destruction as he declared his love for her and, in the same breath, took her life

Answering a knock at the door of her home in the suburb of West Pymble, 19-year-old Jenny MacGregor came face to face with Richard Maddrell for what was not the first, but would be the last, time since the pair first met at university two years previously. 27-year-old Maddrell had become infatuated with MacGregor despite her numerous rejections of his advances. That Friday night, she had been at home with her twin sister Kirsty and their 16-year-old sister Lexie, along with their friend 19-year-old Lisa Chatterton. Their mother, who was in the process of taking legal action to prevent Maddrell from approaching her daughter, was at a wedding, while her estranged husband and father

to the three teenage girls lived across town. A spurned Maddrell declared his love for the beautiful young woman once more, before lifting his shotgun and blasting MacGregor at close range. As she lay dying on the floor, Maddrell aimed for Chatterton and pulled the trigger. A panic-stricken Kirsty attempted to flee, but the gunman shot her before emptying one last bullet from his spring loaded weapon into Lexie as she came down the stairs, startled by the echo of gunshots downstairs. With the four innocent girls dead, Maddrell left the home. Although he admitted to the slaying, he was declared a paranoid schizophrenic and found not guilty by reason of insanity.








CALIFORNIA, USA, 7 NOVEMBER 1987

# 'ROCKSTAR' RAMIREZ'S EVIL GRIN

Serial killer Richard Ramirez was back in court to face sentencing, but the outwardly cool and collected criminal was more interested in causing a stir than admitting remorse

**A**fter a 16-month trial, the Night Stalker, Richard Ramirez, was sentenced to death for his satanic-tinged crimes against 14 victims, who he burgled, raped, sodomised and murdered over a span of 16 months. Exuding arrogance and nonchalance, Ramirez stood in court in his jailhouse blues and signature dark sunglasses as Superior Court Judge Michael Tynan imposed the sentence for the defendant's "cruelty, callousness and viciousness beyond any human understanding." Given 19 death sentences, Ramirez simply replied, "No big deal. Death always comes with the territory. I'll see you in Disneyland." But before he was led away, his blasé demeanour changed and he chillingly addressed the court in a rambling monologue: "You maggots make me sick. Hypocrites one and all. We are all expendable for a cause. No one knows that better than those who kill for policy, clandestinely or openly as to the governments of the world which kill in the name of God and country." Outside the court, crowds of those who both loved and loathed the killer gathered, which only appeared to further please Ramirez, who had earlier asked, "Where are all the women?" before he was escorted into the sheriff's van. Once seated back in the vehicle, with the baying crowds surrounding the man who had terrorised the residents of South Carolina and San Francisco under a cloak of darkness, Ramirez was transported to San Quentin Prison to await his death.





WEST YORKSHIRE, UK, 7 APRIL 2008

# £50K FAKE KIDNAP PLOY OF A COLD-HEARTED MOTHER

When the intensive search for a missing schoolgirl came to a bizarre end, a cloud of suspicion fell upon her mother for facilitating a callous ruse for cash

**N**ine-year-old Shannon Matthews had been missing for more than three weeks when she was discovered, concealed but unharmed, in the base of a divan bed inside a house connected to her family's home. The high-profile disappearance of British toddler Madeleine McCann just a year earlier sparked fears that a similar fate may have befallen Shannon, who first disappeared outside her school on 19 February.

39-year-old Michael Donovan, the uncle of Shannon's mother's boyfriend, and resident of the home where Shannon was found, was arrested at the scene. Police questioned the victim to establish just how she had come to be so close to home after all this time, and attention was quickly turned to her mother, Karen Matthews. Donovan was charged with kidnapping and false imprisonment,

but in a shocking twist just weeks later, Matthews was also arrested for child neglect and perverting the course of justice. The seething glare of public speculation followed Matthews's trial months later in November as the courts heard how she had plotted a fake kidnapping with Donovan in a bid to make £50,000 from the ordeal once Shannon was 'safely found'. The victim was drugged and restrained in the flat while the outside world hunted fervently for the missing schoolgirl. Matthews and Donovan were found guilty of kidnapping, false imprisonment and perverting the course of justice and were each sentenced to eight years in prison. The mother's betrayal spurred anger and disgust from the thousands of viewers around the country who witnessed her taken down for the crimes against her own daughter.











# STRANGLER ON THE SCHOOL TRIP

IT WAS A CASE OF CURIOSITY CAUGHT THE KILLER FOR FRANCISCO ARCE MONTES, WHO ROAMED HOSTELS IN EUROPE AND THE USA SEEKING VICTIMS AND EVADING AUTHORITIES UNTIL, ON A WHIM, ONE MAN SEARCHED HIS NAME IN A DATABASE

WORDS PAUL FRENCH

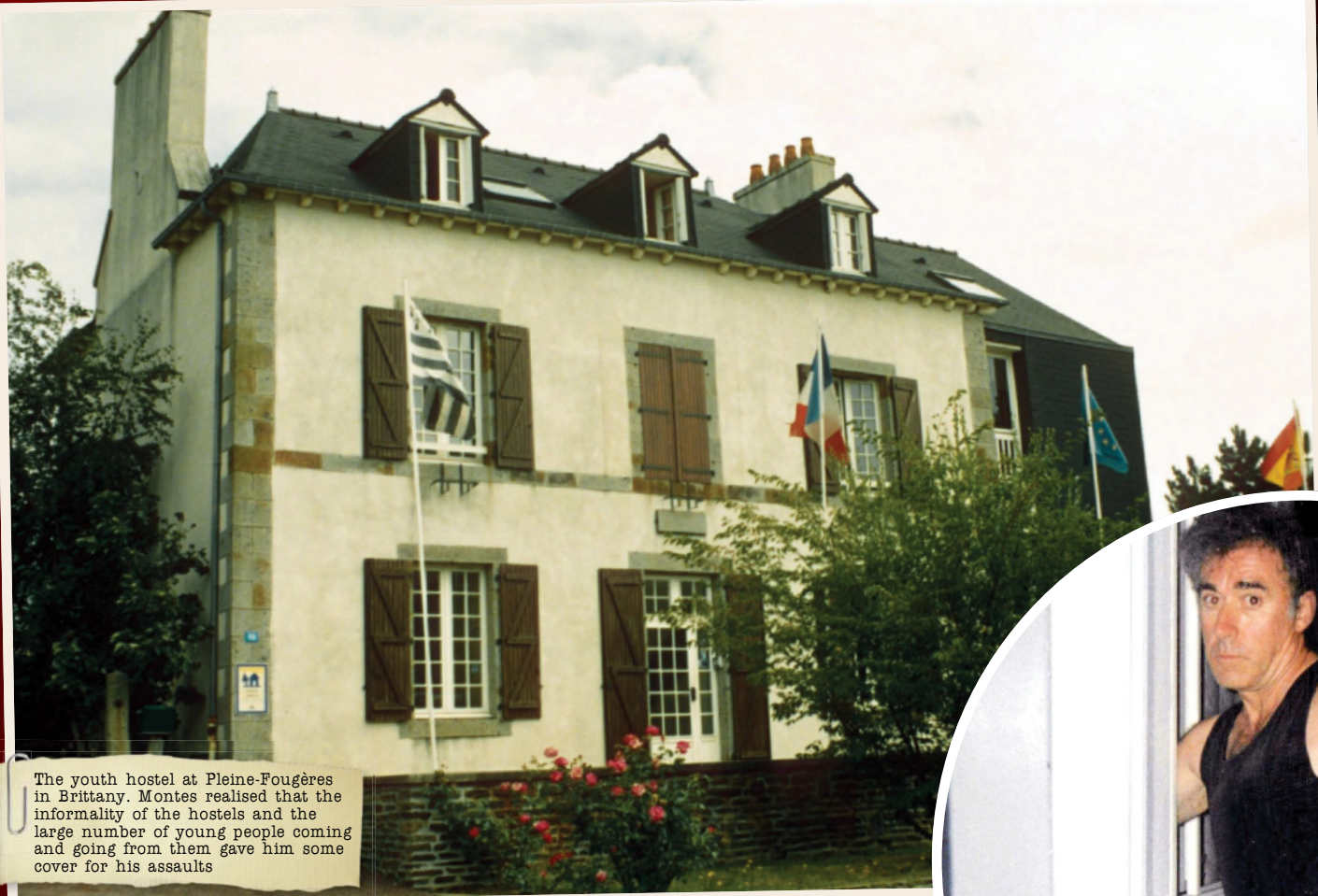
**W**ithout the natural curiosity of Tommy Ontko, we'd probably never know who raped and then murdered Caroline Dickinson, a 13-year-old English schoolgirl on holiday in France in 1996. The global drifter invariably slipped through the regular police nets to roam freely and would still be out there, free to assault and even kill young women in hostels, rather than languishing in a French jail.

Tommy Ontko was an immigration intelligence officer who worked at Detroit Metropolitan Airport in the USA. He was a curious kind of guy, the sort who picked up foreign newspapers left on terminal seats, skimmed them for any items of interest, surfed the internet looking for similar interesting stories and occasionally got lucky and picked up the trail of a felon. One day in 2001, Tommy picked up a pile of British newspapers left in the airport and took them to browse on his coffee break. He flicked through them until his attention was caught by a story on the fifth anniversary of the murder of Caroline Dickinson. Tommy had a son the same age as Caroline at the time when she was killed – barely 13 – so the story resonated with him. He read in the British tabloid that, on the anniversary, the French police were appealing for more



Caroline Dickinson was an innocent 13-year-old Cornish girl enjoying a school-organised holiday to France – Montes raped and killed her





The youth hostel at Pleine-Fougères in Brittany. Montes realised that the informality of the hostels and the large number of young people coming and going from them gave him some cover for his assaults

information, they were interested in anything anyone might have seen in 1996 but didn't think important back then: any bit of gossip they had heard since that might shed light on the cold case, any information at all that might lead to an idea of the current whereabouts of the prime suspect, Francisco Arce Montes, a Spanish national. As an intelligence officer with the airport, Tommy Ontko had access to multiple state, federal police force and immigration department computer databases that tracked everyone arriving at and departing from the USA. He tapped in the name, and hit pay dirt.

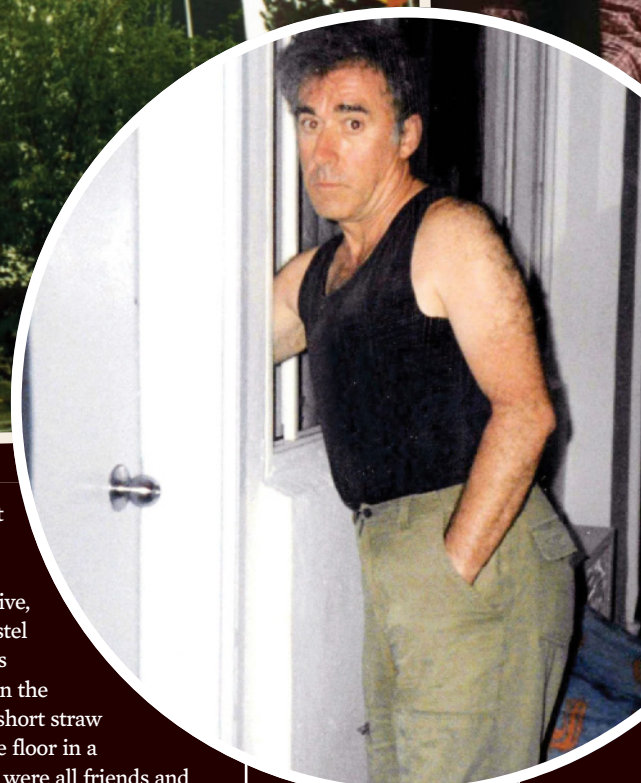
## THE HOSTEL MURDER

In the summer of 1996, 13-year-old Caroline Dickinson was taking part in an established English rite of passage – the first school trip to France. That year, 40 pupils from Launceston

College in Cornwall were staying in Pleine-Fougères in Brittany, north-west France. Caroline's teacher, Elizabeth Barker, had organised the trip with everyone staying at a cheap, but attractive, youth hostel. It was cramped at the hostel – five to a room with four on bunk beds opposite each other and one sleeping on the floor in between. Caroline had got the short straw and therefore was camped down on the floor in a sleeping bag. But nobody minded; they were all friends and all thrilled to be on holiday in France. The evening before Caroline was killed, Elizabeth Barker remembers the girls, all 13 and in the same year at school, singing and giggling in their room before lights out. They went to their dorm room happy that night.

Sometime around three in the morning, when all the girls in the hostel were asleep, Francisco Montes, a troubled and mentally unstable man from Spain who was aimlessly drifting around France that summer, broke into the dorm room, raped Caroline while muffling her voice, killed her by suffocation and then escaped. Montes was in the hostel for perhaps as long as 45 minutes.

In the morning, Caroline's dorm mates tried to wake her and discovered she was dead. They were shocked – all the more so because they realised that they had been awoken in the early hours by noise from Caroline's sleeping bag; noises they thought were her tossing and turning and mumbling in her sleep. They assumed she was having a nightmare, they were only half awake themselves and fell asleep again. They only realised later that it must have been Montes raping, and eventually killing, their friend.



ABOVE Montes preyed on young women staying in dorm rooms in youth hostels across Europe and the United States



The town of Pleine-Fougères in the Ille-et-Vilaine department of Brittany, north-west France – a popular location for backpackers, school trips and holidaying families from all over Europe





**ABOVE** This is the dorm room in Pleine-Fougères where Caroline was raped and killed in the early hours of the morning. The other girls sharing the dorm heard muffled cries but assumed that Caroline was having a nightmare



**ABOVE** Caroline's friends were obviously keen to help the French police solve her murder – however, Montes stifled Caroline's screams, meaning none of them realised what was happening to their friend

The French police immediately began a search for the killer. Officers from Devon and Cornwall police travelled swiftly to France to help. The 'Dickinson Crisis Centre' was established in the nearby coastal city of Saint Malo – over the weeks it received 1,100 calls from people with possible information and later claimed that more than 600 of these calls were useful. The police also conducted DNA tests on everyone staying at the hostel, which ruled out any of the residents that night. The problem was that the hostel was surrounded by numerous campsites and short-stay hotels – it was a holiday area, transient by nature, with people constantly coming and going. Tracking down everyone that had been in and around Pleine-Fougères, and by extension the large surrounding area of Brittany, one of France's most popular summer touring destinations, that July was a massive task. Ultimately, despite all the helpful calls, the DNA testing and the manhunt, the French police could arrest nobody for the murder.

Five years later and three French police officers were still assigned to the case – still tracking down anyone who had been in that area of Brittany in July 1996. By the summer of 2001, they had DNA tested more than 3,500 individuals who had been in Brittany at the time of the killing. The tested men reflected the Brittany population in the summer months of the high holiday season, coming from more than a dozen countries. The officers had cleared them all. However, the Dickinson investigation team at Saint Malo had a list of 48 people, mostly from Britain and Spain, that they still wanted to contact and DNA test. At the same time, the police were looking for any similar incidents at hostels, camp sites and hotels all over France around that time. They found several similar attacks – men creeping into dorm rooms to interfere

with young girls – in nearby Breton hostels. One suspect in particular was known to have stayed at several of these hostels, he was known to have been in the vicinity of Pleine-Fougères that July, and so he was at the top of the police's list of 48 suspects for the crime: a Spaniard named Francisco Arce Montes. French police put out an all-points bulletin for Montes across Europe.

The police reasoned that one person within that group of 48 was their killer; they further reasoned that, given his known movements, Montes was most probably their man. On the fifth anniversary of the murder, they decided to issue a story to the media to try to jog people's memories, to find the elusive 48, to name and hopefully track down Montes. It was a publicity punt, the sort that often reminds people of a terrible tragedy but perhaps nothing more as it was so long ago. But this time it was worth the effort. Almost 6,500 kilometres away in his office at Detroit's Metro Airport, Tommy Ontko grabbed those discarded British tabloids and spent a productive coffee break leafing through them.

### MIAMI PROWLER

French police officials had believed Montes was still in Europe and so they hadn't looked for him beyond the continent's borders. They got very lucky when Tommy's curiosity was piqued by what was in the English press.

**“ IN THE MORNING, CAROLINE'S DORM MATES TRIED TO WAKE HER AND DISCOVERED SHE WAS DEAD ”**



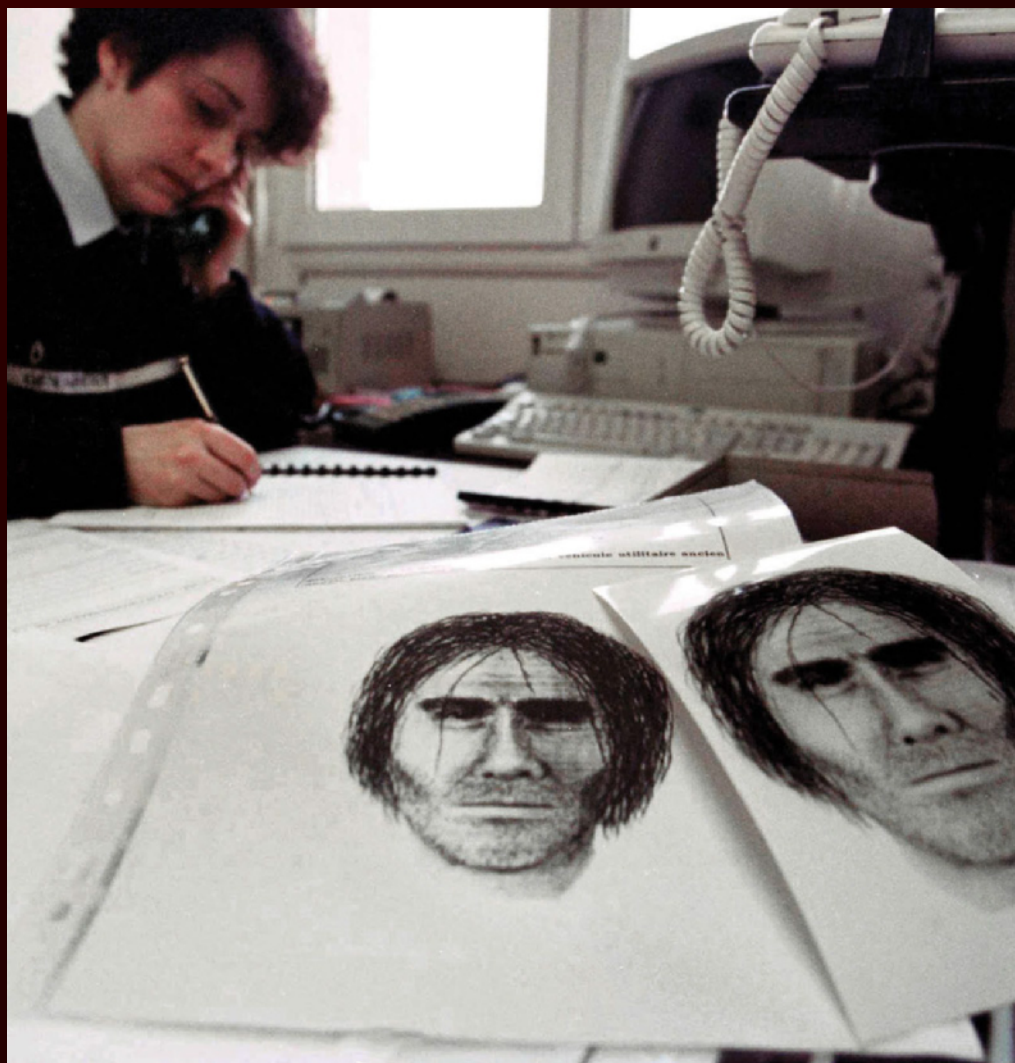
Tommy ran Montes through his own Stateside databases and got a hit – a Spanish national by the name of Francisco Arce-Montes was in the custody of the Miami Beach Police Department. Tommy Ontko got on the phone to the French police and matched their Arce Montes with his Francisco Arce-Montes and thought maybe he had their man – the birth dates given in hotel registers in France matched those in the registers of hostels and motels in Miami Beach.

The one person in Miami who knew more about Francisco Montes than anyone else was Sergeant Angel Vazquez of the Miami Beach Police Department (MBPD). Sergeant Vazquez had been investigating a series of assaults in youth hostels in the Miami Beach area. There had been four attacks by men on female residents of the hostels and all of them had involved attempted rape. The worst attack had been on a female Irish tourist. Arguably, most of the women being attacked in Miami were older than Caroline. That may have saved them as they had been able to struggle more, shout and scream for help to scare off their attacker. Caroline had, of course, been much younger, less able to defend herself. Vazquez knew that the attacker was probably the same man in all the Miami hostels and motels – the culprit had entered the women's rooms stealthily and attacked them by smothering their mouths to prevent them from waking up their dorm mates. Vazquez cross-referenced hostel and cheaper motel residents at the time of the attacks and got the name Francisco Arce-Montes. He then trawled the remaining hostels of the area and found him at the Banana Bungalow motel and youth hostel in Miami Beach. When Vazquez got to the Banana Bungalow with the arrest warrant, Francisco Montes was lounging by the side of the motel's pool, seemingly without a care in the world. Vazquez arrested him.

Vazquez (who had, during the course of hunting the hostel attacker, been promoted from sergeant to major) DNA tested Montes and matched his DNA to semen recovered at the scene of the attack on the Irish female tourist. Through his DNA and other evidence, Major Vazquez was able to link Francisco Montes to the other four attacks in the Miami Beach area. Montes was charged, arraigned, denied parole (due to the possibility that he might try to flee back to Spain to avoid trial) and placed in police custody pending trial on four charges of assault and attempted rape. Then the curious Tommy Ontko put in a call from the freezing cold of Detroit to Major Vazquez in sunny Miami.

## IT'S A MATCH

Major Vazquez confirmed to Tommy Ontko and later to the French police that Francisco Arce-Montes's modus operandi was almost exactly the same as they'd seen in the Caroline Dickinson killing five years earlier – the targets were all hostels or transient motels, he entered dorm rooms quietly in the early hours of the morning, then he attempted to rape the women while stifling their cries to stop them waking up their roommates. In the case of Caroline Dickinson, he then murdered her after raping her. They were bold crimes in a sense – reckless. The chances of roommates waking up were high; yet Montes had seemingly got away with it in both Brittany and Miami. Indeed his boldness, or recklessness, had paid off for far longer in far more places than originally imagined. By linking databases and appealing for information across the continent, women were voluntarily coming forward. It turned out that he had committed similar crimes in Holland, Germany and most probably several other European countries before flying to the USA.



**ABOVE** French police established the Dickinson Crisis Centre in nearby Saint Malo. Well over 1,000 phone calls came in and they began to build up a picture of the Hostel Killer

As news of Montes's arrest in Florida and the link back to the crimes in France five years before hit the papers, a French woman – Christine Le Menes – came forward in Holland claiming that as far back as 1981 Montes had climbed into her bunk in a youth hostel and touched her sexually without her consent. When she had resisted, he had got rough and broken her arm. The woman had been a young girl at the time of the attack. It was also revealed that Montes had been jailed in Germany for armed rape – forcing a woman at knife-point to have sex with him. Other charges followed – he had interfered with several young women among a group of Irish tourists staying in a hostel in central France in 1994; then he was apprehended at a hostel in Llanes, northern Spain (and almost back to his childhood home in Asturias), harassing young girls in their dorms. In August 1997, he was arrested for yet another attack on a girl in Llanes, an arrest that led to another prison spell. He has also been a suspect in various assaults in British youth hostels in the 1990s.

Things took a strange turn, however. Though he had assaulted her as a child, Christine Le Menes later began a relationship with Montes and bore his child. Perhaps, despite the strange beginnings, a more stable life could have been

**“THE CHANCES OF ROOMMATES WAKING UP WERE HIGH; YET MONTES HAD SEEMINGLY GOT AWAY WITH IT IN BOTH BRITTANY AND MIAMI”**



## A ROAMING RAPIST

MONTES'S FIRST KNOWN ASSAULT WAS IN HOLLAND IN 1981, HIS LAST IN THE USA IN 2001 – FOR 20 YEARS HE ROAMED EUROPE AND THE USA ATTACKING YOUNG GIRLS

### HOLLAND

Montes first assaulted French girl Caroline Le Menes in a Dutch youth hostel in 1981. She sustained a broken arm.

### GERMANY

He was jailed for five years in Germany in the late-1980s for armed rape on girls in youth hostels – one rape was in 1985 and another in 1988.

### SPAIN

Montes was arrested in the summer of 1996 and then again in the summer of 1997 in the coastal resort of Llanes, Spain, for assaulting girls in youth hostels, this time restraining his victims at knife-point while he attacked.

### FRANCE

In 1996, Montes murdered British schoolgirl Caroline Dickinson in the Breton town of Pleine-Fougères. French police say he committed other youth hostel assaults in nearby Saint-Lunaire and perhaps other popular holiday resorts across Brittany.

### UNITED STATES

In the late 1990s, Montes decided to skip Europe for North America, basing himself in Florida, moving around Miami and Miami Beach. He was responsible for at least five serious assaults in the Miami Beach area.



After Tommy Ontko's curiosity in the USA, Montes was deported to France to face trial for Caroline Dickinson's rape and murder

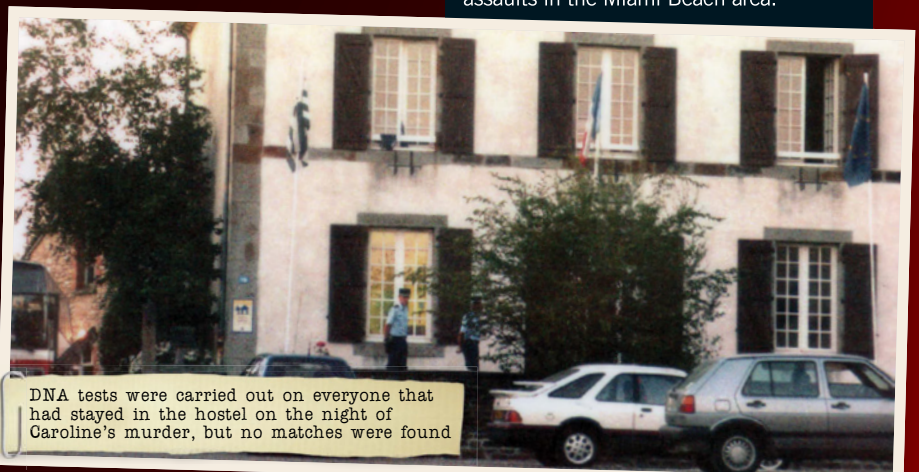
possible. However, it seems that Montes became violent and Le Menes was forced to take her child and leave him. When she saw his name in the papers linked to the Dickinson murder and the assaults in Miami, she wasn't surprised and contacted the French police.

All of this was certainly enough evidence for the state of Florida. The MBPD suspended its charges against Montes, allowing for his extradition back to France to face charges for the rape and murder of Caroline Dickinson.

Only then did the police really discover anything about Francisco Arce Montes, his background and motivations.

### 'A MISERABLE CHILD'

Francisco Xavier Arce Montes was born in 1950 in the city of Gijón, northern Spain. He was the youngest son of a respectable middle-class couple who ran a neighbourhood grocery store. Gijón is a pleasant enough city, the capital of Asturias and situated on the picturesque Bay of Biscay. The family was not wealthy, but it seems the young boy wanted for nothing materially. However, spiritually was another matter, if Montes was to be believed. Francisco Montes described his own childhood as "miserable" and his parents as "cruel". In his teenage years he became a loner, estranged from his siblings, school friends and parents. Montes became obsessive about his personal hygiene; obsessive to the point of always wiping doorknobs and light switches with his handkerchief before using them, washing constantly, fearing



DNA tests were carried out on everyone that had stayed in the hostel on the night of Caroline's murder, but no matches were found



germs everywhere. He insisted all his food be washed with bottled mineral water before being cooked.

In his late teens, Montes began to exhibit strange and problematic sexual behaviour. At 20, he exposed himself to a neighbour, who complained about the incident, leading the authorities to insist he get counselling. His parents were forced to send him to a psychologist who swiftly diagnosed the young man with acute depression and progressive schizophrenia. Montes did not hang around to get any more help or treatment, and took off.

Unable to fit in with his peer group, alienated by his alarmed parents, fearing arrest for his strange sexual practices and not finding a place in Gijon society, Montes began aimlessly wandering Europe, living in a succession of cheap youth hostels and motels. He found occasional work as a casual waiter in various restaurants while his father (supposedly so cold and “cruel”) regularly sent him money to sustain him. By the time of his first known assault, of the young Christine Le Menes in the Netherlands, Montes was already in his 30s. By the time he killed Caroline Dickinson, at the age of 46, he had been roaming Europe for years. After the murder of Caroline Dickinson, it seems that Montes continued to roam Europe, before eventually leaving for the USA. The true number of his victims may never be known.



ABOVE Caroline was just one of 40 English girls on the trip to Pleine-Fougères. Montes, at his trial, never spoke of why he selected her as his victim

## FINALLY, A FRENCH COURTROOM

Montes stood in the dock for his trial in the French city of Rennes in June 2004. He had always looked quite youthful for his age – but arrest, deportation and now the trial had aged him noticeably. At first he was combative, denying all the charges against him and particularly denying that he had raped and murdered 13-year-old Caroline Dickinson. He challenged the DNA evidence against him; he denied the assault charges that had seen him jailed first in Germany and then Spain. He claimed the incidents at various hostels in Miami, including the attack on the Irish female tourist, were “misunderstandings”. Then he changed his tune slightly and admitted assaulting Caroline back in 1996, but continued to strenuously deny killing her.

But the evidence was strong. Major Thierry Lezeau of the French police had worked the Dickinson killing from the Saint Malo incident room for years, tracking Montes, placing him in the vicinity of many attacks, building the evidence against him for the killing in Pleine-Fougères, scouring Europe for him. Lezeau told the court: “It is very clear to me that the asphyxiation was significant and harsh. She stopped breathing very quickly.” Still Montes adamantly refused to admit killing Caroline.

**“ALTHOUGH MANY OF HIS VICTIMS WERE IN THE PUBLIC GALLERY, HE INSISTED THAT HE HAD NOT ATTACKED, ASSAULTED OR RAPED THEM BUT THAT THEY HAD BEEN WILLING LOVERS”**

## AND THEN HIS MOTHER TOOK THE STAND

To those present in the Rennes Courthouse that day, it seemed that the explosion of hatred that burst forth from the accused’s mother instantly crumpled all of Montes’s bravado. He had strongly maintained his innocence throughout. Although many of his victims were in the public gallery, he insisted that he had not attacked, assaulted or raped them but that they had been willing lovers, happy for him to seduce

them, had invited him into their dorms and sleeping bags. It was horrible for his victims to hear. He denied killing Caroline, and coldly looked her parents in the eye as he did so. He was a hard man to crack, so it seemed. But, despite his bravado and denial, he ultimately couldn’t withstand his mother’s onslaught.

Senora Montes took the stand and declared her son “repulsive”. She looked him straight in the eye, from the witness dock to her accused son, and told him that she found him and his actions “repulsive and reprehensible.” She disowned him publicly, and told the court that she would rather live on the streets, homeless, than under a roof with the man before her, her son. Montes was visibly shocked and broke down, admitting to the murder of Caroline Dickinson. He acknowledged the extent of his crime and also that the Dickinson family would never forgive him.

The judge handed Montes a 30-year sentence. On appeal a year later, Montes’s conviction and sentence were upheld and he has since abandoned any further appeals.

## CURIOSITY CAUGHT THE KILLER

Many of Montes’s victims from across Europe attended his trial in Rennes; so did Caroline Dickinson’s distraught parents, her old school friends and teachers, as well as police officers from Devon and Cornwall, France and Miami, who had hunted the man for years. Even his former victim-turned-partner Christine Le Menes was present. Tommy Ontko didn’t travel to Rennes though. He probably read about the trial back in his office in Detroit, perhaps in the discarded newspapers from Europe he picked up in the arrivals or the departures lounges of the airport. Yet it was his curiosity and his decision to bother to punch Montes’s name into his computer that began the final process of finally bringing the killer to justice.

It is fair to say that Francisco Xavier Arce Montes is today behind bars for the killing of Caroline Dickinson in 1996 because of Tommy Ontko’s curiosity and instinct – something many people have reason to be thankful for.



Caroline’s family never gave up the hunt – they worked with the police in France, they visited the Pleine-Fougères hostel and the police centre in Saint Malo and, finally, sat through Montes’s trial to see him convicted





The Banana Bungalow motel in Miami Beach, Florida, where American police arrested Montes for assaulting women at various hostels and motels across the state



Francisco Xavier Arce Montes wandered Europe posing as a backpacker and traveller, working restaurant jobs to make ends meet while selecting his victims



## AN “EVIL MAN”

A YEAR AFTER THE ORIGINAL TRIAL, THE DICKINSON FAMILY HAD TO HEAR THE HORRIBLE STORY OF THEIR DAUGHTER’S RAPE AND MURDER ALL OVER AGAIN

In June 2005, Montes was back in court appealing the sentence he had been handed for the rape and murder of Caroline Dickinson. However, it appears that he did not seriously think he would be freed, but wanted to explain his side of the story.

Montes claimed that he had never intended to kill Caroline but only to stifle her cries; that she had been accidentally suffocated. He further claimed that he was high on a mix of tranquillisers and alcohol at the time. Caroline’s family struck back, calling Montes an “evil man”. Despite Montes’s apologies and his statement that he was not in a responsible state of mind at the time, the appeal jury took only a short time to reject his claims and he was returned to prison. Since then, Montes has said nothing publicly about his crimes.





Nannie Doss



Stephen Port



Raymond Fernandez



Rodney Alcala



# LONELY HEARTS KILLERS

WHETHER IT WAS IN NEWSPAPER ADVERTS OR ONLINE APPS, THOSE SEARCHING FOR 'THE ONE' DIDN'T EXPECT TO MATCH WITH THESE COLD-HEARTED KILLERS


WORDS DR CHARLIE OUGHTON

Cupid may be a cute, mythical little cherub, but he's been responsible for a whole lot of carnage across the years. For many people, sweet whisperings result in warm embraces, peace and support lasting eternity, should they so wish it. But others looking for love are at risk. They face the unknown: the suitor whose stashed weapon provides a few seconds' thrill, the deadly devotee who loves too much to let go and lovers who think their desire conquers the law itself, to gain wealth or whatever they want through hot, sticky murder. Here we focus on how and why Cupid's little

messengers – from old-fashioned Lonely Hearts columns through to online apps – have been used by killers stalking sweethearts across the decades. As the love god's wings know no bounds, we will swoop across continents to look at the stories of those who lured with the promise of love, from the fraudulent fondness of Nannie Doss, Martha Beck and Raymond Fernandez, and the photographic capturers Rodney Alcala (who appeared on TV's *The Dating Game*) to the cannibalistic Jeffrey Dahmer in the USA and the modern malevolence of the English dating app killer Stephen Port.



Jeffrey Dahmer



Martha Beck



# COLUMN KILLERS

## THESE LONELY HEARTS SOUGHT LOVELORN VICTIMS

Prevent a woman from playing her inner princess and you'll pay the price: Nancy 'Nannie' Doss immersed herself in true romance literature from her childhood to escape her upbringing with a strict 1900s father who refused to let her dress up, stating it would lure the wrong kind of men. He often withdrew her from school into forced drudgery on their farm in Alabama and, thus, fear and fantasy fused in her head. It wasn't the only thing that did, mind, as a childhood bump on the noggin resulted in blackouts, dizziness and depression, on which she blamed her later crimes. She poisoned her husbands and murdered her family members including, it is thought, her baby grandson.

Flying in the face of her desires was Charles Braggs, a man she'd known for a matter of months and on who she was forced by daddy dearest. Wilted all the more by an overbearing mother-in-law, her murders started when, having taken refuge in the arms of alcohol, affairs and cigarettes, her middle children mysteriously died of food poisoning. Already terrified of her temper, her horrified husband fled.

Doss then flung herself into the anonymity of Lonely Hearts columns. Two years after her divorce, Nannie married Frank Harrelson. He played to her heart with poetry and they were married for 16 years, but it was a love of a different sort she could not brook. The screams of brats are not coos of contentment and the family found her hovering over her dead baby grandson's head with a needle. The demise was recorded as asphyxia and Nannie got the insurance she'd taken out on the babe's life. Harrelson's own dispatch occurred via toxin-laced drink one night after he'd drunkenly tried to rape her. Stating later, "I put rat poison in his rotgut whiskey," she was entirely unrepentant.

Doss proceeded to use the Lonely Hearts columns as the hope for the heart, but if nothing else as succour for her bank balance. Back before the internet, the only word one got on a person's past or character was from their own mouth or (if local) rumours of peccadilloes that could be explained away. Husbands Arlie Lanning (an alcoholic womaniser) and Richard Morton (just a womaniser) met bitter ends, and Nannie settled with churchgoer Samuel Doss.

This was back when it was assumed that men were the masters of the house. Their miscreant behaviour was often tolerated by women used to sticking to chores when their childbearing days were done. Similarly, Samuel (who disapproved of Nannie's fixation with romantic slush) expected her to put the books down.

However, Doss was accidentally in keeping with second-wave feminism in demanding the right to her own interests. Unfortunately, she could see no way other than death to do it and her husband's demise came shortly after his supper of prunes. As she untangled herself from other relationships, morticians started to follow her around – relatives died when there was a house to inherit and Nannie's own sister, Dovie, departed this mortal coil when her sibling retired there to catch her breath. Doss was only arrested after an undertaker noted "enough arsenic to kill a horse" in Samuel's system – "He sure did like them prunes," Nannie was to comment. She'd helped him wash the fruit pie down with a spoonful of arsenic in his coffee.

Nannie confessed to killing her four dead husbands and was suspected of up to 14 deaths in total. She was tried only

for the murder of Samuel on strength of evidence and evaded execution on account of her gender. The image of the sweet heroine saved her neck as it was seen as unseemly to decree death to the fairer sex. She died of leukaemia, imprisoned, in 1969 at the age of 65.

Of course, the paradox of Lonely Hearts killers is that the couple to who the moniker was most famously attached stayed together not because of romance, but because they couldn't be apart. Martha Beck and Raymond Fernandez banded together in the 1940s to swindle love-seeking ladies, leading to murder before they got trapped by the slings and arrows that flew between them.

Martha Seabrook was not your standard sweetheart. She'd been a larger girl since childhood. Her weight was attributed to a glandular issue, medicalised as such because of the shame of a plump frame back when body positivity wasn't yet a twinkle in fourth-wave feminism's eye. As a result of her size, Martha experienced puberty early, from the physical changes to the emotional upshift to womanhood. Girls were meant to be innocent but Martha was on fire, only to find the flame doused by mommie dearest, a woman who would chide her daughter for her looks. To add insult to injury, Mrs Seabrook beat Martha when the tearful child confided in her about the sexual assault she alleged had happened at the hands of her brother. Knowing that this meant Seabrook was a mother in nothing but name, Martha fled to look for affection, love and support elsewhere.

At that time, it was inconceivable that a woman should not want for a dashing husband to sweep her off her feet. After a succession of failed relationships as well as difficulty finding jobs owing to her girth, Martha, like Nannie Doss, found solace in romance novels before deciding to become her own heroine. She placed an advert in a Lonely Hearts column, hoping that someone, somewhere would hear her soul singing towards him.

At this point, it's important to consider some differences between dating in the Lonely Hearts columns in the late 1940s and in the digital age, where people have access to the internet via smart phone. The columns were typically found at the back of newspapers and magazines along with adverts for services – anything from mechanics to home renovations – and thus rendered human connection as something that could be bought with the printing fee. It could be a place for the desperate who could not find a partner owing to personal failing or the cruelty of chance, such as bereavement or simply overwork. Geography could add to the difficulty. The columns emphasised isolation for people who could not simply go online, free, to find billions of others who silently shared their quandary. The adverts developed a system of abbreviations such as WLTM (would like to meet) and GSOH (good sense of humour) to save space and cost. Not only did these abbreviations contain the excitement of a secret code, they also held the frisson of adventure – a sense of humour can have many styles – and the possibility of what if?

The BHM (big handsome man) who answered her call was one Raymond Fernandez. They got on like a house on fire and swore to marry, Martha depositing her children with the Salvation Army and running pell mell to his side. He was good at giving game and lapped up her attention. It

**RIGHT** Mutually supportive, Martha reaches to rearrange Raymond's tie as he holds his head high for her to help, despite both of them being handcuffed to police officers

**“AS SHE UNTANGLED HERSELF FROM OTHER RELATIONSHIPS, MORTICIANS STARTED TO FOLLOW HER AROUND”**





Killer cook Nannie Doss enjoys herself enormously while sharing a smile being interviewed by Captain Harry Stege. She'd just confessed to murdering her husbands

## ARSENIC PIE

NANNIE DOSS KNEW THAT FOOD WAS THE WAY TO (STOP) A MAN'S HEART

Nannie realised that to be a multiple murderess, she would have to 'off' her husbands in a way that wouldn't raise suspicion. To do this, she sprinkled arsenic – easily available at a chemist – in to pies. Tasteless and with a consistency that is crystalline like sugar, a small amount can be fatal to an adult. After ingestion, the smell of garlic may seem to waft from your skin and slither into your mouth. Licking your lips to investigate the taste may draw attention to increased salivation, though your teeth bite down as abdominal pains and diarrhoea take hold – a distraction from the vomit beginning to battle with the garlic. Attempts to deal with the fluids coming from both ends of your body will certainly be hampered by the poison's attacks on your innards. As it eats you, you begin to feel weak, tired and weary. Far away, nerves send distress signals – pins and needles – as you descend into death.



was a fairy tale come true. No, really, it was – one night he crumpled and poured forth his story.

In Raymond's life, the implement that changed his days was not an arrow, but a steel latch that caught his thatch on board a ship. His head injury saw him go from standard citizen to the stealing cell mate of a voodoo prison king. In doing so, he apparently learned how to be irresistible to sexy women. Not that irresistible, mind – when he set out for a career of post-prison fraud by checking the Lonely Hearts for woman he might con out of a bob or two, he was careful to conceal his baldness beneath a wig. So much for total honesty in being TDH (tall, dark and handsome).

Only then he met Martha. Accidentally falling in love, he let her in on his plan to fleece women (previously including her) at the altar. He expected his sweetheart to flee – a hopeless romantic indeed.

Martha listened and thought it sounded like a recipe for fun, travel and adventure, perhaps with the added advantage of becoming financially secure. They placed more advertisements, posing – rather unromantically – as brother and sister to lure unsuspecting ladies into handing over those all important assets. There was one slight problem: nobody crosses Cupid without getting shot, and Martha got jealous. While Raymond was lining ladies up for the horizontal Tango to earn their trust, the furious Martha would enter. Raymond would give one Myrtle Young an overdose to ease

**“ UNABLE TO STAND HER SWEETHEART SAYING SOOTHING WORDS, HOWEVER FAKE, TO ANOTHER, MARTHA DECIDED TO KILL ”**

his beloved's ire. Unable to stand her sweetheart's soothing words, however fake, to another, Martha killed Janet Fay, and gave Ray a lick of her fury.

The rampages led to marital strife until the cries of the infant of intended victim Delphine Downing led to the strangulation of the child and the murder of the mother. The pair went then went to the pictures where they were caught, the alarm having been raised by Downing's neighbours.

The story has the heart of Valentine's passion at its core, and indeed, Raymond told the reporters: “I wanna shout it out; I love Martha! What do the public know about love?” Defiant as ever was Martha's reply: “My story is a love story. But only those tortured by love can know what I mean. I am a woman who had a great love and always will have it. Imprisonment in the Death House has only strengthened my feeling for Raymond.” She was 30 years old at the time.

Old Sparky called and they were extradited to New York where they were executed on 8 March 1951. Had their passions not been quite so piqued, they could have lived, and loved, another day.

**BELOW** Raymond's stoic, if somewhat confused, expression was common during his trial – an indicator of his perplexed actions, perhaps?





# IMMORTALISED IN FILM

THE CAMERA DISGUISED THEIR TRUE INTENTIONS

With the disco era it became more common for people to travel to clubs to find new loves rather than hiding in newsprint. The scene is set in Milwaukee in the 1990s, and Jeffrey Dahmer, complete with cop-style 'tache and a toned physique from a stint in the army, looks very much the gunner-style stunner.

Decidedly awkward from a young age, Jeffrey had never got to grips with his homosexuality, or his attraction to dead bodies for that matter. After a cooling-off period following his first murder of hitchhiker Steven Hicks years earlier, he'd survey the floor for his type – young, muscular, any colour – and would move on in, drink in hand, prepped with a hefty dose of sleeping tablet for them. Well, that was the age of innocence when Jeffrey mainly operated in the saunas and would sooth his conquests in to their induced slumber before molesting them... until he got caught and was barred.

After that, things got trickier. He had to make sure it seemed as though the boys were staying alive after their time with him, so he changed tactic. He'd look for a dude with the moves, give them a drink and propose that they engage in a little home pornography with him – making a muscle for his camera in return for a fee. With the nascent porn industry, the evolution of home entertainment, easier access to photographic equipment and new waves of people creating content outside of Hollywood, the allure of sex must have seemed juxtaposed with opportunity to his victims. Maybe the men thought they could be the next Ron Jeremy?

Many of these Adonises did Dahmer's bidding and emerged, blinking, into the unsuspecting daylight the morning after. Sadly, those Dahmer had truly desired were doomed, their heads drilled and filled with acid as he tried

**BELOW LEFT** Dahmer gave his victims drinks laced with sedatives so he could enact his every sexual desire without interruption

**BELOW** Notably stiff yet with his hand snaked around his soon-to-be-date's waist, killer Rodney Alcala wins *The Dating Game*. She found him weird and they didn't go out

LONELY HEARTS KILLERS

## BE DATE SAFE

PORT AND DAHMER SPIKED THEIR VICTIM'S DRINKS. HERE'S WHAT TO DO IF YOU THINK YOU'VE BEEN DRUGGED

Spiking is where alcohol, including additional units, or drugs are given to a person to consume without their knowledge. It is illegal whatever the reason behind it, and in England can result in up to ten years in prison for the person who provided the substance.

In some circumstances, people who have been spiked start to experience symptoms within 15-30 minutes of ingesting the substance. Their inhibitions may be lowered faster than usual and they may notice that their speech is slurred or that they can't think clearly. They may forget what they are talking about or lose concentration. This functional inability can extend into spatial confusion as they may struggle with their balance, become disorientated or have sensory disturbances such as hallucinations. They may suffer from fits of nausea, vomiting or become paranoid. At the extreme end of the symptom scale, they may have blocks of memory loss or become unconscious.

Spiking can lead to losing control of the situation completely, as well as later uncertainty about what has happened. This obviously impedes their ability to get any medical or legal assistance needed to resolve any events that happened as a result of their intoxication.



If you think you've been spiked, call the police – dial 999 in the UK and 911 in the US. It may save your life.



**“THOSE DAHMER  
HAD TRULY DESIRED  
WERE DOOMED, THEIR  
HEADS DRILLED AND  
FILLED WITH ACID AS  
HE TRIED TO TURN  
THEM INTO BRAIN-  
DEAD, COMPLIANT  
SEX PARTNERS”**





**ABOVE** Dahmer's first victim was Steven Hicks. According to Dahmer, after he strangled Hicks, he dissolved his flesh in acid and crushed his bones, scattering them in the woods. Authorities scoured the area to look for any trace of Hicks



Alcala was sentenced to death in 2010 for five murders he committed in the late 1970s. In 2013, he was given a further life sentence after admitting to two other murders

to turn them into brain-dead, compliant sex partners. Each of these unfortunates died. Fascinated by their innards, Jeffrey took photographs of their corpses in various states of decomposition, one man pictured with glutinous, shining strings where his legs had once been. The images are so bizarre as to belie their truthful record – they look all the bad fantasy that they actually were.

Unable to contemplate life without these lost boys, Dahmer dined on their bodies, leaving the remains to mulchify in vats of acid. He himself was finally killed in prison in the same way he had (allegedly accidentally) felled his first victim – battered to death with a barbell to the head.

In contrast, Rodney Alcala appeared on TV's *The Dating Game*, a couple-matching game show. He was the dashing Bachelor Number One, complete with a Jim Morrison mane of magnificence, a *Saturday Night Fever* suit and gnashers so perfect the studio lights actually cast an approving star on them. As the giggling, pretty paramour stepped on stage in her floral frock to pick her hunk, all were oblivious to the fact Alcala had already raped an eight-year-old and beat her with an iron bar. This Mr Saturday Night had only evaded a longer stretch in Lady Justice's studio because the child's parents wouldn't let her testify, citing damage already done.

As it turned out, Alcala's appearance on *The Dating Game* became infamous because he was later found guilty of murdering girls and young women. Theirs, unlike his, was not a constructed glamour of performed friendliness and expensive tailoring, but happiness, ambition and hope for the future. Jill Barcombe was an adventurer, Georgia Wixtead a nurse, Charlotte Lamb a legal secretary, Jill Parentau a computer operator, Cornelia Criley a flight attendant and

Ellen Hover an heiress. Robin Samsoe, the (known) youngest of Alcala's victims, was still a schoolgirl and an avid ballerina.

Their bodies were found in places varying from their beds through to wasteland. They had been sexually assaulted, several bludgeoned and others tortured. Alcala, as confused as his behaviour suggested, had even bitten one of the women's breasts – perhaps the actions of one whose appearance hid an innate immaturity where his basic understanding of aggression and love were irrevocably fused. He used this to gain victims' trust. A typesetter for *The New York Times*, he claimed to be a photographer and would compliment women on their looks. Maybe they could be models? Considering their vivaciousness and wish to befriend the seemingly well-meaning stranger, they obliged.

Like Dahmer, Alcala was partial to photographic mementos, and their radiance shone through the lens. While their lives were cut short, the images gave them a gift he truly wanted for himself – recognition. He even wrote a book called *You, The Jury* about his trials. For someone who had such a high opinion of himself, the book was reviewed as the ramblings of a madman. If he is remembered, it will not be as the date show hero.

The images of the girls, though, are different. Alcala's photographs were found in his safe and released to the public by Huntington Beach Police in 2010. The girls are luminous; transcendent. And this may, sadly, finally help justice. News sources published them. It was a way of encouraging those who survived to come forward so they can be removed from the files, but it also shows that those who may have died are not forgotten. As a result, 21 have been removed. Others may still be alive and shine on. To this day, Rodney rots in jail.

**LEFT** With his dimpled chin, blonde hair and athletic build, Jeffrey Dahmer looked like the typical boy next door at his court appearances for murder and cannibalism



# MOBILE MURDERER

## DATING APP, TO DATE-RAPE AND DEATH

A life in prison may be even more of a shock to Stephen Port, who perhaps isn't used to the real world.

Port's perversity found its place in 2016 via the digital age's addiction to online apps. He lied about himself to meet his victims before drugging them and disposing of the bodies of those who died in what may be the stupidest way possible.

Stephen Port seemed like a normal guy. Having trained as a cook, he lived in Essex, England, and mixed his suburban existence with the thrills of fantasy that information technology can now provide. Telling slight porkies about your background or looks in dating is nothing new, but because the internet offers us the chance to construct our reality, it can take it to a whole new level.

Most obviously, the ubiquity and user-friendliness of camera phones and editing technology encourages the omnipresence of the selfie, an increased awareness of how you look and, potentially, vanity. On the world wide web, this may suggest that you could be desirable to others who may be outside of your social circle, and was reflected in Port's profile description on Grindr, where he stated that he was looking for contact from "younger, smooth, slim guys, 18-24". He was 40 years old at the time.

While everyone naturally wants to look their best, and cross-generational coupling can work, the extent of Port's alterations borders on deception. It becomes nauseating when one considers that it was his self-obsession that led to his crimes.

Stating he was a graduate of the University of Oxford who had become a special needs teacher (smart and presumably caring), Port asked for contact from 'twinks' – boyish-looking men associated with naivety and innocence as well as sexuality. In his words, he loved "their energy, the life [and their] youth." He would take advantage of that, and a key part of the prosecution's evidence saw CCTV footage of him going into a flat, eyes hidden behind rock star glasses, to buy gamma hydroxybutyrate, also known as GHB, a sedative that in its liquid form is odourless and therefore easy to spike his victims' drinks with. He used the money made from his actual career as a cook, together with side-earnings from his own sex work, as a means to procure his victims.

Anthony Walgate grew up in Hull. An ambitious young guy with a ready smile, he moved south to try for a career in fashion, working as an escort as a means of making spare cash. Fun loving and affable, he agreed to provide his services to Port. By the next morning, the police had been alerted to the body of a young man found on the street – Port himself had rung in, saying that the man had perhaps "collapsed or had a seizure or something."

The thing is, you don't need internet cookies to leave a crumb trail. By wandering off down different mental avenues, Port gave police alternating accounts of what had happened, such as telling them that the young man had accidentally overdosed after they had consensual sex while also stating that he had simply found Walgate. The evidence connecting Port directly to the death was missed and he was released from prison a mere eight months later, with an electronic



tag for perverting the course of justice by lying about his involvement in the incident.

When Barbara Denham's dog, Max, was nuzzling around in the undergrowth of the parochial grounds of Saint Margaret's Church, she thought the person sitting against the religious ground's wall had been stolen by the glamour of the night before and was a drunk sleeping off a stupor. It was, apparently, an area well known for so-called 'dossers' and she reached out to rouse him... noticing instead he was cold as ice. It was the body of Gabriel Kovari. Within a month, she found another, Daniel Whitworth.

Port honestly thought he'd get away with murder and had left the corpses a few hundred metres away from his own home. He was linked to his fourth victim, Jack Taylor, after the family followed the media reports and noticed similarities between their son's disappearance and those of the other men who Port had left at the church. The family did their own detective work, showed the police and even contacted the PinkNews website to raise the alarm.

Like restoring a file from a desktop recycle bin, Port's proclivities were there for all to see in court. What had started as an innocuous enough interest in pornography had placed him at the centre of the narrative. Taking himself as the star, police found 83 home videos of him filming himself having intercourse with young men he'd met via apps, and during the 18 minutes in which one of these videos was

**ABOVE** Stephen Port (right) was seen on CCTV with his final victim, Jack Taylor, just hours before he killed him. The two had arranged to meet using gay dating app Grindr

**“ PORT DIDN'T CARE WHETHER THE DEATH SLUMBER INTO WHICH HIS VICTIMS FELL WAS REAL OR ILLUSORY ”**





Stephen Port's demeanour and hints of youthful hair contrast against his calculating crimes

played in court, it became clear that Port was raping a man who was unresponsive.

It seems as though the line between fantasy and reality had rubbed away for Port. He had drugged the men, destroyed their phones and even left a fake suicide note on Whitworth's body in which 'Whitworth' stated he had killed himself out of remorse for accidentally killing Kovari during a sex game. The judge ruled that these subsequent murders had probably been less based on the intent to kill and more on Port knowing that the drug dosages he was administering could be enough to kill, yet doing it anyway. Like a photograph stripped of its context, Port didn't care whether the death slumber into which his victims fell was real or illusory. He was sentenced to a whole life term after being convicted of four murders, three rapes, seven counts of administering a poison and three sexual assaults.

Port's perception of fame has impacted on his time in prison. He has given newspaper interviews boasting about the celebrities and politicians he has supposedly slept with and has commented that other inmates have asked him for his autograph. Chris Rojek, a professor of media and cultural studies, has talked about crime as a way of gaining fame. Sure, criminality will generate column inches, but as Port will find out, the media moves on. Soon, like Rodney Alcala, he will be old news. He is simply one of many who have forfeited their own life for an existence behind bars, lost amid the myriad of others who did the same.

The saving grace in all these cases is that just as the media highlights these crimes and how they came to be, it also reminds us these culprits are now either incarcerated or dead; fantasy only functions if you live to delight in it another day.



**ABOVE** Upon searching Port's home, police found sex toys, pornography and 'Amsterdam Gold' poppers, which were conveniently placed on his bedside table



**RIGHT** Port used a variety of dating apps and websites to meet his victims, lying about his age, his job and his intentions



MINUTE **BY** MINUTE

# RAOUL MOAT'S 'REVENGE' COP KILLER'S LAST STAND

IN SUMMER 2010, A STEROID-FUELLED GUNMAN BROUGHT FEAR TO A QUIET NORTH-ENGLISH VILLAGE AS HE TOOK REVENGE ON THOSE HE FELT HAD WRONGED HIM THE MOST

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

Even before Raoul Moat was released from Durham prison in England at the beginning of July 2010, there was evidence to suggest that he was both hot headed and had an axe to grind with Northumbria Police. In a 2008 psychotherapy referral questionnaire, he wrote that he was, "Aggressive and violent outside the home if provoked." Two years later, he was convicted of assaulting a nine-year-old member of his family and was sentenced to 18 weeks behind bars. Moat always maintained his innocence, claiming that police were out to get him. While serving his sentence, his girlfriend, 19-year-old Samantha Stobbart, told him that their six-year on-off relationship was over and that she was involved with another man, 29-year-old Chris Brown. In what she claimed was an attempt to keep a persistent ex-partner from pursuing her, she told a lie, informing Moat that her new boyfriend was a cop and that he was "younger and harder" than him, hoping it would warn him off.

However, this only agitated Moat and further deepened his hatred for the force. As far as he was concerned, he had lost everything and the police were to blame for it all.

**“IN A WEEK-LONG GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK, NORTHUMBRIA POLICE ATTEMPTED TO CATCH THE 37-YEAR-OLD GUNMAN, WHO HAD MADE A NUMBER OF THREATS”**

In a post published on his Facebook page shortly after his release, he wrote: "Just got out of jail, I've lost everything, my business, my property and to top it all off, my lass has gone off with someone else. Watch and see what happens next." Days later, the sleepy village of Rothbury in the north of England erupted into panic. A gun-wielding Moat had severely injured his ex-girlfriend, killed her new partner and blinded an innocent police officer in a nearby town. He was on the loose and hiding out in their village.

In a week-long game of hide-and-seek, Northumbria Police attempted to catch the 37-year-old gunman, who had made a number of threats to the lives of both members of the force and the public. It was a race against the clock to find Moat as he continued to elude the cops, thanks to help from his accomplices and a series of police blunders that saw Moat stay one step ahead of them for a number of days. During a climactic stand-off with police, Moat took his sawn-off shotgun and pointed it at his head. A plume of bloody mist indicated he had pulled the trigger and ended both his life and one of the most high-profile manhunts in British history.

**RIGHT** A forensic tent erected by police at the site where Moat, 37, shot himself in the head after a stand off with the armed officers

**3 JULY 2010**

**02.40**

A confrontation between Moat, Stobbart and Brown breaks out in front of Stobbart's grandmother's house in Birtley, Gateshead. Moat shoots his ex-partner's new boyfriend, 29-year-old Brown, three times just 45 metres from the front door. Stobbart flees inside before peering out the window, giving Moat the opportunity to shoot her in the arm and abdomen. Moat flees.





Raoul Moat, a former doorman at Liquid nightclub and father-of-three, indicated to police that he was suicidal. He was volatile and had attempted to take his own life in the past



## 4 JULY 2010

11.30

Northumbria Police declare they have launched a manhunt for the man responsible for the attacks and task a large number of officers, including a firearms team, with the role of tracking down the gunman. They confirm that this was not a random attack, but that the individuals involved had been deliberately targeted. They do not name Moat until later that afternoon.

23.30

Moat visits his friend Andy Mcallister in Newcastle. After he leaves, his friend calls 999 to report that he has seen Moat. However, police take four hours to arrive, then question Mcallister for most of the day. Despite Moat's earlier visit, the police do not put the house under surveillance, causing them to later miss an opportunity to catch Moat.

06.15

Moat calls Northumbria Police. During a five-minute phone conversation, he details his grievance with the force and blames them for his downfall. "She [Stobbs] had been having an affair with one of your officers. If he had not been a police officer, I would not have shot him. I'm not coming in alive," he adds before warning them that he is "hunting for officers."

12.45

42-year-old PC David Rathband is shot in the face by Moat as he sits in his police car on duty at a roundabout west of Newcastle. He attempts to push the mayday button in his car, but a determined Moat shoots the officer in the arm to stop him. PC Rathband plays dead while Moat drives away in a black Lexus with Karl Ness, 26 and Qhuran Awan, 23.

01.35

Moat calls 999 again and tells the call handler that they [the police] are not taking him seriously enough. He also posts a status on Facebook aimed at the force: "Ha, Ha! You can come but you can't catch me."





**ABOVE** Residents of Rothbury recalled how they had watched the saga unfold on their doorsteps. Many residents caught a glimpse of the gunman as he attempted to hide in their village



Ex-girlfriend Sam Stobbart was left fighting for her life after she was shot in the arm and abdomen



**ABOVE** Police pictured on Friday evening during their confrontation with Raoul Moat. It is believed to be the first time they have deployed the new shotgun Taser



## 5 JULY 2010

14.30

At a press conference, police address Moat directly, telling him, "You have told us that the police are not taking you seriously. You have our full attention. Innocent people have been hurt. This must stop now." They urge him to hand himself in for the sake of his three children: "These are not the memories your children should have of their father."

01.30

Moat returns to Mcallister's and hands him a letter, which he instructs is to be delivered to the police. The 49-page handwritten document is headed "Raoul Moat Murder Statement 4/7/10" and reads: "The public need not fear me but the police should as I won't stop until I'm dead." He expresses remorse for shooting Stobbart, admitting he only meant to scar her.

23.00

Police release details of a car they are trying to chase, which they believe is connected to the gunman. The details of a black Lexus IS20 saloon with the registration V322 HKX are released and the public are urged to be on the lookout.

## 6 JULY 2010

11.00

Police fear that Moat might have fled to Rothbury in Northumberland – a village just north of Gateshead. A three-kilometre exclusion zone is set up around the village and residents are urged to stay indoors. Shortly after, Police announce that they have arrested Ness and Awan in Rothbury, for conspiracy to commit murder.

12.15

Armed police venture into Pike House, a group of disused farmhouses in the village. There have been reports that Moat, Ness and Awan were hiding out there. The police received a report of smoke coming from the abandoned site early in the morning, but as it takes police 90 minutes to attend the location, once inside they discover that Moat has since left.



# RAOUL MOAT MURDER STATEMENT

PENT-UP FRUSTRATION WAS PENNED OUT IN A 49-PAGE LETTER TO THE POLICE

## ON STOBART AND BROWN:

"I reloaded two customised rounds. One for Sam, one for him. Sam's was half the powder, with small gauge pellets. With a superficial injury, she would get massive compensation payout for her and Chanel's (their daughter's) future. Inadvertently providing when I'm gone. And there would be small scarring, reminding her not to ever do this to anyone again. How could she have done this to me?"

## ON PC RATHBAND:

"Last night I called 999 and declared war on Northumbria Police before shooting an officer on the West End A69 roundabout in his T5. Sitting there waiting to bully someone. Probably a single mum who couldn't afford her car tax."

## ON HIS VIOLENT OUTBURSTS:

"It's like The Hulk, it takes over and it's more than anger and it happens only when I'm hurt, and this time I was really hurt."



ABOVE Police officers negotiate with Moat who is laid in the grass with a sawn-off shotgun aimed at his head



Police dog handlers head to the field where police engage in a six-hour standoff with the killer



Former bouncer Moat is captured on CCTV in Newcastle on the day before the shootings

7 JULY 2010

18.44

After a long day of searching the wooded area, Chief Superintendent Mark Dennett asks the public to remain indoors as the police continue their search for Moat, stating: "Raoul Thomas Moat is still potentially at large and we are undertaking a search in what is a significant and challenging geographical area and it may take several hours."

11.00

Police discover Moat's tent hideaway and discover a voice recorder with a four-hour message for police and a letter, addressed to Stobbart. In the recorded message, Moat expressed his dissatisfaction at the amount of "incorrect" reports about him and told them that if he saw more, he would start shooting the public. The police enforce a media blackout.

8 JULY 2010

11.00

Ness and Awan appear at Newcastle Magistrates' Court charged with conspiracy to commit murder and possessing a firearm with intent. Ness is accused of being with Moat when he killed Stobbart and Brown. Ness, from Dudley in North Tyneside, and Awan, from Blyth in Northumberland, are remanded in custody.

9 JULY 2010

20.00

Moat is cornered along the River Coquet in Rothbury, having emerged from his hiding place, which police believe to be a storm drain just metres from where he was surrounded. Police begin an intense negotiation with the gunman who is holding his sawn-off shotgun to his head.

10 JULY 2010

02.20

Moat is rushed to Newcastle General Hospital in an ambulance that is accompanied by two police cars. He is taken from the ambulance on a stretcher with a blanket covering his head. However, he is pronounced dead on arrival.



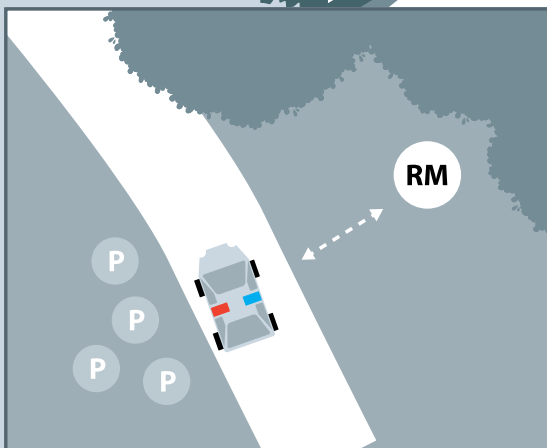
# SIX-HOUR STANDOFF

IN A TENSE BATTLE OF CUNNING, POLICE ATTEMPTED TO APPREHEND MOAT, WHO TOLD THEM HE WAS NOT LEAVING THE FIELD ALIVE



## 1 TAKING AIM

Sharpshooters with the Northumbria Police are asked to switch off their laser sight on their guns so as not to startle Moat and force him to flee into the river located directly behind him.



## 2 OFFERS ON THE TABLE

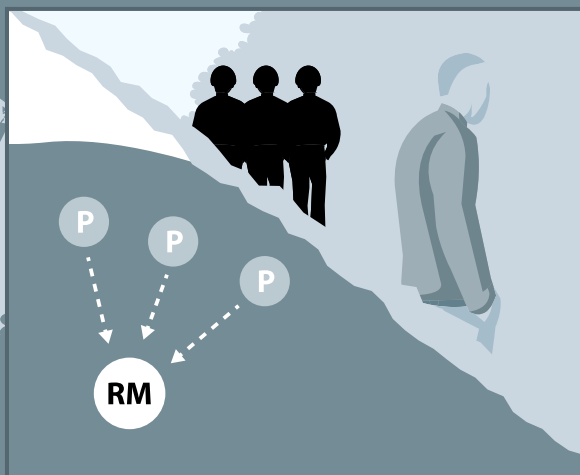
Police try to negotiate with Moat and build a rapport with him. When Moat expresses his intense dislike for the force, the negotiator offers to have a different force brought in to arrest him and take him into custody. Moat declines the offer. When police became aware that Moat might kill himself, they deploy x-Rep Tasers, which have no impact on him.



## 3 A BITE TO EAT

At one point during the siege, three officers approach Moat and offer him a sandwich and a sealed bottle of water, (so as to reassure him that it was not drugged). Moat accepts and takes the sandwich and drink.





**4 SNEAK ATTACK**  
The Snatch Team are part of a brave operation that includes sneaking up on Moat as police try to keep him calm. Six men break into two teams and move in a pincer motion around Moat, hoping to be able to tackle him without him noticing.



## TWO INQUIRIES AND A FUNERAL

WITH MOAT LAID TO REST, EVERYONE INVOLVED ATTEMPTED TO PUT THEIR LIVES BACK TOGETHER, SOME WITH MORE SUCCESS THAN OTHERS

More than 120 mourners gathered for Moat's funeral at West Road Crematorium in Newcastle. The country was divided as to Moat's status – was he a monster or an angry man in need of help who had simply slipped through the net? Evidence gave weight to both sides as it was unveiled he had sought psychiatric help for his anger issues but had failed to take it any further. Certainly the ramblings in the tapes and letters that he left for the police depicted a foul-tempered killer.

In the wake of Moat's death, questions loomed over the police's role in his suicide. Because they had shot at him with Tasers, it was questioned as to whether the volts of electricity had inadvertently caused him to pull the trigger.

In the midst of the manhunt, Northumbria Police had referred itself to the Independent Police Complaints Commissioner (IPCC) following criticisms that before Moat left prison, there were early indications of his intentions towards Stobbard and Brown, which were subsequently overlooked by the force. A second investigation was launched in regards to Moat's suicide. The findings of the IPCC cleared the police force of any wrongdoing in firing the weapon and found that they had acted with "humanity" when dealing with Moat.

In 2011, Moat's accomplices Ness and Awan stood trial at Newcastle Crown Court accused of being 'part and parcel' of Moat's murderous rampage. Despite not being the one to actually pull the trigger, Ness was convicted of Brown's murder and Stobbard's attempted murder. The pair were also found guilty of a number of other offences relating to the crime. Ness was sentenced to a minimum of 40 years behind bars while Awan was sentenced to 20 years.

As a result of his injuries, PC Rathband was left blind, leaving him to struggle with everyday life. Despite being unable to see, he could not get his attacker's face out of his mind and in 2011 he was found hanged at his home having committed suicide. PC Rathband is remembered by his family and in the charity he founded after he was attacked by Moat, The Blue Lamp Foundation, which supports injured emergency services personnel.



**5 KILLER'S LAST WORDS**  
With a sawn-off shotgun held to his head, Moat tells the police, "Tell my kids I love them. Tell Sam I'm sorry." Police know they have to act fast as they are becoming increasingly aware of Moat's diminishing state of mind, and are afraid he might pull the trigger. At 1.15am, Moat is again Tasered by the police, shouting "owl!", before shooting himself in the head.







# C O L D B L O O D E D K I L L E R

RICHARD KUKLINSKI HAS BEEN IMMORTALISED IN HOLLYWOOD AS A BONA-FIDE MAFIA HIT MAN WHO MURDERED PEOPLE FOR MONEY AND FOR HIS OWN ENJOYMENT. WHAT MIND SET DOES IT TAKE TO BE A CONTRACT KILLER — AND DOES BEING A PSYCHOPATH HELP?

WORDS SETH FERRANTI

## EXPERTS



### STEPHEN J. GIANNANGELO

Retired Illinois investigator and criminal psychologist Giannangelo most recently wrote *Real-Life Monsters: A Psychological Examination Of The Serial Murderer* (2012).



### DOMINICK POLIFRONE

Polifrone is a former Alcohol Tobacco Firearms (ATF) agent who worked undercover, and famously brought 'the Iceman' Richard Kuklinski to justice in a 15-month operation.



### ED SCARPO

Ed (a pseudonym) runs prominent mob news site [www.cosanostranews.com](http://www.cosanostranews.com) as a one-man effort. He has a background in print journalism with over 20 years' experience.



In the 1970s, locals said that New Jersey had way more Mafia guys than New York. Jersey was infested with mob activity as a litany of associates, hangers-on and wannabes emulated what they'd seen in *The Godfather*. It was death before dishonour and the criminal underworld was ripe with gangland antics, making it easy for guys with violent tendencies like Richard 'the Iceman' Kuklinski to not only get in to the life, but to thrive within it. Because the FBI wasn't really focused on the mob back then – and when it was, the feds concentrated on big name Mafioso – killers like the Iceman had a sort of free rein, a proverbial licence to kill. And in cold-blooded fashion, Kuklinski carved a niche for himself in the East Coast's Mafiadom.

"I think the type most often described as cold blooded is a psychopathic or sociopathic personality, someone who has no remorse, no feelings or guilt, empathy, or any aversion to violence," criminal psychologist Stephen J Giannangelo, a retired state of Illinois Criminal Investigator and prominent author, told **Real Crime**.

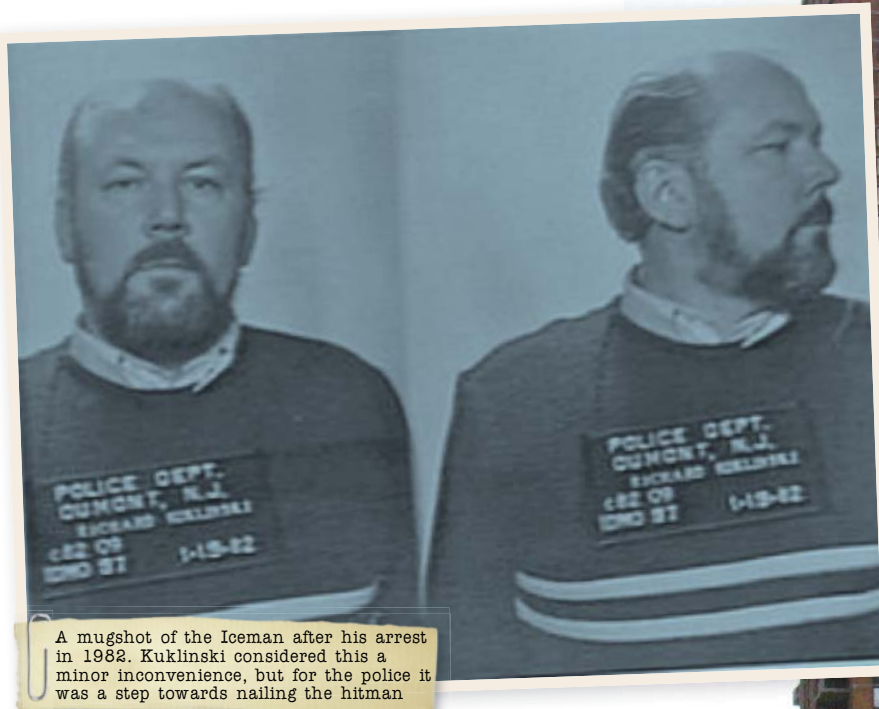
"The predatory nature of a psychopath, the cold-bloodedness acts in concert with a certain amount of patience and manipulateness, and often intelligence – that makes them good at what they do. A successful hit man is someone who can do it for 30 years like a Kuklinski, rather than someone caught in the early stages of their careers."

For people like Kuklinski, who have often experienced extreme violence in their childhoods, that sort of behaviour becomes normal to them, and is the only way they know how to deal with anything. This makes them more equipped for the job as a hit man. By the 1980s, Kuklinski was one of the most feared hit men in the state of New Jersey and nobody could control him. He was a loose cannon who did what he wanted and killed at will. If someone disrespected him, they were dead – plain and simple. He took hits by the dozens, but he also killed for the pure enjoyment of it. He was just a violent, violent guy.

"I think Kuklinski is one of the few hit men that I would say crossed over into the realm of a full-blown serial killer," Giannangelo said. "Researchers and FBI nowadays include many multiple murder offenders in their statistics as serial murderers without much regard for motivation. But some, mainly those more oriented towards the psychological angle of study, still look at serial killers as those who kill for a reason, a need. Kuklinski continued to kill for far more reasons than a guy who was paid well and lived the good life; he killed because he loved it."

He was under the radar for a long time until he made a crucial error. After killing Louis Masgay, Kuklinski kept his body in a freezer for two years before finally deciding to dump the body in Rockland County, New York. Masgay was wrapped in plastic bags and still wearing the clothes he had on when he disappeared two years earlier. When police found the body, Masgay looked like he had been dead for a week. The deep freeze masked the time of death, giving the Iceman his name. But things didn't work out as planned.

"When they did the autopsy, they indicated reversal decomposition that began externally rather than internally, and they found ice crystals in the tissues when the body was discovered in August or September, which is hot," retired Alcohol Tobacco Firearms (ATF) agent Dominick Polifrone told **Real Crime**. "He made the cops look like jerks. He told me, 'Dom, you know I wrapped him up and I had him in there for two years in the freezer and he didn't even decompose, he looked like he died yesterday and he had the same clothes on for two years.'"



A mugshot of the Iceman after his arrest in 1982. Kuklinski considered this a minor inconvenience, but for the police it was a step towards nailing the hitman

## HIT MAN OR PSYCHOPATH?

Keeping bodies in the freezer was something straight out of Jeffrey Dahmer's playbook. Pretty scary. Most Mafia guys just want to make money, they don't want to kill people and get bloody. They don't like murder, it's a last resort. But in organised crime, guys like the Iceman were very useful.

"I think he got enjoyment out of killing," Ed Scarpo from *Cosa Nostra News* told **Real Crime**. "For most Mafia guys its just about pushing a button or pulling a trigger. They don't think about it. It's just what they have to do. Usually they don't even know the guy. They don't even know why he's the guy getting killed or who wants it done. But Kuklinski, he liked to get his hands dirty. He liked to feel the guy die."

Kuklinski was a full-blown psychopath – or, more accurately, a sociopath if we are to believe he was just a product of a horrific upbringing of poverty, violence and abuse, Giannangelo mused. "A child living in a household of violence normalises it and even thrives in it," he told **Real Crime**. "Of course, without testing, we will not know what Kuklinski's genetics might be, or if there were other biological factors regarding his development. Regarding [what Kuklinski said in interview in] the HBO Specials – that he 'felt nothing' when he killed – he didn't feel anything. Ted Bundy and Jeffrey Dahmer needed alcohol to commit many of their murders. Kuklinski had no such inhibitions to overcome. He enthusiastically tortured animals as a child and, as found significant by researchers of human-to-animal violence, he enjoyed the torture of animals normally regarded as pets like dogs and cats, indicating a non-empathetic, sadistic, impulse-driven need for violence that precludes any feelings to disregard.

"I'd compare that to gang activity of today, where many kids are a product of their environments, where poverty and powerlessness are a breeding ground for extreme measures to escape such a life. The rewards that can come with gang activity, or, in Kuklinski's heyday, organised crime life can be

**“BUNDY AND DAHMER NEEDED ALCOHOL TO COMMIT MANY OF THEIR MURDERS. KUKLINSKI HAD NO SUCH INHIBITIONS TO OVERCOME”**



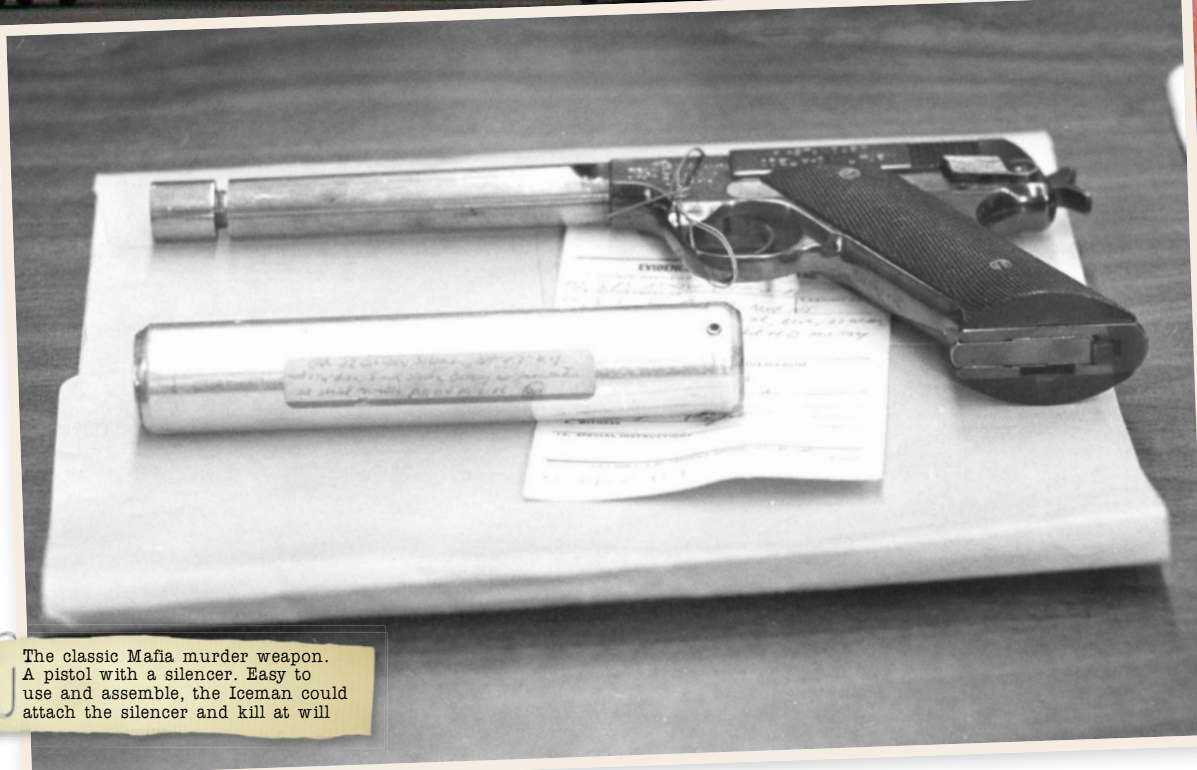
© Roger Rowlett

ABOVE Kuklinski would kill with cyanide in broad daylight. After he gave his victim a whiff of the poison, they would fall over as if having a heart attack





**ABOVE** Kuklinski made his bones in Hells Kitchen. As a young, up-and-coming killer he honed his skills in this area



The classic Mafia murder weapon. A pistol with a silencer. Easy to use and assemble, the Iceman could attach the silencer and kill at will





voluminous: money, status, power, women. It's not hard to see how some people could eventually justify that this life is forced on them, that it's their only way to survive or succeed, and that they are convinced their circumstances are not their fault. It depends on the individual. A person I describe as a product of their environment can compartmentalise and justify their actions. They can be narcissistic and immature, and believe their own excuses. It is possible they could reflect on the damage to peoples' lives. A psychopath or a sociopath, however, could adapt, even thrive in this life with no distress to their sensibilities. There's still a narcissism and a disdain for those who live a lawful life consistent with that personality that is compatible with murder for hire. In these cases I see no toll on that sort of mind."

### TAKING DOWN THE ICEMAN

"I was called to stop by the Bergen County Prosecutor's Office in New Jersey where I meet these individuals who were working on a case involving this individual by the name of Richard Kuklinski," Polifrone told **Real Crime**. "Kuklinski was meeting individuals in Bergen County and Hudson County, New Jersey, areas and then they would be disappearing, but they also alleged that there was poison involved and he liked to use pure cyanide."

Polifrone was an undercover ATF agent who was good at his job and had a ton of experience. Bergen Country

prosecutors knew Kuklinski was a killer but they couldn't prove it. He was just too good at his job, but so was Polifrone. He infiltrated a wise guy joint in Patterson, New Jersey, and started making inroads there, becoming known as the guy who could acquire anything. With the federal government at his back, Polifrone could be anyone he wanted to be.

"They had been investigating him for several years and they had a lot of circumstantial evidence but no direct evidence," Polifrone said. "There were a lot of cracks in the case. They wanted to charge him for the particular murders and they needed an undercover agent with a lot of experience to find out details. They had information that these guys met Kuklinski and then disappeared, but there were no eyewitnesses or anything to what took place.

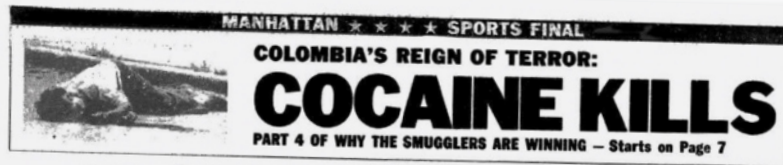
"I started hanging out at The Store in Paterson, New Jersey, where all the bad guys were. It was just like the movie *Goodfellas*, where all the bad guys would come in and they'd do their business. They had a lot of different schemes that were going on [about] where they'd plan their next heist. They'd also do large hijackings of trucks and they would distribute the booty all over the place. It took me about 15 months to get in and Kuklinski was not hanging out at this store, because he felt that a lot of people were onto him – meaning the police.

"Word was getting out that I could get anything. And after hanging out at the location for over a year the telephone rings one morning and this guy picks it up and says, 'Dom, it's the

**INSET** After his 1986-arrest, Kuklinski was held on a \$2 million bond and forced to surrender his passport, as authorities believed he had large sums of money in Swiss bank accounts and a flight booked to the country

**ABOVE** Kuklinski was a gun nut and always carried several weapons on him at a time in a holster, shoulder strap or on his ankle





# DAILY NEWS

35c

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

Thursday, December 18, 1986



**Nancy:  
They  
deceived  
Ron**

Page 3

# BURGER MURDER

**N.J. man held in killings  
of 5 with gun & cyanide**

Story on page 2



## HASENFUS IS FREE

Nicaraguan President Daniel Ortega as he handed over gunrunner Eugene Hasenfus (left) to Sen. Christopher Dodd (right) in Managua yesterday. At far right is prisoner's wife, Sally. Hasenfus will arrive home today and may be summoned before congressional committees investigating the Contragate scandal. **Page 5**

big guy. He wants to know if he can meet with you at the Dunkin' Donuts in Paterson, New Jersey? When I got there he wore these tinged glasses and when I talked to him it was like he was reaching out to grab my soul and control me.

"He says to me, 'Can you get pure cyanide?' I'm saying to myself, 'Yeah, I can get pure cyanide.' I couldn't believe how he was starting the conversations off. I said, 'Yeah, I can get pure cyanide.' I knew he also killed his main guy, that supplied him with the pure cyanide, and word was out there that I can get anything. So he felt comfortable... I told him yeah, but that it wasn't easy.

"Later on, Kuklinski calls me. We meet at the Vince Lombardi service station. I go over a lot of scenarios that took place on how these people were found dead. Like for instance, we were talking how we murdered people. I said, 'Rich, I kill people with guns.' I said, 'I don't understand this cyanide stuff.' He says, 'Listen, you put this pure cyanide on food or in an inhaler where they breathe it in and he squeezes it. They breathe that in and there's no antidote. By the time they find out what it is, they're dead.' He says this is nice and easy. He says these police they don't know what they're doing. He says where there's smoke there's fire, but he puts a lot of smoke in front of it and they can't get him. We started talking about how we each killed people and he was telling me very detailed stuff.

"They went to trial with this. Kuklinski pled guilty and then he was serving two life terms. His wife and kids were

**ABOVE** The infamous hamburger topped with cyanide that killed one of the Iceman's victims got a front-page headline

## SCHOOL OF HARD HITS

THE ICEMAN KILLED TO HONE HIS SKILLS IN NEW YORK CITY'S HELL'S KITCHEN, BEFORE HE EMBARKED ON HIS STORIED CAREER AS A MAFIA HIT MAN

"He supposedly killed a lot of people, not as part of organised crime, but more as the classic serial killer," said Ed Scarpo. "He would get in fights at bars and wait outside and kill the guy when he came out. They would find bodies but they never knew who did the killing. On one of the HBO specials, they did some research and they found cases that matched his stories.

"In one he was driving on the highway somewhere in New Jersey and a carload of young guys started messing with him. Kuklinski forced them off the road and shot and killed them all. The HBO people found an unsolved murder that matched that description. Like three or four guys all killed. Laid out next to the highway and no one ever knew what happened to these guys."

Kuklinski was a big man and most people were afraid of him. They called him 'Big Guy' – he was this massive dude that used to wear these crazy orange-tinged glasses. He was into porn and killing people. He fit in perfectly with the organised crime world. He had a rough upbringing and found that he enjoyed making other people feel pain.

"One day he found his oats, I think at a pool hall or something, where he beat somebody to death with a cue stick later on," Polifrone said. "He got into pornography (reproducing porn videos). He started making big bucks, started hanging around with the wise guys making more money and then he started doing more contract hits and he was feeling good, but he was getting sloppy too."

in the courtroom, but once they heard the undercover tapes it was too late. They couldn't believe how he was talking and how he would murder people. I remember the judge asking him why did he do it and he said it was strictly business."

## LEADING THE DOUBLE LIFE

"They had information regarding Kuklinski that he was associated with organised crime people and he lived in an affluent area in Bergen County, New Jersey," Polifrone told **Real Crime**. "He had a wife and two children and he had a lot of different organised crime connections that left many police departments in several states with empty leads for close to over a decade."

Kuklinski led a double life, one at home with his family as a typical suburban husband and father, and the criminal side where he would meet the DeMeo crew boss, Roy DeMeo, at the Gemini Lounge in Brooklyn for business purposes. The Gemini Lounge was the Mafia club in Flatlands where DeMeo and his crew would cut up bodies. Jerry Capeci immortalised the crew in the book *Murder Machine*.

**“ WHEN I TALKED TO HIM IT WAS LIKE HE WAS REACHING OUT TO GRAB MY SOUL AND CONTROL ME ”**



“Roy DeMeo killed 64 people himself,” Polifrone said. “He was a made guy and had his own crew. DeMeo winds up dead later on and some people think Kuklinski did it. But he was an associate of all these people, they would call him out to do all these contract hits and to him it was strictly just business. You know, a day’s work.”

“Some people could say that Kuklinski exhibited doubling,” Giannangelo told **Real Crime**, “a psychological process where an individual can live two entirely different and seemingly conflicting lives separate from one another. This was a theory made popular by Robert Lifton regarding Nazi-era doctors. But Kuklinski, in my opinion, simply was participating in the compartmentalised parts of his life. His position as a vicious, high-status, feared hit man who was able to enjoy the violence, success and respect his business brought him was one major part of his life.

“The other part was his home life, where he could be the loving and protective father, who also exhibited power and violence and control. He needed to extend the intelligence he exhibited in avoiding law enforcement in the meticulous manner he did, for as long as he did. I can’t imagine the duplicity was all that difficult for him. This sort of dual life isn’t particularly unheard of with a psychopathic serial murderer. Dennis Rader, the BTK Killer, had no issues living a similar double life. He would die for his family.

“A prototypical sociopath is going to be highly defensive of his status, how he is perceived, almost to the point of paranoia. This drives a lot of his pathological need for control. The BTK Killer was known for an extreme aversion to public embarrassment and any hint of disrespect. The defence of his family is partially because he cares for them, but is just as much driven by how he is viewed, and how anyone could dare threaten someone in his circle. It should be noted, Kuklinski did seem to have a genuine concern for the effect the exposure of his criminal life had on his family, not unlike the BTK Killer and Albert DeSalvo, among others.”

## CRIMINAL CELEBRITY

“For as long as any of us can remember, people have been engrossed in stories of crime and violence,” Giannangelo told **Real Crime**. “Whether it’s Jack the Ripper or the Manson family, tales of crime and murder keep people gripped to books, magazines, TV shows and films. The stories about true crime, I think, fascinate us the most, as you feel like you could be a part of these stories. How many movies has Hollywood made about organised crime? About serial killers? Both subjects are absolute gold at the box office when done well like *The Godfather*, *Goodfellas* and *Silence Of The Lambs*. Even average stories will make an awful lot of people sit and watch another TV documentary or movie. I never have an empty seat in my classes about criminal psychology and serial murder. And many are majors who, as students, have nothing to do with the subject. They just love this stuff.

“Kuklinski’s story is an amazing combination of both of these favourite genres. A man with a classic horrible home life grows to have a successful career in the Mafia as a professional hit man and takes to it to the level of a full-blown serial killer. It seems Kuklinski’s enjoyment in being interviewed and appearing in the media belies a love for the status reflective of his mind set, not unlike some high-profile serial killers.” But others think Kuklinski might have been coached, and even question the credibility of his claims.

“I think Kuklinski was mostly going for the media attention,” Ed Scarpo from *Cosa Nostra News* said, “because,







**ABOVE** As HBO started airing the special they filmed in the prison Kuklinski resided in, he earned a measure of fame and revelled in it, sporting sunglasses like a celebrity

**LEFT** His family couldn't believe what came out in court. They thought their dad was in the money markets when they found out that he was actually a serial killer



in the first HBO special, he didn't talk about the mob, just killing people. But in the next episode he started getting more specific, mentioning the mob and Roy DeMeo. I wouldn't be surprised if the producers talked to him about how the Mafia stuff was really popular and told him to drop names. Because in the first show he doesn't mention the Mafia.

"To me, Kuklinski is mostly a media invention. Those shows were really popular on HBO. In my time covering *Cosa Nostra News*, whenever someone mentions Kuklinski I think they're full of shit. One guy tried to say that Kuklinski was there when they killed Tommy DeSimone, the Joe Pesci character in *Goodfellas*."

## TRUTH OR TALL TALES?

"It's not uncommon for psychopathic killers to brag and exaggerate their kills," said Giannangelo. "These are pathologically narcissistic individuals, who, once in a position to confess, lose nothing in claiming a higher status. Then there's killers like Henry Lee Lucas, who claimed hundreds of kills that were later discounted. But Lucas went on field trips and ate restaurant food eagerly provided by investigators trying to solve cold cases. Murderers have many reasons to lie about their inflated victim totals. I'm not sure if Kuklinski exaggerated anything, but he certainly would have legitimate motivations for wanting people to believe he was the most fearsome executioner alive, both in his professional life and as a criminal celebrity."

In the Iceman's biggest claim to fame, the Phillip Carlo book of the same name that gave Kuklinski relevance in pop culture, nothing was corroborated. Carlo just took what Kuklinski told him in the interviews as God's honest truth. He wrote the story based on Kuklinski's words. The Carlo book really gave a lot of false credibility to Kuklinski. Not to say that he wasn't a hit man that took contracts from the mob, but his actual associations and how close he was to the Mafia and Roy DeMeo in particular has been questioned.

"Jerry Capeci wrote *Murder Machine*, the book on Roy DeMeo's crew," Scarpo said. "It was a major research piece, he talked to everybody involved with the case. Capeci does this whole book and talks to 500 or 1,000 sources, he had full access to the FBI and DEA files. But Kuklinski's name is not mentioned once in that book. There was some truth to what Kuklinski said. He had mob connections. I've heard that there was a single surveillance photo of him outside the Gemini Lounge where DeMeo was, but he was probably just trying to get a gun or something."

As his criminal celebrity status and fame grew, it seemed Kuklinski tried to say he was in on every unsolved murder. Investigators, eager to close cases, let him confess, and HBO producers, hungry for viewers, let Kuklinski tell his story the way he wanted to, embellishing his relationship with the Mafia and who he killed.

"I doubt he killed DeMeo," Scarpo told **Real Crime**. "That was a Mafia thing. That was the Gambinos that killed Roy DeMeo." And Dominick Polifrone, the undercover ATF agent who finally collared Kuklinski, doesn't believe his high body count either: "I don't believe he killed more than 100 people... I'd go as far as ten, 15 people maybe. Maybe that's about it."

**“AS HIS CRIMINAL CELEBRITY STATUS AND FAME GREW, IT SEEMED KUKLINSKI TRIED TO SAY HE WAS IN ON EVERY UNSOLVED MURDER”**

## METHODS OF MURDER

MOST MAFIA HIT MEN WERE STRICTLY GUN TYPES, BUT WHETHER THE COMMISSIONER WANTED TO MAKE A STATEMENT OR MAKE THE HIT LOOK DIRTY, KUKLINSKI COULD BE VERY INVENTIVE IN THE WAYS HE WOULD GO ABOUT KILLING PEOPLE

### DEATH BY RATS

Kuklinski once allegedly put a guy in a cage and filmed a rat eating him. A torturous and painful death, it seemed the Iceman enjoyed the torment of his victims.

### HUMAN GALLOWES

Kuklinski once hung someone by using his body. He put a rope around their neck and jerked it over his shoulder. He was standing up hunched over, and he was so tall that he hung the dude, strangling him using his body like a gallows.

### BURGER, SIDE OF CYANIDE

Kuklinski told Polifrone he gave one victim a hamburger topped with cyanide. He watched the victim eat the hamburger, then watched the man's eyes roll back.

### CLASSIC MOB HIT

Kuklinski wasn't above shooting a victim with a .38 calibre and stuffing them in a barrel. This was a well-practised organised crime *modus operandi*.

### BIG AMBITIONS

Kuklinski used his size to his advantage. It was nothing for him to strangle a victim with his bare hands and leave them in a motel room in New York, or just suffocate them with whatever was at hand.







**INTERVIEW**

# DEATH ROW CHAPLAIN

HIMSELF RESCUED FROM A LIFE OF  
DRUGS AND CRIME, EARL SMITH  
WALKED THROUGH THE DOORS  
OF SAN QUENTIN READY TO  
SAVE THE SOULS OF THE  
DAMNED, AND LEARNED  
MORE ABOUT FORGIVENESS  
AND REHABILITATION  
THAN HE COULD HAVE  
EVER IMAGINED

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

**BIO** REVEREND EARL  
A SMITH



Reverend Earl A. Smith was a prison chaplain at San Quentin for 23 years before he became a sports chaplain for the San Francisco 49ers. His book, *Death Row Chaplain*, is available to buy from [simonandschuster.com](http://simonandschuster.com)



You would be forgiven for thinking that as a pastor, Earl Smith's life had always been one of virtue and inner peace. But the reason he became a man of the cloth stems from a near-death experience as a result of drugs, gangland warfare and illicit dealings in Stockton, California. As he lay in a hospital bed inches from death, he felt that a higher power gave direction and meaning to his life, and was inspired to reach out to the world's most infamous criminals at the notorious San Quentin prison. Behind the prison walls as a chaplain, Reverend Smith conversed with feared gang leaders, murderers and rapists as well as convicts who had found themselves thrown into the prison because of the US's condemning 'three-strike's' law. From confronting the man who almost killed him, to playing chess with Charles Manson, Reverend Smith's work also took him to the darkest depths of the prison – death row – where he counselled prisoners in their final hours as they faced retribution. 23 years after he first stepped through San Quentin's doors and following the death of one particular inmate, Reverend Smith left the prison to work with a high-profile sports teams, but was forever changed by the men he encountered both inside and outside of their prison cells.

#### What was your life like before you became a reverend?

As I grew up my life was basically in turmoil. I was really conflicted about my identity in terms of my relationship with my parents and my community. I was involved in crime, and I was involved in some other different activities that weren't healthy. A lot of it had to do with anger and a lack of purpose for myself, which caused me to hurt, harm and injure a lot of people along the way. I got shot because I had put myself in that position.

#### What do you remember about the day you were shot?

I had a guy come knocking at my door who owed me money and he was late paying me. He obviously felt I was going to do something (because he owed me money) and I probably would have, I just didn't know what I would do. He brought someone with him to my house and while I was watching the game, he gave this guy a signal and the guy pulled out a gun and started shooting me. He shot me six times. I was shot in my face twice, shot in my back a couple of times and my legs.

#### What happened when you went to hospital?

The doctor told me to tell the police who did it because I was going to die. I laughed at him because... something that you did not do was tell. My life was so caught up in the stupidity of crime I thought I was better to die with a good name than to say who shot me – that tells you how crazy crime can be. My dad came into the room and asked the doctor how bad it was, and was told I wasn't going to make it. My dad grabbed him and told him, "You better do what you've got to do," and left to go and pray, and the doctor walked away and there was a peace that came over me. I heard a voice telling me that I wasn't going to die. "I have something for you to do, you're

**“AS A MAN OF GOD YOU’RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE PERSON WHO PREPARES PEOPLE FOR HOPE, AND HERE YOU ARE PREPARING THEM FOR DEATH”**

Working with inmates for more than 20 years, Smith has seen many complete their schooling and graduate



going to be a chaplain at San Quentin Prison," God said. I started to laugh, I thought what can this be? Why would God want to speak to a person as bad as I was?

The doctor thought I was going in to shock, he came back in and I said, "If I tell you where the bullets are, will that help?" He looked at me and said no, but as I pointed to my nose where the bullet had gone in the bleeding stopped. I pointed to my neck where the bullet had gone and the bleeding stopped. I pointed at my arm and the bleeding stopped. The doctor didn't know what was going on, but I did. I had seven holes in me but they only had to stitch up one. That stitching was there to remind me that God closed everything else up.

#### When you first walked through the doors of San Quentin, what was the first thing you noticed about the prison and the inmates?

How much like me they were, the difference was that they didn't have the sense of peace that I had. They were so similar to me and I realised that these guys were people who came from the places I came from, and I looked at their faces and saw the pain I once had before my life changed. The first thing I noticed about the prison... you walk through the gates and the first thing you see are these flower gardens. You think, "Wow, this is a peaceful looking place," but then you look at the faces of the men and you realise that there is a lack of peace, they were full of turmoil. They call it the 'Bastille by the Bay': it was an open dungeon, almost, it was a gloomy place because it was a place without hope.

#### Were there any individuals or groups who were harder to work with than others?

There really wasn't. I made a point of trying to work with all the different groups there were, different gang factions, white supremacists such as the Aryan Brotherhood, the Mexican Mafia – all these different gangs were there and the thing I knew from growing up on the streets was to not allow yourself to be locked into one group just because I was African American. I was also a person and a chaplain, so I had to be a chaplain to everyone and be a chaplain first, who happened to be African American. I was able to help whether they were Muslim, Jewish, Catholic or Protestant. I wanted to be available to all inmates.

**RIGHT** A condemned inmate is led out of his east block cell on death row at San Quentin State Prison where Smith regularly spent time with the inmates imprisoned there

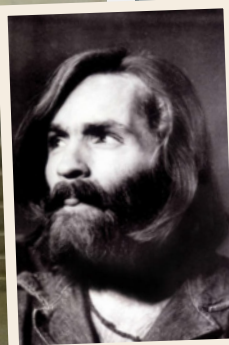




# INMATE 101

REVEREND SMITH CAME ACROSS SOME OF SOCIETY'S MOST NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS WHILE SAN QUENTIN'S SPIRITUAL ADVISER

## CHARLES MANSON



Leader of the cult-like Manson family, Charles Manson is serving life in prison for facilitating several murders in the 1970s, including the killing of actress Shannon Tate and her unborn child. "We played chess and talked and he told me about where he grew up, and the problems he had as a small, little bitty boy being beat up and brutalised in his mind, and why he started to use control of the mind. He did that as a way of safety, it was a coping mechanism as a child and he turned into a mean, deviant and diabolical adult."

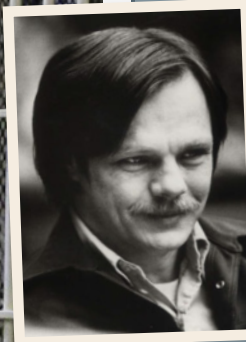
## GERONIMO PRATT



A high-ranking member of the Black Panther Party, Pratt was imprisoned for the murder of his wife in 1972 largely due to the fact that leader Huey Newton ordered members not to corroborate Pratt's alibi for the evening of the murder. His conviction was overturned in 1997.

"Geronimo Pratt brought Huey Newton into my office saying he needs help. That was a humbling experience because Geronimo was supposed to kill Huey and instead he brought him to me for help."

## LAWRENCE BITTAKER



AA serial killer and a rapist, Lawrence Bittaker was also known as 'Plier Bittaker'. He kidnapped, raped, tortured and murdered five teenage girls along with his partner-in-crime Roy Norris.

"He killed little girls and used pliers to pull off their nipples while he recorded it, he used razor blades on their private parts and recorded it. He wanted to get a copy of the tapes after he was convicted. He said it was his property. He's on death row – I thought he was just an evil person."

## MICHAEL THOMPSON

Now a former leader of the white-supremacist group the Aryan Brotherhood, while in San Quentin, Thompson became an informant against the Brotherhood, opting out of their gang. "When he decided to drop out of the Aryan Brotherhood, the prison called me at home because he told them I was the only one he could trust with the information. That was really strange to them. They wondered why this white supremacist wanted to call a black guy. He said, 'I watched you and you never changed. You spoke to everyone the same and treated everyone the same,' and that was validation that I could be trusted."





**RIGHT** San Quentin is the oldest prison in California and over the years has housed some of the worst criminals, many of who will never be released due to the abhorrent nature of their crimes

#### Was that welcomed or was it difficult?

You're never welcomed immediately in a prison by the inmates because there's a lack of trust. When you get there, people wonder how you got there, what your purpose is. If you have a conversation with a guy, he wonders where that conversation is going to go. It's acceptance over a period of time as you prove that you're there for the purpose you've stated, and not for an ulterior motive. I had to remain true to what I was called to do and in that case those barriers were broken. The Black Guerrilla Family saw that I was assigned to their tier so had guys that tested me every time I came up to see if I was going to be accepting of the Aryan Brotherhood. I didn't know who the leader [of the Aryan Brotherhood] was and just struck up a conversation with him because he was in my unit.

#### You came face to face with the man who shot you when you took up your vocation at the prison, how did that make you feel?

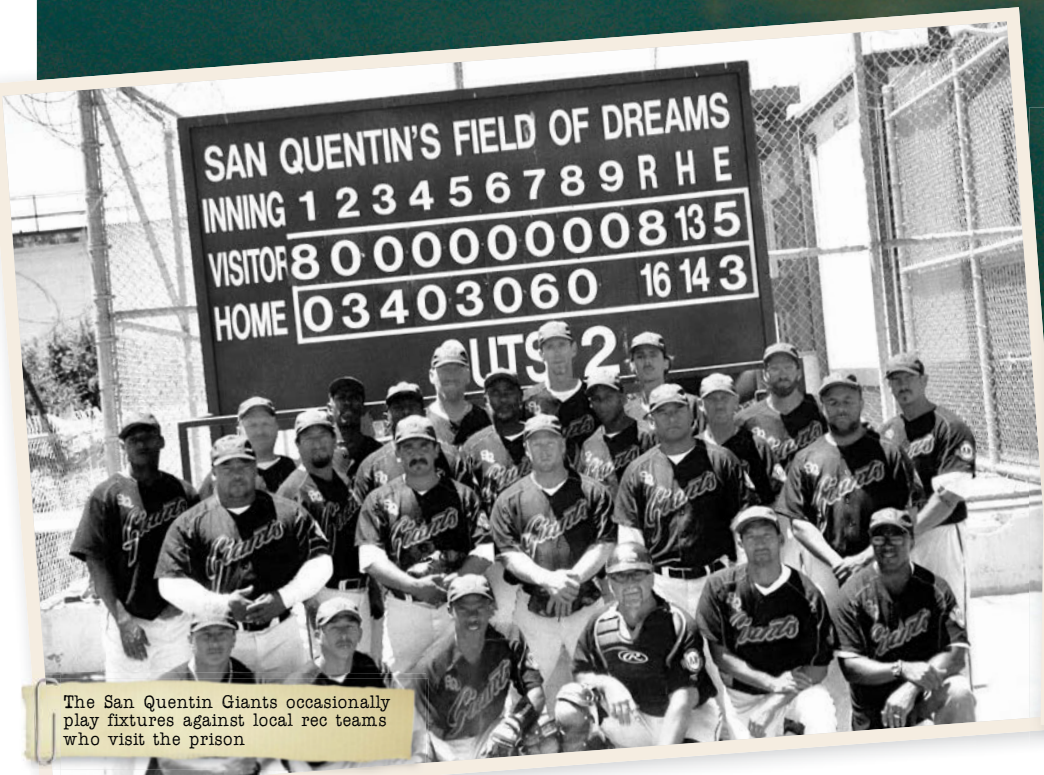
Angry. I felt like I had not forgiven him, I felt like he had caused me harm and in a short window I was angry [though I should have taken advantage of the fact that he had] saved my life. In trying to take my life, he saved my life, that's what I believe. I had to walk all the way down to the other end of the tier and had to really process what had taken place in my life as a result of this guy. That walk allowed me to think about it and when I got back to him, that's when I was able to say I need to thank you because God used you to get to me. I was able to say that because at that point I realised that in him shooting me, I found my life.

#### Was there anybody that you came across in the prison who pleasantly surprised you?

I did see guys who were remorseful, and guys on death row that insisted they were innocent and went home because it was proven they were. I had a guy who played baseball and he said he was innocent – Geronimo Pratt – and he actually was innocent, and eventually they got him out. But before that, he was able to reconcile with someone who had been responsible for a large degree [of his conviction]. The thing I learned and shared was that you are not your crime. You can commit a horrible crime but that's not who you are. I've never met anyone whose name on their birth certificate is 'murderer' or 'rapist' or 'thief'. I learned that separating the guy from the crime gives him a chance as well as you a chance to realise who he can be.

#### In regards to the inmates who were sent home innocent men, how did that influence your view of the prison system?

I always knew that the system made mistakes, I always knew that there were men and women who would go to prison because the system, for whatever reason, believed they were guilty – be it lack of legal representation or circumstance. There's no fail-safe system, there are people that fall through the cracks. So for anyone that thinks prison is full of nothing but convicted criminals, I say they might all be convicted but they're not all guilty. A lot of the time people think, "That's prison, where they deserve to be." Well there are people that don't deserve to be there and they're doing a lot of time. Geronimo Pratt did more than 25 years



The San Quentin Giants occasionally play fixtures against local rec teams who visit the prison





for something he didn't do. The majority of people that are in prison should be there and are guilty.

**Were you prepared for the challenges that came with working on death row?**

They had not had an execution in 25 years so there was no one who could tell me how to prepare for it, or how to prepare the person for execution, so I had to write a procedure for how to do that. I was responsible for all these different layers of people. It made me understand the severity of the situation, but also the sense of depression that set in, because you realise you carry a person to die, you're preparing people to kill someone and preparing people to watch someone die. As a man of God, you're supposed to be the person who prepares people for hope, and here you are preparing them for death.

**You played chess with Charles Manson. Was it hard not to be intimidated by him?**

It was hard not to get caught up in that whole thing of, 'It's Charles Manson', because that's how he carries himself. I remember I went to [Manson] with the chessboard and said, "Okay, it's your turn to play," and he started screaming at me, "I tell you when it's your turn, you don't tell me." I just walked away and he shouted, "Come back here." When I came in the next week he said, "Hey, are you going to play with me today?" and I told him, "If I have time, I will." That's Charles Manson. If he gets to you then that's it, but if you don't allow him to get to you then you may have a chance to get through to him.

**As a chaplain you are privy to some dark secrets from the inmates. How do you deal with that?**

Some days I would get off work and not go straight home. I lived on the grounds of the prison and I would just walk around for a while before I got home because you get information and reports of inmates dying. I had an inmate that hung himself exactly at the time he knew his family would be there to visit him. I had to go tell the family that he had committed suicide. I remember how that felt, it was a painful, dark space. I looked at that mother and father and realised that this was his final message to them, and it was a horrible thing. I had an inmate get killed and had to call his mother, many times I had to call parents and tell them their child had been killed and the thing is, even after all these years of being away from there, I still remember the names of those killed, those executed, the incidents, the things the inmates told me about their cases and the things that they had done. Those are dark places and there's no place to deposit that other than with God, because you can't tell anyone else the thing they've told you.

**What was the hardest part of your role in the prison?**

Not giving up. When things did not go the way they should go for the inmates or for the families, the hardest part of my role was, even if I felt it was hopeless or bad, not being able to show it because I still had to make sure there was hope. Some days I just felt like, "What was the use?" But I could not say that because if I said it, what would the prisoners say?

**“THAT’S CHARLES MANSON. IF HE GETS TO YOU THEN THAT’S IT”**

Smith would often connect with inmates through a baseball programme within the prison he set up, but after two decades, he retired from the prison service and focused primarily on supporting sports teams



# DOUBLE MURDER IN WILD WALES

WHAT	MURDER
WHERE	WALES, UK
WHEN	29 JUNE 1989

AFTER POLICE DECIDED TO REVISIT THE CASE OF A BRUTAL ROBBERY AND MURDER ON THE PRETTY PEMBROKESHIRE COAST, EVIDENCE POINTED TO A CONVICTED MAN WITH A HISTORY OF HEINOUS CRIMES

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

## BACKGROUND

Peter Dixon's brother Keith described his sibling's family as, "...everything you'd expect of an everyday British family." 51-year-old Peter was a marketing manager while his wife, 52-year-old Gweneth, was a secretary for a social services department in Oxfordshire, where the couple lived. Peter enjoyed running, while Gweneth liked to play badminton. The couple, who had two grown up children, would travel up to Pembrokeshire every summer for a well-deserved break. The beautiful seaside resort in the south west of Wales was a peaceful resort. This area had been disturbed once before, by the shocking double homicide

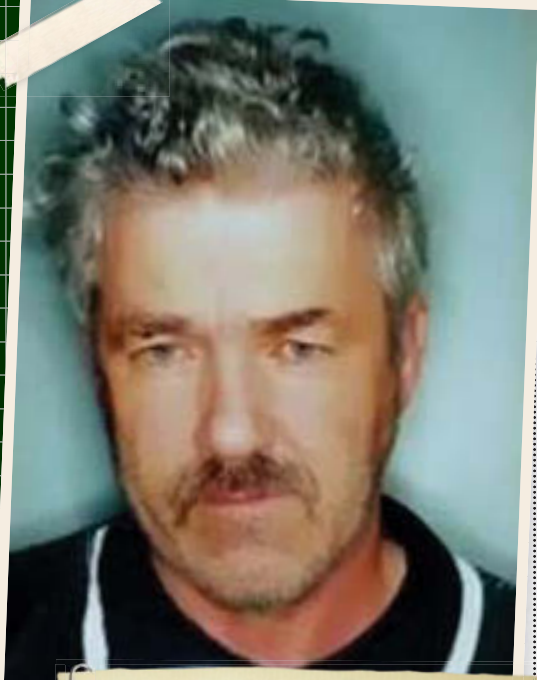
of millionaire Richard Thomas and his sister Helen, in 1985. The killer had fled the scene, near Milford Haven. It was a rare and unusually violent incident.

The plans for summer 1989 would be no different for the Dixons than previous years. Equipped with their tents and camping equipment, they set off on their holidays on 19 June. On the morning of 29 June, the couple prepared to take a walk before heading home, and were last seen walking out of the caravan site and towards the coastal path at about 9.30am. Three days later, their son reported them missing after they failed to return home from their holiday. When officers arrived at the campsite, they found their camp spot undisturbed. Dyfed Powys Police officer Mike Calas discovered their bodies just days later on 5 July, having been called to a cliff-top spot when a member of the public reported a swarm of flies in that area. Despite the "pungent smell of death", the officer found himself practically on top of the bodies before the sniffer dogs could locate them; they had been concealed by a screen of twigs and bracken.

Gweneth was naked from the waist down. She had suffered two gunshot wounds – one to the centre of her back and one to the right side of her chest. She had also been struck over the head. Her husband's body lay nearby, close to a 60-metre cliff drop, face down. He was fully clothed and had his hands tied behind his back with a length of

grey three-ply polyethylene rope. He had received three gunshots, the first two similar to his wife but the third was to the back of the head, which the pathologist determined was delivered while the victim was still alive. His bankcard and wedding ring were missing. Calas noticed that the bracken had been replanted over the bodies with the roots still intact. He recalled that this was a method SAS troopers had taught the force during rural observation training.

When police enquired around the area they found that several witnesses had heard gunshots approximately an hour after the couple had departed from the campsite, two rounds of two shots before a final shot echoed across the vicinity of the coastal path. The police knew that the killer had to be a confident assailant to kill two people in broad daylight with a shotgun. But the killer's intelligence let him down when fibres from the gloves he had been wearing were recovered from the broken twigs used to hide the bodies. Police inquiries discovered one vital piece of information: Dixon's bankcard had been used since his death at a NatWest ATM in Pembroke and then in Carmarthen and Haverfordwest. The man spotted using the stolen cards became known to police as the 'Wild Man' suspect. Thought to be between 30 and 40 years old, the man was approximately 1.8 metres tall, tanned and carrying a haversack, described by one witness as "big enough to hold a gun."



Farm labourer Cooper denied his involvement in the Dixons' murder, claiming he had been "at home" on the day in question

"The key to Cooper's conviction came in the shape of the beige trousers Gweneth had been left without after her attack, later altered and worn by her killer"





A drop of Peter Dixon's blood was found under the black paint on the barrels of a Belgian-made gun stolen from murder victim Richard Thomas

## TURNING POINT

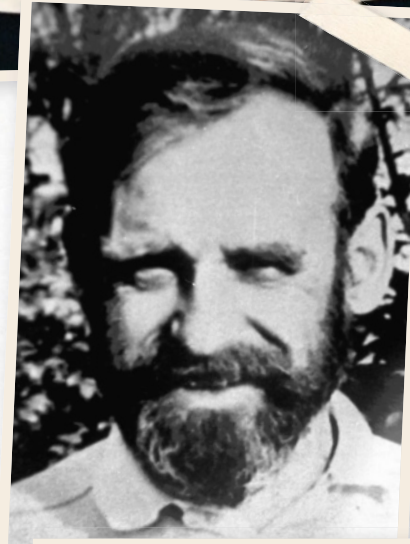
Police accumulated more than 6,000 statements and explored numerous possible theories as to why the couple had been targeted, including a simple robbery and an execution by the IRA, following the discovery of a stash of guns belonging to the terrorist group nearby. On the first anniversary of their death, police appealed to the public for information on the murders and the case was also featured on BBC's *Crimewatch* in 1997, revealing to the public the sketch of the enigmatic 'Wild Man'. Police received more than 400 calls but still had no luck identifying their suspect. But in 2006, 'Operation Ottawa' was launched to look into the unsolved cases that still haunted the county's force.

The Dixon double murder was reviewed using modern forensic technology. Shorts, found among the possessions of violent convict John Cooper, were tested for fresh evidence. The Jordanston resident had been sentenced to 16 years in prison in 1998 for a string of armed robberies and house burglaries involving lone women in the mid-1990s. He had been a suspect in the case since, and a sift through television archives revealed that the criminal had appeared on the television game show *Bullseye* exactly a month before the Dixon murders. His appearance had matched the sketch for the 'Wild Man' but police had little to go on

other than that. More than a decade later, police finally had the evidence they would need to solve not just one but four murders. The key to Cooper's conviction came in the form of the beige trousers Gweneth had been left without after her attack, later altered and worn by her killer. Peter's blood was also discovered on the shorts and one of Cooper's shotguns, which had originally belonged to another of Cooper's victims, millionaire Richard Thomas. Cooper had murdered him and his sister, Helen, in 1985. Cooper had four homicides under his belt dating back to more than two decades.

## AFTERMATH

Sat in court on the final day of Cooper's eight-week trial to hear the verdict were several parties looking for justice: the Dixons' children, Richard and Helen's cousins, victims of rape and robbery in Milford Haven, and the Ottawa team. The jury found Cooper guilty of 11 indictments ranging from attempted robbery to child rape and murder. "Rubbish!" Cooper shouted as the jury unanimously declared him guilty. Passing sentence, the judge told Cooper, "The murders were of such evil wickedness, the mandatory sentence of life will mean just that." Cooper is one of the select few inmates who will remain in prison without the possibility of parole.



Middle-aged victims Gweneth and Peter were forced to give Peter's pin number to their killer before their execution. £310 was withdrawn over the next three days



Hooker's head box was  
his prized possession,  
weighing approximately ten  
kilograms it had the power  
to silence his victims





# THE GIRL IN THE BOX

COLLEEN STAN ENDURED SEVEN YEARS OF HELL AS A SEX SLAVE TO CAMERON AND JANICE HOOKER, WHOSE CRUELTY KNEW NO BOUNDS, MANIPULATING HER TO BELIEVE THAT 'THE COMPANY' WERE WATCHING HER EVERY MOVE

WORDS TANITA MATTHEWS

Janice Hooker met her husband at Red Bluff High School when she was 15 years old. She was a shy and insecure teenage girl, but Cameron, four years her senior, treated her with respect, and it didn't take Janice long to fall in love. In the bedroom, she soon realised that her beau had some "bizarre sexual interests" – slaves and sadism were part and parcel of his desires.

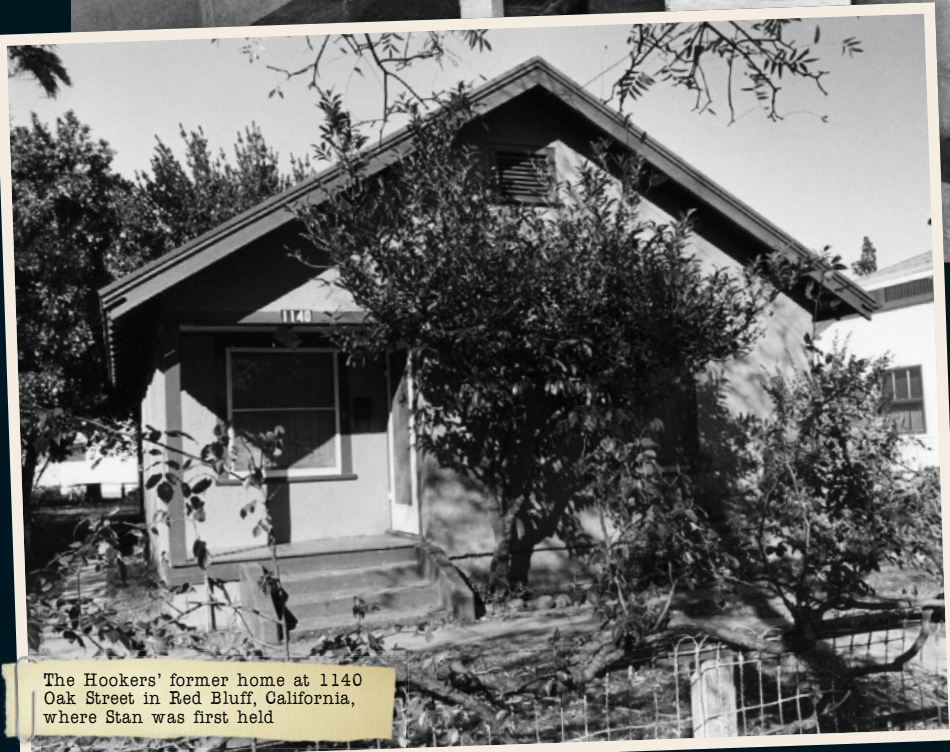
When Cameron asked if he could hang his girlfriend from a tree by her wrists and beat her she was hesitant, but

Cameron told her that his other girlfriends had allowed it and Janice, in her teenage girl naivety, didn't want to lose her sweetheart so she agreed.

She quickly realised that saying 'yes' to Cameron's sexual sadism earned her his love, so she chose to turn a blind eye to his strange appetites for pain and humiliation. This may be the reason why in 1975 when her now husband told her: "You can have a baby, if I can have a slave girl," that she agreed, knowing that saying 'yes' would mean that (as outlined by



**RIGHT** After kidnapping Stan, the Hookers waited until it was dark before transporting her from the car into their house where they enslaved and mercilessly tortured her



The Hookers' former home at 1140 Oak Street in Red Bluff, California, where Stan was first held

Cameron), the slave would receive his punishments, while his wife would receive the kind and tender touch that she so desperately craved. In 1976, the couple's baby girl was born. Janice had received her end of the bargain, but Cameron still longed for his slave girl.

## TRAPPED

It was 19 May 1977 when 20-year-old Colleen Stan willingly climbed into a blue 1971 Mitsubishi Dodge Colt on California's Highway 36 overpass. She had hitchhiked from Oregon, more than 480 kilometres, to surprise her friend in Westwood, before she found herself just outside Red Bluff, approximately 65 kilometres away from her destination. When a friendly looking couple holding a baby pulled up, they offered her a lift but while stopped at a gas station a short while later, a giggling voice told Stan: "Jump out the

window, run, and never look back." She simply dismissed the warning – she had come this far and knew she could soon be in Westwood before it got dark. As the car pulled away from the gas station, Stan remembers seeing a foreign object on the back seat beside her, she hadn't noticed it earlier but now, a large wooden box, liberally adorned with leather straps and clasps had appeared as if from nowhere. Again she chose to ignore the oddity.

The vehicle ascended into the mountains and the couple stopped off for a look at the nearby ice caves. Stan stayed in the car as the family stretched their legs, not wanting to delay them further. As she watched the mother and her child dabbling in the nearby creek, she noticed there was no sign of her partner, but in a split second, the seat in front of her sprung forward and the driver dived on top of her. Pressing a butcher's knife against her throat, he handcuffed the girl and blindfolded her before strapping her head in a harness, locking her jaw in place and preventing her from screaming. The box beside her that she had ignored earlier was placed on Stan's head, a hole in the wooden cube encircled her neck – it was a contraption that would muffle her existence for years to come. With her ankles bound, the sleeping bag she had brought with her on her journey was placed over her body. The woman and child returned and with the girl bound on the backseat, the car pulled away.

At some point the vehicle stopped and the box was removed from Stan's head, followed by the rope around her ankles, but the rest of her restraints remained intact. Ushered into a house, Stan was ordered down the stairs to the dark and dank basement. "Step up," the man she would later come to know as Cameron Hooker ordered, hoisting Stan onto an ice chest in the centre of the room. She was stripped and her wrists fixed either side of her to a pipe above her head. With the final cuff in place, the ice chest was knocked out





**ABOVE** Colleen Stan was kidnapped and held captive as a sex slave by Cameron and Janice Hooker for seven years

from beneath her feet, leaving her suspended from the ceiling. Cameron fetched his wife from upstairs, and beneath Stan's naked, quivering and fear-stricken body the couple had sex, only stopping mid coitus for Cameron to ferociously whip the girl hanging above him. She screamed out but it only seemed to spur on the lashings.

Finally a small box was placed underneath her feet, which barely allowed her to transfer the weight from her wrists to the tips of her toes, as the couple continued having sex. When they had finished, Janice returned upstairs while her husband once again kicked the box from beneath his victim's feet, arousing her agony and his pleasure as her weight pulled on her tired arms and she cried out in pain and confusion. A flash of a camera indicated that her undignified state had been perversely preserved. Stan was unchained and ordered into a space beneath the steps of the basement. With her wrists and ankles chained, the head box was snapped back on, leaving Stan devoid of her senses.

She cried out for help, kicked and wrestled with her restraints, until pair of hands suddenly wrenched open the contraption on her head, "If you don't shut up I'll cut your

vocal chords. I've done it before and I'll do it again." A male voice threatened, before slamming the head box shut again. The trembling girl felt a belt being wrapped around her chest and upper waist, and a phallic-shaped device jammed between her legs, designed to electrocute her. Fortunately, the device didn't work, but the belt restricted her movement and breathing. Throughout the night Cameron sat in the basement and watched Stan sobbing and hunched over in pain, thrilled by his new toy.

### A BOX WITHIN A BOX

From beneath the stairs of the cold and unforgiving dungeon, Stan was placed spread eagle on a rack like device, still restricted by the gag, blindfold and head box. The only time the box was removed was when she was placed on a bedpan to relieve herself or during her single meal of the day, all of which were done without much conversation. Following her short reprieve, she was hung from the ceiling and whipped, before being placed back on the rack as she had been previously. Protesting did little to enhance her situation, if anything it only made it worse. When Cameron presented her with an egg salad sandwich, she found that a combination of terror and heat exhaustion from the box had dwindled her appetite, and she politely declined the second half of her sandwich. For being 'ungrateful' she was hung from the ceiling and whipped. She learned to eat everything that was given and to say nothing unless spoken to. When she needed the toilet she was to wait until she was permitted to use a bedpan or she would be whipped.

Ten days after she was taken, the head box was removed and Stan was relocated into a wooden coffin-like box, prepared by Cameron who had also designed the device on

**“HER NAME STRIPPED FROM HER, SHE WAS INFORMED SHE WAS NOW KNOWN ONLY AS A SINGLE LETTER OF THE ALPHABET — K”**

## THE OTHER WOMAN

JANICE CONFESSED TO POLICE THAT THERE HAD BEEN A SLAVE BEFORE STAN, WHOSE BODY HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND

According to Janice's confession prior to her husband's trial, 16 months before Stan's abduction, the pair picked up 19-year-old Marie Elizabeth Spannhake as she walked home.

Although she declined the offer of a lift, the Hookers insisted and the young girl climbed into the blue Dodge Cult. Cameron overpowered her and tied her up, locking her in the head box as the pair took her back to their Oak Street house. Down in the basement where Stan had first experienced evil, Spannhake refused to cease screaming and kicking. Cameron took the girl up to the kitchen, produced a knife and attempted to cut her vocal chords. Bleeding profusely, Spannhake wrote a note, communicating that

her parents would pay them whatever they demanded, but the money didn't interest the Hookers who instead took her down to the basement again where Cameron fired a pellet gun into her abdomen, before he finally choked her to death. The couple then drove her body to the hills east of Red Bluff and dumped in a shallow dirt grave.

Police have been unable to find the young girl's body, even with the help of Janice, who was provided immunity for her confession. In her memoir, Stan recalls seeing a photo of a young Italian-looking woman with "a dark complexion, a large nose and long black, wavy hair" tucked between the home's double walls.





**ABOVE** Cameron Hooker told his wife and slave that he wanted to capture more girls and mould them into silent and obedient slaves

Stan's head. She was instructed to lie down on her sleeping bag and locked inside. Bound with chains and with only a hairdryer for ventilation, this box was her home for the next seven months for 23 hours of the day. She was released daily to eat and use the bedpan. Every few days, freedom from her cage came with the added trauma of unfathomable pain at the hands of Cameron and Janice. She was hung from the ceiling and whipped using everything from a bullwhip to a cat-o'-nine-tails. She was also choked, electrocuted with wires, burnt with heat lamps and had oral sex forced upon her; whatever Cameron desired (apart from sex, which he promised to reserve for his wife), he inflicted on Stan. She was only allowed to bathe once a month under supervision – blindfolded the entire time.

On a few occasions, Cameron took delight in dunking her head under water until she gasped for air, photographing the struggling girl. When the torture was over, she was returned to her box. Repeatedly she heard the man and his wife having sex on her wooden cage. The slightest bit of freedom came months later when Stan was put to work. Chained to a workspace in the basement, she was allowed to take off her blindfold when not in the company of her captors. She was given tasks such as shelling humongous bags of nuts or macramé projects, each task set was expected to be finished over night, incompleteness only resulted in punishment. She spent her days imprisoned and her nights working – trying

to escape was pointless as the door to the basement was constantly locked.

## MA'AM AND MASTER

In the New Year, as Stan worked diligently beneath the staircase, she heard footsteps approaching. She waited for the usual order to put on her blindfold, but it never came, instead she was faced with her captors who told her that 'The Company' was aware that she was being stowed away, and that she was to be 'registered' for safekeeping. A confused Stan was handed an official looking document entitled 'The Slave Contract', and a copy of the 'Inside News'. As she read the featured article, describing a sex trafficking corporation named 'The Company', Stan grew distressed as she came to believe a higher power was behind her kidnapping as opposed to just the sick individuals before her.

Cameron demanded Stan sign the contract that gave the Hookers possession of her body and soul, "What if I don't?" She asked. "I will sign it for you and make you wish you had signed it," replied Cameron. Feeling that she had no choice, Stan scribbled on the dotted line and handed it back to the Hookers, who fitted her with a cheap metal collar to identify her as their slave. Cameron told his captive that she was to henceforth refer to him and his wife as 'Master' and 'Ma'am', and that she would require permission to brush her teeth,

**“ WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A PAINKILLER, HER LABIA WERE PIERCED AND A GOLDEN HOOP EARRING THREADED THROUGH THE HOLE, REPLACING THE SLAVE COLLAR AROUND HER NECK. ”**





**ABOVE** Janice Hooker testified against her husband in court in a deal that granted her full immunity from charges

clean her ears or use the toilet. Crossing her legs and wearing underwear in his presence was prohibited and she was to remain silent unless spoken to. If she should speak to her owners, she was ordered kneel before them with her arms crossed over her shoulders and her head bowed. Her name stripped from her, she was informed she was now known only as a single letter of the alphabet – K.

After months of rigid captivity, Stan was allowed upstairs, forced to clean the house and wash the dishes, any dissatisfaction resulted in punishment. She was given clothing for the first time in almost a year and was only allowed to wear it when around the Hookers' child. Once she was relieved of her duties in the evening, she was sent back to the basement to work or she was confined to the box and her chains. Bedtime stories reminiscing the horrors of those who had tried to run away from 'The Company' were routine. Cameron also produced a number of official looking documents and letters from the organisation that he placed in sight of Stan to constantly remind her that she was being watched. Her gag and blindfold had been removed but was replaced with fear for her life.

Even outside the box, the Hookers were as ever impossible to please and their punishments as sporadic as ever. A drill was implemented that required Stan to run when Cameron shouted "attention", to an arch in the doorway, strip off and stretch out her arms and cast her head down until she was instructed to move, it was the couple's way of reminding her of their degrading imaginations. In her memoir, *Colleen Stan: The Simple Gifts Of Life*, Stan recalls one particular drill where she was punished for not setting the table correctly. She had of course done as she was asked, but the couple's child had innocently taken a fork from the place settings

when no one was looking. Unaware of the consequences of her actions, the child tossed the fork under the furniture in a childish prank intended on her parents. Instead, Stan was viciously lashed for her 'incompetence'.

### LOCKED UP AGAIN

Within nine months of captivity, Cameron raped Stan, breaking his promise to his wife. The rape, as disgusting as it was, only lasted a short while before Janice sprung up and ran into the bathroom heaving and crying, having witnessed the whole thing. Weeks later the family moved into a mobile home where Stan was forced into a box, similar to her previous home, beneath the couple's water bed. It was there that she would lie months later as Janice gave birth to her second child, just inches above her head. Torture became harder to implement because of the mobile home's structure, but with the use of a wooden frame Cameron had built, Stan continued to be hung from the ceiling after 23 hours of confinement, a plywood shed close by was also a venue for Cameron's fantasies.

Eventually Stan was given shorts and a t-shirt with a pair of old tennis shoes, which she was instructed to wear around the mobile home.

Their children came to see Stan as their baby sitter and never knew of the evil that was happening in the trailer or the girl in the box beneath their parents' bed. As well as being repeatedly raped while Janice was out, new ways to torture Stan were constantly presented, including a stretching device, which stretched her so much she dislocated her shoulder. Without so much as a painkiller, her labia were pierced and a golden hoop earring threaded through the hole, replacing the





slave collar around her neck. In time, Stan was given access to the phone and left alone in the trailer while the Hookers went to work, but she didn't dare to pick up the phone and tell anyone where she was. The stories of slaves who had tried to escape continued to dominate the 'conversation' between the Hookers and Stan and she became convinced that strangers and passers by were part of the organisation that could kill her if she was caught.

Slowly Stan was allowed to spend more and more time out of the box integrating with the family. Three years after her abduction, she was allowed to call home for the first time from a payphone. Supervised by Cameron, who threatened that should she tell anyone where she really was, she would be punished. The calls to her family became more frequent until one day Cameron told Stan that 'The Company' would allow her to visit them once she had undergone strenuous testing to see that she could be trusted. As well as being beaten and raped, Stan was also given a gun and told to put the barrel in her mouth and pull the trigger. Not knowing if the gun as loaded or not she complied and was grateful to hear the 'click' of an empty barrel.

Stan was dropped at her father's home for the night where her siblings and stepmother rallied around her. The family had become convinced Stan had run away to join a religious cult, and were careful not to press too much for answers on her whereabouts. When Cameron picked her up the following day, he introduced himself as 'Mike', Stan's fiancée. A photograph taken by her unsuspecting family showed a 'loved up' couple smiling and hugging, but back at the trailer,

Stan was stripped and put back in the box under the bed for the majority of the next three years, only taken out of the box for bondage, rape and torture, followed by a reminder that 'The Company' was as present as ever.

### "I'M SORRY COLLEEN"

Things slowly changed in 1983. Stan was allowed out of the box more often, given clothes and encouraged to read the bible with Janice. By 1984, Stan was allowed to get a job, drive a car, go to church and take trips with the family. Cameron became transfixed on making Stan his second wife and for her to bear his child. He spent two nights sleeping with his slave, two with his wife and three on his own.

Exactly why what happened next is unclear, but Janice's growing jealousy at her husband's infatuation for his slave is almost certain to have played a part. Visiting Stan at her job one day she blurted out: "Cameron is not part of 'The Company', but there is a Company and you should fear them. I'm sorry Colleen." Realising she was truly free, Stan quit her job and she and Janice fled to her parents' home with

**ABOVE** While living at the mobile home, Stan was allowed to work outside on the garden and was often left in the home by herself to cook and clean but she was too scared to leave for fear of 'The Company'

**“AS WELL AS BEING BEATEN AND RAPED, STAN WAS ALSO GIVEN A GUN AND TOLD TO PUT THE BARREL IN HER MOUTH AND PULL THE TRIGGER”**





Cameron Hooker made Stan wear this leather face mask, which covered her nose and mouth



the children, before phoning her father and having him send money for a bus ticket home. Janice went back to Hooker and pleaded with Stan not to go to the police so that he could reform. Stan agreed and had little contact with the Hookers.

A short while into her new found freedom, police knocked on Stan's door. She discovered that in return for immunity, Janice had confessed, fearing for the safety of her children after Hooker failed to change his ways. Thanks to Janice's confession and Stan's story, Hooker was arrested. He pleaded not guilty to multiple felony counts including kidnapping with the use of a knife, rape, forced oral copulation, penetration with a foreign object, forced sodomy, false imprisonment and abducting to live in an illicit relationship. At the time, California law did not cover the other many forms of torture inflicted upon Stan.

Hooker's defence lawyer told the court that Stan had been a "willing participant", that she had been free to leave at any time and that the seven-year statute of limitations for kidnapping had expired. The box Stan was imprisoned in, the apparatus and restraints made up some of the 140 pieces of physical evidence presented to the court, but the Hookers had burnt a lot of evidence after Stan had left. Janice testified that Cameron had manipulated her and that she realised the deal did not relieve her share of the torture and pain. The jury decided Hooker was guilty of ten felony counts and was sentenced to 104 years in prison. "I consider this defendant the most dangerous psychopath I have ever dealt with," said the judge. Hooker applied for parole in 2015 but ironically was told he would not be allowed to go home.

## TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

STAN WAS FORCED TO SIGN HERSELF OVER ENTIRELY TO HOOKER AND HIS ILLICIT DESIRES, IN THIS SLAVE CONTRACT

"The said slave does covenant, promise and agree:

- She shall immediately, diligently and enthusiastically comply with and submit her full being to any and all directions or desires of Master or His assigns, which He or They may express by word, signal, action or any other means.
- She shall at all times afford Master absolute respect, shall address Him only as "Sir" or "Master". She shall station herself in a physical position subordinate to His whenever possible, and shall speak to or otherwise distract Him only when granted His permission.
- She shall constantly maintain her female body parts in such circumstances as will demonstrate and ensure that they are fully open to Him. In particular she shall never cross her legs in His presence, shall wear no under garments at any time, and shall cover no part of her body with apparel or material of any description except when the act of doing so and design of the item are expressly approved by Him.
- She shall preserve her female body parts for the exclusive use of Him and His assigns, which shall be the sole source of His pleasures, and she shall engage in no self-gratification or any other physical contact with another."





# MURDER IN THE RED BARN

TAKE ONE PRE-VICTORIAN VILLAIN, A SAUCY MOLE CATCHER'S DAUGHTER, ADD SEX AND MURDEROUS INTENT, THEN SET YOUR SCENE IN RURAL ENGLAND FOR A TRUE CRIME STORY STEEPED IN FOLKLORE AND THE BEGINNINGS OF MODERN FORENSIC SCIENCE

WORDS JOANNA ELPHICK

**RIGHT** A frightened Maria, dressed in workman's clothes, took a path less trod to avoid the gaze of the village folk and the waiting parish officer, on his way with a warrant for her arrest







In the early 1800s, the Corder family's 120-hectare farm employed the vast majority of those who lived in Polstead village in Suffolk, England, in one way or another, and most were also tenants on their land. They were rich, influential and charming. No wonder, then, that the local girls sought the attention of the four sons at every opportunity. One young maid in particular set her mopped cap at the Corder clan.

Pretty, vivacious Maria Marten attracted the wandering eyes of two Corder boys. However, the eldest son became bored of the mole catcher's daughter when she fell pregnant with his child. Maria's mother, Mrs Marten, took the baby in as her own along with little Thomas Henry, an illegitimate son from another of Maria's dalliances. The family were quietly supportive of their wayward daughter, no matter how publicly humiliated they were.

Mrs Corder held the Martens in utter contempt, and when a freak accident killed her three older children, followed by her beloved husband, she believed Maria to be out of their lives forever. Unfortunately for both families, young William 'Foxy' Corder, the only surviving child, soon took up with the village temptress. William had gone from the disappointing 'black sheep' of the family to head of the household. This new position did not suit the selfish, violent lout well and the pressure soon took its toll. He argued with tenants, threatened the workers and managed to get Maria pregnant, all within a matter of months.

## A 'BUMP' IN THE ROAD

Being a wily young lady, Maria saw this turn of events as a useful bargaining chip to finally get her feet under the Corder table, but William's mother would never allow the girl anywhere near young William's inheritance, and if she ever found out Maria was 'in the family way', his life would not be worth living. So, while Maria dreamed of wedding bells and a new life at the beautiful Corder House, William began forging a darker plan.

In 1827, Maria was unceremoniously bundled off to Sudbury to secretly give birth to their child. The event remained unknown to all but William and the Martens, who took Maria home as soon as she could travel. However, within two weeks the poor baby was dead. William crammed the unnamed infant in to an old box and buried it in a field on his estate. The inconvenient 'bump' in the road for Master Corder had been disposed of without anybody in the village knowing. Clearly Maria had taken on more than she could handle this time. Her baby had mysteriously died while her future husband appeared to be stealing from the father of her other son, Thomas Henry. A £5 note that had been given to William by the boy's father had disappeared before reaching Maria. If things seemed dreadful now, they were about to get considerably worse.

Maria was furious with her lover and began to badger him to set a wedding date. William needed to shut the girl up, to divert the spotlight from his own indiscretions. A rumour was quickly spread: the parish officers had apparently gathered information regarding Maria's bawdy life and bastard children. They were on their way to Marten Cottage in order to prosecute her. They had but a matter of days to take action. Unsurprisingly, it was William who came up with a plan involving Maria leaving Polstead for good. On Friday 18 May 1827, William arrived at the cottage with very bad news. Apparently a warrant had been granted for the arrest of one Maria Marten, and a constable was coming to take her away. Maria was understandably terrified. How could she

leave in broad daylight when she would almost certainly be spotted by her approaching would-be captor? Once again, William had the answer. Maria was to dress in men's clothes so as to be unrecognisable, then make her way to the Red Barn where William would be waiting. The pair could then wait until dusk and leave for Ipswich, where they could finally wed. It was a perfect plan.

Situated on Barnfield Hill, the now infamous Red Barn was a local landmark, so called because of the red clay-tiled roof that hung to the left of its main door. Maria pulled on the workman's trousers and shirt, kissed her family goodbye and began the muddy half-mile walk up to where her lover was waiting. She was never seen again... in one piece.

In the following months Corder proceeded to weave a tapestry of lies in order to cover up the apparent disappearance of Maria. Initially he wrote to the Martens explaining that they were indeed married but they feared the reaction from his mother would not be pleasant, so they

“ ON ITS DISCOVERY, THE BODY REQUIRED IDENTIFICATION, AND THIS WAS ACHIEVED IN AN UNUSUALLY METHODICAL WAY ”



Maria Marten was an extremely pretty, voluptuous girl with a good-time attitude and loose morals that led her to the man who would be her undoing



intended to extend the honeymoon period until she had calmed down. Back in Polstead, Mrs Marten complained of fearful recurring nightmares in which a ghostly Maria pointed to the floor of the Red Barn, letting out a blood-curdling scream before disappearing into the ground.

Eventually a combination of bad dreams and no direct word from his daughter led Tom Marten to take a walk up to the old Red Barn. On a warm April morning in 1828, Mr Marten poked his mole-catching stick into the floor of the barn: there was mud, more mud, soil, clods – Tom was ready to leave when something made him turn and plunge the stick into the ground one last time. The stick slid into something soft. As he pulled it out, an overwhelming stench of decay filled his nostrils. The remnants of rotting flesh clung to his stick, which he threw across the room as he fled. Mr Marten had finally found his daughter.

## FORENSIC BEGINNINGS

During the 1820s, the art of forensic science did not exist, but the case of Maria Marten certainly displayed early signs of what was to eventually become a staple of modern investigative techniques. On its discovery, the body required identification, and this was achieved in an unusually

methodical way. Although the face was unrecognisable due to a gaping hole where her eye had been, other aspects of her physiognomy were carefully examined. Maria had a missing tooth, which was also missing from the jaw of the decomposing corpse. Odontology would not truly be established for another 100 years but this was clearly an early attempt. A clump of hair, pulled from the rotting scalp, was shown to Maria's sister, Ann. She identified it straight away as that of her missing sister. The body was laid out at the Cock Inn, just across the village green from Corder House, where the villagers could have a good, long look and help in the identification. It was quickly established that her lost eye and cracked skull were due to a pistol shot entering her face at close range. The victim would have died instantly. Other gruesome injuries included a set of cracked ribs and a mutilated torso. A green handkerchief, tied tightly around the neck, was recognised as one belonging to William Corder.

Mr Ayres, the local constable, was more than satisfied. The body was undoubtedly that of poor Maria Marten, and the culprit, almost certainly young William Corder. The investigation took off at lightning speed. Mr Ayres obtained an address from William's friend and, with the help of London officer Mr Lea, tracked the culprit down to Brentford, West London, where he was duly arrested.

**BELOW** The Red Barn, so called because of its red-tiled roof and the way it glowed in the setting sun, burned to the ground in a freak fire

**BOTTOM** The Marten cottage, although greatly extended since the 1800s, can still be seen in Polstead, nestled among the trees down what is now called Marten Lane



William Corder, known to the villagers as 'Foxy', was a cruel, selfish individual who used his financial position and status to intimidate those around him





## ALL IN HIS HEAD

USING AUSTRIAN PHYSICIAN FRANZ JOSEPH GALL'S THEORY OF PHRENOLOGY, DR SPURZHEIM REPORTED ON A CAST OF CORDER'S SKULL

### LACK OF SELF RESPECT

Spurzheim noted that the aspiring section of the head was severely shrunken. Self-esteem was shrivelled. Conscientiousness was worryingly small. There was little in the way of self respect despite his cocky attitude.

### EXTREME VIOLENCE

The area above the ear was enlarged showing destructive tendencies. This, in conjunction with his other swollen animal traits, led the doctor to believe he was a violent, uninhibited man.

### ADEPT LIAR

Spurzheim claimed acquisitiveness, secretiveness and combativeness all predominated here. This encouraged his sneaky behaviour and allowed him to lie about events in the Red Barn.



### FANATICISM

Marvellousness and hope were enlarged. This was thought to come from an excitement of religious belief. This was tempered by the remaining under-used moral region.

### COLDHEARTEDNESS

Organs of the reflective powers were deemed small and ineffective. This was particularly true of the agreeableness and human nature areas. Corder had, so the doctor believed, little or no human kindness inside him and would have thought nothing of killing Maria.

### DEVIENESS

The whole of the intellectual region was very small and withered. He was far more cunning than thoughtful.

## TRIAL OF THE CENTURY

The trial was a media sensation. By mid-July all hotels in nearby Bury St Edmunds were full, with guests waiting for court proceedings to commence. On 7 August 1828, the viewing gallery was heaving and the pavement outside was crowded with disappointed members of the public who could not fit in to the courtroom. Ladies, unable to enter the building, climbed onto the outside wall and railings in the hope of glimpsing the diabolical Corder. William calmly pleaded "not guilty" to a total of ten indictments of murder from a plethora of methods. The body of poor old Maria had yielded a variety of possible ends ranging from stabbing, strangulation, shooting and eye popping to the piercing of a dagger through the heart.

The surprising and all-too-titillating arrival of Maria herself, in the form of a pair of broken ribs and decomposing heart, created a level of frenzy never seen before. Sexual

philanderers, illegitimate children, pistols, intrigue and lies; it was a piece of theatre for the crowd.

Although William gave a rousing performance in the dock, claiming that he had heard a pistol fire and entered the barn to find his beloved on the floor, the jury was unimpressed. They returned in under 40 minutes with a guilty verdict. The judge, Chief Baron Alexander, passed the death sentence and ordered that Corder's body be dissected and anatomised. "And may the Lord God Almighty, of his infinite goodness, have mercy on your soul," he added.

The cocky young fellow, widely known as 'Old Foxy', who had entered the dock was no longer to be seen. It was a weak and clearly shaken William who was led from the court. Having languished in the gaol for three days, Corder finally confessed to the killing of Maria. He swore that the death had been accidental, saying he shot her in the eye as she was removing her disguise. He had never stabbed her in the heart. This, he claimed, must have been the result of Tom Marten's stick being pushed through the floor – and this was probably true. Either way, Corder was set to swing on 11 August 1828.

The execution was a major event in criminal history. An extra door was put in at Bury gaol to take Corder to the gallows so that he didn't walk too closely to the baying crowds. It was later claimed that as many as 20,000

“ MORE THAN 5,000 GHOULISH VISITORS FILED PAST THE CORPSE TO GET ONE FINAL LOOK AT THE WICKED MURDERER ”



# Execution of Wm. Corder, CONFESION

With the Copy of a Letter addressed to his Wife  
ONE HOUR BEFORE HIS DEATH, AND OTHER INTERESTING PARTICULARS.



TAKES THE DAY OF HIS COMMITMENT.

tude, and resignation to his will. Rest assured that his wise providence works all things together for good. The awful sentence which has been passed upon me, & which I am now summoned to answer, I confess is very just, and I die in peace with all mankind, truly grateful for the kindness I have received from Mr. Orridge, and the religious consolation from the Rev. Mr. Stocking, who has promised to take my last words to you." (No Signature.)

The above was written with pencil, on a blank leaf at the end of a volume of "Blair's Sermons," which appears to have been a gift of Mrs. Corder to her husband, from the following words written on another leaf at the beginning of the book:—"Mary Corder to her husband William Corder—a birth-day present, June 22, 1828."

Corder attained his 24th year on that day.

## CORDER'S CONFESSION.

"Bury Gaol, August 10, 1828.—Condemned Cell, Sunday Evening, half-past Eleven.

"I acknowledge being guilty of the death of poor Maria Marten, by shooting her with a pistol. The particulars are as follows.—When we left her father's house we began quarrelling about the burial of the child, she apprehending that the place wherein it was deposited would be found out. The quarrel continued for about three quarters of an hour upon this and other subjects. A scuffle ensued, and during the scuffle, and at the time I think that she had hold of me, I took the pistol from the side pocket of my velvet jacket, and fired. She fell, and died in an instant. I never saw even a struggle. I was overwhelmed with agitation and dismay—the body fell near the front doors on the floor of the barn, a vast quantity of blood issued from the wound, and ran on the floor and through the crevices. Having determined to bury the body in the barn (about two hours after she was dead), I went and borrowed the spade of Mrs. Stowe; but before I went there, I dragged the body from the barn into the chaff-house, and locked up the barn. I returned again to the barn, and began to dig the hole, but the spade being a bad one, and the earth firm and hard, I was forced to go home, for a pick-axe, and a better spade, with which I dug the hole and then buried the body. I think I dragged the body by the handkerchief that was tied round her neck. It was dark when I finished covering up the body. I went the next day and washed the blood from the barn floor. I declare to Almighty God, I had no sharp instrument about me, and that no other wound but the one made by the pistol was inflicted by me. I have been guilty of great idleness, and at times led a dissolute life, but I hope through the mercy of God to be forgiven."

WM. CORDER.

Witness to the signing by the said William Corder, JOHN ORRIDGE, Gaoler.

Mr. Broderick had 140 guineas for defending Corder.

## THE RED BARN.

The Scene of the Murder, and where the Body of Maria Marten was found concealed.



Broadsides were sold at all major hangings and were considered to be cheap, affordable souvenirs. They were often accompanied by a maudlin poem and crude woodcut



Plaster or wax casts were often made of executed men and women, particularly if their trial had been a sensational one. They often have protruding, fat lips, which is an effect of the hanging



spectators flooded the streets of Bury St Edmunds, and news of his demise reached far and wide. That night, during a performance of *Macbeth* in Drury Lane, London, an actor spoke the lines, "Is execution done on Cawdor," only to be heckled by a member of the audience with, "Yes! He was hung this morning at Bury."

Corder's body was carried back to Bury Shire Hall where it remained on public display for some time. More than 5,000 ghoulish visitors filed past the corpse to get one final look at the wicked murderer before Cambridge University students were granted permission to witness the post-mortem and study his muscle formation. Were there any biological signs of his nefarious traits? Some thought so. Further phrenological studies based around the popular science of the day led the surgeons to conclude that Corder's skull displayed secretive and destructive characteristics. Whether this was retrospective brilliance or sheer coincidence, the medics appeared to have summed 'Foxy' Corder up perfectly. The skeleton was later handed over to medical students and used during anatomy lessons until the 1950s. His body was finally cremated in 2004.

Meanwhile Maria Marten was quietly laid to rest in St Mary's Church, Polstead, where her bones lie to this very day. Initially a headstone was placed in the churchyard but

this was quickly destroyed by souvenir hunters who chipped away at the rock. Eventually the stone was entirely worn away and a new wooden plaque was erected in a quiet corner of the graveyard.

More than 1 million broadsides were sold detailing William's final hours along with appallingly sentimental ballads and crude woodcuts of his execution. Corder's executioner, John Foxtan, was offered the murderer's trousers as of right, while pieces of the rope were sold off for one guinea each. Selling the rope was a lucrative sideline for any hangman and is one possible origin for the adage, 'Money for old rope'.

Other gory souvenirs included locks of Maria's hair, cheap at two guineas, or a section of Corder's scalp. Copies of the waxy death mask were distributed all across the country as collectors jostled for the best memorabilia, while the prize for most macabre souvenir went to an account of the murder bound in Corder's tanned skin.

The barn was pulled apart for a variety of vile gifts, possibly the worst being a collection of toothpicks made from the wooden planks lining the walls. Poor Maria and her family had struggled financially throughout life; sad then that her body and personal effects should have been worth so much in death.

**TOP** Still standing today, this was the last building to hold a living William Corder. He was finally executed behind these walls in August 1828

**ABOVE** As the clock struck 12, Corder ascended the scaffold dressed in the clothes he had worn during the trial. The hangman cruelly kept him waiting as he discussed the length of the drop before finally putting William out of his misery



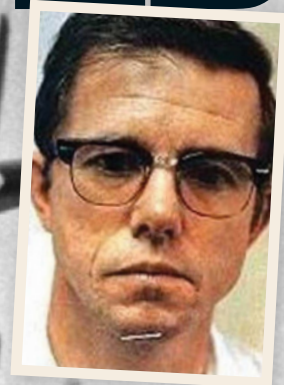




# HE HATED, SO HE HUNTED

FAMILY MAN AND PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY: SHY INTROVERT ROBERT HANSEN WAS ALSO A MANIAC WHO ABDUCTED, HUNTED AND MURDERED YOUNG WOMEN. HOW DID MISOGYNY TURN IN TO SUCH WANTON VIOLENCE?

WORDS MARTYN CONTERIO



**T**he Alaskan oil boom, beginning in the late 1960s, brought with it new growth opportunities for the city of Anchorage. Along with it came a transient population – oil workers and those who were employed to build state infrastructure. There had been military bases dotted around the peninsula since the 1940s, but this was very different. Serious money was starting to roll out with the barrels of liquid gold.

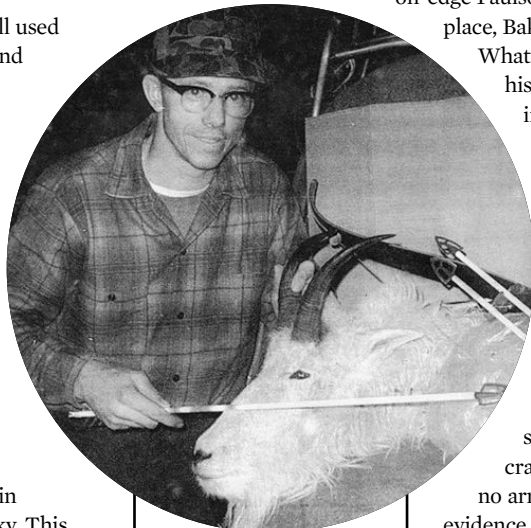
Hardworking blue-collar guys, on their downtime, might go off for a spot of quiet salmon fishing or on a hunting trip with their buddies. There were plenty, however, who wanted to spend their wages drinking and screwing. As the saying goes: work hard, play hard.

Due to Alaska's geographical location in the frozen north (it's the USA's largest but least populated state), there was – and still is – something of the old pioneer days and spirit about Anchorage. It must have felt to many like the last place in the USA where the West could still be wild. Money being the magnet it is, not just for legit business enterprises but also for the criminal element, drug dealers, pimps and their girls soon gravitated toward Alaska, wanting a piece of the action. Fourth Avenue became a hot spot for bars with names such as Wild Cherry, and kerb crawling.



This was the perfect set of conditions for serial killer Robert Hansen to operate with such deadly, and sometimes blasé, effect: transient workers, awe-inspiring wilderness and the mutual antagonism and suspicion between police and sex workers. Somebody going missing didn't necessitate an immediate investigation, either. First off, they'd have to be reported missing by a family member or partner. Most of the time, cops figured victims of crime – at least potential victims – had packed up and headed home to where they hailed from. Back to the lower 48s, as Alaskans refer to other parts of the US.

Alaskan state troopers were well used to amateur-hour hikers and weekend ramblers going missing in the sticks. You don't head out into the wilderness from Anchorage: it is the wilderness. The Chugach Mountains loom over the city and a person can easily get lost, finding themselves in a world of trouble just a few kilometres from their front door. Alaska is no place for dilettante outdoor enthusiasts. One crucial mistake and the great outdoors will end you, leaving your corpse for the bears and your skeleton for park rangers to stumble across one day in the near or far future, if you're lucky. This frozen world was Robert Hansen's playground, domain and kingdom of secret death. He knew it intimately. To others, the valleys, mountains and forests were the perfect place to bag game after a hard week of work. The killer saw it as both hunting and burial ground. The game he stalked through the trees wasn't elk or moose though, he was hunting petrified young women. How on earth did they get there, you ask? He flew them. Hansen is the only known serial killer to transport his victims by plane to the areas they were killed and buried.



Hansen was a skilled hunter who knew the Alaskan wilderness well. Was he, like the Zodiac Killer, inspired to hunt down people by the 1924-short story, *The Most Dangerous Game*?

**RIGHT** Owning a small plane is nothing unusual in a place as remote as Alaska. But transporting victims to their graves is a unique factor of the case. This Piper Supercub is very similar to the one Hansen used

the girl to a cheap motel joint (the Mush Inn, where she had a room), the kind of grotty bolt hole for a lady of the night and person on the outside of society. She rang the cops.

Officer Greg Baker went to the Mush Inn and was told that the girl, Cindy Paulson, had gone to her boyfriend's pad at The Big Timber Motel. He went there and met an on-edge Paulson. Before the interview took place, Baker freed her from the handcuffs.

What she recounted, he believed. But his colleagues weren't so interested in what they saw as a floozy type probably trying to get back at a – literally – rough customer.

It was probably a shake down gone wrong. The antagonism between old foes, lawmen and hookers bristled in their initial conversations. Paulson was evasive about her own life story and she lied about her age (claiming she was 23, when she was 17). The mutual distrust crackled between them further when no arrests were made due to lack of evidence against the guy she accused of assault and rape. Paulson's recall and detailing of what had happened turned out to be so accurate, though, they could not discount her story wholesale. There was no denying she was scared out of her mind, or that her neck and hands were badly bruised. At this point in time, too, several bodies had turned up in the wilderness in and around Anchorage. Was there a connection between them?

Paulson saw a pock-marked, middle-aged man and approached (they always had to approach him), and he asked for oral sex. As she was about to commence, he pressed a gun to her head. Driving back to his house on Old Harbor Avenue in the well to do Muldoon neighbourhood, Hansen tied up Paulson by a metal chain hanging from a beam in his den, repeatedly raped her, bit her nipples and, in one grotesque act of barbarism, contempt and humiliation, inserted a hammer into her vagina. In between these bouts of savagery, he'd go upstairs to sleep.

Hansen returned later and told his captive they were going to take a trip into the mountains. If she co-operated, Paulson would be returned unharmed. He said he'd taken plenty of other women out into the sticks and they'd come back safe and sound. Yet his assurances didn't wash. Society might look down on girls like Cindy Paulson and judge her by an occupation she was essentially forced into to survive, but she was no schmuck. She had street smarts and a gut feeling that this guy wasn't right in the head, and Cindy knew in her heart of hearts he'd be flying back alone. At Merrill Field airport, as Hansen loaded up his Piper Super Cub,

## HIS LAST VICTIM

On 13 June 1983, hunting season came to an end. Through his own carelessness and the sheer bravery of one woman, Robert Hansen was now a marked man. From this day, Alaskan detectives were building a case against him, certain they had their man, but lacking anything in the way of hard evidence to send the guy to the big house for a very long stretch. Having heard of the FBI new profiling lab, detectives would call in the Feds to help build a profile of the killer, in the hope they could secure a search warrant from a judge.

The girl must have made a frightening spectacle. 36-year-old truck driver Robert Yount was going about his daily business, close to Merrill Field airport, when he saw a handcuffed and half-naked woman screaming for help. Not something you exactly see every day, more like something from a slasher movie. The terrified female flagged down the driver and ordered him to drive to her residence. Yount drove

**“SOCIETY MIGHT LOOK DOWN ON GIRLS LIKE CINDY PAULSON AND JUDGE HER BY AN OCCUPATION SHE WAS ESSENTIALLY FORCED INTO TO SURVIVE, BUT SHE WAS NO SCHMUCK”**





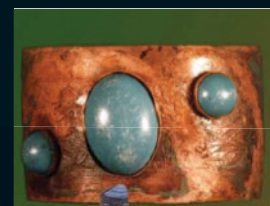
## GIRL UNKNOWN

THE BODY NICKNAMED 'EKLUTNA ANNIE' WAS ROBERT HANSEN'S FIRST VICTIM AND ARGUABLY HIS MOST TRAGIC

Eklutna Annie still has a page devoted to her on the Alaska State Trooper's missing persons' website bulletin board. Almost 37 years on from the gruesome discovery workers made near a set of power lines at Eklutna (hence the nickname) on 21 July 1980, the mystery endures.

In 1984, Robert Hansen admitted he'd killed her, but was tight-lipped about biographical details, either as a way of maintaining control, because he genuinely couldn't remember or he simply didn't know. The little he offered, that she was either a hooker or topless dancer and she might have hailed from Kodiak, didn't help much.

Eklutna Annie certainly fits the type of person Hansen liked to kill – prostitutes – and she was similar in age (a teenager or in her early 20s) and of a small build (so they'd be easy to subdue and control). At between 1.25 and 1.6 metres tall, she was tiny. Despite a body, clothing and pieces of jewellery – and later a 3D facial reconstruction – nobody ever came forward to claim or identify Annie. She fit no description of any missing persons cases on file. She's buried in Anchorage Memorial Park Cemetery where a simple, pitiful marker reads: 'Jane Doe, Died 1980'.



The lightweight Ruger Mini-14, .223 calibre was used by Hansen to kill women he abducted and hunted down in remote areas of the Alaska



## CLOSING IN ON THE KILLER

POLICE CALLED IN THE FBI TO PROFILE THE MURDERER: THE RESULT BORE AN UNCANNY RESEMBLANCE TO HANSEN

### • LOW SELF-ESTEEM

Profilers believed whoever was killing the women suffered from low self-esteem and possibly suffered some form of facial disfigurement or speech impediment. Hansen's face was acne-scarred and he stuttered.

### • SOCIAL MISFIT

Twinned with inadequacy, the profilers believed the killer was a social misfit who had problems with women. A lack of social skills, self-confidence and shyness bred resentment and misogynistic hate.

### • FAÇADE OF NORMALCY

The person would be able to function and put on an act of normalcy in day-to-day life. Hansen was a successful businessman, married, with two kids.

### • OUTDOORSMAN

The location of the bodies led the FBI to believe the perpetrator was a skilled huntsman. Hansen was well known for his prowess as a hunter.

### • PRIOR INCIDENTS

A serial killer's early years may involve episodes of arson, cruelty to animals, petty theft, burglary or rape. Hansen had prior convicts for arson (1961), attempted rape and assault (1971).

### • COLLECTING TROPHIES

The killer would collect trophies – items from the bodies – because he could not mount their heads on a wall like he would an animal kill. Police found victims' jewellery in Hansen's home.



Paulson noticed him place a hunting rifle in the plane. While pre-occupied with these loading supplies, Paulson made her move. No threat or retribution in the world could stop her now. She ran hell for leather, initially with Hansen giving chase and yelling he was going to kill her.

Investigators first took Paulson to Merrill Field, where she identified the plane. Next, they visited Hansen at home. He acted incredulous and dismissed the accusation outright. He came across as a normal guy. But then again, they all do. In this initial interview, however, Hansen came out with what is now the classic line of the case. Something that hinted at a deep-seated misogyny and his attitude to women in general: “You can’t rape a prostitute, can you?”

## HE HUNTED TO KILL

Robert Christian Hansen was born in Estherville, Iowa, in 1939. A short fellow with an acne-scarred face and a stutter, he grew up a loner. He was deeply shy around women. “Because I looked and talked like a freak, every time I looked at a woman she would turn away,” he explained to the cops in the interrogation room. In hunting, he found not only a passion shared by millions, but peace of mind away from the bullying and taunts of his peers. It was in nature where he also felt – through the power of a rifle and crossbow – a sense of power and control over life and death. The immense rush he felt during the stalk meant more to him than the actual kill, the pull of the trigger, the taking of spoils. In time, he graduated from hunting wild game to tracking and

executing women. During his arrest, Hansen confessed: “The excitement was in the stalking.”

By 1960, Robert Hansen was arrested for burning down a bus garage and served 20 months of a three-year sentence. Although developing violent fantasies against women, he was married and divorced by the mid-1960s and then married again before setting off for Alaska to rebuild his life. Hansen’s dual identity – a humble family man and covert sicko – allowed him to live essentially a double life. His wife and two kids were ignorant of the fact they lived with – and loved – a cold-hearted monster who took revenge against vulnerable women. His neighbours thought him generally a swell guy, too. Hansen ingratiated himself to locals by firstly being a good egg – if acting a bit odd sometimes – and because he’d proved himself a man’s man by setting hunting records. On one occasion, Hansen had shot a Dall sheep with a crossbow while hunting in the Kuskokwim Mountains.

When news broke of his crimes, it shattered a lot of folk in the city. A former employee at the bakery Hansen owned, who had worked beside him for several years, found it impossible to get over the fact he’d been side by side to a serial killer and never once twigged. While sporting a mask of normality most of the time, when Hansen was finally nailed for the murders, folk began to talk of his weirder qualities. Others had stories to tell about a violent temper and threatening manner. Prostitutes, topless dancers and hitchhikers attest to run-ins with Hansen, who tempted them with offers of money or rides. That they’d declined possibly saved their lives.

**ABOVE** 17 April 1983, investigators search the Knik flats after two bodies were discovered by hunters. Hansen was familiar with the area through his own hunting trips

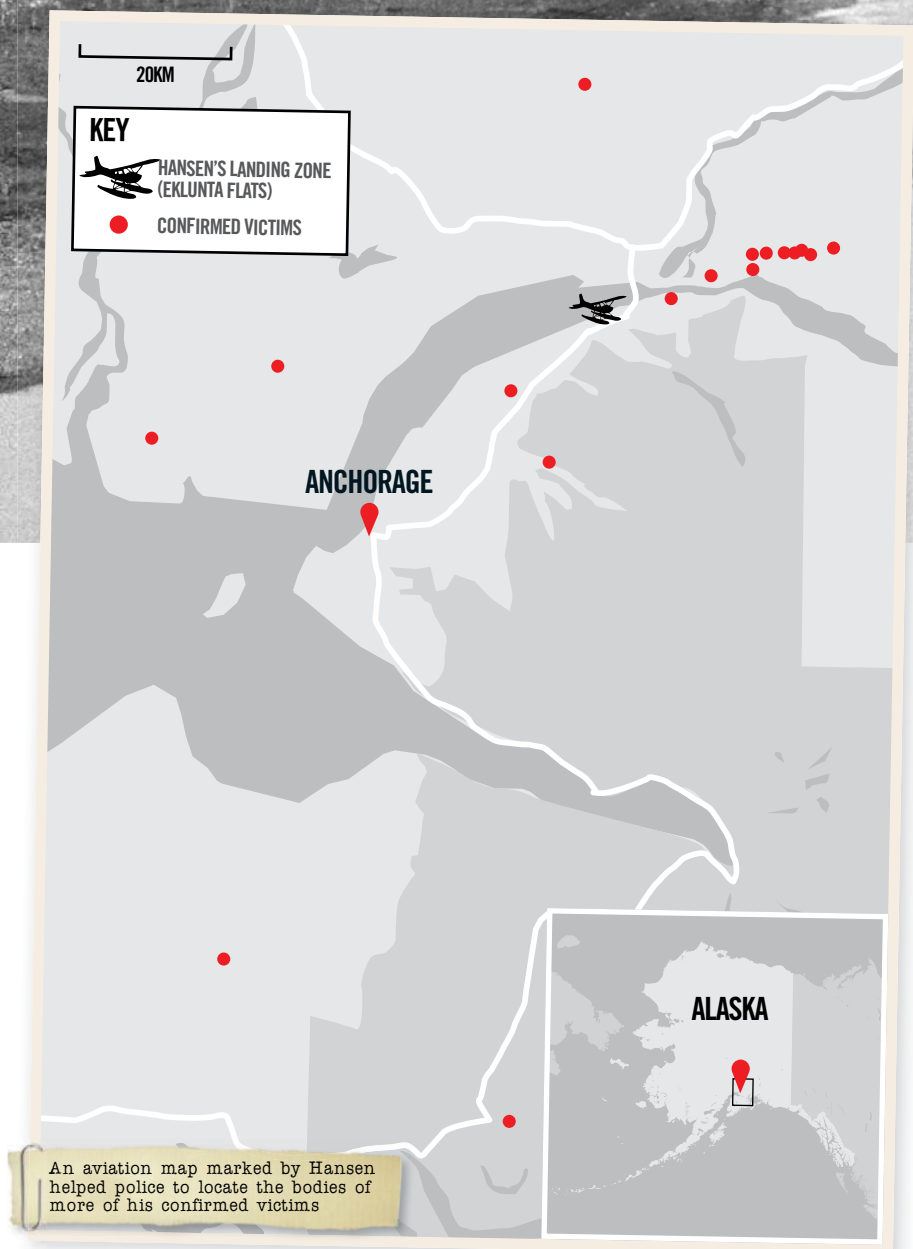




Detective Glenn Flothe led the investigation against Hansen and hypothesised the killer at first targeted young girls he was attracted to, or those who caught his eye on the street, before cottoning on to the fact topless dancers and prostitutes were easier because authorities would have a much harder time tracking them down. Bars at the time also rotated their girls from venue to venue. One week they might be dancing in a dive bar in Anchorage or dispatched to Kodiak or Seward further down the coast. Even today, violent assaults and rapes against sex workers are hardly reported because the oldest profession in the world is criminalised and looked down upon morally. Even in the shattering wake of the Hansen murders, since the 1990s, an Alaskan lobby group, Community United for Safety and Protection, which calls for better care and understanding toward sex workers in Anchorage and other major hubs, reported there were 11 missing or murdered persons currently unsolved in the state. And that's just the ones that are verifiable.

### THE CASE AGAINST HANSEN

Since the summer of 1980, the bodies of four young women had turned up along the Knik River and Kenai peninsula. The first unidentified female became known as 'Eklutna Annie', named after the place where she was found by workers digging power lines. Joanna Messina was discovered in the same area, her body having partly been eaten by bears. Until a subsequent identification later on, she became known as 'the Bear Lady'.



**“ SOMETHING HINTED AT A DEEP-SEATED MISOGYNY AND HIS ATTITUDE TO WOMEN: ‘YOU CAN’T RAPE A PROSTITUTE, CAN YOU?’ ”**



# PICTURING THE PERPETRATOR

FORMER AGENT DR KIRBY EXPLAINS HOW THE FBI BUILDS A PROFILE OF A KILLER

**How does an FBI profiler construct a profile of a serial killer? Can you talk our readers through it?**

The profiler's job is not to try to solve the crime, but to look at the behaviour that occurred with connection to the crime. Case information is requested by a profiler from individual agencies: a copy of the police report, crime scene and photographic/digital reports, autopsy report and thorough information about the background and personal life of the victim. Why this victim? What might be the motivation? Why was the victim killed in this manner? What happened as the killer and the victim interacted? These are some of the questions that the profiler tries to discern as he/she reviews the material submitted by the law enforcement agency.

**This case is unusual because Alaskan police had a suspect before the FBI profiled Hansen. Are there any potential ethical dilemmas or dangers in that approach?**

One of the disclaimers of the FBI profile is that it should not be a substitute for a solid and thorough investigation. A profile provides degrees of subjectivity. It is helpful, but not scientific. Strong circumstantial, witnesses and other investigative tools provide the scientific and investigative evidence necessary to make the arrest and charge. The problem for the profiler and police investigators is to keep the evidence separate from the profile. Each is helpful in its own way, but scientific evidence wins in the end.

**We're interested in the fact Hansen flew victims in a small plane he owned and parked at a local airport. It seems both brazen and unique. He must be the only serial killer to have flown his victims to their deaths?**

Hansen was quite unique. The combination of flying his victims to a remote area and then hunting them down is very unusual. Spending time with each victim and then taking her to the airport was high-risk behaviour for Hansen. Although, by being a prostitute or dancer, the victims may not be thought missing until days or weeks later. The more he killed, the more confident he became in his techniques, and so the less risky it seemed. The goal of all serial killers is to kill and remain undetected for as long as they can, while still fulfilling their own violent and sexual fantasies.



## DR PATRICIA KIRBY

The inspiration for *The Silence Of The Lambs'* Clarice Starling, Dr Patricia Kirby spent years at the FBI studying the minds of serial killers. Today, she works as a consultant and a lecturer.



**ABOVE** During searches of the Knik Flats in September 1983, state trooper cadet Ray Jennings finds a woman's bracelet lying in sand

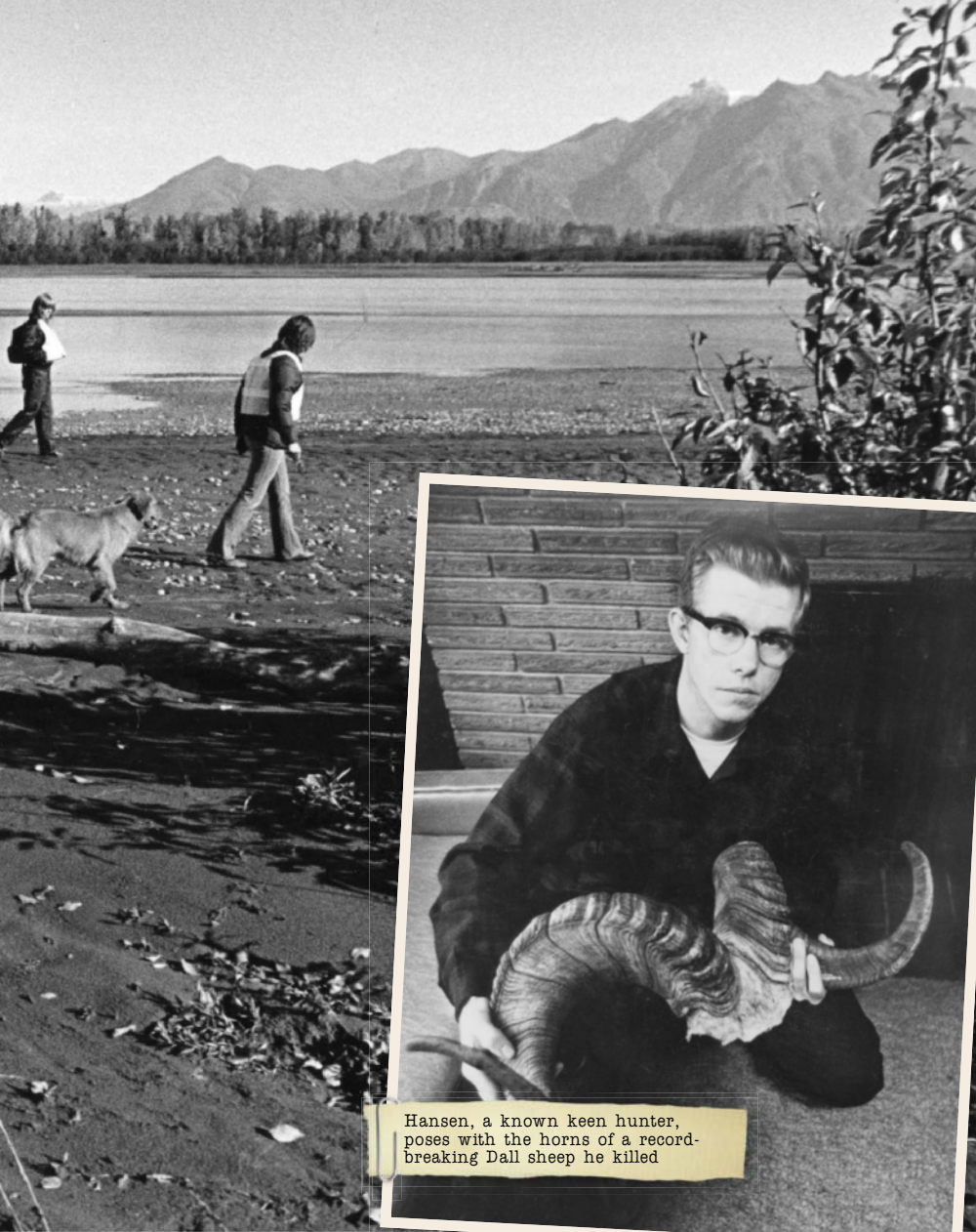
In September 1982, hunters came across the remains of 23-year-old topless dancer Sherry Morrow. Found wearing clothes, investigators were puzzled. Sherry had been shot in the back three times, but there were no entry marks in the clothing. Had she been shot while naked and re-clothed by the killer before being placed in a shallow grave? The shell casing found revealed the weapon was a high-powered .223 Ruger Mini-14. This gun was very popular, making it extremely difficult to track down the owner and interview them about their whereabouts.

Just weeks after the Cindy Paulson incident, on 2 September 1983, 17-year-old Paula Goulding was found on the banks of the Knik. As with Sherry Morrow, investigators noted the absence of bullet holes in her clothing, yet she'd obviously been shot. With the bodies piling up, Glenn Flothe and his team had a giant hill to climb in apprehending the killer. Was the man behind the Cindy Paulson story also the guy they should be looking at for the murders? Flothe had a hunch that he was.

Cracking Hansen's alibi wouldn't be tough. When the cops knocked on his door that day, following up on Paulson's

**“ HE DENIED HE HAD ANY KNOWLEDGE OF THE MURDERS. BUT EVENTUALLY HE CRUMBLLED AND SANG LIKE A CANARY ”**





Hansen, a known keen hunter, poses with the horns of a record-breaking Dall sheep he killed

interview, the serial killer appeared humble and mildly outraged at the suggestion he'd required the services of a hooker. He was a married man, a provider, a respectable member of the community. His wife and two children were on vacation in Europe at the time. Anyway, he'd been with two friends all night, until at least 5am, therefore he couldn't have spent the night raping and torturing Paulson, nor took her to Merrill Field airport with the intent of flying her out into the wild.

Called in to interview, Hansen's buddies quickly changed their tune. Told they'd face time in the slammer if found out to be lying, they admitted Hansen wasn't with them at all that night. The pair had lied to get their pal out of a jam, an embarrassing situation. The alibi was knocked down like a ten-pin strike in a bowling alley, leaving Hansen to sweat and realise the net was closing in fast. With mounting evidence and the FBI profile, Anchorage police officers were granted a search warrant for the house and would now be able look for anything linking him to the murders. It wasn't long before they found what they were looking for.

The FBI's profile report was pivotal in apprehending Hansen, but it was not the main breakthrough. At the time, profiling was becoming a buzzword and states and lawyers were coming to grips with this new technique in criminal investigation. Profiling gave lead detective Flothe enough to get a judge and DA to sign the warrant, but authorities still had their reservations. It could so easily have blown up

in their faces and left them incredibly embarrassed. Armed with Roy Hazelwood's profile (begun by John Douglas, who handed it over due to illness), Alaskan state troopers were positively stunned by its accuracy of Hansen's character.

## THE BIG MISTAKE

A judge could have put Robert Hansen away in 1976. Arrested for larceny (he stole a chainsaw), psychiatric reports done at the behest of the court found the prisoner to be a very dangerous man, whose drug treatment (he was taking lithium to control his moods) was merely suppressing his urges, not stopping them. Sent to a correctional facility in Juneau, Hansen ordered his lawyers to appeal to the State Supreme Court of Alaska. He was let out pretty much within a year, give or take, and was free to begin enacting his sadistic fantasies in real life. The appeal judge gave their reason for early release as: "Hansen has otherwise conducted his life in a normal and respectable manner. He has maintained steady employment, has been a good provider for his family." It goes on to say that his "amenability to treatment" and the low value of the stolen item meant the five-year sentence was unjust. This grave error contributed to the deaths of 'Eklutna Annie', Sherry Morrow, Paula Goulding, Joanne Messina, Malai Larson, Sue Luna, Teresa Watson, Angela Ferren, Tamara Pederson and more. Hansen murdered as many as 30 women, possibly even more. The final tally is unknown.

"I'm not saying I hate all women, I don't... but I guess prostitutes are women I'm putting lower down than myself. It's like it was a game, they had to pitch the ball before I could bat," Hansen summed up to the police as to why he selected socially vulnerable women to attack and kill. In his eyes, they were fair game because they were dirty, not proper, just pieces of trash he could use for his own sick kicks.

Police uncovered his .223 Ruger Mini-14, which ballistics matched to casings found at the crime scenes, as well as a load of trophy items he'd taken from the bodies – some he'd passed on to his wife and daughter. Hansen admitted to flying women out into the wild at favoured spots. There, he'd remove their clothes, allow them to flee on foot and hunt them down. He was the living embodiment of trophy hunter Count Zaroff, in *The Most Dangerous Game*, a popular short story by Richard Cornell, later a 1932-Hollywood movie, in which an aristocrat hunts humans on a tropical island.

Of course, he toyed with the cops. Of course, he denied he had any knowledge of the murders. Hansen said circumstantial evidence – such as bodies located at places he'd circled on a map found at his home – was exactly that. But eventually he crumbled and sang like a canary.

The scale of Hansen's crimes was mind-boggling and scary. Rather than subject relatives and the state to 17 or more individual trials, Hansen was found guilty of four as well as the rape and abduction of Cindy Paulson. He acknowledged the others attributed to him. Admitting to multiple homicides, he assisted in recovering bodies, but the frozen ground sometimes hampered retrieval and searches. Sentenced to 461 years, Hansen passed away aged 75 in 2014.

Robert Hansen might not be as famous as other 1980s psychos, but he is among the most unique serial killers of all time. Not just because he transported victims to their deaths by air, but in how the FBI aided in his capture, developing a profile for the state trooper's preferred suspect, rather than it being a stab in the dark. It's unknown, but a possibility, there are more victims lying in shallow graves, waiting to come home. All serial killers take secrets to their grave.



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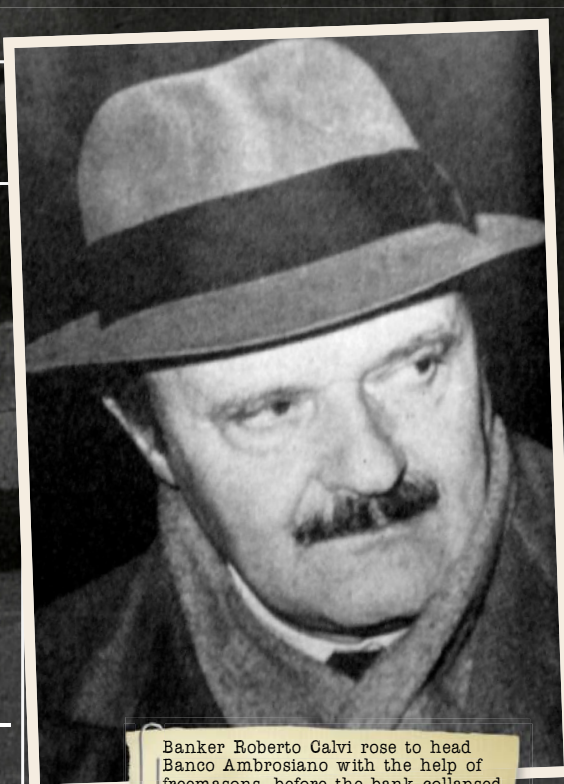
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# UNSOLVED CASE WHO KILLED GOD'S BANKER?

BEHIND THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF AN ITALIAN BANKER LAY A TRAIL OF SHADY FINANCIAL DEALS, BLOOD AND CORRUPTION THAT LED TO THE SICILIAN MAFIA AND THE HEAD OF A POWERFUL MASONIC LODGE, RIGHT UP TO THE VATICAN ITSELF

WORDS BEN BIGGS



Banker Roberto Calvi rose to head Banco Ambrosiano with the help of freemasons, before the bank collapsed









**ABOVE** After the collapse of Banco Ambrosiano, Calvi was arrested and represented himself at trial

**O**n 5 June 1982, Roberto Calvi, the chairman of Italy's catholic bank, Banco Ambrosiano, wrote a letter to Pope John Paul II from his office in Milan: "Holiness," he began with the usual protocol for addressing the head of the Catholic Church, "a possible collapse of the Ambrosiano Bank would provoke a catastrophe of unimaginable proportions in which the Church will suffer the gravest damage. It must be avoided at all costs.

"It was me, following the mandate of your authoritative representatives, who arranged significant financing of several countries and politico-religious associations in the east and the west. It was me, in agreement with Vatican authorities, who co-ordinated across the whole of South America, the establishment of numerous banking entities, mainly aimed at countering the penetration and expansion of neo-Marxist ideologies. It was me, finally, who is betrayed today by the very same authority for which I have always shown the utmost respect and obedience."

12 days later, following the highly publicised collapse of Banco Ambrosiano, Roberto Calvi was found hanging from some scaffolding beneath Blackfriars Bridge in central London, England. It seemed like an obvious suicide to a casual observer and possibly to the man who had the misfortune to be the first to witness this disturbing scene. Some cursory digging, however, would reveal that Calvi had sanctioned illegal overseas transactions for huge sums of money, that he was facing a possible prison term and millions of pounds in fines and that he had already attempted suicide during a previous spell in jail. But he had been swimming with sharks. Calvi was a ranking member of the powerful, illegal and secretive P2 (Propaganda Due) Masonic lodge,

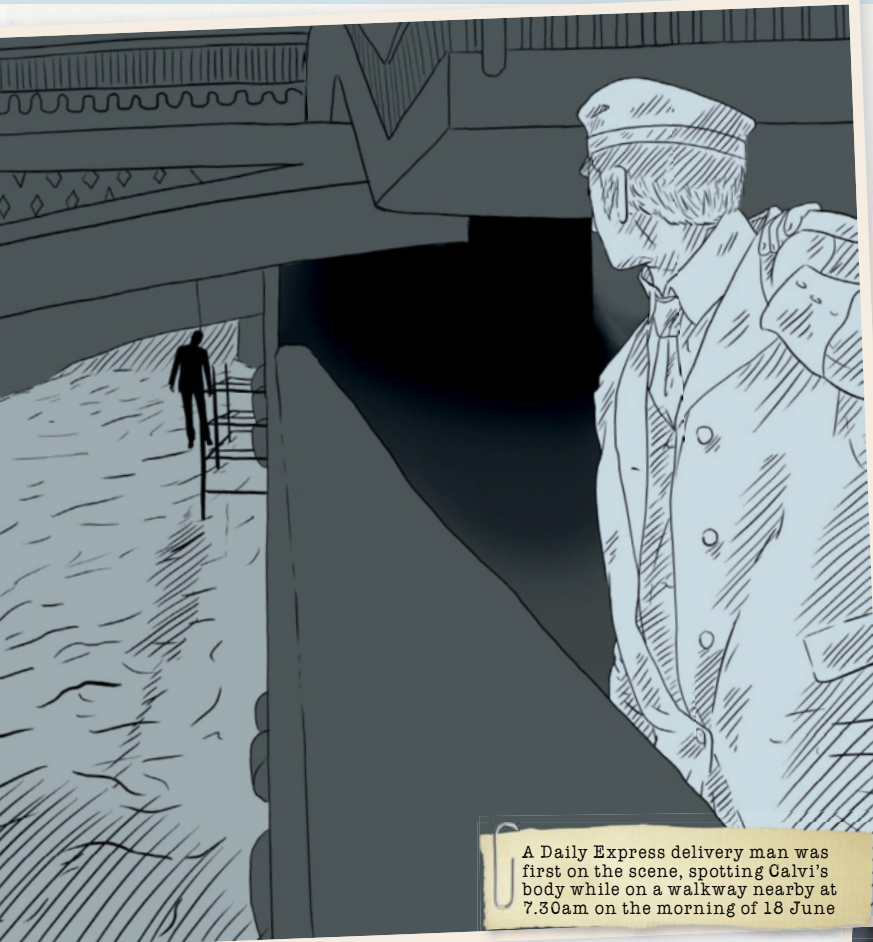
the head of which would have blanched at being connected to such a high profile case. Banco Ambrosiano was home to dirty Sicilian Mafia money too, which would have been swallowed up by the \$700 million to \$1.5 billion hole discovered in the bank's books. It was a debt that mafia 'cashier' Giuseppe 'Pippo' Calò wouldn't simply have had Calvi's thumbs broken for, and neither would the mob have liked its dirty washing being laundered in the subsequent, very public investigation.

### GOD'S BANKER

A potted history of Banco Ambrosiano shows how this financial institution started out with the best of intentions but placed itself in politically risky, legally grey and outright illegal positions when Roberto Calvi appeared on the scene. It was founded in 1896 as a Catholic bank in response to the apparently amoral and purely financially motivated banks of the day. Its mission statement is ironic in hindsight – Banco Ambrosia aimed to serve "moral organisations, pious works, and religious bodies set up for charitable aims." It became known as the 'priest's bank'; the Vatican was a major shareholder up until the bank's collapse and at one point, while Pope Pius XI's nephew Franco Ratti was chairman, it had a direct bloodline to the head of the Catholic

**“ MI6 DISCOVERED A DEPOSIT OF \$200 MILLION TO FRANCE ON BEHALF OF PERU FOR ANTI-SHIP EXOCET AM39 MISSILES ”**





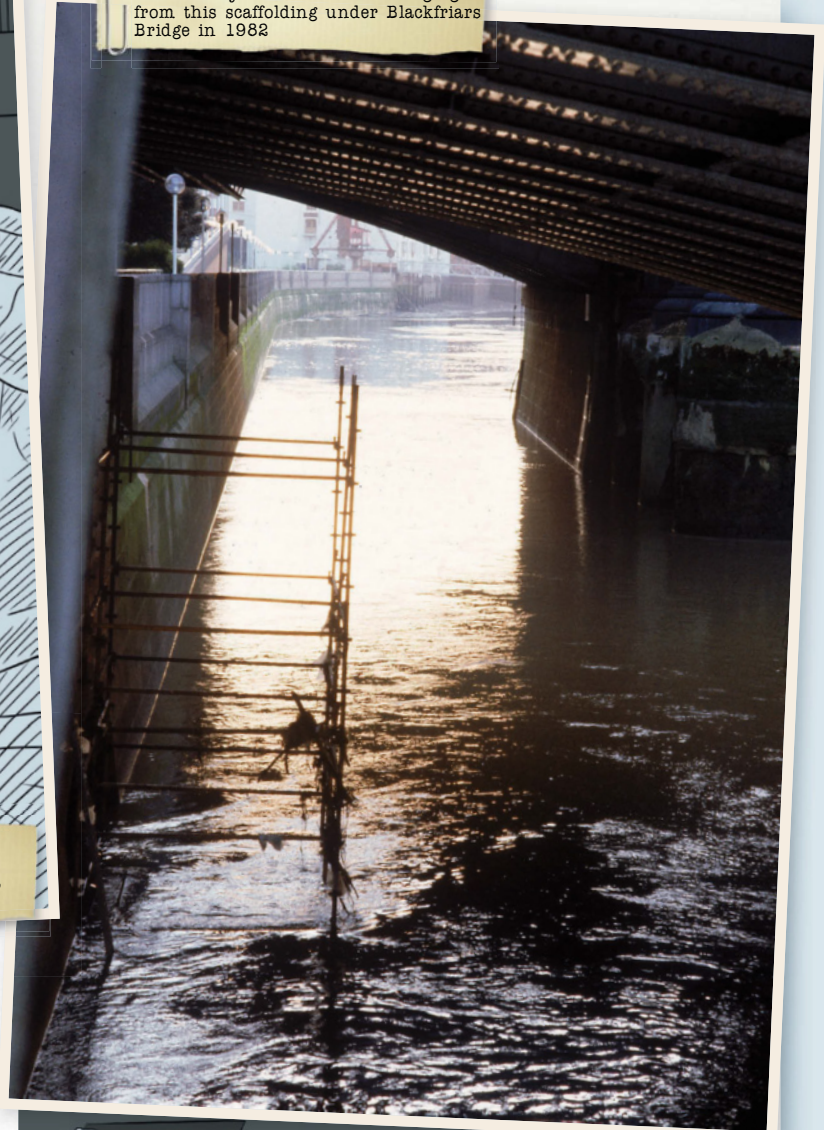
A Daily Express delivery man was first on the scene, spotting Calvi's body while on a walkway nearby at 7.30am on the morning of 18 June

Church. But the bank's moral compass appeared to waver when Calvi was brought on board in 1967, rising to general manager and then chairman in 1975. Under his tenure, Banco Ambrosiano opened off-shore trading companies in the Bahamas and South America, where investments and funding to controversial political parties, like Nicaragua's Somoza dictatorship, were made. MI6, Britain's intelligence agency, also discovered a deposit of \$200 million made by a subsidiary of Banco Ambrosiano to France on behalf of Peru for anti-ship Exocet ('flying fish') AM39 missiles. France blocked the delivery of the missiles because there was a high probability that Peru would supply them to its ally, Argentina, to use against the British in the Falklands War.

Calvi also invested Banco Ambrosiano funds in the Rizzoli publishing house for Italy's *Corriere della Sera* daily newspaper, in order to give the P2 masonic lodge more influence in Italian media. He moved money out of the country and overseas to artificially inflate share prices and obtain risky loans with little security backing them. As early as 1978, just three years after Calvi's appointment to Banco Ambrosiano's top spot, the Bank of Italy was predicting financial ruin for the 'Priest's Bank'. Whether Calvi realised he was in too deep to turn the bank's fortunes around or simply thought he could continue to get away with it, he forged ahead for the next three years before he was arrested.

High profile banking and investment scandals, such as rogue trader Nick Leeson's spectacular takedown of Barings Bank or the global financial crisis of 2008 following the meltdown of the US housing market, usually involve no more than a handful of individuals risking serious jail time on a few coin flips. But Calvi must have known that he was putting his

Calvi's body was discovered hanging from this scaffolding under Blackfriars Bridge in 1982



**ABOVE** Calvi's secretary, 55-year-old Graziella Teresa Corrocher plummeted to her death after jumping from a four-storey-high window, though some suspect she was pushed



life on the line as well as his freedom, when gambling with mafia and Freemason funds.

## HE GIVETH AND HE TAKETH AWAY

It's been suggested that the Vatican was no passive party in Banco Ambrosiano's shady deals either. The 2002-film, *I Banchieri Di Dio (God's Bankers)* portrays the church flexing its muscle as the main shareholder to direct millions in mafia money to support the Polish Solidarity trade union, and help undermine communism in Eastern Europe. The stink of the scandal didn't stick to the church though, somehow no evidence came to light to directly link the Vatican to any financial misconduct. When the bank collapsed, the Vatican Bank (Istituto per le Opere di Religione) coughed up \$224 million to 120 creditors in recognition of its "moral involvement," then washed its hands. Chicago-born bishop Paul Marcinkus was president of the Vatican bank across the best part of two notorious decades, from 1971 to 1989 that were noted for its numerous scandals, including the receipt of \$14.5 million in counterfeit bonds. Following the Ambrosiano affair, he famously said, "You can't run the church on Hail Marys," then completely refused to co-operate with the investigators. And if nothing else oiled the wheels of the conspiracy theory generator, then that certainly did.

## DAY OF RECKONING

The cogs of Italian justice turned slowly when the Bank of Italy produced its 1978 report and an investigation ensued into Banco Ambrosiano's fiscal dealings. Spanners in the works included the assassination of the investigating magistrate Emilio Alessandrini by a commando belonging to the left-wing terrorist group, Prima Linea, and the Bank of Italy inspector being arrested for alleged private interest in official acts. These charges were dropped and Alessandrini was acquitted in 1981. It's conceivable that someone or some organisation was pulling strings behind the scenes to put the brakes on the investigation, but if some shady character was trying to brush evidence that would connect them to the bank under the carpet, they weren't trying to protect Calvi's own personal interests.

On 17 March 1981, police raided the villa of Licio Gelli, the 'Worshipful Master' and head of P2, discovering a covert office for the Masonic lodge and a list of names of nearly 1,000 prominent P2 members – including Calvi's – plus more evidence of the chairman's hand in Banco Ambrosiano's financial downturn. The net had closed around God's Banker and it was on this evidence that he was arrested, trialed and sentenced to four years imprisonment. He tried to slit his wrists in prison but failed in his suicide attempt and was freed to return to his former position in the bank, pending a future appeals court appearance. Perhaps sensing that the walls were crumbling around Banco Ambrosiano, its mafia investors became more transparent in their efforts to control the situation, openly intimidating unfavourable members of staff. The new deputy chairman Carlo de Benedetti lasted just two months before he quit following threats. He was replaced by Roberto Rosone, who was forced to toe the line after he was shot. Finally, when news of the true scale of Banco Ambrosiano's financial deficit spilled out into the media, Calvi fled to Venice and from there, on a private jet

to London using a fake passport. Less than a day before his body was discovered, Calvi's secretary, 55-year-old Graziella Teresa Corrocher dropped from the window of his office of the bank's headquarters in Milan, four floors to her death on the courtyard below. She left three sheets of typewritten suicide note taped to the desk that apologised, "...for the trauma I caused... I ask with as much fervour, apology and forgiveness to colleagues, superiors and to all those who care for me." She went on to condemn Calvi in red ink, "for all the damage done to all of us at the bank of whose image we once we so proud."

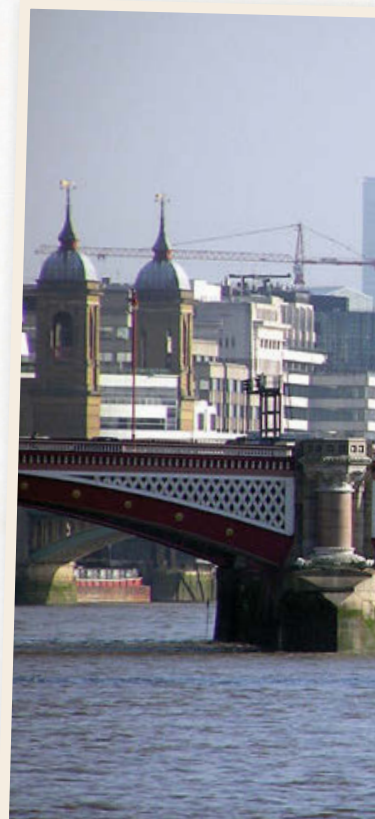
Her black leather shoes were placed neatly next to an office chair that was pushed up to the open window, and forensics found a set of central foot and toe prints on the windowsill. A handwritten note indicated the location of her last will and testament. Corrocher was unmarried and she considered the bank and her colleagues family. So unlike in Calvi's death, Corrocher's suicide ruling was uncontested, although more imaginative amateur sleuths suggested that she was either coerced into jumping or pushed from that window, to tie up any loose ends.

When Roberto Calvi was found hanging from a rope beneath the bridge in London a day later, there were bricks in his pockets along with thousands of pounds in cash, in three different currencies. It seemed that the second attempt this corrupt banker had made on his own life had succeeded, even the City of London police ruled out the possibility of foul play. This was open-and-shut, and a coroner recorded a suicide verdict in July 1982. For a very brief time, a line was drawn underneath this sorry episode in the history of Italy's financial world.

## “CALVI'S SECRETARY DROPPED FROM THE WINDOW OF THE BANK HEADQUARTERS TO HER DEATH”

## THE POPE MUST DIE?

In 1984, David Yallop's book *In God's Name* suggested that Pope John Paul I, head of the Catholic Church for just 33 days from 26 August 1978 before he died under mysterious circumstances, was assassinated because of the brewing Ambrosiano scandal's links to Paul Marcinkus and the Vatican bank. On the morning of 29 September, he was found in his bed, his reading light still on and a copy of *The Imitation Of Christ* lying open next to him. A Vatican doctor said that he had likely died an hour after retiring, at around 11pm, of a heart attack, although an autopsy was not confirmed. The official Vatican account of the events surrounding his death didn't add up and there were contradictory statements over who found his body. Yallop's own sensational claims that John Paul I died with a list of P2 names in his clenched fist, subsequently burned, were (unsurprisingly) not confirmed by the Vatican, but neither were they in any way denied.





# THE BURDEN OF PROOF

LITTLE EFFORT, IF ANY, HAD BEEN MADE TO COVER UP CALVI'S MURDER. WAS SOMEONE SENDING A MESSAGE?



## VICTIM | LIGATURE MARKS

Following the exhumation of Calvi's corpse, the ligature marks found around his neck were thought not to have been cause by hanging, but by being choked



## CLUE | RISING TIDE

The tide in the Thames had gone out by the time Calvi's body was found, making it appear a hanging. But at the time of death, the high tide could have allowed for someone to reach the top of the scaffolding where the rope was tied by boat.



**ABOVE** Calvi likely died being garrotted by a mafia hitman before his body was discovered



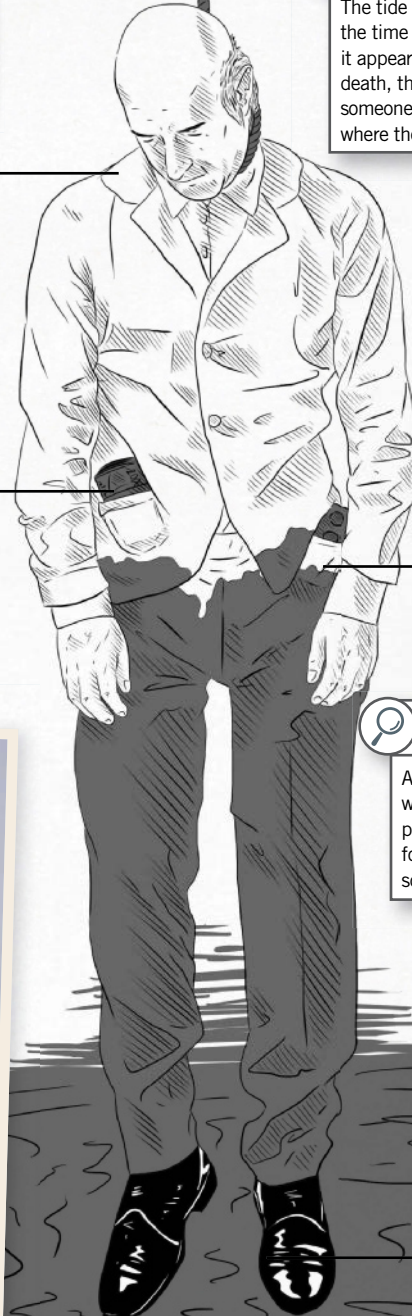
## CLUE | DIRTY CASH

Stuffed into Calvi's pockets was nearly £10,000 in cash in three different currencies. It could be simply because Calvi had recently travelled across Europe, but it could equally have been a message of some kind.



## CLUE | DEAD WEIGHT

Around nine kilograms of bricks were stuffed into the dead man's pockets, but Calvi's prints weren't found on them, suggesting someone else put them there.



## CLUE | SHINY SHOES

If Calvi had climbed onto the scaffolding and hung himself, then traces of rust and paint would have been found on his shoes. But there were none whatsoever.



## CLUE | THE BLACKFRIARS

Calvi was hung under Blackfriars Bridge in London, and members of the P2 masonic lodge also referred to themselves as frati neri - 'black friars'. Mere coincidence?



# THE INVESTIGATION

AS THE CALVI FAMILY PRESSED THE AUTHORITIES FOR THE TRUTH, POWERFUL FORCES CONSPIRED AGAINST THEM

Calvi left a grieving widow, Clara, and a son, Carlo, behind him. Whether intuition told them something wasn't right or they simply refused to believe that he would hang himself, the suicide verdict didn't sit well with them. London City Police had made its mind up that this was a suicide within two days, so his family pursued their own investigation and pressed for a second opinion, which they got. At a second inquest in 1983, the jury overturned the decision of the original jury and recorded an open verdict: the court could not settle on a cause of death.

It was hardly the closure Clara and Carlo Calvi were looking for, so mother and son commissioned a private investigation in 1991, securing the services of New York firm Kroll Associates, who fielded the case out to senior case manager Jeff Katz in London. Katz was a renowned investigative reporter whose résumé included breaking the news of Kennedy's assassination to *New York Times* writers, preparing intelligence reports for the United States Air Force on the Vietnam War and investigating the dodgy practices of the pension fund plundering media mogul, Robert Maxwell. He pushed the UK's Home Office to conduct more forensic tests that resulted in another report, which concluded that Calvi could not have climbed the scaffolding he was

found hanging from. Irrespective of the fact the 62-year-old would have found it difficult, maybe impossible, to climb and position himself long enough to hang himself, no rust or paint from the scaffolding was found on Calvi's shoes. Kroll Associates submitted the findings to the police and the Home Secretary in October 1992. Both dismissed the report, and Calvi's family were back to square one.

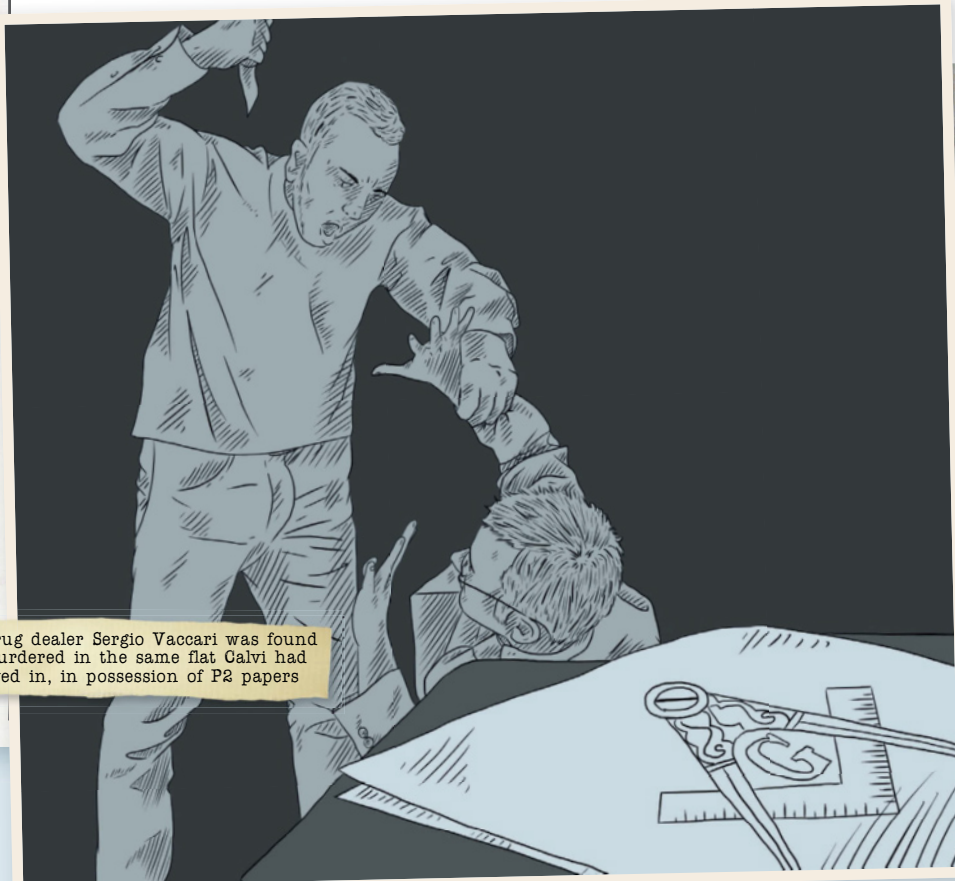
For several years, the open verdict was left chilling in the back of a police filing cabinet until an Italian court appointed a panel of experts, including a German forensic expert named Bernd Brinkmann, to take another crack at the case. In 1998, the tests carried out in Jeff Katz's report were repeated alongside other forensic tests, and Calvi's body was exhumed and thoroughly examined. The evidence from this could not be so easily swept aside this time. In October 2002, this published report agreed with Katz's findings and added more compelling evidence for Calvi's murder, including ligature marks around the dead man's neck that were inconsistent with hanging.

It went so far as to implicate ten people in Calvi's murder and even name four of them, one being Pippo Calò, a high-ranking mob 'cashier' who was accused of ordering the hit. For a while Mafioso Francesco Di Carlo, aka 'Frankie the Strangler' (who was doing 25 years

for importing 60 kilograms of pure heroin into the UK at the time) was suspected as the actual killer. "I was in university," said Di Carlo in a 2013 interview with *The Guardian* newspaper, "that's what I called the prisons in England. We were all in the association room watching television when the news came on that the killer of Calvi was Francesco Di Carlo. All the prisoners and guards looked over and stared. I just shrugged my shoulders and said that they must be talking about someone else with the same name as me." But Di Carlo denies murdering Calvi.

"I was in Rome and received a phone call from a friend in Sicily telling me that a certain high-ranking mafia member had just been killed. I will never forget the date because of this: it was 16 June 1982 – two days before Calvi was murdered. The friend told me that Pippo was trying to get hold of me because he needed me to do something for him. In the hierarchy of Cosa Nostra, he was a general, I was a colonel, so he was a little higher up, my superior... when I finally spoke to Pippo, he told me not to worry, that the problem had been taken care of."

It took until 5 October 2005 for five people – including Pippo Calò – to be charged with Calvi's murder and brought to trial in Rome. Less than two years later, the judge cleared all of them and threw the case out due to a lack of evidence.



Drug dealer Sergio Vaccari was found murdered in the same flat Calvi had lived in, in possession of P2 papers



ABOVE The coffin containing the body of Italian banker Roberto Calvi is removed for exhumation





**ABOVE** Allegedly the one who ordered the hit on Roberto Calvi, Giuseppe 'Pippo' Calò was a Sicilian mob 'cashier' and boss of the Porta Nuova mafia family



**ABOVE** Flavio Carboni was one of five people arrested and put on trial for the murder of God's Banker in October 2005, then subsequently cleared of all charges

## THE AFTERMATH

CORRUPT AND INFLUENTIAL LEADERS WIGGLED THEIR WAY THROUGH THE COURTS, AND WITH EVERY YEAR THAT PASSES, THE LIKELIHOOD OF CATCHING CALVI'S KILLER BECOMES LESS AND LESS LIKELY

"Calvi was naming names," said Di Carlo, "No one had any trust in him any more. He owed a lot of money. His friends had all distanced themselves. Everyone wanted to get rid of him. He had been arrested and he had started to talk. Then he had tried to kill himself by cutting his wrists. He was released, but knew he could be rearrested at any time. He was weak, he was a broken man."

"I was not the one who hanged Calvi. One day I may write the full story, but the real killers will never be brought to justice because they are being protected by the Italian state, by members of the P2 masonic lodge. They have massive power. They are made up of a mixture of politicians, bank presidents, the military, top security and so on. This is a case that they continue to open and close again and again but it will never be resolved. The higher you go, the less evidence you will find."

It's a view shared by Katz, who stated simply in an interview with *The Guardian* in 2007 "The problem is that the people who probably actually ordered the death of Calvi are not in the dock – but to get to those people might be very difficult indeed... you're talking about the Italian state, political and religious institutions here."

The charges rolled their way along the conveyor belt of the Italian justice system in a predictable fashion, through appeals and finally onto the last court – a last resort – which held up the acquittals of the accused. Licio Gelli, venerable master of the P2 masonic lodge had served time under house arrest for his involvement in funnelling funds through Banco Ambrosiano, and mafia boss Pippo Calò had been given a life sentence for murder and money laundering (among other offences) that began 1985. Neither of these sentences were related to the murder of Roberto Calvi, however.

When Pope Francis was elected to head the Catholic Church in 2013, he appointed a commission to reform the Vatican Bank, which led to four cardinals being sacked and German banker Ernst von Freyberg being brought in as its head. Journalist Philip Willan investigated Calvi's murder in his book *The Last Supper*, and told European CEO magazine he thought the intentions behind the reforms were true, but that, "...there are powerful forces ranged against the reformists. The recent scandals show how a habit of flouting the law had become deeply ingrained among senior Vatican bureaucrats and their friends."







A photograph of two men with extensive, colorful tattoos, likely Japanese Yakuza, standing in a traditional Japanese setting. The man on the right is seen from the back, showing a large, intricate tattoo on his shoulder and arm. The man on the left is also tattooed and has his hair in a traditional topknot. They are standing under a traditional Japanese structure, possibly a shrine or a traditional building, with a blurred background showing more of the structure and some greenery.

**BRIEFING**

# **JAPAN'S INFAMOUS YAKUZA FAMILY**

THE YAKUZA ARE FEARED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. BUT IT IS THE GANG'S KNACK FOR FINANCE AND CORRUPTION, NOT VIOLENCE, THAT MAKES THEM SO SUCCESSFUL

WORDS **DAVID HUTT**



At the peak of the Italian Mafia's control of organised crime in the United States, during the 1950s and 1960s, there were an estimated 5,000 full-fledged members and a few thousand more associates. By comparison, today there are an estimated 86,000 members of the Japanese yakuza and the numbers are only growing. Their world has long been one of mystery and intrigue to outsiders. From the centuries-old tradition of full-body tattoos to the world of globalised, financial capitalism, the yakuza skirt both the old and the new, emblematic of a modern-day Japan that is deeply traditional yet outwardly ultramodern.

The word yakuza roughly translates as 'hooligan' or 'worthless scamp'. In the 1960s, however, the police warned against using the term, since they feared it romanticised the noble outlaw, and implored people to instead use the term boryokudan, meaning 'violent group'. The yakuza often refer to themselves as ninkyo dantai, meaning 'chivalrous organisations'. The history of the yakuza dates back to the Edo period, between 1603 and 1863, which saw the rise of two groups of itinerant merchants. The first were the tekiya, often translated as 'peddlers', who travelled the country, typically selling low-cost and shoddy goods. Theirs was a reputation of deception. The other group was composed of the bakuto, roaming gamblers who made their money playing traditional Japanese dice games. Both groups were considered of low-class, almost outlaws, who did not conform to the norms of Edo society.

However, as the centuries progressed, these two social groups began to take on more formal, hierarchical structures. The tekiya formed organisations, sometimes recognised by the government, with a system of leaders. The bakuto, meanwhile, consolidated their position by expanding into the loan shark racket in Japan's illegal gambling houses. The word yakuza is believed to have derived from the world of bakuto gambling. In Oicho-Kabu, a Japanese card game similar to blackjack, the worst possible hand is an eight, a nine and a three, which, when expressed phonetically, is 'ya-ku-za'.

By the turn of the 20th century, with the rise of industrial Japan, these two groups had cemented their positions as structured organisations of outlaws and misfits. Then came World War II, which threw up the traditions of Japanese social hierarchy and created a well-needed black market that the nascent criminal groups were only happy to partake in.

## HUMBLE ORIGINS

In 1915, a man named Harukichi Yamaguchi formed an organisation that became known as the Yamaguchi-gumi. Starting with only 50 members, the group's main task revolved around the ports of Kobe, in southern Japan, where they provided dockworkers to different companies, effectively making it a loose labour union. However, it wasn't long until their business acumen grew. The rise of the Yamaguchi-gumi to become today's most powerful yakuza group began in 1946 when Kazuo Taoka became the third kumicho (boss). Known as the 'godfather of all godfathers', Taoka reigned until 1981 and saw the expansion of the criminal organisation from a small, local family network in to Japan's largest. The Yamaguchi-gumi's operations soon expanded to gambling, protection rackets and money lending. Members were advised to start legitimate businesses so that they could make and launder money. Soon they expanded into the construction and loan industries, and found success in the entertainment industry, even managing some of Japan's top post-war stars. By doing so, the organisation branched

out to ensnare prominent businessmen and politicians into its clutches. With its power growing, the Yamaguchi-gumi soon expanded out of Kobe, armed with the latest weapons available on the post-WWII black market. Fierce battles for control spread throughout western Japan, and as the Yamaguchi-gumi rolled over smaller, local outfits, they formed a network of groups affiliated with the organisation.

Importantly, Taoka also reorganised the structure of the organisation, creating a system where underbosses were elected and the hierarchy of power cemented. To ensure the security of the organisation, in 1962 he divided his underlings into two groups: directors of the legal enterprises and directors of the fighting groups. The former were forbidden from having soldiers, a smart move that not only prevented internal power struggles from the more wealthy and powerful members but also meant that violence would become the last means of actions, preventing trouble from the authorities. The changes implemented by Taoka effectively changed the Yamaguchi-gumi into a capitalist organisation, bent on making money first, but always with the threat of violence.

At the same time, the two other most powerful yakuza groups were consolidating their power. Today, the Sumiyoshi-kai is the second largest yakuza group in Japan. It began operations in the late-19th century when members of the bakuto group in Tokyo formed the Sumiyoshi-ikka. In 1958, the third leader of the Sumiyoshi-ikka brought together 28 groups from a number of cities, including the capital, to form the Sumiyoshi-kai. Unlike the Yamaguchi-gumi, it operates on a conglomerate structure, with a looser chain of command, and its leader shares power with other godfathers. While both organisations have warred in past decades, in 1996 the head of the Yamaguchi-gumi sat down with the head of the Sumiyoshi-kai for a glass of sake to mend relations. The third most powerful yakuza organisation is the Inagawa-kai, based in the Kanto region, which was founded in 1949 as the Inagawa-gumi before changing its name in 1972. Though smaller than its two rivals, the Inagawa-kai was one of the first organisations to expand operations overseas.

## CRIMINAL BUSINESS

It was only in 1992 that the Japanese government passed the first openly anti-yakuza legislation, which attempted to limit their activities. Yet no law makes it illegal to be a member of a designated criminal organisation. The government recognises 22 yakuza outfits and 'regulates' them, though often this simply means legitimising them. The Yamaguchi-gumi's headquarters in Kobe, for example, takes up a two-block building. Its newsletter, *Yamaguchi-gumi Shinpo*, includes haiku and advice on angling. The organisation's corporate emblem is known to most Japanese people.

"The yakuza are not confined to the shadows. They have office buildings, business cards, even fan magazines. They are heavily involved in construction (including public works projects), bid-rigging, real estate, extortion, blackmail, stock manipulation, gambling, human trafficking and the sex trade," wrote Jake Adelstein, an American journalist and crime writer who lives in Japan. "They often use civilians to front their operations, taking out small business loans offered

“THE YAKUZA ARE NOT CONFINED TO THE SHADOWS. THEY HAVE OFFICE BUILDINGS, BUSINESS CARDS, EVEN FAN MAGAZINES”



ABOVE Top members of the Yamaguchi-gumi attend the funeral of their boss, Masahisa Takenaka. Taoka's short-lived successor was assassinated by the Ichiwa-kai in 1985 after less than a year at the head of the yakuza organisation



## THE BIG FOUR FAMILIES



### YAMAGUCHI-GUMI

六代目山口組

Date established: 1915

HQ: Kobe

Members: 23,400



### SUMIYOSHI-KAI

住吉会

Date established: 1958

HQ: Tokyo

Members: 20,000



### INAGAWA-KAI

稲川会

Date established: 1949

HQ: Tokyo

Members: 6,000



### AIZUKOTETSU-KAI

五代目会津小鉄会

Date established: 1948

HQ: Kyoto

Members: 2,000

## HONOUR AMONG THIEVES?

THE YAKUZA MIXES FEAR WITH CHARITY, REFLECTING THE SOCIAL DEPRIVATION MOST MEMBERS COME FROM

Like any good criminal organisation, the yakuza understands how to manipulate ordinary people. When the tsunami hit Japan in 2011, members of the yakuza were first on the scene, dispensing food, water and blankets. While this is sensible business, keeping communities on side, it is also a way to give back to the alienated societies most members hail from. It is thought a third of all yakuza members are of Korean descent, a group that still faces discrimination in Japanese society. Another historically discriminated-against group are the burakumin, who were originally members of the lowest social order in feudal Japan, outcast because their work was considered impure. Although the end of the feudal laws came in 1869, the discrimination surrounding this caste survives today, and as late as the 1980s it was estimated that more than 50 per cent of yakuza members are burakumin.

The yakuza might be engaged in the business of stocks and venture capitalism, but low-level crime, like operating dog fights, continues



by the Japanese government and defaulting on payment. A financial analyst for a major investment bank in Japan estimates that 40 percent of all small business loans made nationwide went to companies created by the yakuza."

The evocation of the 'common good' is often the justification of the Japanese government. The strength and hierarchy of the yakuza prevents open warfare from smaller operations, while the profit incentive of legitimate business, and outright corruption, means that they do not have to engage in low-level crime. "The yakuza tend to be gentler than their Italian cousins. In general, they are not involved in theft, burglary, armed robbery, or other street crimes. Inter-yakuza gang wars do break out on a semi-regular basis, but rarely do they attack public figures," Adelstein wrote.

While stability might be guaranteed, the other side of the coin is that the yakuza has its tentacles in almost every area of Japanese society, particularly politics. At times this has been violent: in 2007, the mayor of Nagasaki was assassinated after reportedly trying to prevent the Yamaguchi-gumi from winning public works contracts. Yet most of the time the relationship between the yakuza and the politicians is cordial.

But it is in finance where the yakuza dominates. In the early 1990s, the Yamaguchi-gumi's leader, Masaru Takumi, set about creating a new breed of 'economic yakuza', and he told his members that, "From now on, the first thing a yakuza needs to do when he gets up in the morning is read the business section of the newspaper." Soon, the organisation began investing in venture capital firms, buying up stocks and bonds, becoming well-heeled stock-traders who have the added benefit of engaging in market manipulation.

The yakuza's power might have been built on changing with the times, but many of its rituals remain distinctly traditional. One of the most well-known of these rituals is the yubitsume, literally 'finger shortening'. The tradition began among the bakuto in feudal Japan. When a person couldn't pay their debts, the cutting off of a finger, typically the small finger, was taken as a repayment. It is also believed to be deeply symbolic. Since the person missing his finger cannot grip traditional Japanese swords tightly, he thereby has to rely on the group for protection. The practice was continued into the 20th century by the yakuza as a form of punishment. The guilty person lays his hand on a cloth and then, using a sharp knife, cuts off a portion of his own finger, usually above the top knuckle. The sliced-off finger is then graciously offered to the superior as an act of penance. If that person commits more offences, more fingers must be offered up.

The other commonly known ritual of the yakuza is the full-body tattoo. While tattooing has a long history in Japan, dating as far back as 300 BCE, it was looked down upon during the Meiji period as a sign of criminality. Again, like the yubitsume, the yakuza's propensity for full-body tattoos originated with the bakuto, who similarly tattooed their bodies to show which clan they belonged to. Tradition was that when playing cards, members would play bare-chested, revealing their affiliation, a tradition that continues today.

## CRIMSON TIDE

In September 2015, something happened that few had expected. Thousands of members of the Yamaguchi-gumi broke away from the organisation to form a new gang, called the Kobe Yamaguchi-gumi, after being expelled for disloyalty. An earlier split in 1984 led to years of assassinations, bombings and gun fights, and the Japanese tabloids predicted there would be "a sea of blood" following 2015's split.

In November 2015, Tatsuyuki Hishida, leader of second-tier Yamaguchi-gumi affiliate group the Aio-kai, based in Yokkaichi, was found dead in his home. He had been bound and bludgeoned to death with an iron pipe. Then, as 2016 progressed, the violence intensified. Street brawls, shootings and arson attacks spread. At least one murder was linked to the conflict. In January and February, the Yamaguchi-gumi attacked the breakaway group on the latter's red-light turf, injuring dozens. "There's no denying that a gang war is taking place," said Taro Kono, Japan's chairman of the National Public Safety Commission, on 4 March. The following day, a truck was rammed into an office of the Kobe Yamaguchi-gumi, while shots were fired into an office in another city. What's more, the division sent shockwaves through the rest of the major yakuza organisations, with many having to decide which of the new organisations to follow.

However, the "sea of blood" might be a step too far. The yakuza are not as willing to engage in open warfare as much as other Mafia groups, as it would risk the stable balance they have in the political and business world. Indeed, the yakuza has survived when other Mafia groups have failed because of this reason. So enmeshed in Japanese society are the yakuza that they remain untouchable by the government and inseparable from most avenues of life.

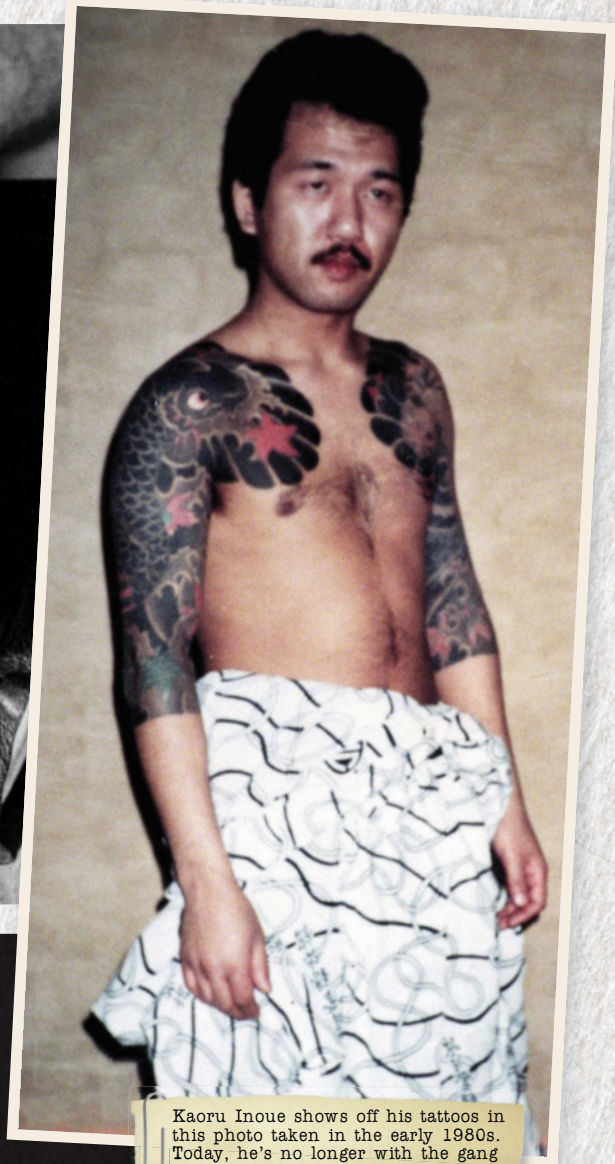
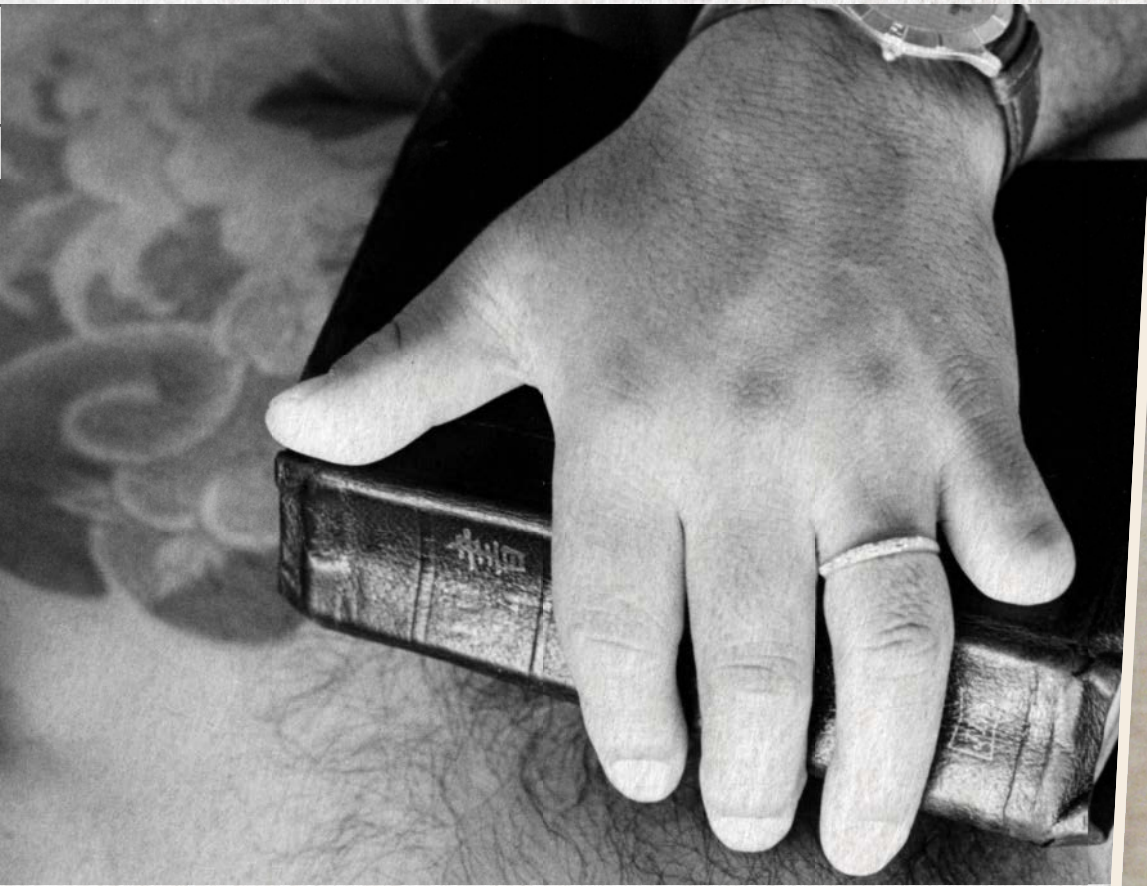
**“ WHEN A PERSON COULDN'T PAY THEIR DEBTS, THE CUTTING OFF OF A FINGER, TYPICALLY THE SMALL FINGER, WAS TAKEN AS A REPAYMENT ”**

**RIGHT** An ex-yakuza shows his severed small finger, clutching a *Bible*. This mutilation marks his criminal background out to all

The busy red-light district of Kabukicho near Shinjuku in the centre of Tokyo is controlled by the yakuza groups







Kaoru Inoue shows off his tattoos in this photo taken in the early 1980s. Today, he's no longer with the gang

## SAMURAI SYNDICATE

### OYABUN

The oyabun, or kumicho, is the head of the organisation and oversees the entire operation. They run it like a family, and the death of every oyabun leads to a renewal in the outfit.

### SAIKO KOMON

Directly below the oyabun is the saiko komon, senior adviser, who is chiefly in charge of the administrative side of the organisation, typically business angles, and is rarely involved in violence.

### SHINGIIN

Every good business needs good counsel, and this law adviser is in charge of making sure the legitimate businesses remain legitimate, and that the illegitimate businesses are not threatened.

### KAIKEI

Below the law adviser are the accountants who are responsible for managing the flow of money. This is either from illegal means to areas where it can be laundered, or from legitimate means back into the mix.

### WAKA GASHIRA

On the forceful side of the division, the waka gashira, or first lieutenant, is in charge of commanding the gangs loyal to the organisation. He is the main go-between for the organisation and the gangs' local bosses.

### SHATEI GASHIRA

Next to the waka gashira are the second lieutenants, shatei gashira, who are the local bosses of the different gangs affiliated with the organisation.

### KYODAI

The general hierarchy below the organisation's bosses and the local chiefs is composed of 'brothers'. The kyodai, or elder brothers, are in charge of the actions of the shatei.

### SHATEI

The 'younger brothers' are overseen by the kyodai and are often the newer, less experienced members of the gangs who do most of the leg-work.







Like father, like son:  
Michael Fassbender and  
Brendan Gleeson caught in  
an ineluctable embrace

## TRESPASS AGAINST US (2016)

DIRECTOR ADAM SMITH | DISTRIBUTOR LIONSGATE FILMS | RELEASED 3 MARCH 2017



**“T**hat’s why I never sent Chad to school. We’ve got to stand up to these cunts, Tyson, so they don’t trespass against us.”

The speaker is Colby Cutler (Brendan Gleeson), patriarch and godfather to a small community/gang of travellers who rob and ram-raid their way through whichever township is reluctantly hosting them, until the heat gets too much and it is time to move on. Much like his adult son Chad (Michael Fassbender), Colby has no formal education, he believes (as his father believed before him) that the world is flat and he compensates for a general lack of intelligence with a driven animal cunning.

Chad has, so far, been following in his father’s illiterate footsteps, but dreams, along with his wife Kelly (Lyndsey Marshall), of something better for their own young son Tyson (George Smith) and daughter Mini (Kacie Anderson): a permanent home (rather

than a caravan), proper schooling and a sense of stability.

Adam Smith’s *Trespass Against Us* opens with a fugitive rabbit, and ends with a dog stuck up a tree. These images of animal flight and stasis are metaphors for the two extremes Chad finds himself constantly caught between: on the one hand, being on the run, with each mad chase coming hot on the heels of the last; on the other, the impossible dream of settling down, or the more likely scenario (one that has already befallen Chad’s brother) of a lengthy stay in prison. One way or another, the sins of the father must eventually catch up with the son, and much as Colby does not believe in evolution, he is determined to ensure that his own family remain doomed never to evolve with the times.

Pitched somewhere between crime caper, dynastic tragedy and TV sit-com *The Darling Buds of May*, *Trespass Against Us*

aligns itself, and us, with a family forever behaving badly, while subtly revealing that their marginalisation, while to a large extent self-imposed, is also perpetuated by an establishment unprepared to allow people like the Cutlers ever to belong. Chad’s attempts to negotiate these two worlds – his father’s and society’s – drive the film along at a rattling pace, even as Gleeson and Fassbender, at the top of their game, bounce off each other with a combination of amiable wit and brooding menace.

Despite his endless orchestration of illegal acts, Colby is a religious man who regards his folk as righteous, Christ-like victims against who the rest of the world is trespassing. It is something of an inverted view, but then, the screenplay of Alastair Siddons (director of *In The Dark Half*) uses this underclass to turn social norms pleasingly – and revealingly – upside down.

7



# I, OLGA

DIRECTOR PETR KAZDA, TOMÁS WEINREB | DISTRIBUTOR MUBI | RELEASED OUT NOW



Mass murderer Olga Hepnarová showed absolutely no remorse after driving into a crowd in Prague in 1973 with the intent to kill. Eight people died and 20 were hurt. In a letter written before the event, she disturbingly wrote, "It would be too easy to leave this world as an unknown suicide victim. Society is too indifferent, rightly so. My verdict is: I, Olga Hepnarová, the victim of your bestiality, sentence you to death."

We first meet Olga vomiting her guts up after a failed suicide attempt, it's a swift introduction to an otherwise quietly cold and still film that serves as a metaphor for the filmmakers' intent to delve deep into what exactly turned Olga to commit such a heinous act. Placed in a psychiatric ward, she was viciously bullied by the other girls. When she made it out, she lived a solitary existence moving from job to job and eventually becoming a truck driver.

Olga's sexuality is placed front and centre, with her lesbian encounters frankly displayed. It's clear she didn't fit in with her peers, which in turn led to all consuming loneliness. There is an anger and arrogance to Olga's demeanour, she was aware she had mental health issues and she attempted to get help via therapy, but nothing seemed to help her.

Perhaps Olga wasn't correctly diagnosed or treated, or maybe she was always destined to kill. The filmmakers intentionally craft their whole film on an ambiguous note, presenting the facts of her life and leaving the audience to make up their own minds.

8



# DEATH ROW CHAPLAIN: UNBELIEVABLE TRUE STORIES FROM AMERICA'S MOST NOTORIOUS PRISON

AUTHOR EARL A SMITH | PUBLISHER SIMON AND SCHUSTER | RELEASED OUT NOW

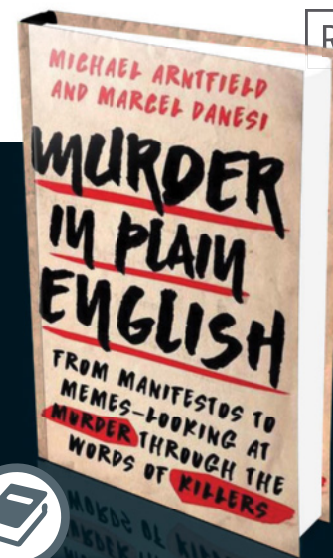
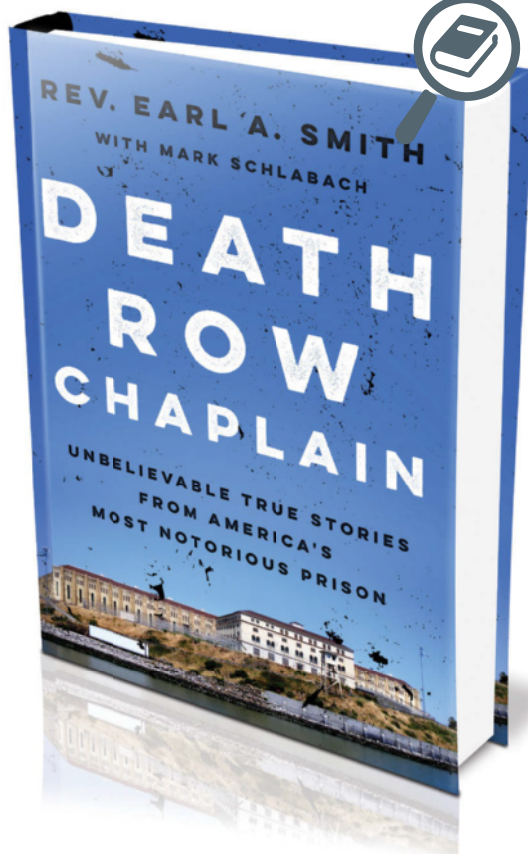


Before Reverend Smith became a chaplain, he was a troubled youth on the less than righteous path of drugs and crime. When an associate took out a hit on him, Smith found himself lying on a hospital bed, riddled with bullets and just inches from death. But in a moment of clarity, Smith claims that the voice of God told him that instead of visiting the pearly gates of heaven, he was to step through the gates of somewhere equally as renowned – San Quentin, where he was to preach to humanity's worst criminals; murderers, thieves and molesters.

Smith's story as the prison's preacher is an amazing one, and gives a rare insight into some high-profile inmates like Charles Manson, Geronimo Pratt and Lawrence Bittaker, as well as Smith's own personal struggles and challenges including facing the man who almost killed him years earlier. Throughout the book, Smith writes truthfully and wholeheartedly about the vocation that changed his life, as he explores themes of forgiveness and good versus evil inside San Quentin. He also talks openly about how he became responsible for the management of death row, and the dozen prisoners who faced their maker during his time there.

While the book has some interesting and at times humbling tales, some sections appear almost list-like, which unfortunately takes away from the fluidity of Smith's many endeavours. However, there is no doubt from reading the book, that Smith's 23 years inside the prison were remarkable and deserving of a memoir. For those interested in the prison system known as 'The Bastille By The Bay', this is worth a read and worth persevering through.

6



# MURDER IN PLAIN ENGLISH

AUTHORS MICHAEL ARNTFIELD & MARCEL DANESI | PUBLISHER PROMETHEUS BOOKS | RELEASED MARCH 2017

Just when you thought there was nothing new under the sun within the true crime genre and you'd read every conceivable analysis of the fine art of murder, along comes a book so original it blows you away. With bookshop shelves groaning under the weight of dumbed-down paperbacks often offering nothing more than gory titillation, it makes a wonderful change to read something intelligent, thought-provoking and extremely fascinating. How often do you read something that gives you a brand new insight into crime? *Murder In Plain English* offers this and so much more. There is, quite literally, something for everyone here.

Technophiles will be fascinated by the analysis of mash-up memes (I loved the *Where's Wally/Taken* example) and the, quite frankly terrifying relationship between writing, technology and murder.

Those who like to curl up with a juicy murder mystery will find the inspiration of fictional scenarios for the macabre work of serial killers deeply disturbing. Film fans will reassess their love of classic horror movies such as *Halloween* or *Blow-up*, developing a deeper, more intuitive understanding of why these films haunt us so.

Arntfield and Danesi are academics with a rare knack of taking complicated, wildly intellectual concepts and breaking them down into manageable chunks without losing content or depth. This is an accessible book that delves into the murky world of the killer's written words – ransom notes, taunting letters to the police, diaries and blogs.

It also looks at a wider picture, introducing us to the hybristophilic, who gleefully digest drivl spouted by murderers. Analysing texts through their eyes is incredibly interesting, albeit unnerving.

So, if you end up buying just one book this month, make it this one. You won't be disappointed.

10





## THE MISSING: SERIES TWO

CREATORS HARRY WILLIAMS, JACK WILLIAMS

FORMAT DVD, BLU-RAY | RELEASED OUT NOW

Series one of *The Missing* was one of the better-received shows of 2015, which made the fact it would be returning for a second series such a welcome piece of news.

Switching locations from France to Germany, the story commences with the sudden return of Alice Webster (Abigail Hardingham), who went missing in the same location 11 years earlier, and may hold clues to the whereabouts of another girl who disappeared around the same time.

Those of you who watched the brilliantly crafted first series will know that there is far more than meets the eye, and so it comes to pass, as the narrative divides itself between two different time frames in which detective Julien Baptiste (Tchéky Karyo, the sole returning major cast member) attempts to ascertain what is going on.

While the first series had him as an essentially dispassionate investigator, here there's more at stake: suffering from cancer, he travels the ends of Europe and beyond in an attempt to lay his demons to rest. It feels far more like his story than the one owned by James Nesbitt in the previous series, who himself isn't missed thanks to the presence of the likes of David Morrissey, Keeley Hawes, Roger Allam and Laura Fraser.

Though the first half threatens to fall into hammy territory, the final four episodes resoundingly pick things up, ensuring that this is at least the equal of the first series. Melding together some tough themes (paedophilia, PTSD, terminal illness) in a manner that doesn't feel gratuitous or like an overload of misery is no mean feat, but it's managed here.

Simultaneously both a compulsive and credible crime drama, it's good to have *The Missing* back.

8

# WRITTEN IN BONES

AUTHOR JAMES OSWALD | PUBLISHER MICHAEL JOSEPH | RELEASED 23 FEBRUARY 2017



Jack the Ripper sent chunks of human organs to the police. The Zodiac Killer wrote letters written in elaborate code. But as ways to send messages go, somehow both of those infamous killers fall short of the gruesome message that opens *Written In Bones*: the unseen killer drops a naked man into a tree and leaves him to leak onto the ground below.

Fans of James Oswald's Inspector McLean series might not be entirely surprised that this, the seventh book, opens in such a dramatic and brutal way. Newcomers might be taken aback, though and may also struggle to keep up with the extended cast of supporting characters, all with their own issues and elaborately interwoven backstories – but the central mystery is compelling enough to keep them reading anyway. The dead man, it turns out, is someone familiar both to the police and to most of Edinburgh's criminal underworld: it's not a coincidence that the body was discovered by the ten-year-old son of a former crime lord. Naturally, McLean's disrespect for authority makes him the only man who can uncover the truth, because the conspiracy this murder points to goes all the way to the top.

Oswald has a colourful style that brings to life his hardboiled Tartan noir as well as selling the more offbeat elements. Though nothing otherworldly is ever explicitly confirmed, there's just enough of a fantasy flavour to his writing that you could almost believe



the dragon that Edinburgh's down-and-outs are chasing is the kind with wings, rather than the kind that comes in a grimy twist of tinfoil.

The final chapters are particularly striking, both because that's when everything gets properly weird and because somehow Oswald manages to pluck a happy ending out of the gleeful carnage he's wrought on his characters. Now that's definitely something Jack the Ripper couldn't do.

7

# PILL CITY

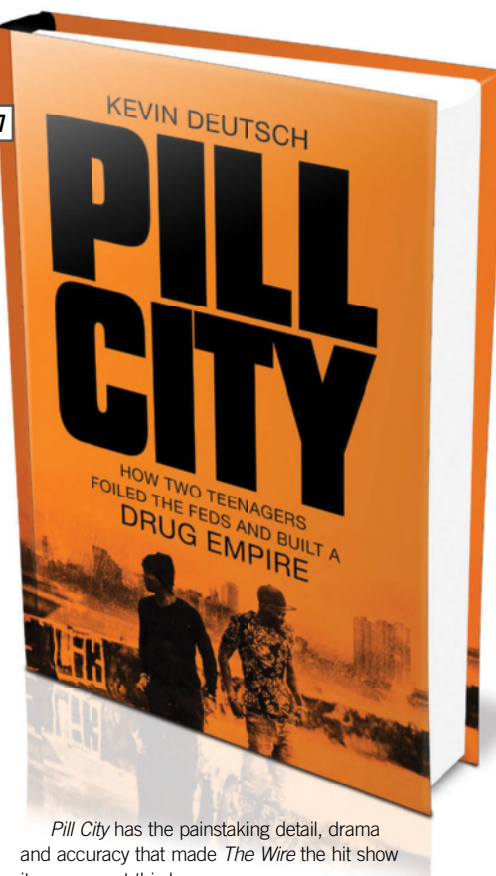
AUTHOR KEVIN DEUTSCH | PUBLISHER PAN | RELEASED 9 FEBRUARY 2017



Investigative reporter Kevin Deutsch has plugged *Pill City* as, "the compulsive true story of two teenagers who create a narcotics empire from scratch, sparking a bloody gang war on the streets of Baltimore." A pitch that, if you have a modicum of interest in organised crime, would warrant the book being given at least a small amount of thumbing-through at a bookstore. But the real hook of this isn't in the youth of those at its heart, or the fact that the authorities didn't have a bead on the masterminds of this multimillion-dollar drug empire right up until the end.

Brick and Wax both come from broken homes in the streets of Baltimore, Maryland and, as two bookish brainiacs with a keen interest in computers, find kindred spirits in each other and cement their firm friendship. Bristling with programming talent throughout their college years, the pair conceive of a sophisticated Dark Net platform for dealers to sell drugs with complete anonymity. In partnership with the local Black Guerrilla Family gang (the BGF), they use the 2015 murder of Freddy Gray and the subsequent riots that followed as a cover to raid pharmacies all over Baltimore, securing an opiate prescription drug inventory with a street value of more than \$100 million.

Armed with first-hand interviews from virtually every party that is involved in this case, Deutsch explores how this disruptive technology handed total control of the streets to the BGF, brought the misery of addiction to thousands of people across the city and made two anonymous teenagers into millionaires in mere months.



*Pill City* has the painstaking detail, drama and accuracy that made *The Wire* the hit show it was, except this has a completely fresh and modern take on drug deals and gangs, made all the more compelling by the fact that it's true.

9



# PATRIOTS DAY

DIRECTOR PETER BERG | DISTRIBUTOR LIONSGATE FILMS | RELEASED 23 FEBRUARY 2017



**O**n 15 April 2013, two pressure cooker bombs exploded along the final stretch of the Boston Marathon, causing the death of three innocent spectators (including an eight-year-old boy). The explosions also injured more than 260 people, 16 of who lost their limbs. Director Peter Berg is interested in paying tribute to those who lost their lives, those who continue on despite their injuries, the citizens and workers who ran towards the destruction to help and the spirit of Boston. He does this by taking the viewer through the events of that day and the police investigation that followed with a fine tooth comb, depicting an urgent race against the clock to hunt down the men responsible.

Mark Wahlberg stars as the recently demoted Sergeant Tommy Sanders (a fictional composite of several cops) who we follow through his day from the lull of calm at the break of dawn, to the chaos of

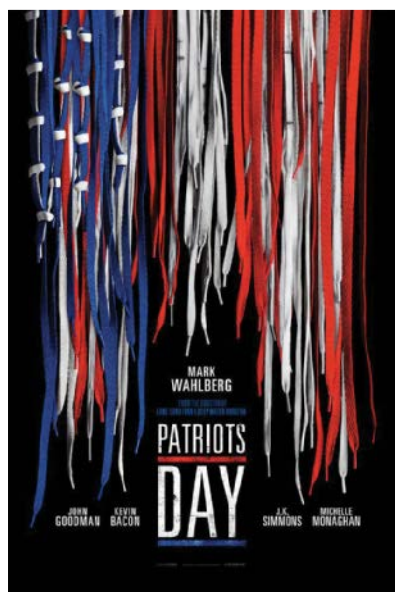
the bombings and the ensuing four-day manhunt, which shut down the entire city. His initial introduction is straight out of a classic buddy cop movie and while Berg takes the tragic events of that day seriously, he is intent on allowing his characters to show they have sense of humour. This decision effectively adds to their humanity, making his characters more relatable and in turn adding to the emotional impact.

Of course, most of the players are based on real people many of who we meet at the end of the movie in brief interviews. John Goodman plays Boston police Commissioner Ed Davis who bangs his fists with anger and trembles his lip with contempt, while Kevin Bacon ramps up the tension as FBI agent Richard DesLauriers, delivering lines like “this is terrorism” with steely conviction. JK Simmons is particularly brilliant as Jeff Pugliese, the sergeant of Watertown where

an epic gun battle took place between the police and the Tsarnaev brothers. He switches with ease between doting husband and a cop thrown into an unexpectedly violent situation. Alex Wolff does a good job in the role of Dzhokhar Tsarnaev, portraying him as an arrogant and misguided child while Themo Melikidze does his best with a slight drawing of Tamerlan Tsarnaev. He’s essentially the face of evil along with his wife who, after Tamerlan’s death, gets questioned by a nameless interrogator played with true grit by Khandi Alexander.

In a film that is all about acknowledging great feats of human strength and courage when in the most terrifying of situations, it comes as no shock that Berg skims over the mind-set of the perpetrators. He firmly places the focus on hope without shying away from graphic violence.

8



The war on terror as seen from ground level is an action-packed adrenalin rush



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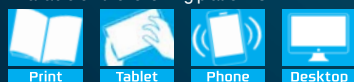


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# NEXT ISSUE

ON SALE 9 MARCH



# PURE HATE

HOW SLOW-BURNING VITRIOL DROVE WHITE SUPREMACISTS  
 DYLANN ROOF AND THOMAS MAIR TO KILL

## ALSO INSIDE

### YOU ARE JUST A NUMBER

They lost control of their  
 prison experiment

### MONSTER BUTLER

Archibald Hall served  
 them dinner and death

### THE CYANIDE COFFEE KILLER

Jessica Wongoso sat and  
 watched her friend die



# STRANGE CASE!

WHERE OTTAWA, CANADA WHEN MARCH 2015

## MINT WORKER PULLED \$165K FROM HIS BUM

LESTON LAWRENCE WAS SAT ON A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE HIMSELF RICH WHILE WORKING AT THE MINT, UNTIL HIS SECRET SLIPPED OUT

A 38-year-old former employee of the Royal Canadian Mint has been convicted of stealing and selling \$165,000 worth of gold from the corporation, all of which was lubed up and deposited into his rectum, before being smuggled through security over a period of three months. Employed since July 2008, Leston Lawrence's job at the mint was to melt down solid batches of gold for a chlorination process, used to remove impurities. Part of the task includes dunking a custom made spoon into the molten metal and cooling it to make a puck, which in turn is tested for purity before being returned back into the vat, except Lawrence had other ideas.

When leaving work, the Barrhaven employee set off the metal detector a total of 28 times in 41 days beginning December 2014. Although secondary searches were carried out by security staff via a hand-held wand, they found nothing suspicious despite the detector's rocketed reading, which indicated that an object similar to a knife was being concealed and carried through the detectors. With security none the wiser, Lawrence visited Ottawa Gold Buyers in Westgate Shopping Centre multiple times between November and February. Investigations showed he had sold them a total of 17 solid gold pucks, receiving a grand total of \$138,172.46 for the loot, which was then taken to his bank in the same shopping centre and deposited.

But in February, after Lawrence presented two massive cheques to his bank totalling more than \$15,000 and wired \$14,700 out of the country to Jamaica, the teller became suspicious. Lawrence told the staff member that he had just sold "golden nuggets" to a



CCTV from the Royal Canadian Mint shows Lawrence exiting the workplace in February 2015 having set off detectors once again, but a secondary search leaves security empty handed

neighbouring firm. When the bank employee discovered that Lawrence worked at the Royal Canadian Mint, the alarm was raised with Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who placed Lawrence under surveillance. The following month, he was spotted visiting the gold buyers where he sold on another hefty wad of gold.

Armed with a search warrant, police paid a visit to the mint and discovered latex gloves and a jar of Vaseline in Lawrence's work locker, as well as four gold pucks weighing approximately 220 grams each in his safety deposit box. Individually, the seized bullions were the diameter of an Oreo cookie and together worth a total of \$27,278.84. The suspect was charged with five counts of theft,

money laundering, possession of property, 'conveying' metal out of the mint and breach of trust. He pleaded not guilty in court, but was unable to provide a plausible explanation as to how he was able to buy the gold on his \$55,000 salary. Lawrence's defence lawyer argued that there was no definitive proof that the pucks were either stolen or were from the mint. However, experts analysed the evidence and found it to fit the ladle used at the mint to withdraw the melted gold. Lawrence waived his right to testify, but after his six day trial in 2016, the judge closed the case and found him guilty of all five charges. Sentencing for the convicted thief has been delayed, who is reportedly attempting to pay back the money.

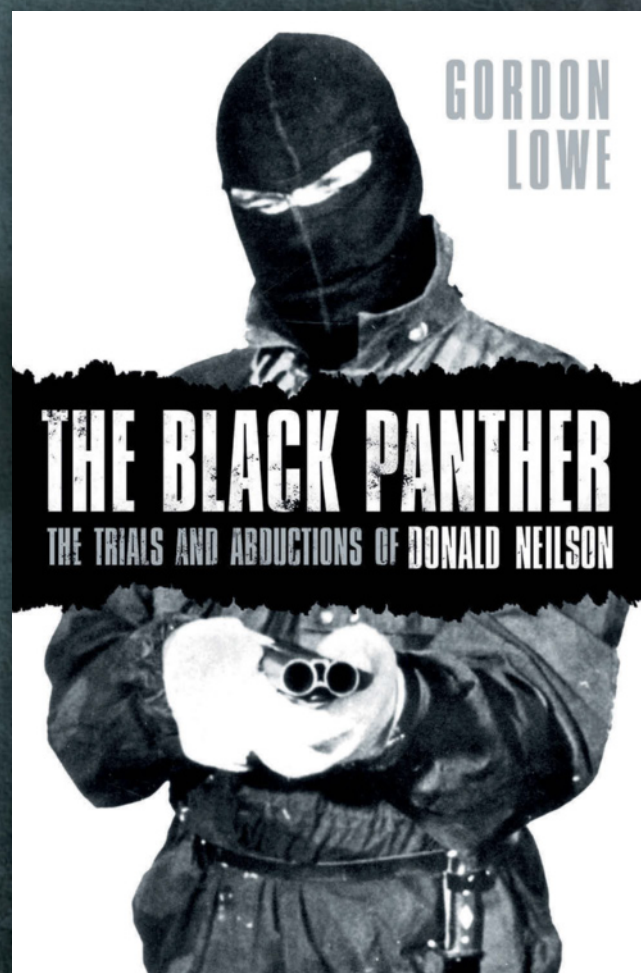


# **DID DONALD NEILSON REALLY INTEND TO KILL 17-YEAR-OLD LESLEY WHITTLE?**

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INFAMOUS KIDNAPPING  
GORDON LOWE  
INVESTIGATES THE CASE...**

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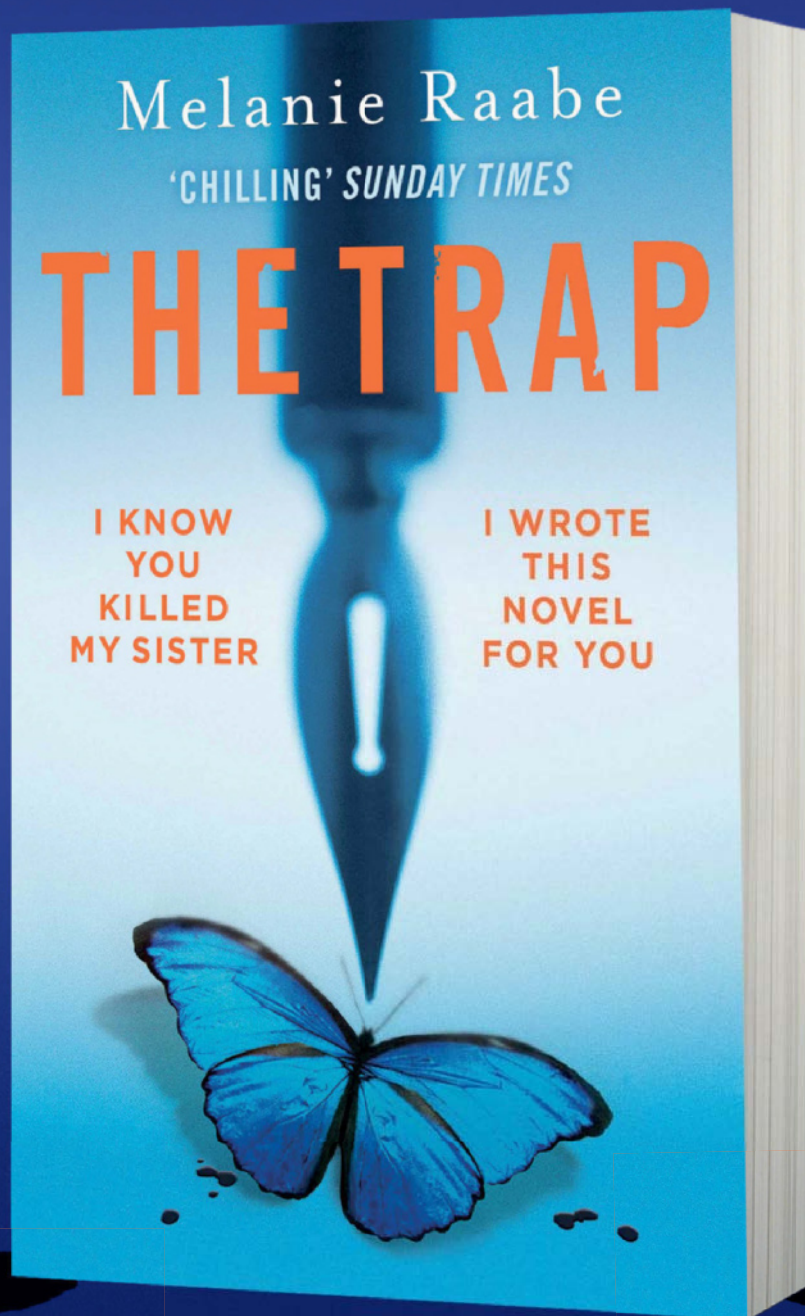
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