

BRAD STEIGER & WARREN SMITH

SATAN'S ASSASSINS

THOROUGHLY DOCUMENTED! ALL FACT!

Earthshaking evidence for a bold new theory:
that history's most notorious
slayers have been controlled by the Occult...



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SATAN'S ASSASSINS

is one of the most fascinating and disturbing works on the occult you'll read this or any year. It not only suggests but offers documentary proof of an ancient theory too long unexamined by modern science: that history's most notorious murders—of public figures, of large groups of innocent people—have been controlled by a dread power from beyond.

The accounts and records in these pages have been thoroughly researched by Brad Steiger and Warren Smith, renowned experts on the supernatural. You will not soon forget their shocking revelations.

Dedication:
To Jay Garon, who cares.

SATAN'S ASSASSINS

BRAD STEIGER
& WARREN SMITH

LANCER BOOKS



NEW YORK



A LANCER BOOK

SATAN'S ASSASSINS

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LANCER BOOKS, INC. • 1560 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

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Introduction

On June 3, 1970, a hitchhiker found the body of Mrs. Florence Nancy Brown in a shallow, leaf-covered grave off Highway 74 midway between San Juan Capistrano and Elsinore, California. Mrs. Brown, a 31-year-old school teacher in Mission Viejo and mother of two young children, had been stabbed repeatedly in the chest. What puzzled investigating officers was that her right arm had been severed at the shoulder, and her heart and lungs had been removed from her body. In addition, three of her ribs had been removed and a large strip of flesh had been sliced from her upper right leg.

Toward the end of June, three young men were arrested as suspects in the slaying of a gas station attendant in Santa Ana, and one of them, Steven Hurd, reportedly confessed to the slaying of Mrs. Brown. Although Hurd later pleaded innocent at his arraignment on July 9th, by then the press had revealed that the worship of Satan and a belief in human sacrifice were likely ingredients in the mutilation murder of Mrs. Brown.

Hurd's attorney, William K. Gamble, said that the 20-year-old accused murderer had confessed out of fear that his mother and sister would be harmed if he implicated others in the crime. According to Gamble, Hurd had said that after Mrs. Brown had been killed, her right arm, heart, and lungs had been removed to carry out a sacrifice to Satan.

"Hurd told me that he did not take part in this ritual," Gamble told S. A. Desick of the *San Diego Union*. "He

said the others performed it. He said that if he had he would have sacrificed the whole body."

It was Gamble's conviction that Hurd was suffering from schizophrenic paranoia, the so-called persecution complex. "I intend to show that his devil worship, and his mental problems generally—he used Seconal heavily—diminished his capacity for the intent to kill," Gamble stated.

The attorney admitted that Hurd had told him that he was a member of a satanist cult that believed in their right to "snuff people out," providing a portion of the victim's body was sacrificed to the devil. Gamble added that Hurd had claimed to be afraid of the Bible in his cell. "He is afraid the devil won't like it and that the devil will tell him to snuff himself out," Gamble said.

After Mrs. Brown had been slain and dismembered, Hurd reportedly told Gamble, the gang members drove to San Francisco in the dead woman's car so that he might consult with the "Chief Devil in the Bay area."

Any mention of the Devil in San Francisco would immediately bring to mind the name of the colorful Anton LaVey, High Priest of the First Church of Satan, who presides over his cult's national headquarters there. LaVey has enjoyed publicity as the Devil's chief disciple here on Earth. Interviews with him have appeared in mass circulation magazines, whose journalistic coverage of the current interest in the occult naturally focuses on its leading showmen. The Satanic High Priest has performed a wedding before a naked woman who lay supine on a mantel and served as a "living altar," written a book entitled *The Satanic Bible*, and served as a "devilish" advice columnist in a national tabloid.

LaVey, of course, was not implicated, as clarified by Attorney Gamble. The San Francisco-based Satanic High Priest released his own statement to the press: "I'd like to set the record straight. If someone waltzes up to my front door and says Lucifer told him to come, he gets the bum's rush. This is really an elitist movement, and we

are very fussy about who is coming in and who we traffic with.

"We have to guard ourselves against the creeps and we have screened out a lot of people who turned out to be bad apples. Mostly they turned out to be people who were disappointed when they didn't get the orgies and all the nefarious activities they had been looking for."

LaVey pointed out that he could hardly be held responsible for those "kooks and creeps" who blew their minds on drugs, imagined themselves Satanists, and committed crimes in Satan's name. Although one can readily appreciate his wish to dissociate himself from the negative elements in the twilight world of spaced-out freaks and amateur occultists and witches, it can hardly be denied that as the self-proclaimed special emissary of Satan on Earth he has placed himself in an awkward position. When any psychopath may slay and dedicate his victim to Satan, one who has aligned himself with the "left-hand path" must almost expect authorities to arrive at his doorstep with a great many questions concerning Satanist dogma.

Sheriff's Detective Lieutenant Richard Drake told newsmen: "We are doing some study on our own to find out more about Satanic cults and devil worship." The authors agree that police departments should take the activities of cults seriously and acquaint themselves with the practices of even the most esoteric groups. Such knowledge should not be used in any way that would limit the individual's right of worship, but should be employed as a means of broadening the law enforcement officer's concept of the world about him. A knowledge of the philosophies of cultist groups would enable a police officer to differentiate between a sincere witch who humbly follows the Horned God and the ways of the Old Religion or a Flower Child who genuinely practices peace, love, and brotherhood and a self-indulgent, lazy-minded acidhead, who distorts metaphysics to excuse his own self-serving appetites.

Attorney Gamble later revealed the contents of two letters which Steven Hurd had written to his family while he was in Orange County jail. Excerpts from these letters present the reader with certain insight into the chaotic state of mind of the self-avowed Devil worshipper:

"What's wrong with me? Maybe if I stopped believing in the devil I'd be all right. But I can't. Because when I'm alone here he shows me what they are trying to do. He talks to me . . ."

"Nobody will talk to me. They think I'm a madman. But I really am not. I just want someone to be nice to me. So why do they keep calling me names?"

". . . Everyone's forgot me. If I just had some dope then everything would be all right again. I could shut out their laughter or stop them from laughing at me . . ."

". . . I can't think too good. I've got to stop taking drugs. I've got to stop living. They called me names but I showed them, huh?"

". . . Please hurry. My time is going bad. Talk to me . . . talk to me. Steve."

(Following indictments by the Orange County Grand Jury, Steven Hurd and three others were arraigned in Superior Court at Santa Ana on August 14th. Since their trial has not yet been held at this writing, the defendants must be presumed to be innocent until and unless a jury of their peers determines otherwise.)

During that same July, 1970, tall, bearded Stanley Dean Baker admitted to Monterey County (California) Detective Dempsey Billey and the resident FBI agent at the substation that he had a problem. "I'm a cannibal," he told the astonished officers.

Baker's statement absolved his companion, Harry Allen Stroup, of any responsibility in the slaying and dismemberment of the young social worker, James Schlos-

ser, who had given him a ride outside of Yellowstone Park.

According to authorities, Baker admitted killing Schlosser while he slept, then cutting out his heart and eating it. Baker, who called himself "Jesus" and confessed to being a witch and an occultist, also stated that he had eaten one of Schlosser's fingers and had taken the finger bones with him.

Detective Sergeant John McMahon, who took down a later statement from Baker, said: "I had to listen, but I could hardly stand it . . . I've had 21 years in police work in California and this is the weirdest one I've ever heard . . . It makes me sick."

Investigating officers responded to a fisherman's discovery of a blood-stained survival knife near a river bank and found a patch of ground saturated with blood. To their horror, the officers found what appeared to be human bone fragments, pieces of flesh, teeth, and what seemed to be the remains of a human ear.

Baker and Harry Stroup were natives of Sheridan, Wyoming, and investigating reporters found the city shocked by the charges against that "nice boy" Dean Baker. Other informants had decidedly different tales to tell about the two young men. A teen-aged boy, who claimed to have been a close friend of both Baker and Stroup, told journalists of devil worshipping rites that had taken place in the Big Horn Mountains. According to the informant, small wild animals had been eaten alive and human blood had been drunk. A Sheridan College coed told of watching Baker drink a mug of blood at a beer-and-pot party in the Tongue River Canyon.

"With all that hair hanging down to his shoulders, his flashing, evil-looking bright eyes and his half-laugh, half-sneer . . . well, he was really scary," the coed said. "Wow, he just about drove me up the wall!"

On Wednesday, July 22nd, Sheriff Guintoni of Livingston, Montana, told reporters that Baker, now in the Park County Jail, had requested the presence of a priest to help him "cleanse his soul." Baker had gone on a fast and

was spending most of his time reading the Bible. Stroup had also been provided with a Bible, according to Sheriff Guintoni. (At this writing, Baker and Stroup await action on the charges presented against them.)

In the summer of 1970, with Baker and Stroup in the Livingston, Montana jail awaiting trial for devil worship-inspired murder and cannibalism and the Rangers at Yellowstone National Park reporting continued difficulties with drug abuse among hippie-type tourists, a town hall-style meeting was called in Story, Wyoming, a small community near Sheridan, and aroused speakers began to call for "vigilante law" that would put in motion a "constant patrol" and assure citizenry that hippie-type visitors would "move on."

Cooler heads prevailed, however, and County Attorney Jack Wolfe urged the angry populace not to form their "own little police department." Attorney Wolfe advised the citizenry to follow lawful and proper procedures against law violators by signing complaints and being prepared to testify in court in support of the charges issued.

One of the essential points which the authors will seek to make in this book is that "Satan's voice," whether one wishes to take that designation as symbolical of psychopathology or as a literal command from some perverse and evil entity, can whisper the order to murder and maim to a soft-spoken businessman in a conservative suit just as readily as to a bearded hippie-type in shawl and sandals. This book is a collection of cases in which the murderer claimed to have been under control by something outside of himself, usually personified as "Satan," that commanded him to kill. Wherever possible, we offer an analysis of the murderer as well as of his terrible crimes, but this book will undoubtedly raise more questions than it will answer.

But one thing this book will definitely *not* do is speak out against a certain subculture within our broader societal base and accuse them or their philosophy as being contributive to, or responsible for, the alarming number

of crimes dedicated to Satan. There is no more preaching of violence or worship of death in the metaphysics of the true and sincere "flower child," "hippie," or "occultist," than there is in the dogma of the true and sincere member of any orthodox church. In this book, the reader shall most definitely observe that the quiet, orthodox-tutored, conventionally-reared individual can heed the Satanic summons to kill and yield to whatever demonic forces are at work within his psyche just as fully as the individual who follows a much different and more psychedelic drummer than the Silent Majority.

Right now, the "hippie," whatever that catch-all stereotype may mean, is getting a bum rap. The wild-eyed Charles Mansons are being held up as representative of an entire life-style. Tabloid headlines scream highly doubtful tales of "hippie atrocities" against "decent folk"; fact detective magazines portray switchblade wielding hippie chicks and long-haired creeps gouging clean businessman-types. And how often is the villain on television shown to be a beaded, bearded weirdo? In a review of an early season *Mannix* segment, *Variety* (September 23, 1970) commented:

"The killer, Darren McGavin, is decked out in a hippie periwig . . . By the way, aren't there any crew-cut, silent majority heavies around? All the arsonists, rapists, extortionists, blackmailers, murderers, etc. of late are shaveless Haight-Ashbury dropouts . . ."

Our cultural commentators continually remind us that even the backreaches of the cornbelt, Bible-belt Midwest and the dusty towns of cowboy-land are experiencing a dramatic period of transition, but these youthful exponents of the Age of Aquarius are no more to be held responsible for "Satan's Assassins" than are the local chapter of the Elks or the American Legion.

What drives and compels those obsessed with Satanic sacrificial murders is something so much more insidious, evil, and complex than the length of one's hair or his manner of dress. And whatever mind-warping demonic spirit is at work amongst our citizenry can never be

contained by "vigilante justice" or a campaign of suppression against scapegoat members of our society. Perhaps, in order to get at the true root of the bizarre and frightening epidemic, some of those elements which our culture holds most dear and sacred will have to be re-examined. It is understanding and wisdom, rather than panic and fear, that will best silence the Satanic commands to kill. It is the authors' hope that this book will in some small way contribute to those ends.

Warren Smith
Brad Steiger

Voices That Screamed "Kill"



The voices began to speak to young Earle Nelson after the unfortunate lad became caught in the cowcatcher of a trolley car, and despite the locked brakes of the trolley, was dragged fifty feet along the cobblestone street before the motorman could stop the car. Before the accident, the devout student of the Bible might have become a minister of the gospel. But after the boy had returned from a six-week stay in the hospital, the world of Holy Writ had begun to take on new meaning.

His aunt, Mrs. Lillian Fabian, who cared for the orphaned boy, offered prayers of thanksgiving that her nephew had recovered from the horrible mangling. "Only a husky lad like Earle could have lived through a dozen broken bones and a fractured skull," she had proclaimed to her neighbors. "Only a husky lad who had found favor in the eyes of the Lord could have lived through that accident."

But Mrs. Fabian's mortal eyes were unable to penetrate the innocent facade of the wide blue eyes and the sensitive mouth. Mrs. Fabian had no psychic gift that would allow her an examination of the ugly thing that had begun to spawn in the darkened corridors of the boy's mind. The lad's hard and bony skull had healed over, but there was another, more lasting and more horrible wound that would resist all medication and care.

And there were the voices which summoned Earle to withdraw in moody silence to his room to memorize the Bible passages which referred to harlots and whores. It

was these same voices that told Earle to yank Cousin Rachael's pigtails until she cried.

The teen-aged Earle Nelson had developed eccentric mannerisms which at last even his long-suffering Aunt Lillian could not ignore. Eventually, he refused to attend school.

"But, Earle," Aunt Lillian pleaded with him. "How can you ever be a minister or a missionary if you don't go to school?"

Earle laughed, sneered: "You can take the school and the ministry and shove it . . ."

Aunt Lillian fled from the room before her nephew could finish his crude directive.

Although Mrs. Fabian was continually embarrassed by Earle's vulgarity, her friends attempted to reassure her by pointing out that at least the boy was harmless. Such comfort would be of abysmally brief duration, however, for the lusty adolescent had developed an obsessive curiosity about the budding anatomy of his cousin Rachael. On several occasions, Mrs. Fabian had caught Earle at the keyhole of his cousin's room.

Once when Earle was not in his room, Mrs. Fabian had picked up his worn, dogeared Bible and had begun to flip through its pages. The passages concerning Salome, Mary Magdalene, Jezebel, Bathsheba and all references to Biblical seductresses had been boldly marked. Such a discovery, coupled with her nephew's abiding interest in the dark corners of the cellar and the musty recesses of the attic, should have alerted the woman that all was not as it should be with young Earle.

One can only imagine what bizarre dialogues which the disturbed teenager held with the strange, whispering voices as he slouched in some dark corner of the cellar or curled up inside a large trunk in the storage room. Perhaps the voices called upon him to become an accusing prophet, pointing a wrathful finger of judgment at a woman of easy virtue, calling upon the multitudes to take up the stones for the ultimate chastisement. Perhaps the voices filled his simmering brain with descriptions of

the carnal delights of the temptress and told him how such sensuality must be purified and refined.

On his twenty-first birthday, Earle Nelson celebrated his manhood by luring a neighborhood girl into the cellar of her home where he set about attempting to rape her. The girl's screams brought her father pounding down the cellar steps, but it took the restraining arms of two parolmen to subdue the powerful and determined young man.

The neighbors had had enough of Mrs. Fabian's tearful excuses. Her nephew had been suddenly transformed from an odd but harmless boy, who dressed in ragged clothing and preferred the secluded darkness of cellars and attics. Earle Nelson was now a menacing and powerful brute, a criminally sexual degenerate, who lusted after the bodies of their wives and daughters. Young Earle was convicted of attempted rape and sentenced to the state penal farm for two years.

In less than a week, Earle managed to escape from the farm, only to be recaptured. Six months later, he escaped for a second time and was apprehended on a stormy night as he stood leering through the bedroom window at his cousin Rachael as she undressed for bed.

It was apparent that the penal farm offered little challenge to Earle Nelson, so the authorities had him transferred to the state penitentiary. Three months later, on December 4, 1918, Nelson escaped from the penitentiary. While working in the prison laundry room, the dexterous Earle picked the lock on the door, sprung the lock to the service gate, and somehow managed to crawl over a twenty-foot wall without being noticed by prison guards.

On this, his third escape from confinement, Earle Nelson succeeded in eluding his captors. In fact, he managed to cover his tracks so well that it would be nine years before the authorities would hear the name of Earle Nelson again—nine years and twenty murdered and sexually violated women later.

On August 12, 1919, under the assumed name of Roger Wilson, Earle married a lovely young schoolteacher

named Betty Warren. Somehow, Earle must have managed to control the bestial urgings fired by the whispering voices long enough to conduct a successful courtship of a fine young woman. Shortly after the ceremony, however, when the bride had been won, the voices within him rose to a chorus of maniacal screams.

"What are you doing flirting with that streetcar conductor?" he demanded of his new bride after they had seated themselves.

"What are you talking about, dear?" Betty replied innocently. "I simply smiled at him as we paid our fares."

Earle rose out of his seat, stormed up to the front of the bus. "I want my money back right now you bastard! I come on here with my new bride and you make improper advances at her."

The conductor looked at the shouting, angry man as incredulously as if a Sioux war chief in full battle regalia had suddenly appeared on his bus. "Wh-what do you mean, sir?"

"Don't 'sir' me, you foul slime!" Earle shouted, the veins bulging hot on his neck. "I demand the full refund of my money, filthy whoremaster!"

Betty clutched at her husband's arm, tried in soft tones to dissuade him from his verbal attack on the conductor.

"Sit down, you silly whore!" he told her. "It was you with your cheap ways that set this whole vile drama in motion. O harlot, O strumpet of Babylon, why did I ever take such a wretched woman to wife?"

Somehow the conductor managed to get them off at the next stop. Betty stood dazed and confused. What had happened to her husband? Then, before she could decide what course of action to take, Earle was at her knees, mournfully pleading for forgiveness. His voice became a high-pitched howl, drawing a large crowd and encouraging it to form around them in anticipation of further excitement to come.

At last Betty managed to silence the tearful Earle and he docilely allowed her to lead him to their new home. The charitable bride must have written off her husband's

bizarre behavior as attributable to wedding day nerves, and she must have been truly confused by later developments that evening. After she had retired to bed and lay awaiting the conjugal act that would consummate their marriage, she became puzzled by her husband's absence at her side. She called his name several times and at last arose to investigate. Shocked, she discovered the front door wide open and no Earle in sight. He had left his bride alone on their wedding night.

Earle's techniques as a lover were devoid of romance and respect for his partner. When he at last felt himself in the mood to consummate their marriage, he locked Betty in the bedroom and took her repeatedly until his passion had been sated. The schoolteacher-bride's reading list had probably omitted the works of the Marquis de Sade, so she was undoubtedly quite unprepared for the ministrations of a lover who would alternate between periods of complete abstinence and incredible bouts of marathon sex. Whenever Betty became bold enough to criticize her husband for his refusal to bathe or even to change his clothes, Earle would force her to sit in a chair and listen to him read interminable sections from the Bible.

One time, when Earle's scripture-reading time had deteriorated into a strange babble that blended Biblical quotations with the most vile flow of obscenities, he lost his control and beat Betty severely. When she was able to stagger to a doctor, the battered bride was taken immediately to a hospital.

One night while Earle was visiting his wife at the hospital, he felt the need for sexual release and saw no reason why his wife's condition should prevent his satisfying his lust. In spite of his wife's strenuous protests, he began to mount her while she thrashed about in her bed. When at last her moans brought a doctor to her rescue, Nelson went nearly berserk at his interference and accused his semi-conscious wife of having had an affair with the man. Screaming his outrage at everyone in sight, Earle walked out of the hospital and out of the life

of the confused and frightened woman who had married him. She would not know until eight years later just how fortunate she was to have survived her life with Earle Nelson.

On February 20, 1926, Earle Nelson followed the trim figure of Mrs. Clara Newman up three flights of stairs as the San Francisco landlady showed the "new boarder" to his room. From the second she had met him at the front door, Earle had been hearing the voices whisper to him and lately there had come a brilliant light that glowed inside his brain as the monstrous voices shouted their commands.

Mrs. Newman was middle-aged, but her figure was still trim. And the string of pearls around her throat seemed to hang down like a pointing figure calling attention to the swell of the woman's full breasts.

As he followed Mrs. Newman up the stairs, he trembled at the flash of slender ankles and the way her softly rounded buttocks moved against the fabric of her skirt. The light became brighter. The voices louder.

When they reached the room on the top floor, Earle could do nothing other than obey the voices' command: "Kill! Kill!" The light was blinding him as he seized the woman and folded a powerful arm around her throat. With his free hand he grabbed the pearl strands and twisted them until the necklace dug deeply in the soft flesh of her throat. He did not release his grip until the soft, rounded body slumped lifeless in his arms. Then, with a bestial shout of lust, he laid the woman on the floor, tore her clothes away, and threw himself upon her stilled, unprotesting body.

Afterward he stared at his hands. He had always had big, powerful hands, but never had they given him such an awesome sense of power.

On March 2nd, Mrs. Laura Beale was found strangled and raped in her rooming house in San Jose. Journalists were quick to point out the similarities between the two murders and they began to issue terrifyingly gory copy to the effect that a sex maniac was stalking landladies.

had altered his *modus operandi*. For some reason never to be fathomed, the voices spared Mrs. Hill and directed their murderous fury to a teen-aged girl.

Then, a few nights later, William Patterson returned home from work to find the nude and ravished body of his wife shoved underneath their bed. Authorities in Winnipeg began to operate on the assumption that the notorious Yankee landlady strangler had moved north into their country, and, strangely, had altered his category of intended victims. Mrs. Patterson had been strangled by a man with extremely powerful hands and then, after death, she had been sexually molested. Her death seemed to fit into the same pattern as the eighteen deaths below the border.

The case broke when officers making a routine check of all recent arrivals to the city called upon Mrs. Hill's rooming house and were shown the room of "Roger Wilson." Although the new lodger was not in, the police found the three-day-old corpse of Lola Cowan under his bed. It was obvious that the naked, horribly mutilated corpse had afforded a monstrously perverted mentality three evenings of sadistic and necrophiliac pleasures.

Two days later, Constables Grey and Sewell, working out of Killarney, just twelve miles north of the International Border, spotted a man walking on the highway. In response to their queries, the man identified himself as Roger Wilson, a stock hand who worked on a nearby ranch.

The man was calm, emotionless, so Grey tried a gambit designed to force Wilson into betraying himself. "We're looking for a man who has strangled and sexually assaulted twenty women," he said.

The man who called himself Wilson laughed and said that he could not help them. He did all his lady-killing at Saturday night dances.

The constables held a brief conference, decided to bring the man in for questioning. They handcuffed him securely, took away his shoes, then went to make a telephone call to the Chief of Detectives in Winnipeg.

"That must be the strangler!" Chief Smith shouted at them over the telephone. "We've determined that he has used the name Roger Wilson before. It may be a coincidence, but you hold that man until I can get down there. Did you leave a man with him now?"

Constable Sewell had to admit that Grey was at his side as he made the call.

"Don't let him out of your sight," Smith ordered. "If he is our man, he will appear deceptively calm and innocent. Remember, twenty women were strangled and assaulted because they were misled by that deceptive exterior."

When the constables hurried back to the room in which they had confined Wilson, they were startled to discover that the locked door now stood open and the handcuffs were lying on the floor. They had left the suspect alone for only fifteen minutes, but it had been long enough for him to have picked the lock on the handcuffs and on the door. With a growing sense of horror, the two officers realized that they had allowed the strangler to escape.

The entire female population of Killarney was locked up under an armed guard in the town hall, then a 500-man posse was spread out to search for the killer. It was later learned that while the posse spent an exhausting night beating the bushes, Earle Nelson had slept peacefully in a barn just a block away from the room where he had escaped from the constables.

The next morning, the strangler calmly boarded a train out of town and he probably would have made his escape from Killarney if he had not boarded the train bearing Chief of Detectives Smith and several officers.

Earle Nelson was brought to trial for the murder of Emily Patterson in Winnipeg. The grisly murder of the teen-aged Lola Cowan was hushed up by the authorities, who had no wish to publicize such a vicious mutilation slaying. No one heard Nelson utter a single word throughout the entire course of his trial. Rather, he seemed to be listening to sounds and voices that

remained unheard by the jury, judge, and courtroom spectators. While the most damning testimony was being said against him, Nelson sat calmly, a strange, bemused smile playing at his lips. He knew that he had done no wrong. He had faithfully fulfilled the commands given him by the voices that spoke from out of the brilliant, virtuous light.

Earle Nelson calmly ascended the thirteen steps of the gallows on January 12, 1928. "I am innocent," he said, just before the hangman dropped the black hood over his head. "I stand innocent before God and man. I forgive those who have wronged me and ask forgiveness of those I have injured. God have mercy."

Ironically, the young man who had strangled twenty women and vented his satanic lust on their naked corpses decided to forgive the rest of the world. "You will never understand the power of the voices who commanded me to perform these deeds," Earle Nelson stated shortly before his execution. "The voices could take over my body and do whatever they willed. I didn't want to do these things, but the voices could control my actions. I could do nothing to prevent them from seizing my body and mind."

When did the voices first appear to Earle Nelson? "I was a good little boy up until the time when I had the accident on the street car," Earle Nelson reported. "My bones were broken, my body mangled, and my skull was fractured. When the pain started, it overwhelmed me. I lay there on the street, screaming, and hoping that God would end my suffering. I have never been hurt like that, before or since. I prayed for death and, without warning, a voice spoke to me within my mind. This voice said that it would remove the pain and I would recover from the accident. Seconds later, the pain dropped down to a numbing level. I stopped screaming and waited for the doctors to arrive."

Nelson reported that the voices remained with him from that moment. They left him only when he was judged guilty and sentenced to be executed. "They haven't

been back since the judge sentenced me," the mystified murderer reported.

Earle Nelson paced his jail cell and wondered about the voices that had led him to a murderer's execution. "They controlled me through pain," he related. "If I refused to follow their instructions, they created terrible, blinding headaches that lasted for days. The light inside my head would get brighter and brighter, then explode all over the inside of my head. The dreadful headaches would start then and the pain would continue until I agreed to follow their instructions. When I gave in, the headaches stopped instantly. I learned to listen to the voices."

Were the voices simply the irrational by-product of an emotionally deranged young man? Or, were they the spokesman for Satan and his evil emissaries as Earle Nelson maintained? "I have always been a student of the Bible," Nelson declared, "and Christianity teaches that Satan and his demons are real. I ain't asking for mercy, but I believe Satan used me as a means to destroy innocent, Godly people. I would like to have met someone like Jesus who could cast out devils, as He did in the books of Mark and Luke."

Like murderer Earle Nelson, we may never fully understand the eternal struggle between cosmic good and evil, darkness and light, that has progressed throughout the ages. The modernist is dogmatic in his outlook toward devils and demonic entities. He says: "Demons are not a reality; they're simply a medieval superstition. Satan and his demonic legions are simply the imaginative fantasies of theologians."

A psychiatrist who has studied Earle Nelson's case concluded that the murderer was insane. "Nelson was an example of the classic paranoid schizoid personality," the psychiatrist said. "A neurotic person may live a difficult life, yet they are able to function in society. A psychotic person, such as Earle Nelson, should have been hospitalized before he vented his rage on innocent victims."

The psychiatrist explained that a psychotic personality lives in a hallucinatory world, a dream-state of delusions and exaggerated emotional states. Often, their speech and behavior is garbled. The personality is fragmented into "split" or multiple parts. "A schizoid personality doesn't live by rational rules," explained the psychiatrist. "On a recent case, an elderly patient of mine reacted abnormally to a normal situation. A few children in his neighborhood were playing a game of handball. Someone missed catching the ball and the children walked on the patient's lawn to get their toy. They crushed one of the flowers on his lawn. A normal person might get a bit angry; we might even consider warning the boys about watching where they walked. What did my patient do? He rushed into his house, picked up a shot-gun, and tried to kill the children."

The psychiatrist also explained that the schizoid person is frequently unable to focus on a single idea. They cannot concentrate on a single thought. "Speech and behavioral patterns become senseless and irrational," he remarked. "They act like aliens from another world. Another schizoid patient of mine spends the entire day in an institution, picking imaginary cobwebs out of the air, and holding a conversation with the devil."

In our examination of satanic murderers, we will also investigate some unusual theories and attitudes as to the motivations for murder. Admittedly, some of these hypotheses will be untested, possibly bizarre ideas. Before we enter the world of the far-out theorists, let's take a quick glance at the psychiatric categories in schizophrenia. The schizoid-afflicted personality is divided into four classifications. They are:

Simple Schizophrenia: These are dull, listless people with very little interest in the people or events around them. The afflicted person lives in an emotionally insulated world, aware of the outside world but indifferent to it. Frequently, these people withdraw until they are not able to do any work. "The simple schizoid personality can be found on the rim of society. They're outside the

norm," explained the psychiatrist. "They may be small time hoodlums, hobos, prostitutes, or bums."

Catatonic Schizophrenia: The catatonic may sit immobile for days, weeks, or even months, with absolutely no interest in his immediate environment. In this state, the patient exhibits certain suggestive traits and will repeat sentences, follow orders, or repeat a childish nursery rhyme endlessly. Abruptly, the immobility may cease as the patient becomes agitated, exploding into violent, demonic fury.

Hebephrenia Schizophrenia: These mentally afflicted individuals regress back to their childhood. They talk with infantile words, often gurgling like a one-year-old baby. Their behavior is silly, pointless, with exaggerated actions; they may suddenly burst into wild, uncontrolled laughter for no apparent reason.

Paranoid Schizophrenia: These are the dangerous people who contain the classic symptoms of madness. They are the Earle Nelsons, and other mass murderers of society. They may believe they are being persecuted, suffer from hallucinations of grandeur, or even feel that every person they meet is a killer who hopes to murder them.

"Frequently the schizophrenic with paranoid tendencies will hear voices in his mind, as Earle Nelson did," said the psychiatrist. "They may also see people who are purely imaginary. They can feel they are the intended victim for a vast conspiracy with the church, U.S. Government, and United Nations dedicated to their death. One of my most recent patients believed that everyone in his community was a Russian spy. Another believed that moon waves were being beamed from satellites to fry his brain. Others feel they are famous persons such as the classical Napoleon cases, Jesus, or even God."

Certain patients in this group are walking time bombs. "They have a homicidal urge that can explode in a second," reported the psychiatrist. "Paranoids can be totally withdrawn and, without warning, attack a complete stranger or shoot down a dozen people without remorse."

While the diagnosis and classification of the schizoid

personality is relatively simple for the trained psychiatrist or psychologist, the causes are yet to be discovered. "The underlying cause of this illness is one of the most perplexing questions in modern psychiatry," commented the psychiatrist. "There are numerous possibilities, but no one has brought forth a conclusive answer that satisfies everyone. This is the basic question which psychiatry must solve in the future. What causes this illness? What are the reasons for schizophrenia? What causes a seemingly normal person to suddenly explode into a homicidal maniac?"

One group of psychiatrists believe the cause is environmental. "Two sociologists conducted an important study in Chicago during the depression," continued the psychiatrist. "They were checking out the effects of city life on the personality. They found a larger number of schizophrenic cases in the slums than in wealthier neighborhoods. This led to suggestions that schizophrenia was a disease of poverty."

"However, another group of scientists believe schizophrenia may be biological in origin and related to genetic heritage," he related. "Franz Kallman did a study in New York on the recurrence of the disease within family groups. Kallman worked with case histories of identical twins and found that when one identical twin was schizoid, so was the other in nine out of ten cases. On the other hand, Kallman's study revealed that with fraternal twins, whose genetic structure is similar—but not identical—both twins became afflicted in only two out of ten cases."

What did our psychiatrist think about the causes of schizophrenia? "Like most psychiatrists I sort of straddle the fence," he admitted. "I operate on the theory that both genetic and environmental factors can create this psychotic state. There may be an afflicted nervous system caused by a genetic flaw. When the person's life or environment becomes filled with stress and anxiety, this genetic flaw may produce mental illness.

"I have to admit that I can recognize the disease," he

concluded. "Yet, I can't truthfully tell you what or how it is caused."

What about the possibility of demonic possession? "I'll leave demonology to the ancient Christians and the witch doctors," said the psychiatrist. "If you consider demons as the cause of schizophrenia, or any other mental illness, you might as well consider the sixteenth century idea that madness was caused by stones in the head. The old monks and nuns used to pick up a pretty penny by extracting 'stones of madness' from some foolish nobleman's head. Medieval surgeons convinced their patients that these imaginary stones caused madness; they used sleight of hand trickery to produce a 'stone of folly' after an 'operation.' Hieronymus Bosch, the artist, did a painting on such a scene in the sixteenth century."

What is a schizoid personality like? One of the most vivid descriptions was developed by Dr. Emil Kraepelin in *Lectures on Clinical Psychology* (William Wood & Co., New York, 1912). Although it is an old book, Dr. Kraepelin's word power has been unsurpassed. Imagine that you are sitting comfortably in a lecture hall, as Dr. Kraepelin starts his lecture:

"The patient whom I will bring before you is a merchant, aged twenty-six, who comes into the room under guidance, with closed eyes, hanging head, and shuffling gait, and at the earliest opportunity sinks limply into a chair. On his being spoken to, his pale, expressionless features do not show any animation; he does not reply to questions or obey orders. If I stick a needle into his forehead or his nose, or touch the cornea, there follows at most a slight blinking or flushing, without any attempt at defense.

"But during this, the patient quite unexpectedly breaks into a slight laugh. If you raise his arm in the air, it falls down as if palsied, and remains in the same position that it took accidentally. After much persuasion the patient at least opens his eyes; he now also gives his hand, advancing it by jerks with

still angular movements, and remains like that. If you bend his head back, he stays in this uncomfortable position, and his leg, which I have lifted up, he also keeps stiffly stretched in the air.

“By degrees one succeeds in calling forth still further signs of automatic obedience. The patient raises his arm if anyone does it in front of him, and imitates pushing and turning movements, whirling his fists with great exactness and rapidity. On the other hand, he does not utter a word, presses his lips together when he is asked to show his tongue, cannot be induced to write, and apart from sudden repeated grins, remains quite mute, but repeats some words shouted out loud to him with his mouth closed. He obeys the order to go immediately.”

“His father was temporarily ‘insane’ and could not on that account finish his college course. The patient himself learnt with difficulty, after struggling with typhus fever in his youth; was easily excited, anxious, and inclined to hypochondriacal broodings. He fell ill mentally six months ago. As a result of differences of opinion as to plans of marriage (the impending situation to which adjustment was impossible), he became anxious, believed himself to be mocked by everyone, was afraid of coming into contact with the prosecutor, and finally, because he looked upon his life as threatened, sprang out of a window one night, fracturing his heel.

“On admittance to the hospital the patient was decidedly dull; he declared himself ready to remain, although he was not insane but only suffered from delusions. He had thought he would be murdered; everything appeared to him so changed; *voices spoke to him about all sorts of family affairs*. There was no demonstration of physical disturbances except an old scar on the head and a newly-formed callus on the foot.

“In the further course of the illness the patient’s want of judgment, as well as his emotional dullness,

became more and more marked. He thought that the meat placed before him to eat was human flesh; everything in the newspaper was about himself; the assassination of the Empress of Austria, and the Peace Conference had to do with him; his mother wanted to murder him; he was the worst man alive.

"The doctor he designated as the German Emperor, who had dyed his beard; another gentleman he designated as Christ—all in quite an indifferent tone of voice, without a trace of emotion. Sometimes he said senseless rhymes to himself—'Nem, bem, kem, dem, schem, rem'—over and over again, or he repeated this incomprehensible sentence: 'One for all, and all for one, and two for all, and three for all, here and there and everywhere,' and 'Almightiness,' and 'Almightiness,' and 'Almightiness' and so on.

"Gradually, he became more and more quiet, and gave up speaking and eating, hid himself under the bedclothes, took up extremely uncomfortable attitudes, and allowed the saliva to run out of his mouth. He has only lately become rather more active again."

During his lectures, Dr. Kraepelin presented other patients. One of them was a girl, age twenty-nine, who was also suffering from a schizoid illness. He said:

"When brought into the room she lets herself slide on the ground, throws herself about, kicks with her legs, claps her hands, plucks at her hair and makes it untidy, pulls out a whole bunch of it, makes faces, hides her face, and spits round her. She does not generally react at all when spoken to or pricked with a needle, but resists violently if you try to take her hand. She obeys no kind of orders. She will not show her tongue, and shuts her eyes as soon as you want to examine them. But, from isolated remarks and answers quickly thrown out, it appears

that she not only understands the questions, but is also pretty clear about her surroundings.

"But, generally she calls out disconnected words, having absolutely no relation to her position, loudly and quite senselessly: 'Pup—pups—moll—you know—temperature—fire insurance—water—Weinheim—water—creolin—God damn you!—twenty marks—so God damn you!—dear child—so fire-shy—stay at home with your wife—treasures—oh—sow—say what you want—thank you very much,' etc.

"Meanwhile, she croaks and crows, then suddenly begins to sing a hymn with expression, changes to a street song, laughs without restraint, and breaks off abruptly with loud sobs. She is slightly built and very badly nourished; her lips are cracked and covered with scabs; her face is flushed and her pulse hurried."

These descriptions of Dr. Kraepelin's patients are a brief glimpse of the personality ruptures caused by schizophrenia. To the casual, un-professional observer, it would appear that these tragic people are seized by some Satanic demon. We recall the words of Rev. Dr. Stohr in *The Handbook of Pastoral Medicine*: ". . . To believe positively in the existence of spiritual beings other than human, is in no way irrational," he wrote. "The possibility of maladies caused by demonical influences must be accepted by every Catholic believer."

Angels are readily accepted by the people who attend all branches of the Christian church. Angels, according to the New Testament, are "ministering spirits, sent forth to do service for the sake of them that shall inherit salvation (Hebrews 1:14). Many prestigious clergymen believe there are other spiritual beings dedicated to the destruction of God's will and the downfall of humanity. The Bible mentions of the "World-rulers of Darkness" and "the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places" (Euphesians 6:12).

While every person must wage his own personal battle against the fleshly temptations, some theologians are suggesting that humanity is committed to a war against demons. In *Nature, God, and Man* (Macmillan, New York), Archbishop William Temple expressed his belief in the reality of Satan and his demons. “. . . Personally, I believe he (Satan) exists and a large share of the responsibility for evil belongs to him and his subordinate evil spirits.”

What causes the voices that scream “kill?”

Some psychiatrists claim they are an inherited genetic trait. Others claim it is the influence of one's environment. Churchmen are considering the possibility of demonic entities led by Satan. There are many questions and, at this time, few conclusive answers.

The Sinister Sisters of Satan

Witchcraft, as it is practiced today throughout the world, is a continuation of the old, pre-Christian religions. Whether in a coven or in solitary rituals, today's witches use certain litanies, chants, and rituals to invoke the gods of nature. They pay homage to the natural deities, emphasizing fertility symbols and the duality of Nature.

Satanism—the worship of the Devil—perverts the Holy Mass into an ugly, obscene rendering of perverted rituals. The fires of the Inquisition had barely waned in the Middle Ages before the jaded aristocrats of Europe conjured up Satanic rites. Contemptuous of the Church, distrusting the clergy, the nobility rebelled against all that was good, decent, and holy. The Christian altar was replaced by the body of a nude woman. Group sex replaced the rituals of Holy worship and human blood and flesh was substituted for the traditional wafer and wine of Christian communion.

To fully understand the power of Satanic worship, we must go back to mid-Sixteenth Century when Paris was one of the major cities of the world. The Inquisition had burned itself out a few years earlier, after Father Spree wrote *Cautio Criminalis*, urging caution and reason in the hunt for witches. The book was instrumental in halting the wholesale persecution of alleged witches in Germany, Italy, and other European nations.

In 1658, Catherine Deshayes, a twenty-year-old orphan, who had been abandoned in the gutters of Paris and raised in the streets, gave up her maiden status and

married Antoine Montvoisin. The bridegroom was a shiftless, amiable wine drinker and street brawler with few hopes of supporting his bride. Catherine was one of the few brides who was unperturbed about her future financial security. She was an accomplished fortune teller and palm reader; she was proficient in these arts and had a wide, loyal clientele.

An hour after the nuptials had been exchanged, Catherine Montvoisin was back on the sidewalk in front of her shop, shouting a list of her services to a crowd of curious Parisians. "I am uncanny in my ability to predict your future," she informed the gathering crowd. "Not only am I a prophetess, but I am considered to be the most expert midwife in all of France. I am an accomplished abortionist, a beautician who knows the secrets of the ancient queens of the Nile, and an expert on herbal remedies."

A skeptical gentleman questioned these claims of alleged talents. "Name your client and provide the proofs," he challenged.

Catherine Montvoisin lowered her voice to a conspiratorial whisper. She motioned for the crowd to move closer. "Do any of you good people know the Dean of Westminster?" she inquired.

"I'm not personally acquainted with His Highness," admitted the dubious gentleman. "I have heard he is a very elderly man."

Catherine Montvoisin leaned closer to the skeptic. She pressed her full, jutting breasts against his arm. "I provide the elixir that gives the Dean his youth," she whispered. "Did you know that His Highness is one hundred and sixty-six years old?"

"No man lives to that age," blurted the confused challenger.

"The people who take my secret herbal elixir enjoy eternal life," said Catherine, smugly. She raised her voice and spoke to the crowd. "Whatever is good enough for a clergyman should be given to the people. Take my magic elixir as directed and you can live to be as old as the an-

cient men in the Bible. This magic potion turns old men into young goats. It transforms tired, weary old women into lusty young beauties. And a bottle costs less than you might suppose. This is my wedding day, so I wish to share my happiness with you. There are only four bottles of the magic fluid in my shop. Who will be first?"

The skeptic was pushed aside as the crowd followed Catherine Montvoisin into her shop. He glanced through the doorway and noticed that the attractive young woman had suddenly found another supply of her magic elixir. The Parisians left her shop with a firm grip on a bottle of smelly liquid. After all, it was Catherine's wedding day and she wanted to share her happiness with everyone—for a fee.

In addition to her devil's cupboard of dark, smelly herbal remedies, Catherine Montvoisin also dabbled in the deadly art of poison. "Poison that has always attracted my interest," she boasted to her husband. "Don't worry, *mon cheri*, I promise that you will live to an elderly age—if you treat me well. But, if you become a bad husband, I shall dump all of my poison into the Seine river. I have enough of these deadly fluids to kill half of Paris. Maybe, we will do that someday and steal all of the jewels and money from those who die."

Fortunately for the people of Paris, Catherine Montvoisin did not pollute the river with her poison. She was a contented married woman, happy with her new husband, and busy in expanding the occult services offered in her shop. She studied astrology and started to cast horoscopes for her clients. She discovered that aristocratic ladies drank tea and Catherine started to read tea leaves.

She boasted publicly about her "inspired gifts" and she never hesitated to claim that great men, religious leaders, and well-known merchants were her clients. The Church was very powerful in France and Catherine invented a new tale for her Christian customers. "There are those who believe I am the madonna," she lied. "Others think

I am an angel of mercy sent down by God to help in this time of need."

The customers spread the news of the new "miraculous madonna," an angel who offered such splendid advice and services. "She is truly a woman of mercy," they claimed. "Everyone says she is inspired."

In 1660, Catherine Montvoisin was seized and brought before a tribunal of the Catholic Inquisition. Although wholesale witch hunts had ceased, the Inquisitors were superstitious of anyone who claimed to have supernatural or satanic powers. They were doubtful that a Paris fortune teller was inspired by anything other than a love of money.

In one of those rare twists of history, Catherine Montvoisin convinced the tribunal of learned theologians and Vicar-Generals that her practices were far removed from Satan. She baffled the Inquisition by quoting Biblical passages to support her practices. "If she had been seized a few years earlier, Catherine Montvoisin would have been burned at the stake," wrote Dr. Gunther Rosenberg, the founder and former president of the European Occult Research Society. Rosenberg and a selective membership of trained specialists are devoted to an investigation of all areas of psychic phenomena and the occult.

"Our investigation into the Montvoisin affair indicates that the Tribunal was composed of learned men," concluded Rosenberg. "These gentlemen reasoned that Catherine was certainly a charlatan of sorts, but they had no definite proof that she had committed any crime other than separating fools from their money. She was judged innocent."

Following her clearance by the tribunal, Montvoisin returned to her shop in the slum area of Paris. Her new notoriety impressed the gullible and, each morning when she opened her shop, a new crowd of hopeful people were waiting outside the door. "My work has been blessed by the church," she lied. "Even the holy fathers have been convinced of my unusual powers."

Catherine Montvoisin quickly became the most popular occult practitioner in all of France. Merchants, housewives, bored ladies of the king's court, and nobility flocked to her shop for services. "We should move to a better neighborhood," Catherine informed her husband, who acted as a handyman around her shop. "The nobility are afraid of this shabby neighborhood. We will move to a splendid mansion and the aristocrats will pay large sums of gold to have their problems solved."

Within a few weeks, an elderly customer agreed to remember Catherine Montvoisin in his will. "I'll leave you my home, my dear," he rasped. "When I am dead, you will be able to live in comfort and style. You can live in my mansion after I am gone."

The ink had barely dried on the old gentleman's will before he was seized with a mysterious malady and died. "There's no way of knowing what killed him," admitted Gunther Rosenberg. "However, I suspect that Catherine may have helped things along with her poisons."

Catherine Montvoisin now became La Voisin, the high priestess of a Satanic cult headquartered in the baronial mansion. "La Voisin became the darling of French society," said Gunther Rosenberg. "Anyone of nobility who had a problem rushed to her headquarters for a solution. In one way or another, La Voisin gave them assistance—for a price! She became known as a woman who had control over the powers of darkness."

It was no longer necessary to stand outside her gates and harangue a crowd of customers. La Voisin received her clients as she reclined on a massive, gold-gilted throne that sat at the edge of a darkened chamber. A young, attractive woman with an innocent appearance, La Voisin allowed her long, blonde hair to flow loosely over her shoulders. Whenever she met with customers, she wore a red, ermine-lined robe which had two hundred gold coins stitched in silver thread down the edges. Even the most jaded nobleman was awed by the aloof beauty of their Satanic benefactor.

"La Voisin was changed from a cunning street girl into

a deadly practitioner of the Satanic perversions," said Gunther Rosenberg. "She knew her noble clients would not be fooled for long with words and promises. She began to dabble in a deadly game. A young Baroness might come for advice, complaining of her dull life with an elderly Baron on some isolated estate. La Voisin's prescription would be a rare, undetectable poison that was secretly placed in the elderly husband's morning porridge. The Baroness could be assured that her husband would not survive until sunset. The Baroness would be free."

Businessmen and merchants crowded into the mansion seeking Satanic aid to lure the goddess of profits. La Voisin promised that Satan would indeed bless these businessmen in their endeavors. "But, you must first show your faith in the devil's powers," she announced.

"I'm willing to do anything," was the usual reply.

"You must attend the secret rites of worship to Satan," commanded La Voisin. "To appease the dark one and to have him look favorably on your request, you must bring a bag of gold to lay before our living altar. The gold will purchase an infant for a living sacrifice to the Prince of Darkness."

La Voisin's services for Satan were whispered in the highest places in France. Noblemen, jaded aristocrats, and curious perverts paid dearly for an opportunity to witness the strange rites that were conducted in the basement of the deadly mansion. The Satanic priestess succeeded in luring Madame de Montespan, the beautiful mistress of King Louis XIV, into performing the obscene rituals. The king's mistress was afraid that His Royal Highness was growing cold toward her. "I want to ask Satan for his assistance in making the King love me," she implored.

A night was selected and Madame de Montespan agreed to serve as a nude, living altar for the deadly sacrifice. Hooded figures gathered in the gloomy chamber as Madame de Montespan removed her garments and walked to the obscene altar in total nudity. The king's mis-

tress laid on her back across the altar, spreading wide her voluptuous legs and arms. The black-robed audience gasped as Abbe Guilborg, a fat, degenerate priest, appeared out of the wings and walked toward the altar. The anxious priest placed his body between the open legs of the king's mistress and performed his duties for Satan.

The perverted mass that followed was a Satanic version of the Catholic mass. Abbe Guilborg beseeched Satan to receive the sacrificial baby with favor. He read from a prayer book that was bound in human skin. A sulphurous incense burned in the foul air as the priest sprinkled "holy water," actually urine, about the altar.

"Bring forth the offering to Satan," commanded the priest.

A baptized baby was carried into the room by a black-robed acolyte. The crying infant was seized by Abbe Guilborg and held high over the nude body of Madame de Montespan. There was a flash of steel in the air as La Voisin stepped forward and slashed the baby's throat. The child's deathly gurgles were drowned out by the priest's Satanic chants.

Madame de Montespan lay rigid on the altar, feeling the babe's warm blood drain down onto her sensuous body. "Holy Prince of Darkness! Hear my plea," she moaned. "Let the king's love come only to me. May the Queen be barren and may the Dauphin always be mine . . ."

As the king's mistress implored Satan for his favors, La Voisin snatched the bloodless little corpse from the priest's hands. She walked to a corner of the room and tossed the baby's body into the door of a roaring furnace.

"Such rites were not for the squeamish," reported Gunther Rosenberg, whose group has compiled an impressive dossier on La Voisin. "News of the cult was brought to a detective, a gentleman named Desgrez, who raided La Voisin's evil mansion. As the Satanic celebrants were brought into the police station, Desgrez discovered there were several high-ranking officials in the

group. He had also seized La Voisin's list of clients. It contained Madame de Montespan's name, hundreds of aristocrats, and scores of government officials. Desgrez and his superiors realized they were holding some of the most explosive documents in history.

"These policemen sought an audience with King Louis XIV, where they explained the whole sickening mess," continued Rosenberg. "King Louis XIV knew that decadence of this sort might lead to a revolution. The king's own head might roll if a scandal of that magnitude was revealed." Louis XIV suggested that La Voisin be turned over to the Inquisitors. Aristocrats who had participated in the Satanic rites would be given time to leave the country on "an extended trip."

"Accordingly, all of La Voisin's records were burned," reported Gunther Rosenberg. "The king drove out to the mansion and personally put the torch to the Abbe's detailed description of what occurred when the baby was sacrificed for Madame de Montespan, his mistress. The king also informed the Inquisitioners that La Voisin could be tortured—but it would be quite appropriate if the torturers were gentle. His Highness wanted to be certain that all of the aristocrats who might be involved had enough time to escape abroad."

History records that a wholesale migration of noblemen and their wives occurred after La Voisin's arrest. Some sought exile in Italy, preferring the freedom of Rome to the possible death at the stake in Paris. Others visited cousins in Germany, England, or Spain. "When the last of the aristocrats were safely out of the country, King Louis encouraged the Inquisitors to put La Voisin to extreme torture," Rosenberg detailed. "She confessed to sacrificing 2,500 babies to Satan as priestess of the cult."

Four days after her confession, on February 23, 1680, La Voisin was marched from the torture dungeons of the Inquisition and led to a stake in a public square. As straw and faggots were piled around her bound body, La Voisin's face darkened with unrepentant fury. She sang

ribald songs, shouted blasphemous phrases, and cursed the clergymen who were present.

The fire was lit. La Voisin, the most infamous Satan worshipper in history, was consumed by the fiery flames.

"The great civilizing force for the past two thousand years has been the Church," remarked Gunther Rosenberg. "Today, we find the church embattled on every front and, more so than any other time in history, Satanism is challenging the orthodox religions. The danger in witchcraft is that the members of a coven quickly tire of the simple rites of nature; they're led into Satanism by an evil member of the coven. Rebellion is popular today and Satanism is total rebellion against everything that is considered good, holy, and decent in the world. It is the ultimate trip of evil."

Gunther Rosenberg has urged that a campaign be launched against modern Satanism. "There is a deadly cult of evil festering on the fringes of modern occultism," he related. "Satanism has absolutely nothing to do with the occult. Those of us who are interested in psychical investigation should make this clear. Occult students are interested in exploring the unknown dimensions of man's heritage. Satanists mix in worship of the devil with drugs, sex, and they debase all that is divine in human dignity."

Is Gunther Rosenberg correct in assessing the growth of Satanism in today's world? The obscene black passions of Satanism erupted again in Ciudad Victoria, Mexico, in 1963, when the federal police announced that members of a Satanic cult there had sacrificed six persons to their dark gods. Hearts had been ripped from the bodies of the living victims during grisly ceremonies. Other victims had been stoned to death on orders from a prostitute-turned-high-priestess. The case reveals the depths of human depravity in Satanic worship.

In Magdalena's eyes, she had been born to be a goddess, not a prostitute who prowled the Monterey bars for

paying customers. In spite of her blonde beauty, the body of Magdalena Solis could not bring more than a few pesos from the habitués of Monterey's night hours, scant homage for a woman who believed she was born for better things. Then, suddenly, in the summer of 1962, life changed for Magdalena and in a few months, she had conducted mass killings offered to ancient Inca gods, operated a sex cult that indulged in orgiastic rituals, and posed as a high priestess who bade her followers to drink from a ceremonial goblet filled with a mixture of marijuana leaves and human blood.

It was the Hernandez brothers, Santos and Cayetano, who presented Magdalena and her brother Eleazor with a most unusual proposition. It seemed that Santos and Cayetano needed a god and a goddess to supplement the sex cult which they had established in the village of Yerba Buena.

"The simple farmers join our cult for three reasons," Cayetano told them. "They feel the need to belong to something since there is no church in their village; they enjoy the excitement and sex that we give their otherwise dull lives; and we offer them a share in the treasure."

"You have a treasure?" Magdalena and Eleazor chorused.

The brothers laughed. "Certainly, a marvelous ancient Inca treasure which is worth the ransom of a hundred kings. Do you think a bunch of stupid farmers know that the Incas were in Peru, not Mexico?"

Santos Hernandez outlined the con to the shapely blonde prostitute and her skinny, homosexual brother, who had pimped and sold his sister's flesh since they had been children. "For several months now," he began, "we have been living in a cave, holding mystic rites and promising the farmers that if they brought us regular offerings of money, we would continue to pray to the gods of the cave and convince them to give up the treasure that the Incas buried in the mountain.

"At first, all went well. The farmers brought their

money. I enjoyed the bodies of the farmers' wives and Cayetano sported with the farmers, for such is his way. You see, we had convinced them that sex with the priests was necessary to rid their bodies of demons."

"So, so?" Eleazor prompted. "We also sell sex. And if you do not get to the point, I shall charge you for Magdalena's time."

Santos chuckled and continued: "You know how it is when you offer people a taste of something sweet; they soon become sated and desire something more. Next, we initiated a beautiful village girl to serve as a priestess. She has a movie star's figure and her nude dances served to keep the men's minds off treasure for several weeks.

"But now the villagers have become impatient. They complain that they have grown weary of purging their bodies of demons. They demand their share of the treasure."

Eleazor snorted over the rim of his glass of beer. "It seems that you have a problem, my friends. A problem that we want no part of." Then, standing to leave, he said, "Come Magdalena. We have wasted our time with these two."

"Ah," Cayetano sighed, "it is a pity, Eleazor. The farmers are so lean and hard-muscled—and so innocent. Think of the privileges that they would grant to a god like you. They would do anything asked of them by a god."

Magdalena, curious, asked: "Since you two are priests, why do you need a god and a goddess?"

"In order to keep their minds off the treasure," Santos replied, "we have promised the villagers the reincarnation of a woman faith healer who has been dead for fifty years. In the eyes of the villagers, she has become a goddess. We have assured them that they are correct and that she will soon return to them in the company of a god. Supposedly, we have gone up into the mountain top to pray for their holy arrival. We decided that it would be to our greater advantage to come to Monterey to bargain with you."

Cayetano, who had already aroused Eleazor's interest in the simple, but muscular, farmers, decided to work the same ploy with Magdalena, who had made no secret of her preference for love-making with her own sex. "And you will not get to see Celina, our priestess, if you do not return with us," he said softly. "How exquisite she is, and so very tall, over five-feet-eight-inches. Her legs are long and tapered. Her breasts are full . . ."

Magdalena and Eleazor Solis appeared in the sacred cave in a puff of smoke, produced when Santos tossed a handful of powder into the open fire. When the "holy mists" cleared, the villagers fell in awe before the forms of the reincarnated faith healer and the ancient Inca god.

Magdalena promised the villagers an imminent disclosure of the great treasure, but first, she commanded, there must be a purging of their lusts and their bodily demons. Magdalena, once she had warmed to the idea of being a goddess, found that she had a real flair for fashioning impromptu rituals. On the night of the "holy ones'" arrival, the villagers were led through an orgy that included weird chants, bizarre dances, uninhibited sex, and the communal sharing of a bowl that had been filled with chicken blood and marijuana leaves.

The two priests and the two deities settled into comfortable earthly adjustment. Eleazor and Cayetano had the robust farmers on whom to indulge their homosexual yearnings, and in the interest of harmony, Santos surrendered his claim on the beautiful Celina to Magdalena and contented himself with the rustic charms of the farmers' wives.

When, after a time, Jesus Rubio, a villager whom they had taken into their confidence because he was too bright to fall for their con, came to them with tales of discontent among the people, Magdalena simply mixed an extra portion of marijuana leaves into the foul brew she dispensed at the ceremonies.

But eventually the day came when marijuana and group sex could no longer distract the villagers' thoughts from the Aztec treasure. Jesus Rubio told them that the

men had grown weary of Eleazor and Cayetano utilizing them for what they considered a loathsome and unnatural sex act, and the wives had become impatient with the continual purging of demons from their bodies. Everyone wanted to see the glorious gold that they had been promised for so many months.

The street-and-gutter survival instinct of Magdalena Solis silenced the congregation, but she brought the simple villagers a terrible kind of fear and immersed the cult into new depths of loathsome pervertedness.

"It is true that most of you have been faithful," she told the group assembled in the cave. "But there are among you those who have begun to profane the priests and the gods. It is these doubters who are keeping the gold from you, not the gods. It is the gods' wish that you should be happy. But they will not release their ancient gold into the hands of those who doubt. Alas, all of you suffer because of the lack of faith of a few."

A confused babble and wailing arose as the villagers loudly protested their faithfulness and their devotion to the gods. A number of them grumbled the anger of the poor who learn that they have been deprived of a better life by their fellow poor.

At a nod from Magdalena, Jesus Rubio pushed two men into the center of the circle. "These swine have denied the old gods and the priests," he shouted. "They have blasphemed your own holiness, goddess. The guilt lies not with the others, but with these dogs!"

"Then they must be destroyed," Magdalena commanded. "They must be destroyed or the gods will not release the gold of the ancient kingdom!"

With cool efficiency, the goddess ordered the two men to be stoned and their blood collected in basins for the communion. After the grisly orders had been accomplished, Magdalena told the villagers: "We must convince the gods of our love and sincerity. We must always be ready to prove that love with any sacrifice that might be asked."

And so Magdalena Solis had brought out a means that

would guarantee the con a longer life at the expense of a few villagers' lives. She had found that impatient and dissenting followers might be dealt with in that most ancient and heinous method—human sacrifice.

By May 28, 1963, at least eight villagers had been slaughtered by Magdalena's primitive manner of cult purification. By then, those men and women who learned that they were marked for sacrifice, had begun fleeing Yerba Buena. Jesus Rubio reported to the sacred ones in the cave that the townspeople and farmers had been pushed about as far as they could be. Although the others voted to terminate the con at once and head back to Monterey before the Federal authorities could learn of their cult, Magdalena decided that what the cult really needed was some great and dramatic act on the part of the priesthood.

"Celina, darling," Magdalena purred, calling to the tall beauty; "come, we have need of you."

Celina existed only to serve the cult. In spite of the perversities that she had witnessed and the unnatural way in which her body had been used, Celina had never lost her naivete about the cult. And now, in Magdalena's mind, it was simply expedient to put the girl to death in an elaborately staged sacrifice.

Then, in one of those intricate tricks that fate delights in playing upon mankind, just as the cultists were clubbing the unfortunate Celina to death in a grisly ritual, perhaps the only citizen of Yerba Buena who did not know about the god and goddess of the cave, happened to walk by and witness the vicious murder. Teen-aged Sebastian Gurrero was one of the few villagers with ambition, and each day during the school year, he rose before dawn so that he might walk the seventeen miles to the small one-room schoolhouse in Villa Gran. With such a schedule to keep, young Sebastian had not even heard the whisper of group sex and ritual sacrifice. But now, all at once, he was witnessing a scene out of man's primordial past.

After the shapely girl had been beaten to a bloody, faceless hulk, a blonde woman in flowing robes put the torch to the pyre at her feet. A man, whom Sebastian recognized, stepped forward and shouted something about wanting the gold at once.

The woman in the flowing robes screamed at him for being a doubter and commanded the others to fling him to the ground and to slash out his heart with machetes. While Sebastian watched the gruesome act with horror-widened eyes, the villagers hacked upon the chest of the man and ripped out his still-beating heart. The blonde woman stepped forward to catch the man's blood in an earthen bowl.

Somehow, Sebastian managed to run, walk, and crawl those seventeen miles to Villa Gran in a virtual state of shock. Patrolman Luis Martinez did not laugh at the boy. He had been hearing some strange rumors about a pagan cult flourishing in Yerba Buena. If Patrolman Martinez had not decided to return alone to the village with the boy to investigate the story, Sebastian would have been well along toward his medical degree this year. As it was, the cultists fell upon the officer and the boy, hacked them to death with machetes, and added their corpses as sacrifice to the Aztec gods.

Inspector Abelardo G. Gomez did not repeat the patrolman's mistake. Although the cultists resisted arrest and fired upon Gomez and his officers, they dropped their weapons and surrendered when their immortal priest, Santos, caught a slug from a policeman's rifle and died instantly.

On June 13, 1963, only eleven days after their arrest, Eleazor and Magdalena Solis were brought to trial along with twelve members of the cult. The Mexican state of Tamaulipas has abolished capital punishment, but each of the fourteen cultists brought to trial received the maximum sentence of thirty years in the state prison at Victoria. At the trial it was learned that Cayetano Hernandez, the man who had originally conceived the scheme

to milk Yerba Buena for sex and money, had been murdered by Jesus Rubio in a power play within the cult shortly after Patrolman Martinez and Sebastian Gurrero had been murdered.

An article by Reporter John Kruse in a recent issue of the *Hessian Criminal Police Gazette* related that almost every community in Germany still has a "witch-doctor," a "devil-man," or a "witch-woman." Currently, the German courts have more than seventy lawsuits pending involving allegations of witchcraft, hexing, or sorcery. Reporter Kruse indicated that there are approximately ten thousand witch-doctors or devil practitioners in Germany. These people charge a fee ranging from two dollars to one hundred dollars per visit; they use various forms of benevolent white magic or destructive black magic.

In Ireland, witchcraft, Satanism, and the old religion of the Druids have reappeared in great strength during the past few years. Clergymen in County Kerry, Ireland, have directed scathing attacks against these revitalized cults. The Irish word for sorcery and witchcraft is *pish-oguary* and its symbols are being found in villages throughout Ireland.

The anti-witchcraft laws were repealed in England a few years ago in a gesture toward freedom of religious expression. Covens sprang up throughout the British Isles and, according to the authorities, many have degenerated into Satanism. Reports of these black magic cults appear almost daily in the British newspapers. Clergymen are alarmed by their growth.

Graves have been opened and desecrated. Reverend Percy Gray, vicar of St. Crispin's Church, reported recently that a baby's corpse had been dug up and brutalized during some Satanic ritual. "We had to rebury the body. My parishioners are shocked and concerned by the things that are going on in our cemetery," Reverend Gray said. "These dreadful rituals and terrible ceremonies must be stopped. We have discussed surrounding

our cemetery with traps. These evil people need to be exposed, and punished." Rev. Gray indicated he was not afraid of the alleged black magic of Satanists.

Satanists have broken into English churches, defecated on the altars, stolen holy water and sacramental wafers, and destroyed church property.

"I am extremely frightened by the cults that are appearing in England," Canon John Pearce-Higgins, vice provost of Southwark Cathedral, Southwark, England, informed newsmen. "These groups are dedicated to evil. People should avoid them like the plague."

A thirty-five-year-old London resident, Michael Harrington, recently committed suicide after becoming dedicated to the practice of black magic. Canon Pearce-Higgins investigated the suicide. He agreed with the young man's father as to the reason for the unfortunate death. "Michael was apparently hypnotized by the cult and his fears led to suicide," reported Canon Pearce-Higgins. "In England today, it is so easy to join one of these cults dedicated to devil worship and practice of evil. Once a person is trapped in a cult, it is extremely difficult to get out. Suicide is about the only way a member can leave and we've had a number of them in recent years."

"The devil has deceived people into believing that the practice of black magic is simply a bit of easy fun," reported a Dominican monk in London, Dom Robert Petit-Pierre. "They quickly learn that the devil has taken over their lives. Why else would these cultists break into churches and tombs? They dig up graves in the darkness of night and carry out their rituals over rotting corpses."

English police authorities have also been shaken by the mushrooming cult of evil. "These cultists are frequently men and women who hold respectable positions by day," reported an English lawman, who has investigated several cases of grave robbery. "Many of these people are wealthy. They leave their respectability at home when they venture out into the night. They prowl through the darkness in their devil's uniforms, breaking

into graveyards, and holding horrible black masses over some disinterred corpse."

The cultists have also been the subject of several debates in the British House of Parliament. A Parliament member, Gwilym Roberts, recently condemned black magic and Satanism in a speech before the House of Commons. "Many people are losing their minds," he said. "They are ending up in mental institutions. There are tremendous dangers in worshipping the devil. The more a person studies the phenomena, the more one realizes that it must be prevented before it is too late. My constituents have plagued me with their pleas for assistance in stopping this growing menace."

Malcolm Hope, age 30, of Weybridge, England, was apprehended by police earlier this year on a charge of dangerous driving. Hope informed an astonished magistrate during his trial that he had driven fast to escape members of a "devil cult" who were chasing him. "I attended a party where rites in black magic were being held," Hope informed the court. "Members of the cult were celebrating their fertility rites by drinking the blood of a freshly killed cockerel bird. I refused to drink, fled from them, and they were chasing me."

Since that time, Hope reported the cultists had harassed and persecuted him. He refused to answer questions from curious newsmen. "The cult has a way of taking care of people," he said. "I won't say anything because I'll die if I do."

The Mystery of Occult Assassins



The assassin was armed and waiting when President James Garfield and his entourage arrived at the Baltimore and Potomac railroad station in Washington, D.C., on the morning of July 2, 1881. President Garfield planned to attend a commencement program at his alma mater, Williams College, then journey to the summer White House on the New Jersey shore for a brief vacation. The President left his carriage, walked into the station, settled back wearily on a wooden bench.

The secret service were not so security conscious in those days, and no one paid any attention to a slight, bearded man who had walked up behind the presidential party. No nervously cautious government agent appraised the almost glassy stare of the stranger, and no fearfully alert eye saw him slip his trembling right hand into the inner pocket of his worn suit coat and withdraw a snub-nosed British bulldog pistol.

Forcing a crooked smile, the assassin fired a bullet into President Garfield's back. As the President was slammed forward off his bench and onto the floor of the railway station, the bearded man leveled his weapon at arm's length and fired again. The second bullet plowed into the fleshy portion of the President's arm.

As the assassin walked deliberately toward an exit, a doctor in the station dashed to Garfield's aid. Hastily, the physician probed the wounds. The President's face twisted with pain. "Thank you, doctor," he gasped. "Thank you, but I am a dead man."

The escaping assassin was apprehended as he left the

railway station. He was identified as Charles Guiteau, a fifty-year-old attorney, religious fanatic, pamphleteer, and vociferous advocate of the occult sciences. Later, in his jail cell, Guiteau was without remorse. "It was a feeling that I must do it," he told newsmen. "The obsession pressed harder and harder; it never let up. In less than two hours after it was done, I was wonderfully relieved. You never saw anyone as wonderfully relieved in your life."

Guiteau had experimented with cultism, off-beat religious expression, and various occult ritualistic practices. In reference to his fascination with other worldly communication, Guiteau stated that such etheric intercourse brought into a man a "spirit" that drove him to do or not do something. "Get acquainted with the science of spiritology," he advised his interrogators. "You will get much sense from that."

Death came slowly to the mortally wounded President. Garfield lingered near death throughout the agony of a long summer, then, that fall, he died when complications developed.

"It was the Deity who inspired me to remove the President," Guiteau insisted when he was notified of Garfield's death. "I had to use my ordinary judgment as to the ways and means of accomplishing his will, but I was acting according to orders."

Guiteau had always marched to a different drummer, but the Deity, whom he affectionately called, "Lordy," had never seen fit to play the little man a tune of success. Guiteau had failed miserably at every enterprise that he had ever undertaken. When he arrived in the nation's capital in 1881 to seek his fortune, he was recently divorced, physically and emotionally exhausted, yet, at the same time, obsessed with a sense of destiny and personal infallibility. Such seemingly disparate ingredients may have combined to condition Guiteau toward an attitude of receptivity when he heard the disembodied voice speaking to him from the shadows of his room in the rundown Washington boarding house.

"The President must be removed," the voice whispered. Whether it was some inner voice speaking to him from an obscenely darkened portion of his own psyche or whether it was some independent malignant entity, the effect of those words would soon accomplish the same outrageous deed. When the voice proclaimed, "You are the man to do this," Guiteau accepted the bloody charge with grave responsibility.

Guiteau did confess, however, that his immediate reaction had been one of shock and revulsion. "I had never been a violent man," he said. "I wondered if this was a true revelation from the Deity or a temptation from Satan. I prayed for many weeks and the voice was revealed to be the Divine Presence!"

"Divine Presence" is, at best, a nebulous condition to describe, but there would have been few neighbors in Freeport, Illinois, who would have suggested that a great deal of any kind of holy dispensation was to be found around the Guiteau residence when Charles was born in 1841. It was true that, in many ways, Luther Guiteau, Charles' father, was a temperate hard-working bank cashier, but it was also true that the senior Guiteau had most unusual beliefs for that place and time. He attempted to heal his neighbors with his "God-given" powers of healing; he was an avid student of the occult; and he was an avowed follower of cultist John Humphrey Noyes. Noyes, a controversial figure, founded the equally suspect Oneida Community in New York State. Oneida was organized on what Noyes termed "Bible Communism" with all property owned by the commune. Noyes was convinced that the Second Coming of Christ had occurred in 70 A.D. with the destruction of Jerusalem. Since man was, therefore, on a kind of spiritual probationary period, Noyes required absolute moral perfection in his followers.

Noyes' detractors argued at great length about the semantics of "absolute moral perfection," for, in their estimation, the Oneida Community was the epitome of free love, unlicensed sex, and the most unrestrained practice

of organized perversion since Sodom and Gomorrah were atomized by the wrath of God. When Charles Guiteau entered the Oneida Community as a young man, he was informed that all members of the commune should love each other equally. Fidelity between couples was considered bad social form and was evaluated as the sin of selfishness. Sexual relations were permitted at Oneida between any consenting couple who desired them. Births were regulated in the commune through *coitus reservatus*, which involves the severe mental discipline of the man withholding his climax and his sperm. After all, there really could not be a great deal of freedom for the women in the commune if they spent nine months of every year in gestation. After the female member of the union had achieved orgasm, the male was permitted a gradual lessening of his desire. Noyes believed that such a practice led to increased vitality and energy for the men of his community. Young men were instructed in the method of *reservatus* by the older women of the colony as soon as the youths reached lusty pubescence. The girls of Oneida received their sexual instructions shortly after puberty.

Despite its lurid reputation as a vortex of perpetual orgies, Oneida residents lived according to a strict Puritanical ethic of regimented sex and work. In spite of, or perhaps due to the commune's unusual sex code, Charles Guiteau was unable to obtain a woman who would satisfy his desires. Even in such a permissive social atmosphere, poor Charles was hard pressed to find a consenting female adult. After a humiliating session wherein he was sat upon a chair in the center of a room while the other members of the commune assessed his personal faults, Guiteau left Oneida to wander about the nation in search of his individual destiny.

Guiteau practiced as an attorney in New York until a newspaper published a story about his misappropriation of a client's funds. For a time he traveled as a stumble-tongued evangelist and hopped from town to town in a continual effort to stay a few minutes ahead of county

sheriffs and the outraged tradesmen he had bilked. In Philadelphia, he sought guidance from a fortune teller and consulted a phrenologist, who claimed to delineate character from the information of the skull. Throughout his adventures as a fast-traveling religio-occult follower, Guiteau developed irrational grandiose schemes which he swore would make millions for any person who financed his enterprises. When asked about the source of these ideas, he explained, "The spirit speaks to me."

After President Garfield's death, Guiteau was brought to trial. On numerous occasions he had to be restrained from launching shouting attacks against the prosecution, the trial judge, and even his own defense attorney. "The Lordy will take care of me," he insisted. "My enemies will be exiled from paradise."

Sentenced to death, the bearded little man calmly walked up the steps of the gallows on the morning of Friday, June 30, 1882. He dismissed the prison minister and announced that he would read a selection from the tenth chapter of Matthew. ". . . And fear not them that kill the body but are not able to kill the soul," he read in a self-righteous tone.

Next the condemned assassin read an original poem entitled, "I Am Going to the Lordy, I Am So Glad!" Upon completion of the last stanza of his poem, Guiteau stood erect as the hangman placed the noose over his neck and fitted the traditional black hood over his head. Guiteau dropped his manuscript and the trap was sprung.

To the end, the demented little man maintained that he had assassinated the President because he had been "compelled" to do so by the voice.

"I believe that voice was God," he declared.

Somewhere in his search for a personal philosophy of life, Charles Guiteau had acquired a private demon, a "Lordy," who whispered sinister counsel into his anxious inner-ear. Could this voice actually have issued from an evil, independent entity who sought to work its malignant enterprises through a human dupe? Or was Gui-

teau's "Lordy" but the manifestation of his own fragmented personality slowly twisting his brain? The judge and jury rejected the defense's plea of insanity, and we are left with the scattered evidence that some undefinable, but obsessive, force compelled an obscure and tormented man to assassinate the President of his country.

Is it possible that Guiteau might have been controlled by such an unthinkable bizarre secret society of demonic individuals whom Lee Harvey Oswald, the assassin of President John F. Kennedy, called the "Devilmen?" According to those who knew Oswald before that inglorious weekend in November of 1963, he spoke often of "an international league of people" who had let the devil possess them so that they might do his Satanic bidding. These "Devilmen" were, in effect, a secret world power, with Members of key positions within each world government.

Since the release of the *Warren Report*, there has arisen a growing band of critics who have become fervently devoted to exposing data which they consider to be its flaws. Some of these amateur sleuths have undoubtedly sought personal publicity in the aftermath of President Kennedy's assassination; but many are calm, rational men who believe that the truth about the Dallas murder has been withheld from the nation. A public opinion poll conducted a survey among a cross section of Americans shortly after the report was released; only 35% of the respondents believed that the report had told the full truth about the Dallas assassination. In our study, we are concerned with the testimony of witnesses that was ignored, or omitted, from the final report. We are particularly concerned with the omissions concerning the links between Lee Harvey Oswald, airplane pilot David Ferrie, and Jack Ruby, the enigmatic night-club owner who killed Oswald.

David Ferrie, now deceased, was a slight, hawkfaced individual who projected a grotesque appearance. Ferrie had lost the hair on his body in the late 1950s and, until

his death, wore a pair of false eyebrows and a bizarre red wig. Like many of the figures on the periphery of the Kennedy assassination, there is an aura of mystery surrounding Ferrie's activities.

In the late 1940s, Ferrie stopped studying for the priesthood and became a commercial pilot on small planes in Columbus, Ohio. In the middle 1950s, he dropped out of sight for several years, showing up minus the hair on his body. It is believed that Ferrie may have been employed by the Central Intelligence Agency as a U-2 spy plane pilot during this period. Loss of body hair is said to be a hazard of flying the U-2 plane.

Ferrie then flew as a pilot for Eastern Air Lines until his dismissal due to an arrest record of homosexual activities. Later, he posed as a psychiatrist, worked as a private detective, and hired out for various odd jobs connected with aviation. Ferrie was Lee Oswald's instructor in the Civil Air Patrol in New Orleans many years prior to the Dallas murder.

David Ferrie had always expressed a deep interest in the occult, hypnotism, and politics. He was considered to be a proficient hypnotist. W. A. Wampler, a retired businessman from Columbus, Ohio, recently told of his association with Ferrie in the late 1940s. "He had all of his hair then, and I hardly recognized the photographs published in the newspapers after his death," Wampler stated. "I liked to talk about flying, but our conversations always moved back to witchcraft and demonology. Most of the time I didn't know what he was talking about. He was a well-educated person, but he was obsessed with the belief that God and Satan were waging battle for control of the world. At times, he seemed to have an almost Satanic philosophy of life. At other times, he seemed deeply religious in an orthodox sense. Ferrie was a paradox, but despite his eccentric behavior, he was a brilliant man. He could read Latin and speak Greek and a bit of Spanish. He used to say the priests in the Spanish Inquisition had failed to eliminate the 'Evil Ones.'

They had just driven the devil and his demons underground. He said they would reappear in their own time as a demonic evil horde."

During his last weeks in New Orleans, Lee Harvey Oswald met with David Ferrie on several occasions. They were undoubtedly a strange pair; a young ex-Marine, who had defected to the Soviet Union, then returned to his native America with a beautiful Russian wife, and a nervous, hawkfaced, hairless man with false eyebrows and a weird red wig. Ferrie and Oswald are believed to have attended several ritualistic parties in private homes and apartments in New Orleans.

"There were some weird people running around New Orleans in those days, baby," reported an independent investigator. "New Orleans had always been friendly toward homosexuals and witch doctors, and there are still remnants of Dr. John's old voodoo cults out in the swamps and bayous. The word was out in the Quarter shortly after the assassination that Oswald and Ferrie had been to several ritual parties, private affairs where circles were drawn on the floor and that sort of thing. Black candles and the rest of the jazz. This would probably have been the swinging crowd. They're a mixture of homosexuals, occult believers, and drug users."

Immediately after the assassination of President Kennedy, Lee Harvey Oswald behaved in a strange, irrational manner. "Oswald's movements become more understandable if we consider that he was controlled," a critic of the Warren Report stated. "Oswald could have been under a type of hypnotic control. You are undoubtedly familiar with the case in Sweden where a subject under hypnosis committed a bank robbery and murder without realizing the extent of his crimes. The same may have been true of Oswald; he had no reason to shoot Officer Tippitt and bring on a manhunt. Also, a person who is high on mescaline will discover that they have lost their power of reasoning. Their link with reality is clouded by the drug. Their sense of time is dramatically altered. Their sense of reality is often replaced by an

overpowering feeling of impending doom. A person on mescaline can be manipulated by someone who understands these properties of the drug."

Jack Ruby, the pudgy Dallas nightclub owner who gunned down Oswald on network television, scored a successful prognostication of his own fate when he stated that he would die in jail before trial. An intense believer in astrology who relied upon his daily horoscope as if it were writ on stone, Ruby enjoyed having the showgirls in his club read aloud to him from books on the occult. Shortly before his death, it has been reported, his two favorite topics of conversation were demon possession and the influences of the new hallucinogens on man's mind.

Today we are so accustomed to mentally translating "demon possession" as schizophrenia that the New Testament story of Christ casting the devils into the swine must conjure up images of the Galilean chasing a herd of psychotic pigs into the sea. We suggest that the notion of an invading entity which temporarily seizes control of an unsuspecting psyche is not completely beyond the realm of rational consideration. It must have come as more than a little shock to the orthodox materialists when Norma Lee Browning, talented reporter for the *Chicago Tribune*, stated that the defense attorneys for Sirhan Sirhan, Senator Robert Kennedy's assassin, had considered basing their case in court on the assertion that their client had been possessed by an evil spirit when he murdered Senator Kennedy. The contention would have been that Sirhan had been controlled by the fanatical spirit of a dead Arab Nationalist.

Overlooked in the horror of Senator Kennedy's death was a familiar ritualistic element in the assassination. A few feet from where Senator Kennedy fell after being struck by the bullets from Sirhan's revolver was a large ice cabinet. Scrawled in crayon upon the front of the box was the inscription: "The Once and Future King." Although the phrase was never publicly explained, we know that such shibboleths have been used along with certain ritualistic symbols in other occult motivated mur-

ders. The words do not refer to King Arthur and his magical days at Camelot. Rather, the inscription heralds the handiwork of Satan, who, in the eyes of his minions both mortal and immortal, is the "once and future king" of Earth. The goat god Pan, dealt a severe blow by the advent of Christianity and the Piscean Age, has once again begun to rally in full strength.

President John Kennedy's assassin Lee Harvey Oswald and his talk of "Devilmen" usurping earthly governments; a satanic motto scrawled at the feet of the murdered Senator Robert Kennedy. Can there really be agents of malignant Devil cults surreptitiously working out their evil on a staggering international scale? Could there really exist some hideous kind of occult assassination bureau?

Sirhan Sirhan appeared to be in a state of tranquility following his shooting of Senator Kennedy. The enormity of the deed failed to penetrate his consciousness. After his arraignment at the police station, Sirhan calmly asked his jailers to bring him a copy of Madame Blavatsky's *Secret Doctrine*. Jacson, the axe-wielding assassin of Leon Trotsky, the defrocked leader of the Russian revolution, contented himself during his long years of imprisonment by reading from his worn, well-marked copy of Madame Blavatsky's tome. Jacson remains one of the most mysterious figures in the ignominious annals of assassins. The Stalinists always stoutly denied any political motivation for the crime, and Jacson himself, when questioned about the grisly deed, would only cry that some unidentified "they" had made him commit the murder.

As we will discover in another chapter, there appear to have been occult links in the death of Mahatma Gandhi in India, in the Sharon Tate murders, in the killer Zodiac's senseless carnage in the San Francisco area, and in numerous other vicious crimes against the person.

What might we conclude from these various examples of what may, admittedly, be but circumstantial associations between the occult and the assassinations of our leaders? Here are three basic hypotheses:

1. *There may be a definite link between the occult and random, non-political assassinations and murders.*

Political assassins play for the highest possible stakes, and they are frequently traced to some conspiratorial group. The random assassin is motivated by some non-political element—an obsession, a delusion, a feeling of persecution, or a belief that he is acting on orders from some "Higher Intelligence." Certain occultists warn against "hostile vibrations," "psychic attack," and the possibility of a normal, rational individual falling under the control of an entity, a force, beyond our comprehension. There does seem to be a pattern of occult interest in the lives of many assassins. Guiteau spoke to his "Lordy"; Sirhan and Jacson studied the *Secret Doctrine*; Oswald probably participated in Satanic cultist activity and feared the "Devilmen"; Sirhan and James Earl Ray, the assassin of Dr. Martin Luther King, practiced hypnosis and auto-suggestion.

2. *The assassin was originally mentally ill and was drawn by this illness into a study of the occult.*

The world of the occult is admittedly swarming with the lunatic fringe, dotted by the naively hopeful, and colored by the mentally unstable. A good share of those persons who claim a higher spiritual experience, conversations with the "Masters," and regular mystical visions are certainly not the same men and women who complain about being in the Silent Majority. The very fact that the occult may be superficially studied as a formless, non-rigid body of pseudo-science will quite naturally attract the mentally incompetent and those who desire a great amount of spiritual and material gain for little effort. A serious study of the paranormal, of course, requires an enormous amount of self-discipline and a strict adherence to a rigid code of ethics.

Quite apart from the growing fad of unrestrained occultism, there seems to be a great deal of increased neuroticism and psychotic behavior in our society, which appears to parallel our trend toward a complicated industrial-technological civilization. In 1961, a team of

psychiatrists and sociologists from Cornell University conducted a study of the residents of midtown Manhattan which produced conclusions certain to shake the faith of those people who believe this to be the best of all possible worlds. Fifty-eight percent of the sample group suffered from "mild to moderate" mental illness. A too-small 18.3 percent were judged to be well-adjusted and in "normal" mental condition. A frightening 24.3 percent were considered psychotic individuals with severe mental disturbances. If one were to accept these conclusions as valid in regard to the entire population of the United States, he would have to conclude that nearly one person in four is a potential psychotic. And that study was taken back in that wonderfully sane year 1961—before campus riots, three political assassinations, a growing dissatisfaction with Vietnam, the voluminous dispensation and indiscriminate usage of drugs, unbearable pollution problems, and a host of other social sore spots which confront the Seventies.

3. *People who are predisposed to the occult may be used as "tools" by paranormal forces.*

Some day a serious and responsible psychologist or sociologist will reject the rigid establishment dogma of their professions and conduct an in-depth study on those individuals who follow and practice occult doctrines. Until such time, we cannot assess the practitioner and exponent of the occult. The "varieties of religious experience" are, indeed, many, and quite likely, both types of spiritual expression—occult and orthodox—will one day be declared to be but branches of the very same tree.

If there should be a group of conspirators, political or otherwise, mortal or otherwise, who may be selecting visionary seekers for their nefarious projects of human destruction, there seems little question that the unprepared, untutored individual, who is searching for personal fulfillment by indiscriminately "expanding" his mind, would be an easy target for such a group.

The grisly scenario of assassination has become a familiar one to Americans of this generation. There is a

crackle of gunfire and a great leader has been felled by an assassin's bullet. Once again the nation mourns as the murderous horror is telecast into our homes in blood-drenched color. Somber politicians appear on the television screen and philosophize in sorrowful tones about life and death in a violent society. A group of men from the political sector are commissioned to thoroughly investigate the assassination. Their report invariably concludes that the assassin acted alone and that there was absolutely no evidence of a conspiracy.

The public is firmly lectured that only a paranoid, some combat-booted member of the lunatic fringe would seriously believe that *some one* or *some thing* is systematically eliminating the great leaders of the Western world. As their final act, the commission collects all of the evidence on the assassination and locks it away in a vault with official orders that it not be touched or re-examined by anyone for a generation. An independent analysis of the data is prevented by numerous state and federal laws. During the aftermath of the crime, the assassin is prevented from discussing the case with newsmen or investigators, or, as in the case of Lee Harvey Oswald, he, in turn, is murdered before he can talk.

The rise of the drug cults and the increasing abuse of the occult arts, coupled with a lack of knowledge of the various states of man's consciousness and its reaction to drugs or psychic suggestion, may signal a strident warning for the future safety of our leaders.

Always, the nation forgets. There is another crackle of gunfire . . . and . . . once again . . .

Doc Anderson, the Man Who Fought
a Demon!

R. C. "Doc" Anderson, who has his ESP studio at 302 Gordon Avenue in Rossville, Georgia, is an internationally acclaimed psychic with proven prophetic talents. Considered by many people to be "a living Edgar Cayce," Doc Anderson is a cheerful, robust giant whose dark, twinkling eyes peer out at the world over a flamboyant mustache. "Doc Anderson is one of the most remarkable psychics in the world today," reported a parapsychologist recently. "He has demonstrated his uncanny ability for thirty years. Doc Anderson makes his predictions in print prior to the event and this is proof of his talent."

Doc Anderson first won international attention with a list of predictions that were made on Christmas Day, 1944. During a single ESP session to meet a challenge of his prophetic powers, Doc Anderson accurately forecast the dates when the European and Pacific warfare would ebb and an armistice signed for World War II. He foresaw the atomic bomb explosions, the advent of the nuclear age, the cold war, and the growth of Southern states. He also predicted accurately that then U.S. Commander-in-Chief, Dwight Eisenhower, would be elected to the presidency of the United States.

In recent years, Anderson's prophetic talents have increased as he "tuned in" on future events. He predicted publicly that Senator Robert Kennedy and Negro leader Martin Luther King would be assassinated. "I tried to warn these men, but they chose to ignore my advice," the

sixty-ish psychic reported. "Sometimes we are unable to prevent the flow of destiny."

Anderson appeared on a popular television program in Chattanooga to discuss his forecast of Martin Luther King's death. "Anderson stated that another important person in the Civil Rights movement would be assassinated before the end of June, 1968," wrote reporter Bill Cooly in the *Chattanooga News-Free Press*. "Newsmen discussed that prediction today as Senator Robert Kennedy hovered near death in a Los Angeles hospital."

Privately, Doc Anderson had informed newsmen of his fears for Senator Kennedy's life. He also informed television viewers that "I see considerable confusion in the assassination to come." He explained that the victim of the assassin's bullet, Senator Kennedy, would not die immediately but would "fall victim to his system's inability to withstand pain."

Anderson's first hint of his paranormal ability occurred in 1918 when he was a small child, living with his family in Enterprise, Iowa. "I was playing in the living room of our home when a sudden vision seemed to overwhelm me," Anderson recalled in his biography, *The Man Who Sees Tomorrow*. "I had a clear, distinct vision of my brother, Nelson, dying on a battlefield in France. I saw his body slump down to the ground after he was shot by a German sniper."

Unfortunately, the vision proved true and the young lad was frightened by this early psychic experience. Nevertheless, he launched a psychic pilgrimage that included trips to many areas of the world. He studied occultism in the bazaars of India, and then traveled into Tibet when it was one of the world's most forbidden lands. Later, he mingled with the black magicians in China and learned the legendary secrets of Oriental sorcery. Still later, he worked his way to Africa and learned the secrets of the dark continent's witch doctors. Spain, Europe, the fabled lands of Arabia, South America, and Haiti, were other places of study for the young psychic adventurer.

"In Arabia, I learned the arts of demonology from the old wizards," Doc Anderson reported. "As you may know, buddy, in many lands people fervently believe in demons. And, although I'm getting to be an old man, I have seen things that defy scientific explanation. In Haiti, I've seen a witch doctor practice his voodoo and 'throw' a demon into the body of some poor soul. You can call it superstition if you wish, but I believe in the reality of ole Satan and his devilmen. It isn't anything to mess around with. The Devil can play a very dangerous game."

"As I traveled, I became aware that there are more things on this planet than we may ever fully understand," Doc Anderson continued. "I believe firmly in the existence of non-physical forces of good and evil. These entities are at work in the world today. Demon possession is well known in many areas of the world today; in our society, we have the same phenomena but we label it with a different name. During the past decade in America, we've seen the forces of evil grow stronger. Satanism has become powerful in this nation. The result has been some terrifying, tragic acts like the Sharon Tate murders.

"There are evil forces that lie in wait for the unwary," said Doc Anderson. "Those who search for them will usually find them. The ancients were remarkably well versed in the methods of demonology; they knew there were things that could invade the minds and bodies of a living person. An evil spirit can attach itself to a living mind, just as a parasite saps the strength from the host body."

Doc Anderson is frequently called upon today to conduct rites of exorcism. "I have also become psychically aware of what I call the Aura of Evil," he related. "This is a deadly, suffocating process that can enfold a person and plague their entire lives. An aura of evil is more frequent than you might imagine and, when it strikes, the unfortunate person is plagued with misfortune, bad luck, and their lives are jinxed. Anything they touch, whatever they plan, is transformed into dust. I've seen the old voo-

doo masters in Haiti and South America throw a hex on someone. The victim is frequently not aware of the spell, yet they may waste away into nothing. Unless, of course, they convince the wizard to remove the hex or they obtain *juju* from another, more powerful practitioner."

While Doc Anderson's views on demonology may sound like ancient superstitions, a check of the files in his office reveals that the giant psychic practices what he professes. Here is a case history of people with problems, who consulted the Southern seer. The facts are as they appeared in the records; the names have been changed to protect Doc Anderson's clients.

A Dead Girl's Voice Screams "Kill for me!"

A pleasant afternoon of picnicking and boating ended on a tragic note for Dorothy Barton, an attractive, thirty-six-year-old mother who lives in a small New England community. Accompanied by her husband, Fred, the young women entered into the gaiety of a Sunday picnic on the banks of a tranquil river. Their weekends were frequently spent in touring the region near home as these adventures appealed to Dorothy's romantic nature.

After a brief picnic lunch, the couple walked along a white-gravelled road that stretched through the green hills. As they crossed over a small wooden bridge, Mrs. Barton paused and leaned over the weathered railing. She gazed down into the sluggish, amber-tinted river.

"I could see a few insects skimming over the surface of the water," she recalled, later. "I was fascinated by the patterns they made on the water. Without warning, I felt as if something urged me to leap into the river. A cold chill swept over my body as if the hand of death had passed over me."

Despite her eerie feelings, Mrs. Barton dismissed the incident as "an over-active imagination resulting from watching too many television shows." She did not mention the feeling to her husband and their walk continued without further disturbances. Later, when the couple had started to drive back to their home, the feeling struck Dorothy Barton with an increased intensity.

Her husband suggested the possibilities of an upset stomach. "You can never be certain about food spoiling in hot weather," Fred Barton remarked. "You go right to bed when we get home and you'll feel better in the morning."

Dorothy Barton laid down on her bed while her husband put away the picnic supplies. "I felt like I was coming down with a bad fever," she related. "My brain seemed to be frying, bubbling in its own juices. My skin was flushed, my body temperature was way above normal, and I was worried about my mind. I couldn't think straight. I was not able to concentrate on a single thought. It was warm in the bedroom and I wanted to turn on the air conditioning unit. Yet, I couldn't remember if I should put my feet, or my head, on the floor to walk to the window."

Mrs. Barton became further alarmed when a kaleidoscope of strange scenes, weird ideas, and unknown faces rushed through her mind. Another chill shrouded her body and her skin prickled as a feminine, high-pitched wail screamed through her mind. She twisted with fear, contorting her face into a painful, macabre convulsion.

Suddenly, the vision rushed in her mind.

"The scenes were very clear, quite distinct," she related. "It was as if I was watching a television screen inside my head. I saw the river and the bridge again. It was earlier in the year and there was a moon beaming down out of a spring sky. A small, green automobile was parked near the bridge and, as the scenes unfolded, a young man and a woman stepped from the vehicle and walked toward the bridge. The man paused, acting as if he was tying his shoe laces, and he came up with a knife in his hand. He grabbed the girl by the shoulder and plunged the knife into her back. He stabbed her many times, assaulted her dying, moaning body, and tossed her off the bridge into the river. She was barely alive when she struck the water and, with her last conscious thought, she tried to swim. Then, she sank down into the cold, dark waters and disappeared."

The vision ended as a voice spoke to Mrs. Barton: "*My name is Wanda. I am the girl who was thrown off the bridge. No one knows that I am dead. No one is hunting for the man who killed me. You must do as I instruct you because that man killed me!*"

"No. You're not real!" Mrs. Barton screamed. "Go away! Leave me alone!"

"He must pay for killing me," insisted Wanda. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. He should die a slow death. I have planned this for a long time . . ."

"But you're dead," protested Mrs. Barton.

"My life on earth is not complete until my killer is given his due," said Wanda.

"Go away!" Mrs. Barton bolted upright in bed, screaming at the invisible intruder.

Hearing his wife's screams, Fred Barton dashed into the bedroom to be confronted by an eerie scene. His wife rolled and twisted on the bed, covering her ears with her hands, and screaming at someone called "Wanda."

"What's happening? What's wrong?" he blurted.

"It is all right now," his wife said, speaking in a strange tone. "Dorothy has gone away for a little while. You may call me Wanda. I am younger than Dorothy, but she seems to be a very fine person. Her body feels right."

"You're feverish," Fred Barton murmured, his eyes widened with disbelief. "Lay down and I'll call the doctor."

"Don't do anything foolish or I will have to kill Dorothy," Wanda snapped. "I have just borrowed her body for a little while."

There was a dangerous undertone in his wife's voice; she somehow looked different in the dim light of the bedroom. Bewildered, unable to comprehend what was happening, Fred Barton stared at his wife in astonished disbelief. "Look, Dorothy, let's not get upset," he said, soothingly. "Honey, if you don't want a doctor, I won't call one."

"I am not Dorothy," said Wanda, persistently. "I told you that Dorothy has gone away for a little while."

"Is she in any danger?"

"No. Not now. I don't believe in hurting people."

"Who are you?" Fred inquired.

"The spirit of a murdered girl," Wanda replied. She pulled a pillow from beneath the covers, pounded it into position, and leaned back against the bed's headboard. "I was killed by a very bad man. He must be brought to justice. He must be killed. He hurt me very badly."

"I don't think we can help you," answered Fred. He wondered if he was dreaming.

"Get out a pencil and find some paper," ordered Wanda. "I can read your mind and I know you're very confused. Just follow my instructions and Dorothy will be back with you very soon."

Fred Barton hurried through his home, grabbed a pad of typing paper and a pen. He returned to the bedroom, sat down on the edge of the bed, and wrote down Wanda's report. That strange, bizarre document reads:

". . . I was having problems with my parents in 1968 and early 1969. We were always arguing over whether I could stay out late or not. When I was two weeks past my seventeenth birthday, I decided to quit school, drop out of life, and join a girl friend in hitch-hiking around the country. We just wanted to see what the world was like and meet a few new friends.

"We left my home town and started hitch-hiking. We didn't have any trouble getting rides and most people were pretty good to us. We got to Chicago and knocked around there for a while, hanging around the Old Town section where the kids stayed. Our money was starting to run low and we couldn't find work in Chicago. We decided to go to Boston. At the last minute, my girl friend met this boy who lived in a commune. She decided to move in with him. I went on toward Boston.

"I got a ride with a fellow in the New York State. He was heading north and he said he worked on construction jobs. We kind of hit it off, although he didn't seem to care about sex. We stayed in the same motels and slept side-by-side in the same bed. He never touched me. We decided to take a couple of extra days and he said I'd get the grand tour of New England. We would go shun-piking, as he called it, running around on the backroads, and staying away from the toll roads.

"We parked down by that bridge at the river and I figured we were going to stay there for the night. It was late and there wasn't any need to pay all that money for a motel room. I thought we were going for a walk in the moonlight when he flashed out and started stabbing me with that knife. I was more dead than alive when he tore off my clothes and raped me. Then, he dragged my body to the bridge and threw me in the river. I'm still down there. This fellow's name is (she named her alleged killer) and he is working right now as a construction man at (she named a construction project in that area.)

"I want you to tell the police that my body is down there and that he killed Wanda."

After a lengthy pause, Fred Barton knew that the story had ended. "Don't you want your parents to be notified?" he asked. "Won't they want to return your body to their home city for burial?"

"They've had too many heartaches," Wanda announced. "I'm gone and they're getting adjusted to it. Let them live with their memories. Just do as I say."

"I'll try," promised the shocked husband.

"Then I'll be leaving now," said Wanda. "I'll leave and Dorothy can return. Do not try anything cute because I'll be with her all of the time."

Moments later, Wanda disappeared and Dorothy Barton's personality returned to her body. She was calm,

very serene, and retained a memory of what had occurred. "It's like I sort of go off into a sleep," she explained. "I can hear her talking and I know what's happening around me, but I don't have any control over my mind or my body."

As her husband listened incredulously, Dorothy Barton related the vivid details of her bloody vision. "I think we should call the police," Dorothy said.

"And have them laugh at us," her husband replied, stubbornly. "Policemen are levelheaded people. They don't drag rivers and arrest people for murder on the basis of a vision."

"You could make an anonymous call," Dorothy suggested.

Fred Barton telephoned the police, refused to give his name, and reported that a young girl had been murdered near the bridge, and her body was dumped into the river. The police dismissed the information as a crank call. Their investigative techniques went into full action a few weeks later, when the body of an unknown girl rose to the surface of the river. The body was spotted just below the bridge by a passing motorist.

After the body was recovered, Wanda reappeared in Dorothy Barton's body. One minute, Dorothy Barton was discussing a plan for painting their kitchen with her husband. The next second, Dorothy's personality disappeared into limbo and Wanda's husky voice spoke through her body. "The police are not trying to get him," she announced.

"Pleas! Leave us alone!" pleaded Fred Barton. "I've done what you asked."

"Don't be silly. I kind of like being with you and Dorothy," Wanda said with a chiding tone. "There's no reason why we both can't share the same body."

"You must leave us."

Wanda's voice dropped to a seductive whisper. "It would be like living with two different women," she said, eagerly. "Dorothy isn't married in bed, but I can promise

you a good time. I know how to do things that she never heard of, tricks that would drive you right up the bedroom wall. I'm a very passionate young girl."

"No," Fred replied.

"Well, I'll have to see what I can do," Wanda announced, petulently. "You're a square. Dorothy is a square. You're not helping me get even with my killer."

In the weeks that followed, life for Fred and Dorothy Barton became fraught with nightmarish terror. Few people could have withstood the sinister, soul-searching antics of Wanda, the intruding personality. Untamed, spiteful, and zealous in her efforts for revenge, Wanda bounced in and out of Dorothy's mind like a witless child skipping rope. Dorothy's normal personality began to fragment under the strain of sharing her mind and body with the invading entity.

The Bartons tried desperately to cling to the slender threads of their normal lives. "I would be talking with Dorothy and that silly little smile would appear on her face," recalled Fred, solemnly. "That was the clue that Wanda was back."

One afternoon, Dorothy disappeared from the house. Her personality had been taken over by Wanda. She drove to the construction site and, as she stared across a field at the construction worker alleged to be Wanda's murderer, the entity urged Dorothy to kill the man. "You don't need a gun," whispered Wanda. "There are hammers and tools lying all about. Kill, kill, kill him, Dorothy and I'll leave you in peace!"

Dorothy resisted the ominous voice, started the car, drove home. "All of the way during that return trip, Wanda cursed and threatened me," she claimed. "She swore that she would take over my body, commit suicide, and I'd join her in her torment."

After the near-murderous escapade, the Bartons sought a psychiatrist to assist in coping with the invading personality. "We didn't know who to pick so we made the appointment with a man picked out of a telephone book," they reported. "Unfortunately, he diag-

nosed Dorothy's problem as schizophrenia, and after listening only a few minutes he said her condition was caused by repressed sexual desires. As you might guess, he was from the Freudian school. I disagreed with the diagnosis and he shrugged his shoulders with resignation." They paid the \$50 fee and left.

Distraught, unhappy, and bewildered, Dorothy and Fred left home and checked into a Boston motel. They were hopeful that staying in the motel, away from home, might in some way enable to elude Wanda. They went to bed early and, with the invading personality seemingly gone, their tender affections gradually led them to the sex act. Mid-way through their actions, Fred heard a giggling, croaking noise beneath him. "You're alright for an old man," Wanda leered. "Go, Daddy, go!"

Determined to stop the ghastly haunting of his wife's mind, Fred Barton rejected the time-consuming search for an understanding psychiatrist. Dorothy's suffering had to be halted quickly or the frightening experience might end with a deadly finale. Wanda might invade his wife's body and permanently relegate Dorothy to some limbo existence. Due to the strain, tension, and nervous pressures, Dorothy could lose her sanity and have to be sent to a mental institution.

"I gave Dorothy a sleeping pill, knowing that Wanda never interfered when Dorothy was asleep," Fred recalled. "I left my wife at the motel and started to drive around Boston, hoping and searching for an answer." He stopped for a pack of cigarettes, noticed a bookstore, and discovered a section devoted to occult books.

"I found a title on demon possession and that seemed to describe my wife's symptoms," he related. "I purchased everything I could buy on the subject, returned to the motel, and skimmed through the books. I read about Doc Anderson, and the fact that his office was in Rossville, Georgia. That was almost a thousand mile trip, but I decided to call and see if this stranger could help us."

Fred Barton placed a long distance telephone call to the southern psychic. "Doc Anderson suggested that I take my wife to a good medical doctor or a trained psychiatrist," Barton recalled. "I explained our situation and, grasping for a straw, asked if he would simply talk with us if we drove down to Rossville. He said it was not necessary to come to his office. I guess I wanted to see who he was."

Although many people make remarkable claims for Doc Anderson's amazing powers of healing, the giant psychic does not acknowledge such testimonials. "The best thing that a sick person can do is pray to God," Anderson remarked, recently. "Prayer is a very powerful force and it can lead a person to spiritual awakening, a healing, or even to a good doctor."

Fred and Dorothy Barton didn't even return home for additional clothing for the long trip to Chattanooga. They drove non-stop and arrived in Chattanooga, Tennessee, in record time. They checked into a motel and, before he went out for toiletry supplies, Fred Barton gave his wife another sleeping pill. "The trip down to Chattanooga was one of the most horrible experiences of my life," he said, later. "My wife's mind bounced to and fro between Wanda and Dorothy; I couldn't take my eyes off her. Once, when Wanda was in command, she tried to leap out of the car. We were traveling about seventy miles an hour at the time; it would have been instantaneous death. At the next gas station, I paid a young attendant to wire the doors shut on the passenger side."

The morning after their arrival in Chattanooga, Fred and Dorothy Barton rose early and drove across the state line to Doc Anderson's ESP studio at 302 Gordon Avenue in Rossville, Georgia. Although Doc Anderson had a lengthy number of consultations for that morning, he agreed to see the couple before his office hours. "Doc Anderson is a very remarkable man and I have since been his number one fan," said Fred Barton. "Neverthe-

less, I had my doubts when I met him for the first time that morning. He has a tremendous, God-given talent, but he doesn't act like you might expect a mystic to be. He's just a plain, ordinary person, with a good sense of humor."

Whatever doubts Fred Barton held about his trip to see Doc Anderson were quickly dispelled. The psychic led the couple into his office, had an assistant pour coffee, and then said: "I can see that your wife's mental condition is the reason for your visit."

"That really floored me," admitted Fred Barton. "Then, very rapidly, we both tried to explain our problems to him. Doc Anderson suggested that we consult a trained psychiatrist. He reported that many times when you think of demon possession, it is actually the subconscious mind acting out hidden desires that have been suppressed. However, he admitted that Dorothy might be fighting what he called a disincarnate spirit."

Doc Anderson suggested that the spirit might be dispelled through the rites of exorcism. "These rites are very complicated," Doc Anderson informed his visitors. "When I do this, I may need several hours of time. You come back after I've seen my guests today and we'll see what we can do."

The reddening rays of a falling sun mingled with the evening shadows on Lookout Mountain as Fred and Dorothy drove back to Doc Anderson's ESP studio. Cloistered in the seer's quiet office, the six-foot-two-inch psychic began to probe into Dorothy Barton's brooding mind. His dark, intense eyes deepened into a near-hypnotic stare as he sought to bring out the offending personality. Finally, the transformation took place and Wanda emerged.

"You must go," thundered Doc Anderson. "You are of the dead and not living. It is against God's will for you to remain here on this earthly plane."

"I just wanted to see my killer be caught," Wanda whimpered.

"The police will take care of that," Doc Anderson said, firmly. "It is not for you to attempt to change fate or the Creator's will. You must leave these fine people and go away."

"Drop dead, old man," sneered Wanda, suddenly very angry and visibly disturbed by the seer's commands. Vigorously, she cursed and ranted at the psychic. "You don't know what it is like to be killed."

Doc Anderson's deep, sonorous voice boomed in the quiet office as he recited the traditional Christian rites of exorcism.

"I never was much of a Christian," Wanda laughed. "Those words don't affect me."

Doc Anderson walked heavily to a cupboard, withdrew a small vial of powder, and sprinkled the substance around the floor in a strange, bizarre pattern. "I'm going to ask you to wait outside," Doc Anderson informed Fred Barton. "My assistant will be here with your wife and me, and I'm going to need his assistance. This is going to require a considerable amount of time, so I suggest that you relax in the reception room."

Fred Barton admitted that he was dubious about leaving his wife. "Later, Doc Anderson explained that certain powerful rites of exorcism require absolute concentration," Barton related. "If there are other people present, he may pick up their psychic impressions and weaken his powers."

Fred Barton paced the reception room until late into the night, chain-smoking, and drinking Coca-Cola to remove the dry, nervous taste in his mouth. Finally, Doc Anderson's assistant beckoned and Barton followed him back into the psychic's inner sanctum. Dorothy sat quietly in a chair, a bright smile on her face, as he entered the room. "Wanda's gone," she said, happily. "She apologized and said to tell you that she was sorry."

"You mean the nightmare is over?" asked the incredulous husband.

"Buddy, I wouldn't guarantee anything in this day and

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age," chuckled Doc Anderson. "But, I'll bet my last cigar that the spirit won't be back."

To date, the virulent personality known as Wanda has never reappeared again. Dorothy Barton fervently believes the entity is gone forever, exorcised back into the spirit world. Following her deliverance from the terrible ordeal, Dorothy was back to normal within a few days. She persuaded her husband to call Wanda's parents in the small community where the girl said they lived. "We discovered they had moved and, after several months, we found them and notified them that the girl beneath the bridge might be their daughter." Through dental charts and other identifying methods, the parents were convinced that their daughter had indeed been the victim of the brutal killing.

What about the man who Wanda claimed was her murderer? "There appears to be a sort of karmic justice," Fred Barton wrote to Doc Anderson a few months ago. He enclosed a newspaper clipping that told of how the alleged murderer was crushed to death during a construction accident. "I have had a long talk with the police officials investigating the case," Barton continued. "While they are not about to admit that they have closed the case officially, they did some checking on the man supposed to be the killer. Enough evidence pointed to his guilt that they have now unofficially closed the case."

We might speculate that Dorothy Barton's affliction was the manifestation of repressed desires surging up out of her subconscious mind. One of the most remarkable elements in this case was the foreknowledge that a body was in the river beneath the bridge. A noted psychiatrist, who has been a consultant to the authors on many cases, suggested a logical solution.

"Mrs. Barton stopped on the bridge that afternoon," he related. "Perhaps, she saw the outlines of the body floating in the water. The shock might have been so great that she fought against accepting the fact as reality. She

mentioned that a cold chill passed over her as she looked down into the river."

What about the foreknowledge of how the girl was killed? "She may have also observed knife wounds on the corpse," the psychiatrist said. "Dorothy watched television and it may have been coincidental that the girl might have been killed in the fashion that Dorothy's subconscious suggested."

One mystifying phenomena connected with schizophrenia, and demon possession, is the disconcerting ability of the patient to seemingly know events prior to their occurrence. Many psychiatric researchers have commented on this enigmatic aspect of their patients.

In *Operators and Things* (Elek Books; London), the pseudonymous author, Barbara O'Brien, wrote her vivid memories of a lengthy battle against schizophrenia. Her "Operators" counseled her during the plunge into insanity and, on numerous occasions, gave advice that led to precognitive experiences. While the "Operators" may have been manifestations dredged up from Miss O'Brien's subconscious mind, the events were eerie and unexplainable.

Shortly after the "Operators" appeared, Miss O'Brien left her home town and wandered throughout the United States under the direction of her voices. When her funds dwindled, she was urged to write a letter to an old friend. She dismissed the suggestion but the "Operators" persistently nagged until she wrote and posted the letter. By return mail, she was informed by her friend that a matter had been settled that was beneficial to Miss O'Brien's financial welfare.

When she needed a job, the "Operators" led Miss O'Brien to a strange building and into an office where she was immediately hired. Another time, when her money was almost gone, Miss O'Brien followed the suggestion of her "Operators" and visited Las Vegas. She wandered through the neon-glittered streets, clutching a five dollar bill in a miser's grip. She stopped at a gambling table where the "Operators" violently demanded

that she place a dollar chip on a designated number. The number won, and after several plays at the table, Miss O'Brien walked out of the casino with her purse stuffed with money.

Doc Anderson believes humanity may have erred in forgetting the rites of exorcism. "There are only a few priests who are able to perform the rites," the psychic reported. "Those men have fought the demonic hordes from Hades and saved many souls from Satanic possession. I was born in Iowa and I used to follow the career of Father Theophilus Riesinger, who performed nineteen successful exorcisms. His most interesting case happened in Earling, Iowa, in about 1928 when he spent several days exorcising a whole horde of demons from a possessed woman."

"One of the dangers of exorcism is that the demon may win," continued Doc Anderson. "In that case, the exorcist may discover that the entities transfer their attentions to his body. He becomes the possessed. A person must be very cautious in these situations."

"One of the most important requirements is that a person should not be too quick to jump to conclusions about demon possession," Doc Anderson continued. "You should not be an extremist and attribute every abnormality to Satan's intrigues. There are certain signs and rituals which will determine the presence of an evil entity or a disincarnate spirit. If these signs are not there, then I find the cause is usually nervousness, hysteria, or a mental illness of one sort or another."

Doc Anderson refused to outline his rites of exorcism or to detail the signs of Satanic possession. "There are not as many cases of possession as you might suspect," he declared. "I'm very cautious about giving out such information because a certain type of person will use it and make mistakes. This isn't something that the average person can handle like a parlor game."

Like Doc Anderson, the Catholic Church is equally cautious in their approach to phenomena attributed to demon possession. The Church also has definite

procedures for determining if allegedly paranormal events are the work of evil spirits. Priests are urged to follow an exact criteria in judging the possible existence of an evil presence.

Father Stocker—the Satanic Priest

The psychology of the flagellant must be a very complex study in the psyche's feeble attempt to shape the flesh of its body into a vessel of spiritual perfection. Basically, the principal desire seems to be to debase and humiliate one's own body through scourging, flogging, and other means of self-afflicted torture and abuse. When such activity is confined to a monastic cell or a wilderness cave, the processes involved are bizarre enough, but when flagellation becomes a group activity, the scene must surely resemble a Medievalist's concept of a section of Hell.

Father Josef Stocker was a rotten apple in the barrel of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany. Father Stocker may have affected the trappings of the priesthood, but beneath his religious gowns beat the heart of a true con-man. In the mid-1950s he had sought to capitalize on the visions of Sister Stella, a nun who claimed to be receiving spiritual advice from the Holy Mother. The opportunistic priest whisked Sister Stella away to the home of his mistress, Maria-Magdalena Kohler, and became the visionary's interpreter.

Incredibly, Father Stocker managed to convince a goodly portion of the citizens of Singen, Germany, to contribute to his Noah's Ark Society and to prepare for a second deluge. According to the priest, Sister Stella's visions graphically foresaw the coming of a flood that would cover the Earth as in the time of Noah. Only those who could climb aboard a massive ark would be saved. Of course, Father Stocker would be in charge of

the building of such an ark, and all contributions must be made payable to him.

The whole messy business came to a head in 1958 when the few townspeople who did not believe in the Great Flood pressured an investigation. Father Stocker and Maria had collected several thousands of dollars from the people of Singen. Some of the more devout had sold all they possessed in order to insure a berth for themselves aboard Stocker's Ark. The priest's superiors in the Church defrocked the errant cleric and ordered his immediate expulsion. The poor Sister Stella was freed from the home in which she had been held prisoner, and the wheels of punitive justice began to grind toward Father Stocker. However, individuals with large bank accounts and new Mercedes automobiles are seldom apprehended before they are able to cross national boundary lines and establish new lives in other countries.

Stocker accomplished a magnificent disappearing act, and there is no record of his surfacing until 1966 when he and Maria organized the International Family Society for the Encouragement of Peace in Switzerland. Although such a noble title would seem to indicate a society of family groups dedicated to the cause of universal peace and brotherhood, Stocker's society was dedicated to overseeing the strict education of adolescent girls so that they might become faithful wives and dutiful mothers.

In our transitional age, with so many of the old traditions being mocked and forsaken by our youth, it can readily be seen how a society with such an avowed purpose might become very popular among the conservative families for whom the old ways have held a great sense of security and of moral right. The rituals that smoldered forth from Stocker's psyche seemed well designed to hold a young girl in check and to surrender her total will to the shaping process desired by her parents. During the course of a seance which would invoke the demons of darkness, Stocker would sacrifice a guinea pig and allow its blood to run over the wayward teenager. If

the girl still persisted in her wickedness, she would be forced to submit to a ceremonial spanking. It will probably never be known how many young women had their bottoms thrashed by the wayward priest, but the name of Bernadette Hasler will long be remembered in the annals of Swiss criminology.

Josef Hasler had come to Stocker with a familiar tale of woe and concern. "It is my daughter, Bernadette, Father," Hasler said, a tremor of emotion quavering his voice. "I sent her to a good religious boarding school, but such strict training seems to have done no good."

"What is the trouble, my brother?" Stocker said, draping an arm loosely about the shoulders of the cult member.

"I fear that my baby is growing up to be an evil-minded child," Hasler managed at last to confess. "She has little respect for her elders. And . . . and her sexual urge seems to know no decent bounds." The man hung his head in shame and his big hands nervously twisted the entwined fingers he held in a prayerful attitude.

"Ah," Stocker sighed knowingly, "such it is with so many of today's young women. They yield so easily to the blandishments of a decadent society. Movies, television, rock and roll—these are all instruments of Satan."

"But what might confused parents do?" Hasler asked.

"Bring your daughter to the next meeting of the International Family Society for the Encouragement of Peace," Stocker admonished sternly. "There we know how to deal with the terrible results of Satan's propaganda on today's youth. Our society is devoted to the cause of making our young women pure in heart. What decent young man would want a young woman who listened to rock music and read cheap, sensational books as the mother of his children?"

It is not known how the Haslers managed to lure their 17-year-old daughter to the meeting of the Society a few nights later, but the face of the attractive brunette soon mirrored her distaste, confusion, and horror at what was taking place about her. Then, soon, there must have been

an icy shiver of fear driven through her tall, slender body when she realized that she was to be the defendant at some perverse kangaroo court.

"Bernadette Hasler," Stocker thundered in his best clerical voice, "it has been brought to the attention of the Society that you have sorely troubled the hearts of your parents by your devotion to the ways of Satan. We know that you have within you the purest of souls, but sometimes the dross must be burned away before the true gold can shine forth."

Bernadette looked about the room, desperately seeking the face of a friend. But she saw only the cold, emotionless masks that the Society had constructed against her sin.

"Let us hear the case against this young woman," Stocker demanded of the Society.

One of the brothers stepped forward and offered his testimony: "In April of 1966, Brother Hasler brought Bernadette to us to see if exposure to our family might convince her of the sin in which she was wallowing. We were happy to accept her into our family bosom. We never retreat from the opportunity to do battle with sin and to save a young soul from the snares of the Evil One.

"But we soon saw how true her father had spoken," the man went on. "Bernadette has been thoroughly corrupted by the cheap and loose morals of today's youth. She liked to listen to that barbaric music from the Devil's own jungles of Africa that our sinful youth call rock-and-roll. She wanted to see filthy, degenerate movies. She wanted to meet boys and go to dances. It seemed to us as if Satan himself had possessed her body and had taken up full-time residence in a fleshy temple of sin."

The man paused to allow the full import of his words to rest upon the eager and receptive Society members gathered around him, then he continued: "The worst had to do with our children." Such a statement provoked shocked sighs and mumblings from the group, so the witness once again pushed for dramatic effect.

"Your children?" Stocker echoed, picking up the cue.

"What did the daughter of Satan do to your innocent children?"

"She had a very bad influence upon them, Father," the Brother continued. "It got to the point where we had to lock her in her room all during the day and let her out in the evenings only for a short walk in the garden.

"Oh, I tell you, Brothers and Sisters, we did our best to instruct her in the ways of our religion, but this young bitch is truly possessed by Satan!"

Bernadette's frightened stammerings could do little to offset such damning testimony. Next her father stepped forward and tearfully told of how patiently and lovingly the Haslers had endeavored to point their renegade daughter in the way that she should go.

"But she ignores us!" Josef Hasler shouted in anguish. "We warn her against permitting lust to control her body, but I have stood at the doorway of her room when she did not know that I was there, and I have seen her practicing these modern dances of perverted sex before her own mirror.

"And her mother," Hasler continued, "has found cheap movie magazines under her bed. And even abominable modern novels with scenes of dirty, animalistic sex."

The Society closed in around the accused teenager and for one terrible moment Bernadette must have thought that she was to be condemned to death by stoning right on the spot. Instead, the members linked arms and formed a tight circle. A Brother stepped forward with a squealing guinea pig held aloft by one of its hind legs. At a signal from Father Stocker, the man slit the animal's throat with a straight-edged razor and the pitiful creature died in a liquid gurgle of sound. The blood was caught in a bowl, and when the little body had been milked of its fluid, the substance was poured over Bernadette's head.

"This is to symbolize the blood that must be shed in order to achieve bodily perfection," Stocker said in a loud voice. "The life force from that animal will serve as a poultice to draw forth the hungry demon that dwells

within your young body. We must draw the influence of the Evil One from his nest within your soul."

The members of the Society began to sway back and forth and to intone a strange chant. Father Stocker seemed to go into a light trance and he began a dialogue between himself and the demon that allegedly housed itself in Bernadette Hasler's body. After several minutes of obscene and blasphemous exchanges between the exorcist and the spirit of evil, the grim figure of Father Stocker opened his eyes in horror, then narrowed them again to complement the sneer of disgust that had twisted his lips.

"The smell of lust is so strong on this girl that my nostrils can no longer tolerate the stench of it!" he bel-lowed. "And the love of lust within her soul is so strong that I will never be able to exorcise the demon until her body has been purified by torture."

Before Bernadette could give voice to her fearful protests, strong arms had grasped her and had begun to strip the clothes from her body. In a matter of moments, she stood before her accusers as naked as she had been at the moment of her birth. However, the appraising eyes of Father Stocker informed his own lustful brain that the girl no longer had the body shape of a new born babe.

Stocker nodded his head, and rough hands stretched the girl across a table so that her rounded buttocks were raised and vulnerable. He stepped forward, fought back the desire to caress the mounds of flesh, then brought his openhand across the girl's buttocks in several smart slaps. When he had delivered the first touch of the ceremonial spanking, he stepped back and nodded to the Society member who stood nearest him.

Bernadette Hasler was forced to endure the open-handed swats of each Brother and Sister of the International Family Society for the Encouragement of Peace. What had begun as a stinging sensation in her buttocks had with each administration of the ritual crept higher until the entire lower half of her body was

numbed with a strange kind of heavy warmth. Once the ceremonial spanking had been completed and Father Stocker had returned to an entranced dialogue with the demon, the pain really began to shake the teenager, and her cries and whimpers had to be gagged so that they would not disturb the exorcist in his holy work.

"The demon is a powerful one," Father Stocker sighed as he emerged from his second trance of the evening. "And he is made even more powerful by the stubborn strength of this girl's lust. Bring forth the ceremonial whip."

At the sight of the whip, Bernadette began to struggle for the first time since she had been seized. The instrument of torture, a homemade cat-of-nine-tails, had been constructed from leather thongs which had been braided in such a manner as to enclose tiny bits of metal.

The teenager was jerked to her feet and her arms were pinioned behind her back, forcing her full breasts to jut forward. Stocker made a vicious swipe of the whip across the girl's raised nipples. Bernadette's jaws clamped down on the gag, and a warped scream managed to force its way around the twisted cloth in her mouth.

"May that blow across the breasts remind you that those fleshy globes are meant only for the suckling of babes, not for the seduction of men and the indulgence of the sins of the flesh," Stocker roared. The flowing robes which he affected hid from the view of the Society what would have been the very obvious evidence of his own physical arousal and excitement at the sight of the tiny rivulets of blood trickling over the teenager's breasts.

At the command from Stocker, the girl was turned about and a number of disciplinary lashes were dealt across her exposed back.

"And now," he said hoarsely, "a frontal attack upon the very gate of hell, the doorway of lust, the portal of passion, the temple of fleshy and filthy love."

A Brother stepped forward with a metal rod. Berna-

dette's legs were forced apart, and Father Stocker moved toward her with the rod held firmly in his hands like a crusader's sword. "Perhaps this will ram the demon from his fortress," he shouted.

On May 16, 1966, police officers stood above the battered and bruised body of Bernadette Hasler and examined her pitiful corpse with commingled sensations of horror and loathing. They had been called to the scene by Dr. Heinrich Braun, the family physician of certain members of the Society. Dr. Braun had been told that Bernadette had been visiting them and that she had apparently died in her sleep. Her parents had warned them, they told Dr. Braun, that the girl had a weak heart. But the doctor had found the corpse of a teenaged girl who had been beaten to death, and the abrasions about her wrists and ankles indicated that she had been tied to the bed. Since she had been staying with the family for some time, according to their own admission, he found it impossible to believe that they knew nothing of such a terrible beating having been dealt to the unfortunate teen-ager.

An autopsy conducted on the girl's body at the Department of Forensic Medicine of the University of Basel confirmed the earlier assessment of Dr. Braun. Bernadette Hasler had died because of severe bruising in the area of her breasts, buttocks, and genitals. Blows had also been dealt to the backs of her hands, the calves of her legs, and her shoulder blades. Fresh wounds criss-crossed older scars, indicating that the girl had been systematically tortured over an undetermined length of time.

Commissioner Richter found pamphlets with the seal of the International Family Society of Peace imprinted upon them which were devoted to exorcism, the casting out of demons in persons deemed possessed. In addition to several scriptural references to proper procedures of exorcism, the pamphlets detailed rituals which were designed to cast out devils via such harsh physical methods as torture and violent abuse of the body.

Judge Rotheli studied the pamphlets with increased interest. "Could it be," he wondered to Commissioner Richter, "that the Medieval practice of driving out devils through the ritual torture might have a modern adherent in the International Family Society of Peace?"

"You know that there were fanatical sects in the Middle Ages which performed ghastly tortures on young girls to cleanse them of all worldly sin and to purge them of sexual desire," Judge Rotheli went on. "Could this cult, this Society for Peace, still adhere to such barbarous rituals in 1966?"

Fifteen-year-old Madeleine Hasler was grief-stricken by the horrible death of her sister, and she was eager and willing to assist the police in any way that she could. The Society members were holding firm to their story that they had simply prayed over Bernadette, offered a seance for exorcism, and delivered a mild, disciplinary spanking. None of the Society would provide any explanation for the fatal bruises that marred the once lovely teenager's broken body. Madeleine's testimony was instrumental in providing the clues that eventually broke the cult's group alibi.

Detectives discovered a grisly collection of chains, whips, rods, and other instruments of torture which had been employed by Josef Stocker. The renegade priest's involvement in the Noah's Ark swindle once again came to light, and the man was placed in a most uncomfortable legal position. He admitted that he, his mistress Maria-Magdalena, and their two children had been hiding out in Switzerland in order to escape the charges of fraud that had been levied against him, but he stoutly maintained the honorable intentions of the Society.

"After all," he challenged the police, "who can deny that we are living in sinful times. Is it not noble to seek to bring up our young women in a firm, religious environment? And if they need mild discipline from time to time, who can argue with that?"

The authorities felt that they could confidently argue against discipline so severe that it could claim a healthy

young teenager's life. Detectives pressed their investigations further and found gruesome evidence of the regular sacrifice of guinea pigs. Three young men testified that they had been returning from a local tavern on a Saturday night when they passed the chalet in which the Society was holding a meeting. They claimed that they heard the angry voices of men and the anguished outcries of a girl.

With the sum total of the physical evidence mounting against them, certain members of the Society confessed that Father Stocker had used more than his open hand to "spank" Bernadette Hasler. Hardened police officers found themselves stunned to learn that in a remote mountainous region of modern Switzerland the bestial religious practice of exorcising devils from adolescent girls through ritual torture and flagellation could exist in 1966.

An examining psychiatrist offered the theory that Josef Stocker, the defrocked priest, had become embittered by his life as a fugitive from justice and an outcast from his church. In order to find release for his hatreds, he had created a ritualistic religion which would incorporate the barbarous practices of animal sacrifice and the torture of young women to cleanse them of sexual sin and the influence of the devil. Under the guise of doing battle with Satan, the renegade priest had become Satan's assassin.

Father Stocker's clerical garments failed to hide the perverted flaws of his twisted mind. Defrocked and disgraced, he was scarcely able to remember his priestly vows. The morality of the church was forgotten as torrents of repressed passion surged through his trembling body. Father Stocker was typical of the renegade religionists of all faiths and all ages; they beguile their followers to commit criminal acts in the name of religion.

Father Stocker twisted the Biblical passages on demon possession to convert exorcism rituals into his torturous orgies. The theory that a human can be possessed by a demonic entity has been dismissed by educated people of the western world. We reject the oriental ideas of

demon possession as outworn superstition, unfactual accounts, or simply the physical manifestations of hysteria. "Modern man refuses to even consider the reality of demons," reported Dr. Gunther Rosenberg, founder and former president of the prestigious European Occult Research Society. "From personal observations, during my travels throughout the world, and the research compiled by our organization, I don't believe the problem can be solved so easily.

In a monograph entitled "The Enigma of Demonic Entities," Dr. Rosenberg discussed the attitude of Jesus toward demons. Dr. Rosenberg referred to Biblical passages that tell of Jesus casting out demons:

". . . In Luke, 13:10-17, we are told of the woman who "Satan hath bound," wrote Dr. Rosenberg. "Luke, a doctor, related the story. His diagnosis was that she suffered from a 'spirit of the infirmity.' She was bent double, according to Luke's account, and this may have been from osteitis, as Hastings' Dictionary suggests, or she may have suffered from hysterical paralysis. Luke frequently diagnosed diseases as being demonic in origin. In 4:39, he wrote that Jesus 'rebuked' a fever. The importance of this story is the revelation that to Jesus, and to his followers, illness and disease—whether of the mind or of a physical nature, was part of Satan's kingdom. It was their mission to overcome these afflictions. Interestingly enough, Professor J. A. Findlay's remarkable writings indicate that 'She was bent double, but not demon-possessed. Jesus never laid his hands on Demoniacs.'"

Dr. Rosenberg discussed a more complicated case of what had been diagnosed as demon possession in the man at Gerasene. The story is told in Luke, 5:1-20; Matthew 8:23-24 and in Luke, 8:26-39. Dr. Rosenberg wrote:

". . . And they came to the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gerasenes. And when He stepped out of the boat, there came out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit. The unclean man lived in the tombs; and no man could bind him, not with a chain; because he

had often been bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been rent asunder by him, and the fetters broken; and no man contained the strength to tame him. Night and day, in the darkness of the tombs, or in the mountains, he cried out and cut his flesh with stones.

“And when he saw Jesus from a distance, he ran and worshipped Him; and crying out, he said: ‘What have I to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of the most high God? I adjure thee by God, torment me not.’ And He said Unto Him: Come forth, thou unclean spirit, out of the man. And He asked: What is thy name? And he saith unto Him: My name is Legion; for we are many. And he besought Him much that He would not exile them out of the country.

“Now there was a great herd of swine feeding on the mountainside. And they besought Him, saying: Send us into the Swine, that we may enter unto them. And He gave them their leave. And the unclean spirits departed, and entered into the swine; and the herd dashed down the mountain side into the sea; in number they were two thousand and they drowned in the sea . . .

“There are many conclusions to be drawn from this story. Jesus frequently spoke of demons. He cast them out of the afflicted and his disciples were commanded to do so. It appears to have been His belief that demonic power over men was the direct cause of certain diseases, or illnesses.

“Today, we might explain away these Biblical cases of demonic possession in these ways:

“1. Jesus was a man of his times and shared the superstitions concerning demons.

“2. Jesus may have bowed to the ignorance of the times. Many theologians have said He could not have spoken so effectively if He had not spoken in the language of that age.

“3. Just as the psychiatrists and psychologists of today seek to establish close rapport with their patients, Jesus was unwilling to lose his patients’ confidence by stating His patients’ illness originated in the mind.

“However, when we examine His statements, we discover that Jesus would have shown such superstitious beliefs in other areas. Actually, He professed disbelief in the demonology of his age. *He acted as a person who believed that certain illnesses or disease were caused by demonic possession.* In his out-of-print book entitled *Demonic Possession in the New Testament*, Dr. William Menzies Alexander wrote: ‘He commanded His disciples to gather up the fragments; thus discouraging the idea that demons lurk in crumbs. He had no faith in the ceremonial washing of hands; so repelling the notion that spirits may rest on unwashed hands. He asked a draught of water from the woman of Samaria and thereafter entered the city; proving that He had no fear of drinking borrowed water and no belief in local shedim. He retired repeatedly to desert places and fasted in the wilderness; therein rejecting the popular conception that the waste is a special haunt of evil spirits . . .’

“Jesus ascribed demonic origins only to certain cases, certain diseases. Is it possible that our Savoir was correct in believing demon possession was responsible for certain physical and mental illnesses?

“Despite the advances of psychiatry and psychology, we cannot define the origins—nor find a cure—for many mental illnesses. Until the introduction of tranquilizers, the curative powers of psychiatry was questionable. And, as we know, pills and pharmaceutical techniques do not cure the afflicted. They simply allow the patient to live with his disease, in a manner not harmful to himself nor society. It is my opinion that research into psychic phenomena will create a cure for such enigmatic diseases as epilepsy, schizophrenia, and other afflictions.

“Psychical research may ultimately lead to proof that there are universal personalities such as angels, servants of God. We may also discover there are dark minions in opposition to God’s will and the goodness of humanity. Paul wrote in Ephesians 6:12 of the ‘world rulers of this darkness’ and ‘the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places.’ In his *Des Graces d’Oraison, Traite de*

theologie mystique, Poulain went to considerable length to distinguish between obsession and possession of the human personality by demons.

"Can we dismiss demonology as simply an extension of ancient superstition? Are the demons, elementals, and alleged entities of the occult possibly an extension of the mysterious machinery known as the unconscious mind? Some investigators have suggested that instances of multiple personalities, possibly even schizophrenia, is caused by a splintering of the conscious mind. Dr. Morton Prince, in his *The Dissociation of a Personality*, developed the hypothesis that portions of a personality might splinter, or split off, into separated existences. However, those splintered fragments would be joined together in the consciousness like the fingers on our hands.

"Dr. Prince discussed the case of 'Sally Beauchamp' at the International Congress of Psychology in 1900. Briefly, Mrs. Beauchamp became controlled by several distinct personalities, referred to as A1, A2, and so forth. When each of her personalities emerged, Mrs. Beauchamp was totally under the control of that particular entity. As an example, A5 went into the countryside and collected several snakes and spiders and mailed them to A1, who was Mrs. Beauchamp's original personality. When A1 opened the box, 'the snakes and spiders ran out and about the room and nearly sent her into fits.'

"Mrs. Beauchamp's personalities changed control of her mind with astonishing ease. Anyone who observed her knew her mind and body were controlled by different entities and even her health varied, according to the personalities in control. One entity endowed Mrs. Beauchamp with normal health; another gave her an exuberant vitality; one personality insisted on poor, sickly health. Some personalities knew of the existence of the other entities; others knew nothing of the numerous personalities locked in a struggle for the mind and body of the unfortunate woman . . ."

In concluding his report on demonic entities, Dr. Rosenberg summed up his research:

"1. Since the beginning of time, a considerable number of diseases and illnesses have been incorrectly diagnosed as demon possession.

"2. Not all of the Biblical cases of demon possession can be explained away by modern psychiatry.

"3. A belief in demons or possession by evil entities does not conflict with the teachings of the Christian religion. Neither are these beliefs contradicted by scientific evidence."

It is highly significant to those who believe in demons, and demonic possession, that the church continues to maintain exorcists. In the early church, the exorcist was third in rank in the clerical order. While his methods are bizarre and unusual today, historical records indicate that Christian exorcism was a useful technique in earlier times.

"The exorcist of Origen's time established a standard method for exorcism," declared Dr. Gunther Rosenberg. "He had the patient kneel before him, then made the sign of the cross on the afflicted man's forehead, and asked the demon for his name. Then, the exorcist ordered the devil, or demon, to leave the possessed patient, in the name of the holy mysteries of the Christianity. Exorcism does not end with expulsion of the evil entity. The second stage is to invoke the Holy Spirit to enter the space that has been vacated by the entity."

The exorcist lays his hands on the patient's head and repeats these words: "I exorcise thee, unclean spirit, in the name of Jesus Christ; tremble, O Satan, thou enemy of the faith, thou foe of mankind who hast brought death into the world, who hast deprived men of life and hast rebelled against justice, thou seducer of mankind, thou root of all evil, thou source of avarice, discord and envy!"

The voices and the entities that frequently accompany them may be frightening monsters that are dredged up out of the subconscious mind of man. Or, they might be the demonic entities led by Satan, launching an attack against humanity and God's will. They may also be caused by a biological or chemical imbalance in the

body and this creates a toxic situation in the brain. A gland can refuse to function properly. A micro-connection inside the brain may be broken, or malnutrition may create a toxic substance in the blood that poisons the delicate mechanisms of the brain. Whatever the causes, the illness is increasing at a ghastly, alarming rate. There are people walking around the United States who are seeing strange entities, listening to weird voices, and being directed by some unknown force.

A wild, admittedly far-out, theory as to the cause of the illness is that Mother Nature may be creating a mutant human. Nature appears to be constantly changing the forms of life. There have been many mutations in recent years as our environment and manner of living has been under the pressures of change. The ordinary fly was almost destroyed by DDT, then nature developed a mutant fly that could resist DDT. While the mental and physical elements of man are more complex, it is possible that nature foresees the need for a new human.

"As the various creatures of our world evolved, there must have been many unsuccessful experiments," reported a bio-chemist. "Nature, as the force behind life, may have decided somewhere along the way that man needed a hand with fingers. There was undoubtedly some weird mutations as nature tried out various things like bones with no flesh or skin covering. Or, maybe nature decided that through trial and error, she would determine the correct location of placement for hands. There were undoubtedly mutants with hands on their forehead, on their backs, and on their chests. Eventually, the force of life decided that hands should be on the end of arms.

"In the interim, however, there were those millions of unsuccessful experiments wandering around in the world. Their fellow organisms must have thought the world was going to end when they saw these weird monsters," he continued. "Nature is not concerned with the

problems of a single individual; she concentrates on changing the species so they will survive."

Is it possible that schizophrenia is an experiment by nature to develop a new man? If so, what might the form of this new mutation be? "Perhaps the voices are an experimental thing to discover if man can handle the properties of the subconscious mind," continued the bio-chemist. "In order to link the conscious and subconscious minds together, there may be a need to redesign certain patterns of the brain. As you may know, there is a strange chemical substance found in the blood of persons afflicted with schizophrenia. The blood of a schizophrenic patient can be fed to a spider and they promptly exhibit all of the distorted tendencies of the illness."

"Nature is either attempting some sort of mutation and schizophrenia may be the unsuccessful experiments," concluded the bio-chemist, "or the frightening increases in the illness indicate that man is cracking up."

Cult Killers, Devilmen, and
Voodoo Murderers

When Satan's assassins are commanded to kill Christ, they must surely pause to consider the implications of their actions. Brother Kamenoff and Brother Muller had been told often enough by the Christ, Krishna Venta, that they were agents of Satan, so when the plan entered their brains to kill the diety who had cursed them, they went into deep meditation in an attempt to evaluate their murderous impressions. The message that bubbled up from their subconscious emerged as one collective thought: the Christ must die.

Krishna Venta had been born Francis Pencovic. Francis had always been oriented toward the religious and the mystical, and in the early 1950s, as a young theology student, Francis Pencovic was reborn Krishna Venta. The twentieth century self-styled savior set about ordaining a select priesthood composed of donors to the cause of his Fountain of the World cult. Krishna was a savior to whom the supplicants had to come bearing gifts or they were simply refused admittance. Especially lovely women, however, could enter the Fountain of the World by virtue of their physical attributes.

The new Christ formed a non-profit corporation in California with himself as president. Directly under him were twelve apostles, who assisted Krishna in determining whether all applicants to the cult had truly bequeathed all of their earthly wealth to the Fountain of the World.

Krishna had no desire to go the way of so many California cults and find his Fountain of the World being

condemned by the straight, middle-class citizens as a refuge for the immoral and the sexually opportunistic. The cult leader therefore permitted unrestrained use of tobacco or alcohol, but decreed that Fountain of the World members were to release their sexual desires only in the esteemed state of matrimony. Sexual urgings were to be rigidly controlled by all Fountain of the World cultists until that time when they had selected a marital mate. The great majority of the cultists heeded their master's words and entered the conjugal state before they engaged in any serious intercourse. Two problems in the Fountain of the World really began when too many cultists noticed that Krishna was not practicing what he had been preaching.

"A master drains himself psychically as he administers to his flock," he would whisper into the ear of a nubile cult member, as he seductively stroked her arm. "Yes, I know that you are married and that Brother James is not home tonight, but Krishna is above the law."

Krishna may have been above the law, but he was too active below the belt. Some female cult members were selected by him to administer sexually to him on a regular basis for what he termed "therapeutic reasons." Others, especially if they were new to the cult, submitted to Krishna for purposes of "spiritual elevation."

Male members of the Fountain of the World began to seethe, but Krishna, sensitive to the emotional climate of his flock, devised an outlet for his anger that would at the same time establish excellent public relations for the cult. The master volunteered his cultists to assist various service organizations in times of disaster and emergency. Krishna specially trained his flock in socially helpful fields and the Fountain of the World cultists became widely noted as skilled firefighters. In certain areas of California, timber fires pose a constant menace, and whenever one would be reported, Krishna, at the command of his brigade, would rush to the scene in his station wagon to supervise the construction of firebreaks and trenches to halt the blaze.

Although the officials sang the praises of the strange bearded, white-robed cultists and singled out Krishna for high commendation, the firefighting safaris may have been the final indignity which pushed Brothers Muller and Kamenoff into the ranks of Satan's assassins. It seems that while the male cultists were busy battling the fury of the timber fires, Krishna would take sex breaks in the back of his mattress-covered station wagon with a select female member or two of the cult. Krishna explained that such action was necessary to "restore his blood circulation," but his male followers began to grumble that they, too, had tired blood that needed to be quickened.

Krishna's image as a savior began to go steadily downhill. He went to Las Vegas and spent far too much time at the crap tables for any really effective diety. And he lost too much of the Fountain of the World's money to be deemed a really effective provider. When some of his more devout apostles questioned the wisdom of his actions, Krishna fixed them with a forbidding eye and answered them: "It was necessary for me to indulge myself in Las Vegas so that I might see how sinners lived!"

But the Krishna traveled to London on the cult's money, and from the stories that trickled back to the Fountain of the World, it appeared that now their master was examining the life style of a visiting rajah.

By the time Krishna had returned to the cult's temple in Box Canyon, Brother Muller and Brother Kamenoff had learned that their wives had been participants in the master's private therapeutic sessions.

"While I was out there nearly getting burned to death," Muller complained, "that bastard was in the back of his station wagon pronging my wifel"

"Ha!" Kamenoff snorted, as the two men compared notes and grievances. "He sent me off to the desert to fast and to contemplate the joys of celibacy while he crawled in bed with my wife and ordered her to bring him to climax six times in two hours."

The two men confronted their master in the foyer of the Fountain of the World temple on December 10, 1958.

"What do you two angels of Satan want in my presence?" Krishna demanded. "I have learned how you talk against me. Nothing can be kept from your master. I have heard how you seek to create dissension in our wonderful brotherhood."

Members of the cult who stood behind the master shouted in shock and disbelief when Muller produced a neatly tied bundle of dynamite from beneath his robe. "Get out of here!" Muller screamed at the cultists who flanked their master. "Get out before you get blown to hell along with him!"

Krishna glared malevolently at the two men. "Simple fools," he snorted. "I cannot die by your hand. I am Christ."

"You are a Christ who takes our money and violates our wives!" Kamenoff told him. "You are going to die!"

"He cannot die!" several cult members shouted back at Brother Kamenoff. "Put down the dynamite and beg his forgiveness."

Kamenoff had had enough. He flicked his cigarette lighter and touched its flame to the fuse on the bundle that Muller held in his arms.

Krishna blinked his eyes rapidly, refusing to believe what appeared to be occurring in his own temple of the Fountain of the World. "But . . . but," he protested, "I cannot die. Surely you must realize . . ."

Whatever realization Muller and Kamenoff may have had were thundered and blotted out when the dynamite went off. The two-story administration building of the Fountain of the World cult was destroyed, and along with it, Krishna Venta, his two assistants, and seven other members of the cult.

One of the most frightening aspects of Satan's assassins is the absence of a warning before they explode into homicidal violence. Meet one of these killers in the morning and you would probably greet a seemingly normal person with a calm, prosaic personality. By nightfall, they may have murdered any number of people in a monstrous rampage of deadly butchery.

To his friends and acquaintances, it seemed as if twenty-six-year-old Frank Woyke Jr. was a normal, scholarly young man. Frank grew up in a Christian atmosphere in his parents' home in Washington, D.C. His father, a Baptist clergyman, was an executive with a Baptist group; everyone felt Frank would follow his father into the ministry. Quiet, scholarly, and an earnest student of the Bible, Frank attended Sunday School, joined the usual boys' groups, and seemed like an All-American Boy. More than one mother considered the young man to be a good catch for her marriage-minded daughter.

The first critical rupture in Frank's personality occurred when he entered college in Oak Park, Illinois. The biggest enemy for college students is boredom, lack of privacy, and separation from their family and friends. Frank made the painful transition with ease and, on the campus, quickly gained a reputation as a "weirdo" and "kook."

"He got into the occult pretty heavy. He never stopped talking about it," reported Ray King, one of Woyke's college friends. "He loved to talk about ESP, life after death, reincarnation, and subjects of that type. A lot of people like to explore these subjects, but no one gets into the heavy, diabolical side."

Frank Woyke became obsessed with devil worship and Satanism. "He seemed to be studying every aspect of the devil," recalled Ray King. "He spent days in reading the Bible for references to Satan. He felt the devil was an actual person. Frank also started into the weird scene with devil chants, rituals, and that stuff. He claimed that the only way to worship Satan was with a ritual that included a human sacrifice."

Frank Woyke destroyed his books on ESP, reincarnation, and similar areas of psychic phenomena. He replaced them with Satanic literature, books containing devil chants, incantations, and rituals. He also purchased a book purporting to be a Satanic bible.

"His friends just assumed that Frank was doing his

thing," reported Ray King. "You see some pretty weird people on any college campus. Mostly, its kids who are making a bid for attention. Or, they may want to get into a certain group. One guy will grow his hair long, wear hippie clothes, and start condemning the hypocrisy of the establishment. He's just trying to find himself and make some friends. I know some girls back home who claim they're witches. They meet once a week in their coven. It's just an excuse to get together for a slumber party and the white witchcraft rituals is a way of breaking their boredom."

Totally involved in Satanism, Frank Woyke performed several loathsome rituals. He startled his friends with claiming that he could conjure up the devil, plus a nightmarish menagerie of demons, monsters, and beasts. "He said that he could recognize Satan's stamp on the faces of other people," continued Ray King. "Sometimes, he would sit and talk with the devil. It sounded like gibberish to me, but Frank claimed he was speaking the language of Hades."

One Sunday morning in September, 1969, Frank startled his friends by announcing he would not attend church. "I may be a preacher's son, but I'm renouncing the church," he declared.

"C'mon, Frank," coaxed his friends. "An hour of worship on Sunday morning never hurt anyone."

Frank grunted his annoyance. "I worship the devil and —" His words ended abruptly as he threw his head back and roared with wild, hysterical laughter. His body slumped back against a wall of the apartment as he giggled insanely.

Frank's friends and roommates stared incredulously at the giggling young man. Alarming questions about his sanity skittered through their minds. Playing around with satanic rituals was a game; a way to break the boredom of a dull afternoon. Professing devil worship, condemning the church, and giggling like a maniac was a shocking episode for these middle-class Protestant youths.

The dilemma was resolved for a moment when the apartment door opened and Frank's steady girl walked into the room. The attractive young woman had stopped to pick up Frank for their regular Sunday worship at church.

"Ready to go?" she asked.

Frank Woyke's reply was a shrill, high-pitched snarl.

"The devil's mark is on your face," he screamed. His hands twisted into ugly, bird-like claws as he leaped toward the frightened young girl. His strong fingers raked her face as he tried to pull her eyes from their sockets.

Frank's roommates leaped to the girl's assistance and overpowered their violent friend. Forced back onto a chair, Frank's eyes brightened with the glint of insanity. "I just wanted her eyes for a gift to the devil," he giggled, hysterically.

Ray King led the young woman from the apartment. He soothed her fright with a calm, easy manner. "Frank is just a little upset," he said. "He'll get over it and I'll have him call you."

When Ray King returned to the apartment, it appeared that Frank Woyke had recovered from his hysterical outburst.

"What made you fly off the handle?" King demanded, angrily.

"I don't know," Frank Woyke was quiet and serene. He seemed undisturbed by his actions.

"I think you'd better see a psychiatrist," King said, firmly. "I know a minister who has had training in psychology. He can recommend someone."

"I'll think about it," Frank replied, lazily. "Right now, I just want to be left alone."

The following Monday it became apparent that Frank did not intend to seek psychiatric help. That evening, Frank stomped out of the apartment. "I'm going to see how many people have the devil's stamp on their faces," he told his friends.

A few minutes after Frank left, his mother telephoned

from the family home in Silver Springs, Maryland. "We're so worried about Frank," Mrs. Woyke said. "He hasn't been writing to us. We don't know what he's been doing."

Ray King informed Mrs. Woyke that her seemingly devout son had taken up devil worship. "He tried to blind a girl this morning," King informed the horrified mother. "He might have killed her if we had not been there to stop him."

There was a gasp of disbelief, then Mrs. Woyke said: "You tell Frank that his father, his mother, and his grandmother, are flying out there tonight. We'll get the first available flight out. This has got to be straightened out."

In less than three hours, the worried family was greeted affectionately by their son. Frank seemed so agreeable that they may have wondered if Ray King had lied about his activities.

"We have rooms at the hotel," said Mrs. Woyke. "Why don't you join us down there and we'll talk about things."

"Sure, Mom," Frank said. "I'll go tell my friends."

Frank dashed back into his apartment as if he was chased by a horde of demons. "They're here!" he chortled. He grabbed a Bible from a bookcase, giggled insanely, then ripped the book to shreds.

As the torn pages of the holy book fluttered to the floor, Frank Woyke's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. "The devil is with me tonight!" he cried. "I shall do his work!"

As if someone had pushed a button inside him, Frank was suddenly transformed back to a quiet, studious young man. He walked out of the apartment and rejoined his family. Behind him, his friends stared at the torn Bible in stunned disbelief.

The Woyke family gathered in a room at a local hotel and discussed matters with their son until after midnight. They decided to retire for the night and resume their discussion in the morning. Frank and his father would share a room on the second floor of the hotel. Mrs.

Christine Woyke, 58, and her mother, Mrs. Anna Jacopian, would sleep in another room on the same floor, a few doors down the hall.

Tired and tense after their trip, the elder Woykes and Mrs. Jacopian quickly went to sleep. Frank Woyke lay rigid on the twin bed next to that occupied by his father. Although they shared the same room, the father and son were polarized in their views on life and religion.

Frank Woyke, Junior, was a confirmed devil worshipper who practiced the most loathsome rituals of that sickening cult. He prayed to Lucifer, sought the dark one's aid in all matters, and swore to devote his life to tearing down the tenets of Christianity.

Frank Woyke, Senior, was a devout Christian minister and one of the nation's most respected clergymen. His life had been devoted to the battle against the dark forces of Satanism that his son now embraced. Humble, deeply pious, and a persuasive preacher for the contentment of a Christian life, the elder Woyke clung to the hope that his son might someday enter the ministry and serve God.

At two-thirty a.m. young Frank Woyke lay awake in his bed. The silence of the night was seldom disturbed; the guests in the hotel were now asleep. The young man slipped quietly out of bed, went silently past his father's bed, and tip-toed out of the room. The devil's disciple was barefoot and naked, stalking prey for his sacrifice. His nude muscles glistened under the dim lights as he crept down the hall.

About sixty feet down the hall, the nude Satanist stopped before a locked door. He knocked lightly, then rapped loudly. The door opened and Mrs. Woyke stared at her son, who stood nude in the doorway.

Frank Woyke's face twisted into dark, demonic fury. He rushed into the room, slammed the door and locked his strong fingers around his mother's neck. As he fought to choke the life from his mother, she screamed and awakened the grandmother, Mrs. Jacopian.

"What's happening?" the elderly woman asked, fearfully.

Frank Woyke's mind throbbed with dark hate. He loosened his grip on his mother's neck, then stomped and pounded furiously at his mother and grandmother. The crash of breaking furniture mingled with the death cries of the women. A guest in a nearby room alerted the desk clerk, who hastily called the police.

A few moments later, a squad of Oak Park police swarmed into the hotel. The desk clerk produced a passkey to the women's room and a policeman, his revolver cocked and ready, opened the door.

The tragic scene that greeted the lawmen was both shocking and bizarre. The crumpled bodies of the two women were sprawled on the floor; they had been beaten and kicked to death. Standing over the bodies was a stark naked man—Frank Woyke, Junior. His eyes were transfixed on his victims. The young man was arrested, identified by his tearful father, and dressed in borrowed clothes for the trip to the police station.

Barefoot, tearful, and trembling, Frank Woyke was quickly arraigned before Cook County Circuit Judge Norman A. Korfirst. "I'm sorry—so sorry," he mumbled. "I don't know what came over me. Something possessed me and I couldn't help myself."

Suddenly, Woyke's body stopped trembling. The tears disappeared from his eyes. "I wish I could be left alone and not be bothered," he said in a triumphant tone. "I don't want the devil to bother me anymore."

Judge Korfirst informed the young defendant of his constitutional rights, then ordered that Woyke be held in the Cook County jail without bond. The young murderer was taken directly to the jail's maximum security section. At the time of this writing, Woyke is awaiting disposition of his case.

Woyke claimed once that he was "flaked out on an LSD trip," but police officials discovered this was not true. Some lawmen have speculated that Woyke may have been involved in a Satanic cult. They feel Mrs.

Woyke learned of this diabolical activity and both women were murdered to prevent them from disclosing the secret.

Despite the speculation, most authorities are convinced that Woyke was obsessed by his worship of the devil. His books on rituals, chants, and incantations to invoke the devil were discovered in his apartment. "We believe these books were the catalyst to the murders," a detective informed newsmen.

When the police found Woyke standing over the bodies of his mother and grandmother, the naked murderer blurted out: "I saw the mark of the devil on them. There was evil on their faces—I had to eliminate that evil"

Law enforcement officials are concerned about the increasing number of ritual murders. These senseless killings are committed by people who would qualify as members of America's growing "cult of evil." The only motivation seems to be the random selection of victims for human sacrifice. Top lawmen admit these are the worst possible murders to solve. "In a murder, you look for someone who had a motive for killing the victim," reported a Chicago detective. "These ritual murders are difficult to solve unless you get a break in the case."

One of the most shocking cases in the annals of American crime occurred in New Jersey a few years ago. It is a classic example of how a combination of sex, voodoo, and dark lust can seize a man's mind and trigger a grisly motive for murder.

He was born in Puerto Rico, raised on Christian charity, black magic, and voodoo rites, came to the United States and worked, by choice or mad chance, on a chicken farm on the outskirts on Vineland, New Jersey. He had heard the old witchdoctors talk about a legendary formula that gave a man the power of sexual control over women. When he had completed his chores on the farm, he scanned the Spanish text in ancient books on voodoo in search of this magical recipe.

"The power could belong to me I could have any

woman in the world!" He saw his future stretched out before him, days and nights spent with beautiful women. *"Their lovely, slim bodies will twist with eager passion. Warm lips will tremble for my kiss. Every woman will be my slave. If I can find the formula I can have all of the women I want . . ."*

His twisted mind mirrored the familiar image of one particular young girl. She was truly a beautiful teen-aged maiden with dark eyes, jet-black hair, and a flawless skin. The curvaceous lines of her firm, young body foretold the promises of her love. She was a schoolgirl, too young for marriage, but the magic could compel her to surrender to him. *"She will soon be mine,"* he vowed. *"She will discard her clothes and rush to my bed. The magic will make her do it!"*

Finally, in an old book on voodoo, he found the formula for a legendary "love slave" potion. He turned the yellowed, crumpling pages of the book until his eyes fastened on the Spanish text beneath the heading: "LOVE POSIONS!" Trembling with anxiety, he scanned the instructions. Dried bats-wings would be easy to obtain. The entrails from a lizard. That presented no problem. His eyes bugged with terror when he read the last ingredient.

"Sprinkle the potion with the dried, powdered bone-meal from a human skull," he read. *"The powder must be prepared from the skull of an innocent young boy!"*

He dropped the book and sprang up from his chair. He was sickened with horror at the dark thing that moved through his mind. He was suffocating at the thought of what he knew he must do. He paced the floor, then rushed to the window and drew back the black curtains that shrouded the room. He glanced out into the bleak grayness of a wintery afternoon and looked for the familiar form of the young girl. She walked past the farm on her way to and from school each day and he relished the subtle movements of her body. There she was! Walking and laughing with her schoolmates from high school. Oooh! The man who possessed her would be with a true

goddess. His body glowed with anticipation of the warm, sensual delights that would soon be his, when he had the gift of sexual power over all women.

"The skull of an innocent young boy." His determined voice shattered the gloomy room. *"Where can I find an innocent young boy?"*

"A boy simply doesn't vanish into thin air," said Sergeant Ralph Mastrogiovanni of the Vineland, New Jersey, police department. "There has to be a break in the investigation soon." Sergeant Mastrogiovanni referred to the strange disappearance of Roger Carletto, a thirteen-year-old high school student who had vanished on the evening of October 13th. Roger and his sister planned to attend a movie theater in Vineland that evening.

"A guy owes me a dollar," Roger had told his sister. "Wait for me while I go and collect it." He jumped on his bicycle and pumped rapidly down North Mill Road, on the outskirts of the city.

When Roger Carletto did not return within a reasonable time, his sister told their parents and, after an interval, the family notified the Missing Persons Bureau at the Vineland Police Department. In the days that followed, every effort was made to locate the young boy. The police checked with homeowners along North Mill Road as volunteer search parties scoured the farms and backlands for some sign of the missing youth. On the chance that Roger Carletto had been kidnapped, the police sent out a three-state alarm.

Winter passed and, when the spring thaw came, the rivers and ponds around Vineland were dragged for the missing boy. By summer, everyone wondered what had happened to Roger Carletto but the police were powerless. It was as if the boy had stepped into another dimension. There were simply no clues to his fate.

Then, on the night of July 1st, the first break occurred in the investigation. A midnight call from a farmer sent a squad car rushing to a farm on North Mill Road. Patrolmen Joseph Cassissi and Albert Genetti pulled into the

driveway of a small chicken farm, a few blocks away from the Carletto home.

A young farmer and his wife rushed to the door to greet the officers. "Our hired hand has gone crazy," the farmer blurted out. "My wife heard noises about an hour ago. She got up and found our hired hand in the bathroom next to our bedroom. He was hiding in there with a flashlight. She woke me up and I went in to ask him what it was all about."

The farmer found his hired hand, Juan Rivera Aponte, transfixed in the bathroom like a stone statue. He held an ugly, large club in his hand and, when the farmer moved toward his employee, Aponte smashed at him with the club. "He missed me. I took the club away from him and he ran out the back door," the farmer reported.

The policemen walked inside the farmhouse to check the bathroom. They discovered the farmhand had forced a lock to gain entrance into the house. They found a flashlight and the club on the floor of the bathroom. Patrolman Genetti picked up the flashlight and noticed the lens was a clear plastic.

"That's strange," the policeman said. "Why would a person use a home-made plastic lens on a light?"

Closer examination of the flashlight revealed a handwritten Spanish inscription scrawled across the piece of plastic. "Do you know what this means?" Patrolman Genetti inquired.

"Aponte can't read or speak English too good," the farmer explained. "I think that inscription means 'a night between the dead.'"

"That doesn't make sense," Genetti said. "Let's check to see if your hired hand is around the place."

The farmer led the two policemen to the hired hand's room above a chicken house. Juan Rivera Aponte, a thin, dark-haired man with dark, almost hypnotic eyes, was sleeping on a cot. There were several empty beer bottles scattered around the room. The walls were covered with dozens of photographs of pin-up girls, movie stars, and

starlets. Aponte's artistic interests were solely concerned with pictures of women; the more flesh they revealed the more he liked the picture.

Aponte was awakened and, without speaking, he was taken to the Vineland police station and booked on a charge of breaking into his employer's home. The next morning, the sober-faced farm hand was brought into the detective squad room for interrogation. Detective Sergeant Mastrogiovanni remembered that Juan Rivera Aponte had been one of the men who helped to search for Roger Carletto, the missing boy.

"Let's get an interpreter and see what Aponte has to say," Sergeant Mastrogiovanni informed Detective Tom Jost. "I'd like to know what that inscription on the flashlight means."

Detective Jost said he knew a local girl who could act as an interpreter. "Maybe we can find out something," he agreed.

During the questioning, Aponte suddenly broke into an excited confession. He spoke rapidly in Spanish and waved his hands to emphasize his statements.

The interpreter's eyes widened with shock. "He claims that his boss killed the Carletto boy," she translated. "He was threatened by his employer and he had to assist in burying the body. He says his boss has threatened him with death if he went to the police. He broke into the house to bring the police, so he could get away from the farm safely."

"What about the inscription written on the flashlight lens?" inquired a detective.

The answer came quickly. "That means that he was forced to sleep between the dead boy's body and dead chickens," she reported.

"Why did his boss murder the boy?" asked a lawman.

"His boss hates Fascists," the girl interpreted. "Roger Carletto was of Italian descent and his boss felt that all Italians are Fascists."

Although there were certain discrepancies in Aponte's

story, the police immediately launched a search party for Roger Carletto's body. They followed Aponte's instructions and dug up the floor of the chicken house, below the hired hand's room. They exhumed the corpse of the young boy. The body was clad only in a pair of shorts and the upper part of the skull, the left hand, and a foot were missing. Detectives dug deeper into the dirt floor; they disinterred the missing foot and the hand. There was no sign of the missing part of the skull.

The police requested that the horrified farmer accompany them to the police station. He was taken to the jail at Bridgeton, New Jersey, and held pending additional investigation of the case.

"I'm not convinced that the farmer did it," said Detective Tom Jost. "He's known as a hard-working man of good character."

"I think this is the break we've been waiting for," replied Captain John Bursuglia. "The farmer doesn't strike me as an impulsive person. Let's check into Aponte's past."

Captain Bursuglia and his men began to check out Juan Rivera Aponte; the Puerto Rican was vague about his past. Searching through Aponte's room above the chicken house, they discovered several books written in Spanish. "What a man reads can be a clue to his personality," said Captain Bursuglia. He picked up the books, returned to the police station, and requested a translation.

The young woman who acted as an interpreter during Aponte's interrogation began to read through the books. "They're books telling how to perform voodoo and black magic rituals," she informed the attentive lawmen. "Here's a manual on how to place a hex on someone you dislike. This old book tells how to make up charms and love potions to attract friends or loved ones."

The officers sat quietly as the girl interpreted the text. They bolted to rigid attention when the interpreter translated the formula for a "love slave potion."

"To win the love of the person you desire, the magic potion must be made from the powdered bone from the top part of a human skull," she read. "This skull must be from an innocent young boy."

"That may be it!" Captain Bursuglia jumped up and walked rapidly around the room as he considered such a bizarre motive for murder. "The only missing part on the boy's body is the top portion of the skull. Could Aponte have murdered him to make a voodoo potion?"

Aponte was hurriedly brought back into the interrogation room. Following five hours of questioning by the detectives, and unsatisfactory, evasive answers, the Puerto Rican finally broke down and confessed to the slaying of Roger Carletto. It was one of the most bizarre confessions the police officials had ever recorded.

"I was raised to believe in black magic and voodoo," Aponte explained through the translator. "I sent back to Puerto Rico for books on the subject after I fell in love with a beautiful young girl here in Vineland. I wanted to possess her so she would do anything I asked. I wanted to use voodoo to obtain sexual power over all women.

"The prime ingredient of the love slave potion is the powdered skull bone from an innocent young boy," he continued. "I needed that love slave potion so I could have the girl. I was thinking about where to find the boy when Roger Carletto came knocking on the door of my room. He had loaned me a dollar. He wanted me to pay it back. I needed the powdered skull bone and I would have killed anyone to get it. Roger just happened to be the first young boy who came by."

The horrified officers listened as Aponte described how he had beaten the boy, choked him with a rope, and then buried his body under the dirt floor of the chicken house. "I kept watering the grave to keep the body from sinking," he said. "I didn't want my boss to see a depression in the earth and get suspicious. After a few months, I dug up the body and cut off the top of the skull with a kitchen knife. After I refilled the grave, I fastened some

wires to the skull and hung it inside the stove in my room. I wanted it to dry rapidly so I could complete the potion."

"Why did you break into your bosses' home?" the policeman inquired.

"He didn't have anything to do with the killing," mumbled the farm hand. "I drank too much beer that night and my conscience must have gotten the best of me. I think I did it so the police would come and take me away."

The farmer was released and Aponte was returned to jail on a murder charge. Psychiatric tests indicated he was sane and knew the difference between right and wrong. At his trial, the voodoo murderer entered a plea of no defense and was sentenced to life imprisonment. Before he was taken to the state prison, he informed a cell mate: "I never got to complete my love slave potion," he said, sorrowfully. "It would have worked. I could have had the power to have sex with any woman I desired."

Satan's Slaves: The Sharon Tate Murders

The Sharon Tate murder case may be remembered by generations to come as the most brutal crime of this century. Although the police have issued persistent, strong denials, it is no secret that the victim's bodies were mutilated beyond description. Movie actress Sharon Tate, pregnant and nearly ready to give birth to her unborn child, was brutally stabbed and slashed in ritualistic patterns. One of her breasts was almost chopped from her body. Miss Tate's body was slashed open and the unborn male baby was brutally ripped from her body.

"The bodies of the other victims were brutalized as if by an insane butcher," a Los Angeles police official declared. "The bodies of Miss Tate and hair-stylist Jay Sebring were placed in weird positions, suggestive of perverted sex practices. Sebring's face was covered by a dark, grotesque mummer's mask. I've never witnessed such vicious brutality in all my years on the force."

The multiple murders were discovered by Miss Winifred Chapman, a maid at the Sharon Tate home, when she walked up to the Hollywood mansion early on the morning of August 9, 1969. She noticed a white Rambler Ambassador automobile blocking the driveway; the driver was slumped over in the seat as if he was sleeping off the effects of a wild party. Mrs. Chapman walked further onto the grounds and discovered two bodies sprawled on the lawn. The front entrance was covered in blood. "PIG" was scrawled in blood across the front door.

The police rushed to the mansion at 100050 Cielo

Drive, checked the corpses on the lawn, then dashed inside to find the bodies of Sharon Tate and Jay Sebring. All of the victims had their faces twisted into death masks of absolute terror. During a search of the grounds, the police awakened William Garretson, 19, a caretaker employed by the owner of the secluded villa. Bewildered and sleepy-eyed, Garretson informed the police that he tended to the house and grounds when the tenants, Miss Tate and her husband, Roman Polanski, were away.

The police interrogated Garretson because he had been present when five people had been viciously butchered; he convinced them that he knew nothing about the massacre. As soon as they could locate him, Sharon Tate's husband, film producer Roman Polanski, was informed of the slayings.

Polanski was in London, attending a party to celebrate the completion of his new movie, "A Day At The Beach." The party-goers were in the midst of a macabre discussion about the wave of deaths that had swept through the film colony. Diane Linkletter, the daughter of television personality Art Linkletter, had been deep in the Hollywood drug scene. She had committed suicide. Silent film star Roman Novarro had been murdered in his home. William Lennon, the father of television's singing Lennon sisters, had been shot to death.

Polanski, who rose to fame with his film, "Rosemary's Baby," glanced around the room and composed a macabre riddle:

*"Eeny, meeny, miney, mo,
Who will be the next to go?"*

The story goes that the telephone rang at that precise moment. Roman Polanski was told that his wife, Sharon Tate, and four of their friends had been murdered.

Possibly to dispel rumors about drug parties and sex orgies, Polanski was later to make a sorrowful appearance on national television. He said:

". . . Sharon and I left Los Angeles some four months ago. We decided this time not to store our

personal belongings, which we did so often in the past, but to ask someone to take care of our house and dogs. There was a friend of mine, a director, I wanted him to stay, but he couldn't. The evening before our departure he decided he was not keen on staying there. So at the last moment, Voitych Frokowsky, another friend, said he would stay. I'd never thought of it. He had his own house on Woodstock Avenue that has been mentioned so much in the press. So I said: 'Okay, I leave the house to you.'

"Voitych Frokowsky was a friend of mine from Poland. I knew him for a very long time. He was a very kind human being who was interested in being successful in show business, but who had very little talent. I did not know anything about any of his connections, or the people who were guests in our house during our absence. Recently Sharon went to Rome and I joined her there. Then I had to go to London and Sharon came there. She was six months pregnant and it was very hard for her to hide her tummy. Then I put her on a ship to New York. That was the last time I saw her.

"There has been a lot of talk about trouble between us. The last time I talked with her was a few hours before the tragedy. She asked me if I wanted a birthday party. There was no indication of a party that evening, and there wasn't any party.

"Jay Sebring was our close friend who came very often to our house, sometimes without even calling. He would just stop in and sit down and drink a beer.

"There has been a lot of talk about drugs and the use of drugs. Both Frokowsky and Jay Sebring smoked pot. Sometimes I saw them in my house . . . and there were parties there where people did smoke pot. I have never been to a Hollywood party where someone didn't smoke pot.

"Sharon not only did not use drugs, she didn't take alcohol, and she didn't smoke.

"Her last film was not a happy experience for her. Her greatest picture was the experience of pregnancy. I have never seen Sharon more beautiful or more occupied with anything.

"The police have opened our house now. Go and see for yourself the orgy place . . . you will find books all around on natural childbirth, which she was planning.

"Go and you will see the baby clothes, and the room she was painting for the baby, and the sample of the wallpaper which she complained was taking too long to come. And see the six glasses which were used that night—no more.

"Go and see that there is a lot of blood all over the place—all over the baby clothes . . . now, excuse me for taking so long, but I had to speak my mind. I hope you will treat me kindly. I want to tell you that never have I refused any interviews before, or any meetings with the press. I was kind to them—but they didn't pay me back. I will tell you the people who showed me the most heart and understanding were those people whom some call the fuzz. Yes, the cops have been very good to me."

Head bowed, Roman Polanski silently walked from the press conference after this heart-rending speech. Despite his obvious sincerity, there was a definite cynical response to Polanski's moving remarks.

"Who is he trying to con?" snapped an experienced Hollywood reporter. "The Polanski house was notorious in this town for wild parties, drug orgies, and off-beat sex. Just look at the background of the victims and you can see that everything wasn't as cutie-poo as Polanski would have us believe."

The police were probing into the victim's background and, with each new revelation, it was apparent that there were many motives for the murders. There was an unconfirmed hint that one victim owed a large debt to a

gambling casino; some people believed it was a Mafia murder to warn future welchers.

Newsmen speculated that the brutal murders were triggered in some way by Hollywood's bizarre, kinky preoccupation with off-beat sex, heavy drugs, and the dark side of the occult. The film colony of today is a withered shell from the days when giant studios ruled the town. The era of the dictatorial film mogul has ended; the studios are closed and production schedules are trimmed. The star system guaranteed performers, and would-be stars, a definite salary; they depended on pictures fashioned around their personalities. Now, world-famous movie stars nurse their shattered egos and scramble to salvage their careers.

"Without work, creative people get bored. They start hunting thrills to break up the monotony," said a Hollywood newsman. "There have really been some kinky situations out here in the past couple of years. A famous actor had to have a plastic surgeon remove the scars on his hands. His palms were hurt when he was nailed to a cross during a drug orgy. A well-known actress gave a party one week-end and the fruit punch was laced with LSD. Her guests were reeling around the garden in acid-headed confusion. I was at a party where the kinky guests got drugged up. They attacked huge slabs of raw meat supplied by their host. Kinky drugs, sex, and wild parties must naturally lead to someone getting hurt."

The police investigators had plenty of theories about the motives behind the murders. They had very few clues and no substantial evidence. They continued to check into the victims' past in hopes of digging up new evidence. The victims were:

Sharon Tate: "Sharon was a real nut about black magic, voodoo rites, and all of the occult arts," a friend informed the authorities. "She would spend hours discussing ghosts, the world beyond, or some occult subject. When she was in London, she visited some of those English shops that specialized in old occult books. She purchased several volumes. She was also interested in

trying herbs as a method of inducing spells. She said once that she had taken scopolamine, which is derived from henbane. It's known as the 'drug of the devil.'

"Sharon claimed she had taken almost seventy LSD trips, many of them with Jay Sebring. She said she never prepared a salad at her home unless the greens were sprinkled with powdered marijuana. She felt the salad tasted better and the pot made her guests feel good," the friend continued. After one of her pictures was completed, Miss Tate is supposed to have baked up "marijuana brownies" and served the drugged dish to the film crew.

"Alcohol didn't play much of a role in their lives," continued the friend. "They used drugs for kicks. They gathered at someone's home in the evening and read the verses of the *I Ching*, the Chinese book of changes. Jay Sebring, on the other hand, was enthralled with the philosophy expounded in *Steppenwolf*. He believed his life was summed up in a single sentence from that book: "I, the homeless Steppenwolf, the solitary, the hater of life's petty conventions . . ."

"When they were making 'Rosemary's Baby,' there was supposed to have been a black magic ritual held at someone's home. One fellow said he was met at the door by Sharon," the informant related. "He was blindfolded and led into a dark parlor. The room was filled with people dressed in white robes. They wore grotesque animal masks over their faces. Two black candles burned on a wood altar.

"It sounds like something out of fiction," he said. "He was supposedly led to the altar, the blindfold removed, and Jay Sebring offered him the choice of two antique glasses. Sebring said one glass was filled with wine, the other contained grape juice and rat poison. The man was to make his choice and accept the consequences. He fled from the house when he suddenly realized that Sebring was serious."

The daughter of an army officer, and a girl of spectacular beauty, Sharon Tate came to Hollywood where she

was selected as a "Deb Star." Her first screen role was in a film entitled "Thirteen," where she portrayed a young witch possessed of supernatural powers. Modest, reserved, and unwilling to be cast as a Hollywood sex symbol, she was a wholesome young girl during her early years in the film colony. Later, she lived with a French actor. She left him when she became acquainted with hair-stylist Jay Sebring. She met Roman Polanski when she accepted a role in one of his movies. Polanski directed her in various films and, during their off-hours, photographed her in the nude. The nude photographs of Sharon that appeared in the centerfold of *Playboy* magazine were shot by her husband.

Considered to be one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood, she worked hard and won the coveted role of Jennifer in the highly-promoted film, "Valley of the Dolls." Her fee for that film was \$125,000, but despite her fame and financial success, she was a lonely, insecure young woman with a recurring dream that she and Jay Sebring would be murdered, tied to a stairway, with their throats slashed.

When she was not making films, she often joined coffee heiress Abigail Folger and actress Mia Farrow for philosophical discussions or seances. They gathered at Mia's home near Malibu Beach, burned incense, listened to the fragmented melodies of Oriental music, and tried to bring a mystical quality to their lives.

Jay Sebring: A slender Hollywood man-about-town, 35-year-old Jay Sebring was something of a mystery to his friends and to the police who investigated his murder. Born in Fairfield, Alabama, under his real name of Thomas John Kummer, Sebring was hooked on heroin while he was still a relatively young man. "Jay managed to kick the habit. He never used drugs during the time he was in the Navy during the Korean war," a friend reported. "Although he didn't use them, he did a little dealing and pushing. He made around \$50,000 pushing drugs while he was in the service."

Sebring came to Hollywood in 1958 in search of his fortune. If his drug dealing days had been profitable, he had lost the money somewhere during his travels. "Jay was really down on his luck when he came to town," recalled the friend. "He got so hungry one day that he tried to steal a steak from a supermarket. He was caught and charged with shoplifting."

Somehow, Jay Sebring borrowed enough money to establish a man's hair styling salon in Hollywood. His business prospered and, within a short time, his clients included the most famous stars in filmdom. He styled hair for Sammy Davis, Jr., Warren Beatty, Steve McQueen, Eddie Fisher, Paul Newman, Frank Sinatra, and Henry Fonda. Wielding a pair of solid gold scissors, he charged \$50 for a haircut, and soon moved to an expensive Hollywood location. "When he was murdered he was making plans to open a chain of Jay Sebring Hairstyling salons all over the United States," a friend remarked. "Although he was busy with his business, he never forgot his love for Sharon Tate. She had broken their engagement and married Roman Polanski, but Jay felt that she would eventually leave Roman and return to him."

Voityck Frokowsky: A noted film producer in his homeland of Poland, Frokowsky was unable to establish a career in the U.S. film industry. Earnings to support his expensive dope habit were obtained from dealing in drugs. At the time of his death he was heavily in debt to both drug wholesalers and gamblers. He peddled top quality marijuana, heroin, LSD, and a mind-bending chemical compound called MDA. His clients were drug users in the film community.

Voityck Frokowsky was deep into an experimental "trip" on Mescaline when he was murdered at the Tate home. He had been taking the LSD-like hallucinogenic drug for eight to ten days prior to his death. One friend reported that "even his personality was changing."

A suspect in the case, who was later released, described his visit to the home of Miss Tate shortly before

the murders. "I saw them on Thursday, August tenth," he reported. "I went to Sharon's home, Frokowsky seemed wobbly and his movements were uncoordinated.

"Sebring was sitting in a chair, his head tilted to one side," he continued. "He acted like he was watching a movie that only he could see. Sharon was in the bedroom and I could see her through the open door. She wore a housecoat and she was combing her hair. Later, she came out and I met her.

"She wasn't high because she didn't use drugs," he remembered. "She seemed to be perfectly straight; a nice, warm, sweet person who was oblivious to what was going on around her. She acted as though it was nothing out of the ordinary. I planned to invite Frokowsky to a party at my place on Saturday, but I didn't leave my address with him. He was too high and he would never have understood or remembered the directions."

Abigail Folger: Known as "Gibby" to her friends, Miss Folger was a Radcliffe-educated coffee heiress who became bored with a career in bookselling in New York and sought more excitement in Hollywood. She had money, education, and the daring to compete with the most beautiful women in Hollywood for favors and attention. She was the mistress of Viotyck Frokowsky, lived with him in an apartment in Laurel Canyon, and supported his drug habits when he was low on funds. "Gibby was absolutely enthralled with anything connected with black magic or the occult," a member of the Hollywood kook set related. "Shortly before his death, Frokowsky brought a hip Jamaican into his drug operation. Gibby was delighted to learn that the fellow practiced voodoo."

Steven Parent: An innocent bystander, unluckily on the mansion grounds that night. Mr. Parent was the hard-working son of an El Monte construction worker. He planned to enter college that fall and he had been invited by William Garretson, the caretaker, to visit, observe, and perhaps marvel at the weird world of Hollywood's glamorous stars.

The young man was killed when he left the caretaker's cottage and walked toward his car parked in the Tate driveway. "Parent's appearance was certainly unexpected," reported a detective. "From the testimony we gathered, he was a problem for the murderers. Then, the killers grabbed a gun, waited until he got into his car, fired twice, and killed him."

As every literate person knows, the police arrested members of the Charles Manson cult family, charged them with the killings, and they have been judged guilty after a long, bizarre jury trial. Manson, who was called "Satan," "God," or "Sweet Daddy-O" by his young female disciples, had been released from prison in March, 1967. "I have been in jail almost all of my life," he said during his trial. "The bars in the windows block out the sun. When I was a kid, they had windows with two bars in them. Later, the windows had four bars, then sixteen. They have taken away all of the sunshine . . ."

Trouble came hunting for Charles Manson on the day he was born. His unwed mother was a teen-aged hustler who picked up men in cheap roadhouses and bars. Shortly after his birth on November 11, 1934 in Cincinnati, Ohio, his mother was convicted with her brother of mugging the men she picked up. Although only sixteen years old, the young girl was sent to prison.

With his mother jailed, the baby was sent to his grandmother's home in McMechen, West Virginia. Later, Charlie lived with a quarrelsome uncle and aunt who spent their time fighting. Neighbors later recalled Manson as "a poor little kid who never received any love or affection."

When he was eight years old, his mother was released from prison. Charlie joined her as she drank and hustled a steady succession of men. They lived in run-down apartments on the ugly side of the city. By 1945, his mother had found a traveling salesman to live with and she took Charlie along with her to Indianapolis, Indiana.

The boy became a problem to the lovers and his mother tried to place her son in a foster home.

The state authorities moved in, took a cold look at the boy's lack of home life, and made him a ward of the county. He was sent to the Gibault School for Boys, a custodial institution for homeless or wayward boys. He escaped after ten months.

"I was in a number of reform schools when I was a boy," Manson later told his attorneys. "The cycle started when I was eight years old. They put me in some kind of Catholic school for boys. The Christian Brothers were not too charitable; they slapped us around a lot. I ran and they kept putting me in tougher reform schools. I ended up in the reform school at Plainfield, Indiana—the toughest in the state. I escaped from there twenty-seven or twenty-eight times."

Charles Manson was thirty-five years old when he was indicted for the Tate murders. Brown-haired, brown-eyed, and slender, he had spent twenty-two years of his life in state or Federal prisons. Uneducated, untrained, and scarcely able to read, Manson is a prime example of the lack of rehabilitation in our prisons. "He was in prison for almost a quarter of a century," declared an angry sociologist. "He came out as a lonely, resentful, hostile man—a walking time bomb ready to explode against society. The only things he learned in prison was to steal cars, pass bad checks, and pimp."

On those rare occasions when Manson was out of prison and free on parole, he exhibited an obsession with sex. He lived with one young woman, then another, in a free and easy life that held no responsibilities.

He met a girl from Michigan who had arrived in Los Angeles to study at a school for airline stewardesses. "Manson was nothing but a sex maniac," the girl's father claimed. The girl nearly died in a hospital operating room following sexual indiscretions with Manson. A girl friend of the Michigan girl claimed Manson drugged her, then dragged her to bed.

In the early nineteen sixties, Charles Manson stole and

cashied two U.S. Treasury checks. He was promptly apprehended and sent to the U.S. prison at McNeil Island, Washington. "This was where Charlie started digging into off-beat philosophy and the occult," said one of his former followers. "He developed an interest in scientology, which is—a dangerous mish-mash of pseudo-scientific mysticism and philosophy."

He also liked to play the guitar and learned that he could influence his cell-mates with music. He trained his voice and started to write songs. "Music and mysticism were his interests when Charlie walked out of prison in March, 1967," the former cult member stated. "A whole new world had been created while he was behind bars. The flower children had launched the hippie movement. At that time, the Haight-Ashbury section of San Francisco was the golden gloryland for the hippies. Charlie got himself a hillside pad and started to collect his followers."

One of his first recruits was a dazzling, long-haired, nineteen-year-old brunette named Patricia Krenwinkel. She had graduated from Los Angeles High school in 1966, had a job as a file clerk, and owned a car. She was considered a reserved, conservative young woman.

Young Patricia Krenwinkel met Charles Manson and she changed instantly into a cult camp-follower. Manson called himself Satan—the All-Powerful leader. "I believe Pat was hypnotized by Manson," her father said later. "It was all so sudden and so spontaneous."

When Manson cast his mystical spell over Pat Krenwinkel, it was done with incredible speed. She joined Satan's harem so fast that she abandoned her automobile in a parking lot and left without picking up her paycheck. "I'm going to find myself," she wrote her family a few weeks later.

Manson collected a number of young, enchanted women around him. They were mostly female drop-outs from every area of the nation, seemingly drawn to the mystical minstrel by some weird spell. A few young men joined his clan and the group became known as the

"Charles Manson family." Gullible, emotionally disturbed, and often immature, the young men and women believed that Manson was a messiah of a new age. Social scientists have frequently remarked that the prerequisites for fervent cult membership are the "three D's" of psychiatry: dependency, dread, and debility. The army of lost, empty young people who roamed America were without values; they longed for someone who could make them feel desirable and worthwhile.

"Charlie was a man of magic," one of his young followers said. "There was so much happiness around him. He knew the answers to everything. If you had a problem, he could always come up with an answer."

Charles Manson led his cult in weird chants. He adopted mystical rites and began to make prophecies. "Anyone who doubted his God-like stature was threatened with expulsion from the group," reported another follower. "He was always changing and sometimes I figured he was a being from another planet. He seemed so wise, so ageless."

Led by their mystical guru, the flock of young people converted an old school bus into a rolling pad. In May, 1968, with the San Francisco scene dying out and hippies scattering in every direction, Manson and his clan of subservient young women headed south toward Los Angeles. The bearded, long-haired cultist planned to make a fortune as a song writer and musician in the movie capital.

In the film capital, Manson and his nomads met and moved in with Gary Hinman, 34, a musician. The Hinman home was labelled "the pig farm," a place where weirdos might find refuge. A year later, Hinman was murdered by Manson's followers after he had tossed the group out of his home. Later, an acquaintance of Hinman's was charged with the crime. He was cleared when the Manson clan confessed they had murdered the musician. The killing of Gary Hinman is believed to be the first murder for the cult leader and his band of wandering women. Hinman was discovered slashed to death

at his home. The bloody legend "political piggy" was scrawled on the walls of the death house.

Charles Manson's big break in music was an illusion and he became embittered at the riches surrounding him. He threatened his followers, reminding the girls that he was their omnipotent god. At other times, he claimed to be Satan and swore to bring down vengeance on his disciples, the establishment, and his enemies.

What happened on that night in the Tate mansion?

Susan Denise Atkins, one of Manson's girls, told of a half hour of horror and unbelievable butchery:

"Charlie told us to hit that particular house. He gave his instructions to me, Tex (Charles Watson), Linda Kasabian, and Pat Krenwinkel," she informed her attorneys. "We were to use a black '58 or '59 Chevy. We had two changes of clothes. One was our creepy crawlies, black costumes to wear when we creepie-crawled around people's houses." Miss Atkins reported these bizarre creepy-crawlie activities were not burglary expeditions. She said they were done to experience fear and overcome fright.

Miss Atkins also reported that Manson did not give his orders directly to the girls, but spoke through Charles (Tex) Watson, a member of the family. The girls were told by their Satanic leader to do whatever Watson ordered. "Charlie had control over everyone," a member said.

Armed with knives, a change of clothes, and a gun, Tex Watson drove the girls toward the Tate mansion. "The house used to belong to Terry Melcher," Watson explained. Melcher was the son of movie actress Doris Day. "Melcher doesn't live there now, but we're going to scare him. Terry gave his word to Charlie on some things and didn't come through. Charlie wants to frighten him."

Each of the girls was armed with a knife when they pulled up in front of the mansion. Tex Watson parked the vehicle, snipped the telephone wires, and led them into a terrible orgy of murder. The cultists were surprised when Steven Parent walked down the driveway

from the caretaker's cottage. Tex Watson rushed to the boy's automobile, fired twice, and killed the young man.

Watson and the three girls then moved toward the mansion. Watson forced open a window, crawled inside, and opened the door for his companions. Voityck Frokowsky was asleep on a couch in the living room. "Who are you? What's going on?" Frokowsky inquired. He stared in drugged disbelief at the intruders clad in their creepy crawlie outfits.

"We want money," one of the girls said.

"Money? I'll give you all the money I have," Frokowsky replied. He fumbled for his wallet, couldn't find it, then mumbled, "It's on the desk."

Tex Watson pulled out his pistol and covered the film director turned dope pusher. "Don't move or you're dead," Watson commanded. "I'm the devil and we're here to do my business."

The disturbance alarmed Sharon Tate and the other guests. They were brought into the living room. "What are you going to do with us?" Sharon Tate cried. She was wearing a short, see-through nightgown with a halter beneath it.

Tex Watson announced his devilish mission. "You're all going to be killed," he said.

Jay Sebring stared at the five armed strangers; he may have known they were on LSD or some other devil's drug. Fighting for life, Sebring was shot, stabbed, and fell dead in the living room. Although Frokowsky had been tied up, he broke the nylon cords that bound him. One of the girls stabbed him several times as he raced out of the house screaming for help. Tex Watson pursued the wounded man, clubbed him with the pistol, then shot the dying man in the back. Abigail Folger was stabbed as she tried to run toward the caretaker's house on the southern edge of the grounds. She was caught, slashed and stabbed to death on the lawn.

Sharon Tate battled two of the girls, was overpowered, and forced back onto a couch. "All I want to do is have my baby," she pleaded.

"Kill her," the girls chanted. Miss Tate was stabbed and slashed even after she lay dead on the floor. A towel was dipped in the blood that gushed from her breasts and a red-stained "PIG" was scrawled on the mansion door.

Serene and soft-spoken, Patricia Krenwinkel told the grisly details of that tragic night. "My memory was blurred because the group was stoned out on LSD," she related to jurors in her trial. "I can remember some of the details and I recall stabbing Miss Folger. I had a knife in my hand when she ran out the back door . . . I chased her through the door and onto the lawn. I stabbed her and kept stabbing her. When I looked up there was blackness."

"How did you feel after you stabbed Miss Folger?" asked an attorney.

"Nothing . . . nothing at all," Miss Krenwinkel replied. "It was just there and like it was right."

"What did you feel as you left the house?"

"Total, complete paranoia," she replied.

"My memory of the events are mostly reaction," she explained. "It's all a picture of motion and reaction. I cannot remember the details. There was some man that I was tying up. I can recall looking up and seeing Susan fighting with two women. I just got up, went over there, and started fighting."

Miss Krenwinkel recalled that on the night following the Tate murders, she and Leslie Van Houten "were tripping out on LSD." Along with Linda Kasabian and Charles (Tex) Watson, they went for a drive and pulled up in front of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Leno LaBianca. Leno and Rosemary LaBianca, wealthy business owners in Los Angeles, were seized by the cultists and tied up. They pleaded for their lives to the group who were "tripped out" on LSD. "When you're on acid and someone tells you don't do something," said Miss Krenwinkel, "you don't hear the don't."

Mrs. LaBianca was stabbed to death as she laid on her bed. "She grabbed for a lamp and I ran out into the

kitchen and grabbed a whole bunch of utensils out of a drawer," confessed the 23-year-old girl. "I came back into the bedroom with a knife in my hand. Leslie had put a pillow over her face. She began grabbing and that's when I stabbed her. I walked out of the room and I had the kitchen utensils in my hand. A man was on the floor and I remember thinking 'You won't be sending your son to war.' I guess I carved 'WAR' on his chest. I picked up a big fork and I plunged it into his stomach."

Throughout their arraignment and trials, Manson's female followers have claimed the self-styled guru is innocent of any blame in the slayings. Patricia Krenwinkel described life in Manson's nomadic "family" as an ideal existence. Manson was "perfection," and "the best lover I have ever known," she said.

Insight into the life-style of Charles Manson's murderous group has been obtained from a young sociology professor. "I was attracted to them because they had an unusual type of group marriage with Manson as master over all of those girls," the professor stated. "Manson's group was a particularly rare phenomena as they practiced total sexual communism."

During an interview, the professor stated the conclusions he had drawn from the study:

What type of person is Charles Manson?

Professor: Manson is a paranoid schizophrenic with hostile delusions about society and the world. He is an extremely sick man. He is not a mystic or a guru. He's an extroverted, glib, extremely persuasive person who ruled his family as a supreme authority. If Manson liked something, so did every other member of the family. If Manson directed his hostility toward a group or object, the others were expected to develop their hate. If Manson said that sleeping nude was right, then everyone did it. When Manson said something was wrong then that practice was forbidden.

What type of girls were attracted to his group marriage?

Professor: They are young women who cannot relate

to the established values of our society. Unfortunately, there are large numbers of young men and women who need a cause, a creed, or a cult to make them feel wanted. They flock to a glib, seemingly mystical person like Charles Manson and the end result is tragedy. During one visit to the family, I counted twenty-two people in the group. Several of the girls had graduated from college; one young woman had a master's degree.

Was there an indoctrination into the group?

Professor: Yes, because Manson believed that education was primarily a way to train people. He felt that the middle-class values of our society created a "brainwashing" effect on young men and women. He believed that if people could drop their sexual hang-ups, then all of their problems would be solved. Manson initiated the new female members of the commune and he spent the first day making love to them. He claimed he needed to know if they were looking for a sex trip, or whether they were serious candidates for his family. If the new girl refused to engage in mutual oral-genital relationship, she was expelled. Manson claimed oral sex was an important indication that the girl had been liberated from her middle-class sex inhibitions. He also spent a lot of time talking with them. He labeled these conversations a way "to find out how their heads are screwed on."

Manson also developed methods of punishing family members. If a new girl did not conform to the rules of the group, he refused to have sexual relations with her.

What was daily life like in Manson's commune?

Professor: There was a constant struggle for food. Every newcomer to the group was ordered to give up their worldly possessions and donate their money to the commune. Manson claimed to have hundreds of friends and a few people did donate money to keep the family going. The girls prowled the garbage cans behind supermarkets and dug out the damaged fruits, vegetables, and canned goods. Once, the girls worked as extra help for a caterer and accepted leftover food as their salary. They had converted an old school bus into a camper, their no-

madic home when the family hunted a new place to live. They moved into abandoned, deserted, or condemned buildings. California has a lot of sunshine and wide open spaces which is one reason our state is a haven for communes and cults. Their daily life was filled with a bit of work, some casual love-making, and dope. Manson also demanded that the family members take good care of the children.

Were there many children in the group?

Professor: More than you would find in the average commune. Manson viewed a child as a holy person, a being uncontaminated by society's brain-washing. The children were expected to accompany the adults everywhere. Manson told his followers to imitate the children. He often referred to the words of Jesus: "He who is like a small child shall reap the rewards of heaven."

What about their beliefs and philosophy?

Professor: Manson claimed that he and all of humanity were God and devil at the same time. He also professed that every human is a part of all others, which translates out to mean that human life was of no consequence. Kill a person and you are just murdering a part of yourself so that makes everything all right. He knew some hypnosis, but he believed more fervently in the power of motions and gestures. He walked in a strange, almost hypnotic manner. One afternoon, he told me: "Certain motions create certain responses in people. I'm learning how to control and use these movements."

Primarily, Manson's group was into the sex thing and the worship of children. This child consciousness was emphasized again and again by Manson, in effect, to brainwash his disciples. What he was trying to say was that any civilizing, educational influence is bad. Society is bad. Reject the traditions of our world. Do as you please, or as I tell you.

Do we face a danger from others like Charles Manson?

Professor: Absolutely. There are a lot of people like Manson running loose in our society. Fortunately, not all

of them have the qualities of leadership that Manson possessed. I have noticed they are attracted to the hippie youth movement. This is possibly because the kids accept anyone with a free, open mind. However, it is vitally important to recognize that Manson's people are cultists, weirdos, or "hippie mimics." A true hippie is a flower child with love for everyone and he is a pacifist.

One of the most dangerous elements in our society are the young people who are looking for answers. A guy like Manson can hook them and they're in bad trouble before they have time to analyze their behavior. Another area for concern is that the hippie subculture has turned into a group of total conformists. It was supposed to be a rebellion against the conformity of our established community. Instead, they're the biggest conformists of all. Everyone must have long hair, wear love beads and bizarre clothes. They express the same thoughts in the same phrases. I'm concerned that what they may consider positive and meaningful may actually be a destructive force. I've watched the youth movement start as a mild, love movement by the flower children. We're now into the present phase of the generation gap. The true hippies and flower children have dropped out from the movement. What we have left is a lot of young men and women trying to find themselves. The danger is if they follow a glib, deluded messiah like Charles Manson.

How could Charles Manson create these murderous urges in his followers?

Professor: You have to understand the workings of the cults. Even in hippie communes, I find that the members will seldom admit the shortcomings of their group. They insist that their leader is a marvelous person, a superman. Everything is wonderful about their group. Manson's group had cast away the values of their previous lives to join his family. If they allowed themselves to doubt his ability, then the group would be fragmented. They would eventually be cast back into society and this would be an admission of their mistakes.

They become zealous fanatics who claimed that Man-

son was good, wonderful, and marvelous. They condemned anyone and everything outside of their family. They became polarized, and once that occurs, then even murder is permissible.

Manson did not have to cast a spell, or hypnotize, his followers to commit murder. They willingly did whatever he commanded or the group would have been destroyed. If they failed to follow his murderous commands, they would have to see Charles Manson as he really was: a silly, illiterate, hostile little guy who had spent most of his life in prison. He was a Satanic little creep who stole the souls of lost young women.

The Weird World of Spirit Parasites

The occult has always laid claim to an extraordinary, almost mystical, bondage to religion, psychology, and the humanities. Lured by the dynamism and glamour of the unknown, many of the most famous men in history have plumbed the depths of the occult. Prominent men like Benjamin Franklin, Roger Bacon, and even Sigmund Freud—the father of modern psychoanalysis—were intrigued by the unending mysteries of man's occult heritage. It has often been the energetic visionary, the scorned "crackpot," or plain, ordinary scientific gadfly, who has explored new theories and created new truths. Extra-sensory-perception was considered to be a fraudulent theory a few years ago; it was something to amuse charming little old ladies in tennis shoes, and children. Today, the bureaucratic machinery of the scientific establishments in both the United States and Russia have geared up to check out man's unknown sense.

A new approach to mental illness, demon possession, and other ills of humanity was launched a few years ago in both Europe and South America. A small band of nery researchers are checking these ailments and their possible links with man's survival after death. "We feel that many problems referred to as mental illness may be caused by a disincarnate spirit," reported Dr. Raymond Silvera, one of the leaders of the group. "A spirit attaches itself to a living 'host' or person, and creates these illnesses."

In an exclusive interview, Dr. Silvera revealed the purposes of his research and outlined the theories he hopes

to prove with scientific evidence. While the authors do not support Dr. Silvera's views, we have included his interview because of his unusual areas of research. A list of definitions for words used in his interview include:

Disincarnate: The state of a spirit that has left the body.

Disembodied spirit: The spirit that leaves the body when death occurs.

Exorcism: A method of driving away evil spirits by performing traditional rites.

Incarnate spirit: A state where the spirit is in a living physical body.

Spirit Parasitism: This is the term used by Dr. Silvera for his theory that evil spirits attach themselves to the psychic apparatus of living people. He believes these parasite spirits are the cause of insanity and mental disturbances.

Host-being: A person who carries a parasite spirit.

First, would you briefly explain your research into the cause of mental illness?

Dr. Silvera: My colleagues and I feel that psychiatry will someday be compelled to reexamine their traditional explanations regarding the causes of mental illness. This will not occur overnight. Frankly, it may take several generations of doctors, research people, and psychiatric workers to build up a mass of data and knowledge. It's going to take time. It certainly isn't going to be easy. When you develop research projects beyond the boundaries established by the establishment, you must be prepared for a certain amount of ridicule.

We became concerned several years ago at the increase in mental illness in every country in the world. We also wondered about the effectiveness of psychoanalysis in the lives of many patients. Just as the medical doctor buries his mistakes, we find psychiatry sends its puzzling cases off to an institution where patients are tranquilized and held for the rest of their lives.

One of my colleagues came across a report on the effectiveness of psychoanalysis. Consider two test groups

of one hundred people each. All of these people are troubled in some manner; there will be neurotics, psychotics, and border-line cases between the two groups. One group is given the finest treatment that psychiatry can provide. Half of them will be pronounced as cured. The other group will not be given any treatment and, yet, half of that untreated group will get well.

With this sort of a background, we become a bit dubious about the effectiveness of certain psychiatric processes and methods. As you know, psychiatry is an infant science and it's always possible to take a wrong turn in the road. True, there have been marvelous advances made in chemical medicine with tranquilizers and the like. Yet, we stole those from the old witchdoctors. The original tranquilizer was made from resperine. The *cunedaros* have been prescribing that to disturbed natives for centuries.

The essence of our theory places mental illness into two categories:

There is the neurotic individual, whose symptoms are often caused by nervous disorders. He is a victim of the stress of living; or, his environment may be hostile to his well-being. There may even be a nutritional or chemical imbalance in the body that creates these neurotic disorders.

The second group is the psychotics, such as the often incurable paranoid schizophrenic personality. We believe these illnesses may be caused by a disincarnate spirit that has attached itself to the mind. I won't say an evil spirit because the disembodied entity may not be evil—it may merely be troubled. Naturally, this entire idea is considered too far-fetched and preposterous to even be considered by a psychiatric research group.

However, our research here in South America has produced strong evidence to support these theories. We are now gathering evidential material through rigidly-controlled conditions in scientific laboratories.

This is a far-out idea, so where do we start to grasp the details?

Dr. Silvera: Naturally, a person must first change the complete concept of death. Aging of the body, as we know, is caused by the gradual disintegration of the body cells. Death is an extension of that process—the complete, total destruction of the body's cellular equipment. The cells just fall apart. They disintegrate and the physical and chemical processes within the body are stopped. Although the body is dead, the soul continues to live.

How do you define the soul?

Dr. Silvera: Man's soul is an electro-magnetic force which holds together the protoplasmic energy that existed in the body prior to death. The soul is an exact, but invisible, duplicate of the living body. Some occultists have called this an astral body.

Regardless of what we call it, this electro-magnetic structure is held together by tiny atoms and molecules. Some of these atomic particles are smaller than anything we have yet identified. My colleagues and I call them micro-atoms, micro-neutrons, and micro-protons. They operate under the natural laws of the universe. These laws were developed by Albert Einstein in his classical equation of $e = mc^2$. We may discard our bodies at death, but energy can never be destroyed. The energy we have created during our lifetimes exists even after we have died. At death, this psychic energy force separates itself from the body and begins its own existence on the spirit level.

Can you describe the existence as it might be experienced by someone who has just died?

Dr. Silvera: Strangely enough, we are discovering there is very little difference between the two worlds. The electro-magnetic structure, or call it the astral body or soul, continues to have the same habits, thoughts, memories, feelings, and flaws as existed in life. It is an astonishing thought, but the human personality remains virtually unchanged after death. All of our good and bad points are retained.

Could you give an example of this?

Dr. Silvera: Let's say there is a gentleman who has spent his entire life in pursuit of pleasure. His life was devoted to wine, women, and song, so to speak. He enjoyed the pleasures of life right up to the moment of man's eternal curse—death!

Many people would claim that his soul will cross over the dark threshold to be judged for his wild life of pleasure. They claim he will be remorseful over the wayward path of his previous earthly existence. While there may be some validity to this, we find the psychic soul personality will be the same as it was in life.

The recently-departed spirit will even attempt to return to all of his same pleasurable places. He will attempt to talk with his friends and relatives. Unless one of his friends is a gifted psychic, the spirit soon discovers that he is no longer able to function on the physical level. He begins to realize that he is dead. In fact, he may first realize he has left the body when he finds that none of his old friends can see him. This can be a very traumatic experience, especially for a person who may have had some vastly different ideas about death.

Then, you believe there is no change in the personality after death?

Dr. Silvera: It is not an absolute thing. There is no immediate change, but there is some gradual change as the soul makes preparation for its next life.

Do you mean reincarnation is also tied into this theory?

Dr. Silvera: Exactly, but we'll have to get into that a bit later. The first change in the personality comes about when the entity comes into contact with other souls who have been out of body for a longer time. Many of these souls have elevated themselves to a higher plane of awareness.

I mentioned the possibly traumatic experience when the soul is suddenly plunged into this bodiless existence. The first reaction may be profound, hopeless confusion. There are not any angels sitting around on fleecy clouds, strumming golden harps. He finds himself quite alone—

very lonely, very confused, and very afraid. Next, he attempts to shake this feeling of confusion and fear. He may return to his home or go to work at his old job. He hears his former friends discussing his passing. He tries to shower affection and love on his bereaved family and friends. Remember, the electro-magnetic soul is an exact duplicate of the body, so we may find this invisible entity going for a walk. He wanders about trying to obtain an understanding of his new existence. He doesn't feel "dead" and he begins to deny that he is dead. He starts thinking about his enemies who are among the living. He would like to have vengeance on them and he passionately hopes to return to life to settle these old scores.

If he had a war wound, or an injured back, even these old physical injuries will be carried over into the spirit world. I said the astral body, or soul, was bonded together through an electro-magnetic process. Therefore, this retains the malfunctions of the old body, even if the body has now been consigned to the fires of a crematorium.

Now, these problems can be worked out in time and the entity is given assistance by others who have preceded him. Everything fades into irrelevance; memories of the previous life are almost forgotten. And here we come to the clincher: *once in a while something goes wrong!*

This error has to do with mental illness?

Dr. Silvera: Correct. A disincarnate spirit retains his free will to act as he chooses. He is morally and ethically responsible for his actions and he should not infringe on the rights of other personalities—living or dead. This system of spiritual morality is at the basis of an orderly universe.

But, there are always a few renegades, a few mavericks. Perhaps the entity worked hard but never reached a life's goal before he died. He may have been handicapped by an emotional problem. Death came too quickly. These renegade spirits refuse to allow the natu-

ral order of time to solve their problems. They want desperately to return to the world of the living. They try to resolve their difficulties by parasitism. In other words, the disembodied spirit attaches itself to the living body of another human being. The priests call the phenomena demon possession.

Then, your theory ties in with demonic possession?

Dr. Silvera: Exactly, and the priest is still a very qualified person to cope with this type of spirit parasitism. The psychiatrist is still thinking in terms of "split" or "multiple" areas of a mind fragmented into various parts. As you know, even with our finest medicines and our curative skills, we can't do much of anything for a patient in this condition.

We are now investigating the possibility that mental slavery to a spirit may be rather commonplace. Mankind has progressed to where we condemn the slavery of one human being to another. Mental slavery is more sinister because we have been unable to detect the phenomena. The parasite spirit can conceivably seize the controlling mechanism of the host body. The enslaved human might be directed to perform horrible, atrocious deeds. As an example, the parasite spirit might implant murderous thoughts in a mind and, after the crime has been committed, withdraw back into the spirit world. This leaves the poor human being alone, charged with murder, while the true villain has escaped. I might add that we have discovered that a Freudian trained psychiatrist is the best-equipped person to recognize the possibility of spirit intrusion, preferably a practitioner who has thrown away some of his prejudices.

As you may know, Dr. Freud was asked late in his life what he would do if he could relive his life. He replied that he would like to explore psychic phenomena.

In your opinion, what is the greatest mistake we've made in treating mental illness?

Dr. Silvera: The most tragic error has been to ignore the fact that an immortal spirit—the soul—dwells within man. The existence of the soul has been accepted as an

indisputable fact by virtually every culture. The modernists have blissfully, perhaps arrogantly, tossed out the knowledge that man accumulated about himself during the past few million years.

If psychiatry would take a long, hard, unprejudiced look at the demons of the priest and exorcist, it might discover something new about insanity. Instead, demon possession has been labeled as nothing more than a silly superstition.

Do you recommend a return to the medieval treatment of the mentally ill?

Dr. Silvera: That's a loaded question and I see you know the history of medicine. Early man was ignorant about the nature of these immortal spirits, but he realized that demon possession was possible. Their treatment of the insane was terrible, because the possessed person was whipped, chained, tortured, or put on the rack. But have we progressed in our treatment? Many practitioners of today resort to electric shock, painful and often unnecessary brain surgery, and vast quantities of mind-scrambling drugs.

What therapy do you recommend for the psychotic patient?

Dr. Silvera: The only treatment that should ever be used is logic, persuasion, and common sense. The invading entity is one of those sorry personalities who has yet to learn to respect the rights of his fellow men. Spirit parasitism is a backward step in the evolution of the soul. Because the soul has not yet learned its lesson, and there are experiences to be gained, the spirit may throw roadblocks in the way of its own progress.

The psychiatrist, or priest, who recognizes these facts can put the spirit back on the right track. He can also instill new awareness in the living patient at the same time. We must remember that one person can try to enslave another—even after one of them has died.

Do you recommend that the psychiatrist steal the devil from the priest?

Dr. Silvera: Yes, because religion treats one portion of our psychic state; it attributes our mistakes to the devil. The psychiatrist treats another portion of the psyche. He attributes the problems to other causes. When the psychiatrist succeeds in stealing the devil from the priest, then they will be treating the total problem. Incidentally, this entire idea was outlined a few years ago by Luis J. Rodriguez in his fascinating book, *God Bless The Devil* (Bookman Associates, New York; 1961). His book was the starting point for our work. I'm certain you can find copies of *God Bless the Devil* in college or university libraries in the United States.

You must admit your theories are far-out, and wild. For the moment, let's presume you are correct. Why does a parasite spirit create a murderer? How does it do that?

Dr. Silvera: Think of the enormous, unresolved shock when someone dies unexpectedly and enters the spirit world. There would be additional traumatic factors if a feud was left unsettled, or old scores and arguments left unresolved. That spirit might want to return to our physical world and obtain some vengeance.

Once the spirit has attached itself to a living human being, we would have the "split" personality of the schizophrenic. Presumably, in most cases, the spirit would settle scores with its enemies in a low-key manner. The spirit might control the host body to punch someone in the nose. A campaign of harassment might be launched against the enemy. The host body might never understand why he starts picking on a virtual stranger.

I mentioned earlier that the personality does not change after death. Whatever you have been in life is what your spirit is after death. The danger comes when a violent, cruel, or sadistic person dies and enters the spirit realm. There can be many reasons why such a person may want to return to the physical world. They have undoubtedly quarreled with a lot of people. They may have been killed in some violent quarrel. Whatever their reasons, they lust for vengeance—bloody vengeance—to

be brought against their enemies. Their own death was an unexpected, frightening experience so they want their enemies to die.

Consumed by hate, driven by vengeance, these troubled spirits seize a living host body. They attach their own personality to the host, just as a flea jumps on a dog. The host-being starts to hear voices. He will frequently see the image of the parasite spirit. In the weeks and months that follow, the host-being falls into states of blacked-out consciousness, times of which he has absolutely no memory. His conscious mind may be blocked out. He may walk different, talk in a different tone, and act in a strange, irrational manner.

The host-being will start doing things he has never done before. "Why, he acts like a totally different person," his friends remark. Gradually, the parasite spirit consumes the poor fellow's life. The evil spell reaches a climax when the host-being is launched into the world to commit murder. His mind is under the guidance of the parasite spirit; he may commit any number of crimes.

Hitler, Jack the Ripper, Bluebeard, and all of the most infamous murderers of history may have returned, controlled a host-body, and murdered again and again.

Can everyone be possessed? Or, are there certain human beings who are more easily possessed?

Dr. Silvera: Possibly everyone at one time or another is susceptible to a parasite spirit. There are degrees of susceptibility, however, and some mediums and psychics are gifted to act as a channel for spirits.

What about those evil spirits we've been discussing?

Dr. Silvera: In cases where the parasite spirit has grabbed an unwilling host, we find there are certain times when the human body and mind is vulnerable. Checking into the case histories of schizophrenics, we find that many of them had a period of stress in their lives prior to the illness. People under stress must combat the tension in their lives. Some use alcohol and drink themselves into a relaxed state, or a drunken stupor. Others simply return to an infantile state and sleep a lot. Still

others may use narcotics. All of these things lower the state of awareness in the mind. The drunk may rouse himself from his alcoholic stupor some morning and discover he has a parasite spirit attached to his mind.

What role does narcotics play in your theory?

Dr. Silvera: Please emphasize in your book that I am extremely frightened at the increased use of narcotics. Not only for the dangers of addiction, but because the "hard" drugs leave the user wide open to spirit parasitism. Many observers feel the change of personality is caused by the use of drugs. In several cases, we found that an evil—or troubled—spirit had moved into the mind and body of a user. The parasite spirit actually encouraged the host-being to use more drugs. The host-being was easily controlled when he was under the influence of the drugs.

What drugs appear to be the most dangerous?

Dr. Silvera: We have encountered some frightening cases of spirit possession connected with LSD. A recent case involved a young European who had taken LSD and experienced what they call "flashing out." These "flashes" recur days, weeks, or even months after the drug is taken. The young man would be going about his business, flash out, and have no conscious memory of his actions. We investigated his case, discovered that a parasite spirit had attached to him, and exorcised the spirit. While we cannot claim he is cured, because the rites of exorcism took place about eight months ago, there are indications of a cure. His flashing out has stopped. His irrational behavior has ended. He is living normally again.

I've been told that during exorcism an evil spirit may take possession of the exorcist. Is this true?

Dr. Silvera: This can and does happen. According to the historical records of exorcism rites conducted by priests, the devil occasionally changed his mind and possessed the exorcist. We believe that exorcism was not really an entirely safe procedure. A good exorcist made darn sure that he had an ample supply of holy water, a

crucifix, and he wore sacred garments. At one time, it was thought that making the sign of the cross was enough to send the devil fleeing in terror.

By the same token, more than a few of the people who work with the mentally ill lose their minds and become insane. One of the dangers in any mental institution is that the keepers start acting like their patients. I was at a convention of European psychiatrists a few months ago and, frankly, they appeared to be almost as nutty as their patients.

This may be because they have the same psychic sensitivities as their patients.

The dangers of treating the psychotically ill can be compared to the dangers of working with nuclear energy at a very close range. The nuclear worker may be damaged by the invisible, unseen radio-active rays. The person treating the insane may be contaminated by invisible, unseen spirit parasites. The psychiatrist who works with a possessed patient is mixing his own psychic energy with those of the individual. He tries to reach rapport with his patient. If a spirit parasite is present, then almost anything can and does happen.

People who have dabbled in black magic have warned us of the mental disturbances that are likely to fall upon the amateur practitioners. Amateurs can fall prey to these dangers because they fail to take the necessary precautions. As you know, some of the occult sciences carry within them the seed of danger. Many students of the occult, particularly those who go in for rituals, magic, and demonic studies, appear to develop neurotic, sometimes psychotic, mental conditions. These people failed to understand they were experimenting with the delicate, volatile psychic machinery of their souls. In fact, even modern medical people who dispense prescriptions on a wholesale basis, are akin to children playing with fire. They may alter or disturb the psychic apparatus of their patients and create immeasurable problems.

Can hypnosis be an effective tool for treating spirit parasitism?

Dr. Silvera: Those who use hypnosis must first realize that they are dealing with the psychic strands which bind the soul to the electromagnetic protoplasms of the astral body. We believe this psychic bond between the body and the soul occurs at the instant of conception within the mother's womb. It remains fixed until the moment of death. If we will ever prove our theories, and the existence of the immortal soul of man, it will be through the use of hypnosis. Through hypnosis, we will eventually prove that the brief time that our soul is on earth is a short stop during an eternal, universal adventure. One life on earth is merely a carbon copy of thousands of identical experiences in the soul's past. The soul will continue to have these experiences to enhance the grandeur of its evolutionary career.

We feel that evolution, reincarnation, and immortality are all one and the same thing. They are part of the same, unifying process.

How would this relate to the occult theory of karma?

Dr. Silvera: Karma, of course, is the belief that the wrong you do to others in one life must be paid for in the next life. This is my personal opinion, but I think this is only partially correct. If a person commits a crime during one life, then the punishment actually begins when his soul leaves the dead body and prepares for another incarnation.

Let's say that a man has committed a horrible murder. Perhaps, he was like Jack The Ripper and committed several horrible murders. His spirit will be forced to re-live those tragedies endlessly in a cosmic instant replay. The spirit hears, sees, and feels, these tragic experiences endlessly. This soul has condemned itself to a fiendish nightmare of its own making. The only possible relief from such a frightening existence is another life where the spirit can get another chance to repay the debt.

Of course, the suffering can become so unbearable that the spirit turns into a renegade. Then it attaches itself to a living human, a host-body, and tries to solve the problem. Naturally, this doesn't solve anything but

merely magnifies the problem. The host-being will exhibit the symptoms of schizophrenia. Ordinary, well-adjusted individuals may suddenly be plunged into a state of manic depression. The host-being may even become a religious fanatic. This can happen if the troubled spirit hopes to ease its suffering through worship of God. As the suffering soul casts off emotion and energy in every direction, the host being also suffers beyond description.

How would another incarnation—or life—help the spirit to repay his debt?

Dr. Silvera: In another life, the soul can forget everything for a time. The soul may improve through a new life on earth; there's clean slate to write a new chapter in the evolutionary process. However, if the memories of the previous life are vivid and strong, then there may be problems in forgetting the troubled memories. Conflicts will arise between what he is now and what he has been.

Not all mental derangement is caused by spirit possession. An overly-active cosmic memory may well be one of the faults. The psychiatrist must help the patient to understand that he has been given another chance. Once the patient is relieved of the guilt of crimes committed in a previous life, then he can become a well-adjusted person. His soul will be free; he will be strong enough to resist the attempts of invading spirits to disturb his personality.

I feel that some history of our previous incarnations are carried over into new lives. These are in the form of natural intelligence, personality, compulsions, instincts, aptitudes, and inclinations. These historical traits should be channeled into good, rather than destructive, efforts. If he can understand what happened during a previous life, a person can accept himself and work to better himself.

What happens to a person who commits suicide?

Dr. Silvera: The fool who believes suicide will end an unbearable situation will receive an abrupt shock. He will have succeeded only in making the situation even

worse. The psychotic personality would be carried over into after-life. There, the soul discovers it is impossible to destroy itself; it has done that once before. These souls attach themselves to another human being, a host, and carry out this miserable thing again and again. The disturbed spirit becomes a parasite encouraging its host-being to kill himself.

These souls are to be pitied because they lure others to be victims of their own self-destructive tendencies. Their suffering will be beyond description in terms of intensity and duration. Death, my friend, is only the beginning and we delude ourselves to think our lives end when our physical bodies fall apart.

Have you used psychics or mediums in your research?

Dr. Silvera: I want to stress that the use of mediums has been a part of our research. For several years, we have talked to spirits by using mediums as a channel. They are like a telephone to another plane of existence. While I don't understand how the telephone works, that doesn't prevent me from picking up the instrument and talking to someone on the other side of town. By the same token, if you have a good medium, then he or she is the instrument for talking to spirits on another level of existence.

We have had several thousands of contacts in the past few years with departed spirits and their stories cover the total range of human existence. We've talked with the spirits of people who have been involved in some of the most heinous crimes in history. The spirits of ministers, scientists, physicians, statesmen, and plain, ordinary people, say that death merely marks the end of one cycle and the start of another. The cellular shell has rotted away and a new existence is started.

Are there any limitations to the strength of a spirit?

Dr. Silvera: I discussed that the soul is bonded together with electro-magnetic energy. On any plane where the soul resides, it has an adequate supply of this electro-magnetic protoplasm. This permits the soul to move freely and to express itself with astonishing per-

ception. It can contact individuals on the physical level. It can invade our bodies to the point where our lives may be ruled by a disincarnate spirit.

There are limitations regarding certain knowledge. Many matters are beyond the realm of their experience. If you were to talk with a spirit who was a farmer in his previous life, he will not suddenly be endowed with knowledge about nuclear energy, high finance, or similar things. He will be able to discuss crops and farming with you.

Do you feel spirit parasitism is increasing or decreasing?"

Dr. Silvera: The phenomena appears to be growing, although this may simply be because we now have guidelines to recognize the phenomena.

Are you using these theories in practice?"

Dr. Silvera: Only on an experimental basis. We are continuing to form our views and verify them with evidence. It may be a hundred, even two hundred, years before a definite process can be established. If we did not have a mutual friend I would not have allowed this interview. It requires an open mind to even consider these ideas today. I believe future generations will see our research used as a basis for a new psychiatry.

Killers In Bondage

Anjette Lyles, a buxom, silver-haired woman with striking features, closed the door of her bedroom, sat down on the edge of her rumpled bed, and carefully opened the package. The first thing she saw was the small, dark bottle with a skull and crossbones printed on the label. Her soft, full mouth did not alter as she read the instructions about the poison. Her blue eyes were undimmed when she opened the bottle and sniffed the arsenic contents.

"I'm going to need a new dress for the funeral," she thought. "Something black. Not too flashy and not cut too low in the neckline. The voodoo candles didn't work but this stuff ought to be real magic."

Anjette was well-known in Macon, Georgia, and a large crowd of mourners came to the funeral of her first husband, Ben Lyles, Jr. A World War II veteran, Lyles died of a mysterious malady in January, 1952. He left his widow, Anjette, and their two children, Carla Ann and Marcia Elaine.

"Ben's death just left me in real poor circumstances," Anjette drawled to her friends. "I thought he had more insurance, but it was only \$3,000. Course, I'll collect about \$190-a-month from his disability from the Veteran's administration. Every little bit helps when you're a widow with two young girls."

The shapely widow was not the type of person to miss her husband. She went to work, saved her money, and opened a restaurant in downtown Macon in 1955. Located in the heart of the business district, Anjette's "Gay

Widow" cafe became one of the most popular restaurants in the city. She had borrowed money to open her new business, but her congenial personality and astute management brought customers flocking to her place.

She had barely opened for business when a brawny, six-foot, Texan became a steady diner. Joe Neal Gabbert was an airline pilot and he liked Anjette's cooking. "I could sure use a strong man around here sometimes," Anjette drawled, seductively. "Being a widow just doesn't feel right for a warm-blooded lady like me."

Joe and Anjette were married in June, 1955, following a whirlwind courtship that lasted only a few weeks. They returned from their honeymoon and the platinum-blonde woman went to a hiding place and withdrew another deadly bottle of arsenic poison. Three months after he became a bridegroom, Joe Neal Gabbert fell ill and took to his bed. His husky body ruptured with running sores. Gabbert's hands had to be tied behind his back to prevent him from scratching. Anjette hired a nurse and, together, the two women fed Mr. Gabbert intravenously.

Gabbert's condition worsened. "You're going to have to take him to a hospital," the nurse informed Anjette. "Unless something is done at once, he's going to die."

Despite hospitalization, Joe Neal Gabbert died. Anjette brought out her black widow's dress and, once again, Macon's finest citizens trooped to the funeral. The next to die in Anjette's family was the mother of her first husband, Julia Young Lyles. She died on September 29, 1957 and, about eight months later, Marcia Elaine Lyles, Anjette's beautiful, doe-eyed nine-year-old daughter, died a terrible death in the Macon hospital.

"There must be some sickness that just strikes down everyone around me," Anjette said, tearfully. "Everyone I love seems to die. It must be the will of God."

Macon law enforcement authorities were also interested in why everyone around Anjette was dying. They performed an autopsy and discovered that arsenic poisoning was responsible for the death of her daughter. "Arsenic poisoning is one of the most dangerous types," ex-

plained a pathologist. "A person can be given arsenic over a long period of time. It works in such a way that the effects aren't immediately recognized. It doesn't produce an immediate reaction, or convulsions, in the victim. Unless a doctor is warned about arsenic poisoning, he will probably be unable to make a correct diagnosis. Arsenic is a great imitator with symptoms that resemble a lot of common ailments."

Detectives rushed to Anjette's home and searched the premises. They turned up six bottles of a virulent rat poison; the main ingredient was arsenic. They also discovered several empty poison bottles. "There's enough poison here to kill fifteen or twenty people," said a detective.

Anjette was arrested and arraigned for trial on a charge of murder. She didn't appear to be perturbed by the charge. "You know there was insurance on my husbands, my mother-in-law and my daughter," she informed the arresting officer. "Maybe I can collect double indemnity if I get cleared of these charges."

The "Gay Widow" was brought to trial. Dressed in her traditional black dress, composed, serene, Anjette followed the routine in the courtroom as if a stranger was being tried for the heinous crimes.

Each prospective juror was asked: "Would you sentence a woman to death in the electric chair?" Anjette tightened her fingers around a white-bound copy of the New Testament in her lap.

As the trial progressed, witnesses painted a fiendish picture of the "Gay Widow." Besides poisoning her relatives, she had forged a will to collect her mother-in-law's estate. The four deaths had netted the silver-haired blonde about \$47,750.

"She blew every dime of the money on her boy friends," the state prosecutor explained. "She also purchased a new Cadillac automobile and spent her blood money keeping up with the social whirl that was beyond her means."

There was another obsession that was costing Anjette

a small fortune. The blonde poisoner was buying everything she could find on black magic. She paid dearly for the "blessed" equipment to perform voodoo rituals. She purchased elaborate concoctions purported to be voodoo love potions to bring back her erring boy friends.

Anjette didn't deny her belief in voodoo and black powers of satanic rituals. Under Georgia law, a person charged with a felonious crime may testify without taking an oath or being cross-examined. "I believe in things like black magic and voodoo," she told the hushed courtroom. "The investigators made fun of me because I messed around with candles. Well, it may be crazy to believe in these things, but I did then and I still do. I have been burning candles for a long time because I know they are supposed to bring luck."

"The candles I used would burn for seven days before they burned out," she continued. "I burned a white candle for peace and an orange candle to keep people from becoming angry at me. I used to light red candles to bring love into my life. I also visited root doctors, old herb ladies, spirit advisers, and I never let a day pass that I didn't see a fortune teller."

Why did she carry roots with her all of the time? "I never go anywhere without my roots," she explained. "There were roots in my pocketbook on the day I was arrested. They bring luck. I know a certain kind of root that you put in your mouth when you're talking with people. When you do that, they have to do whatever you want them to do. There's even an Adam and Eve root that can be rubbed over your forehead in the morning. You pray and get whatever you ask for in your prayers."

Anjette said she was informed by a fortune teller that her daughter, Marcia, would die. "I was told this about two years before her death," said the buxom murderess. "I have also been told in advance about all of the other deaths in my family."

Following her testimony, a newsman shook his head in disbelief. "I have a horrible suspicion that Anjette's for-

tune teller created a self-fulfilling prophesy," he shuddered. "That's where someone makes certain that a prediction proves true."

Anjette waited quietly in the courtroom as the jury of twelve men filed out to decide her fate. A short time later, they were back in the jury box with their verdict of "Guilty!" The jurors made no recommendation for mercy; she was sentenced to die in the electric chair. Ultimately, she was committed to a state mental hospital under a Georgia law that prohibits the execution of an insane person. Anjette is still there and, if she is ever judged sane, she could be sentenced to die.

One of Anjette's fellow inmates at the mental hospital in Milledgeville, Georgia, is a blue-eyed brunette, thirty-three-year old Janie Lou Gibbs. A sinister spectre haunted the male members of the young woman's family in Cordele, a small town in southwest Georgia. After the death of her husband, farmer Clayton Gibbs, the bereaved widow moved to town, purchased a two-story home, remodeled it, and opened a day care center for the children of working mothers.

Janie Lou Gibbs lavished love and affection on the children in her nursery; she was considered a nice, kindly matron. "You can go away and feel safe that your kids are being cared for," said a young mother. "Janie Lou Gibbs is the best person who ever opened a business in Cordele."

Understandably, her friends and neighbors in Cordele were shocked when Janie Lou's youngest son, thirteen-year-old Marvin, was stricken by a mysterious ailment. Doctors diagnosed the illness as a kidney disease. Despite treatment by specialists at a medical clinic, Marvin passed away on August 29, 1966. Reluctant to discuss the death of her son, Janie Lou continued to operate her prosperous day care center.

Sixteen-year-old Melvin Gibbs, was suddenly struck down with an equally baffling illness on Monday, January 23, 1967. Although he was rushed to a hospital at

nearby Americus, Georgia, the young man died from what was diagnosed as virulent hepatitis. He was buried in the busy family plot in Sunnyside cemetery in Cordele.

The only happy note in the household had been the marriage of nineteen-year-old Roger Gibbs to lovely young Jeanette Foster. The couple moved in with Mrs. Gibbs and Roger obtained work with a local automobile dealer. In mid-August, 1967, Janie Lou became a grandmother when a baby was born to her son and daughter-in-law. The infant was christened Ronnie Edward Gibbs and the household was soon caught up in caring for the young child.

Almost unbelievably, the baby became ill shortly after his birth. He was rushed to a medical center at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia, but he died there at age six weeks. Puzzled by the child's death, the Atlanta doctors called in a pathologist and an autopsy was performed on the unfortunate baby. "We were baffled by the case because nothing added up," a physician related. "There were changes in the various parts of the baby's body. Organs were undergoing changes that just didn't make sense."

Apparently the autopsy proved negative as the grieving Gibbs family returned home to bury another member of their household. Barely two weeks after his son had been buried, Roger Gibbs came down with stomach cramps, nausea, and dizzy spells. When he did not improve after a couple of days' treatment with a doctor in Cordele, Roger Gibbs consulted Dr. Jason Bing in Albany, Georgia. Two days after entering a hospital under the care of Dr. Bing, the young man passed away.

A good, competent physician, Dr. Bing was bothered by the way Roger Gibbs failed to respond to treatment. He was also bothered by a gnawing suspicion that the young man had been poisoned. He asked the young man's wife and aunt about the possibility of poisoning.

"They said: 'This point has been asked about before by doctors who treated other members of the family,'" the

physician said. "They reported that nothing was ever proven."

Dr. Bing's suspicions were strengthened and he ordered an autopsy performed on the body of Roger Gibbs. Although the pathologist could not determine the cause of death, the autopsy revealed severe damage to Gibbs' liver and kidneys. Dr. Bing was not satisfied; tissue samples from the corpse were forwarded to the Georgia State Crime Laboratory in Atlanta for thorough tests.

In the meanwhile, a reporter from the *Albany Herald* learned of the deaths of the five males in Janie Lou's family. He arranged for an interview with Mrs. Gibbs.

"I don't question the Lord's work," Mrs. Gibbs informed reporter Wright Tilley. "The Bible says my husband and sons will receive their reward in heaven. I just try to keep the thoughts of their death out of my mind. I didn't think my husband or any of the family would die. This will be the loneliest Christmas I've ever had. I'll be all alone because Roger's widow moved back with her family."

The buxom brunette's eyes brightened when her day care center was mentioned. "It just seems natural for me to love little children," she said. "I don't know what I'd do if they were not around. Everything is all right in the day when the kids are here. When they leave, it gets dark and I get the whole night to spend with four walls looking back at me."

Two months after the death of Roger Gibbs, Dr. Bing obtained a report from the Georgia State Crime Laboratory. On December 21, 1967, the lab report confirmed the doctor's suspicions that there had been poison connected with Gibbs' death. The tissue specimen revealed the presence of "a large dose of arsenic poisoning, possibly administered at one time."

Dr. Bing forwarded copies of the report to several law enforcement agencies. After conferences, the lawmen arrested Janie Lou Gibbs for the murder of her son. "There were several milligrams of arsenic in the boy's body," Lt.

James Perry of the Georgia Bureau of Investigation told newsmen. "We think the dose was given to him in a cup of coffee."

The small town of Cordele was stunned by the arrest. The kindly widow was taken to jail as her neighbors and fellow church-goers stared with shocked disbelief. "I can't believe that Mrs. Gibbs would even think of such a thing," said a member of the Pleasant Grove Baptist Church. "Some of our members cried when they heard about it."

Lawmen moved quickly to investigate the other deaths. The bodies of Charles, Melvin, and Marvin Gibbs were disinterred for examination. Tissue samples were taken to the state crime lab in Atlanta. Although the results of those tests have never been released, lawmen unofficially declared all of the deaths were from poison. In the interim, Mrs. Gibbs was given psychiatric tests to determine if she could stand trial.

A psychiatrist who examined the kindly-faced widow reported "she freely admitted putting rat poison in her son, Roger's, coffee." The psychiatrist explained that Mrs. Gibbs had also admitted poisoning the other members of her family. In terms that are now increasingly familiar to a courtroom, the psychiatrist said Mrs. Gibbs suffered from "acute schizophrenia with paranoid leanings." She lived in "an ugly world beset by monsters and evil spirits. She is capable of knowing right from wrong, but she thinks so little about life that suicide and homicide fit easily in her values. The world holds no comfort as she thinks it is a very bad place to be in, so why should anyone go on living?"

The deceptive, homicidal widow was judged insane and incapable of standing trial. She was committed to the mental institution in Milledgeville. If doctors ever judge her mentally capable, she will face charges of murder.

There are few places on earth that have endured man's fury more than the craggy, dark hills of Germany's Ruhr

basin. In the Prussian tradition of strength and steel, the Krupp heavy armament works at Essen made the weapons of war for many of Germany's plundering warriors. The full fury of Allied airpower was directed at this heartland of German industrial power during World War II. The *Wehrmacht* retreated from the blood-drenched snows of Russia; the *Amerikander* army forged their spearhead through France, Belgium, and right into Berlin. The Air Force bombed the Ruhr industrial area.

Like the other cities of Germany, there are few scars of war to be seen in Essen. The slave laborers were repatriated and sent to refuge camps. The smoking ruins have been transformed into modern, beautiful cities. Only a few old men talk longingly of the dark days when Hitler danced a jig as nations were defeated. "We try to live as if Hitler never existed," a young German said, recently. "We have destroyed the Nazi traditions. We have tried to save the good customs."

One of the traditions that has endured in Germany for hundreds of years is the traveling fair, *Kirmes*. The *Kirmes* started in the blood-drenched days of the middle ages when armor-clad knights and noblemen journeyed to Cologne for an annual festival. Jugglers, music, young girls, and gifts from nobility drew crowds to these festivals. "Today, the *Kirmes* is simply a European version of what the Americans call a carnival," a German police official explained. "There are a few rides, games of chance, cotton candy, and soft drinks. It's a very pleasant place for young boys—or at least it was until the *Kirmes-beast* appeared."

A *Kirmes*-carnival that traveled through the Ruhr was plagued with a savage murderer who made marbles, cards, rabbits—and boys—disappear with the agility of an ancient wizard. The case proved to be one of the most macabre riddles of the century for German police. Five young boys visited the fair. All disappeared without a trace. The first young lad vanished in March, 1962, and the deadly magician was not caught until June, 1966.

Eight-year-old Klaus Jung pleaded with his parents on

the afternoon of March 31, 1962, for permission to attend the carnival with two of his young friends. The fair was camped on the outskirts of Essen-Huttrop, a few blocks from the boy's home. "We'll be good, Papa," begged Klaus. "We even have whistles we can blow if we get separated."

Although he was somewhat reluctant, Klaus' father ruffled his son's hair. "Ja. I guess we must all grow up someday," he said, warmly. "Here are a few coins to spend. Be sure to be home before dark."

Little Klaus Jung seemingly stepped off the edge of the world. He became separated from his friends within a few minutes after their arrival at the Kirmes. When the other boys could not find their friend, they had the fair police search for the missing boy. The baffling disappearance received considerable news coverage in the West German newspapers and the family posted a reward for their boy's "return, information leading to his return, or to the discovery of his remains." No one stepped forward to claim the reward.

The second boy vanished when he disobeyed his parents and visited the Kirmes unescorted by an adult. Perhaps eight-year-old Timo Rinnelt never knew what fate could hold for an innocent young lad in a crowd of strangers. Timo and two of his friends arrived at the fair at mid-afternoon, screamed and giggled as they tried the rides. Without warning, Timo was gone. "We hunted for him a few minutes," one of his friends told the police. "We decided he had gone home so we went ahead with our fun."

Timo's father was convinced that the young son had been kidnapped. He posted a reward of 15,000 marks for the return of his son. A wealthy antique dealer, Herr Rinnelt announced the reward through the newspapers. He also purchased air time on Ruhr radio stations to make a personal plea for the boy's safe return. "At my insistence, the police have agreed not to interfere if my child is returned unharmed," Herr Rinnelt announced. "There will be no prosecution. I will be at my telephone.

I am ready to do business for the return of little Timo. We will accept whatever arrangements you choose to make."

Four days later, the telephone in Herr Rinnelt's home rang. "Is the money ready?" the caller asked.

"It is right here beside me," replied Herr Rinnelt.

The caller abruptly hung up. There were no further calls.

Despite Herr Rinnelt's public assurances, the telephone call had been tape recorded by the police surveillance unit. Detectives ran a voice-print analysis of the recordings and determined the call was a young man in his early twenties or late teens.

More than a year later, on August 5, 1965, twelve-year-old Peter Fuchs disappeared from the fairgrounds in Oberhausen. The boy's grandfather dropped him at the gate leading into the fair. The lad was instructed to meet his grandfather at the same spot at three o'clock that afternoon.

"I waited for about ten minutes and became concerned," the elderly grandfather reported. "I went to the carnival manager's office. He paged Peter over the public address system. The boy had disappeared."

Faced with another boy who had vanished from his Kirmes, the manager of the carnival called in the police. They sealed off the fairgrounds and patiently questioned fair-goers and carnival employees about the missing boy.

"I remember the boy," a sideshow barker told the police. "At least I saw a boy with *lederhosen* and a red shirt like you described. He was walking down the midway with another fellow."

"Peter was visiting us. His home is in another town," protested the grandfather. "Peter didn't know anyone around here."

"His companion was an older boy, late teens or early twenties," said the carnival spieler. "He was nice looking, blond hair, but I don't recall anything unusual about him."

No one ever saw little Peter Fuchs alive again. The

newspapers and radio stations blared out frightening bulletins that the deadly Kirmes killer had struck again. Another boy had vanished due to some weird, unexplained method.

The police launched an emergency surveillance of the carnival. "We have to catch this maniac!" snapped the commissar. "I've already spoken with the carnival manager. His people will be watching for anyone suspicious on the fairgrounds."

Despite the contingent of police ringed around the carnival, another boy vanished on the afternoon of August 14, 1965. The vigilant carnival employees had noticed nothing amiss until the bullhorns blared the news that the Kirmes phantom had struck again. His victim was eleven-year-old Ulrich Kahlweiss, who had visited the fair with his two cousins.

In their investigation, the police ordered a photograph of Ulrich Kahlweiss to be distributed throughout the area. In bold, black letters the handbill asked: "*Did You See This Boy at the Kirmes Festival?*"

The photographs had scarcely been distributed when the telephone rang in the commissar's office at kriminalbrigade headquarters. "I'm an amateur movie photographer," the caller explained. "I took some pictures of my family yesterday afternoon at the festival. I think the Kahlweiss boy may be in the background of some of those pictures."

"We'll develop the film right away and show it to the parents," snapped the commissar.

A few hours later, the window shades had been pulled to darken a squadroom at the police headquarters. The missing boy's father and eager police officials waited anxiously as the amateur photographer threaded the movie film into his projector.

"That's my wife and kids," explained the photographer. A smiling woman and two grinning children focused on the screen. "We'll have to wait until we get to the end of the film . . ."

The only sound in the squadroom was the whirr of the

movie projector. The pictures of the family vanished as the film focused on a cotton candy stand. In the background electric bumper cars careened across a floor.

"Ja. Ja! Das is mein Jungel That is my son," screamed Herr Kahlweiss. "Ja! Ja!

The boy was grinning broadly as the carnival cars bumped around the floor of the portable ride. Sitting beside the boy, and driving the bumper car, was a blond-haired, blue-eyed young man.

"He's about nineteen or twenty," snapped the Commissar. "Let's clip this part of the film, magnify it, and try to get out a wanted circular." The pictures of the boy's suspected kidnapper were printed on the front pages of newspapers throughout West Germany. The picture was compared to those of known sexual deviates on file at police agencies throughout the country.

"His terrible lust for blood has not been satisfied," a psychiatrist informed newsmen. "The Kirmes monster will continue to claim victims unless the police apprehend him."

"How many young boys must die before this psychopathic killer is finally caught?" demanded a large German newspaper. "The Monster of the Ruhr may never be caught unless the police direct their full attention to his capture. He must be apprehended."

Despite their most intensive efforts, the police were still hunting for the Kirmes killer when the carnival opened for the 1966 season. The midway was filled with fairgoers on the afternoon of May 8, 1966, and the carnival manager felt the security precautions were adequate. "We have plainclothes police detectives scattered in the crowd," he told a reporter. "My employees have spent weeks memorizing every detail of the monster's picture. There are also policemen ringed outside the carnival. A fly couldn't get out of here if—"

The manager's words were interrupted by a woman's scream. "Manfred! Manfred! Where are you?"

The manager pushed a button that activated a police siren. Seconds later, the lawmen slapped a ring of men

around the fair. No one was allowed to leave the grounds. Their work was futile because eleven-year-old Manfred Grassman had vanished!

When the Grassman boy vanished, a grumbling citizenry demanded action from the authorities. "Too many young boys have been killed by the monster," outraged parents declared. "Close down the festivals. Put the carnivals out of business."

"We pay high taxes and police cannot find the madman," an out-of-office politician told television viewers during an interview. "How many more lives will be lost to this madman's unbridled lust?"

The police consulted with a panel of experts assembled to provide expert advice on the Kirmes killer. "Don't close down the carnivals," a psychiatrist advised the lawmen. "That is the worse possible thing that could happen. This man is a sex deviate who finds his victims at a carnival. Close them down and he'll start directing his attention to other places. You'll find children disappearing from school grounds, play areas, movie theaters, and right off the streets of our cities. We know his pattern now, but he'll change if the Kirmesfests are closed up."

"The parents won't stand for much more," said a police official.

"The killer has to make a mistake soon," said the psychiatrist. "He's been getting bolder because he believes he is smarter than we are. At the moment he is, but he's bound to make an error soon."

The monster's error occurred on a dull, gray afternoon of June 16. A fourteen-year-old boy named Hans was leaning against a lamp-post in his village of Wuppertal. He was considering the possibility of walking out to the fairgrounds to visit the carnival. He was a man now, with money in his pocket, because he had worked all summer on a road construction project.

"Come on, let's go to the fair," a friend yelled, walking up to the young man.

"I don't know. It costs too much money."

The teen-aged boy cocked his head and looked at Hans. "I never knew you to say something like that."

"You think differently about money when you work for it," Hans explained. "I think I'll just walk home and save my money."

"See you later," his friend yelled, running down the street toward the fairgrounds.

Hans watched his friend disappear down the street. He turned to walk home when a horn honked out in the street. "Hey fellow, I need some directions," a driver yelled from behind the wheel of a delivery truck.

Hans walked over toward the truck, which was double-parked in a traffic lane. The driver was a tall, blond-haired young man, about twenty, and he had a warm, friendly grin. His intense blue eyes were deep-set in his round face. He had the guileless appearance of a young man who had become lost in a strange town.

"Where do you want to go?" Hans asked.

"I'm supposed to make a delivery at a church." The driver held two coins in his hands.

"Which church?" Hans inquired. "The whole town is full of churches."

"I'm not certain," said the driver. Suddenly, the coins vanished.

Startled, Hans' eyes widened and he stared at the man's hand. "What happened?"

The man laughed easily. "You mean what happened to the pebbles?"

The awed boy stared as the young man opened his palm to reveal two white stones.

"Hey—that's a good trick" Hans said, happily.

The driver grinned, closed his hand, and the coins reappeared. He shifted his fingers and two marbles popped up between his fingers. Suddenly, the marbles were gone and a bright, gaily-painted egg rested on the man's upturned palm. "Get in and I'll show you how it's done if you'll direct me to the church," said the truck driver.

"I don't know," Hans said, hesitantly.

"Hop in! I have to make a delivery at a church and I can't spend a whole afternoon finding it," the smiling young man said. "You help me and I'll show you how to perform these tricks."

The events of the next few minutes were hazy in Hans' mind. The police theorized that he might have been hypnotized by the smiling young man. He recalled stepping into the truck and then seemingly blacking out. His next memory was that he was climbing over the ridges of a nearby mountain, searching for lost Nazi treasure. The smiling young truck driver was walking ahead of Hans, talking excitedly about the prospect of a cave filled with gold.

"I'm called Gensl," said the man. "My uncle was a high Nazi official and he knows the army hid some of their loot in this cave. I'll share the treasure with you if you'll help me carry it back to the truck."

The hypnotized young boy was led to a cave hidden near the entrance of a deserted mine shaft. Gensl removed the brush and shrubbery from around the gaping dark opening.

"Hurry! Let's get inside quickly," Gensl snapped. "If someone sees us from the highway we'll be having to divide our treasure with a bunch of snoopers."

Hans felt the stranger's strong hands pull him inside the cave. "Don't . . . isn't there . . . what about a light?" he mumbled.

"About as dark as a tomb," Gensl agreed. He laughed harshly and pulled the boy forward. "Your eyes get used to the dark. The treasure is back in the cave a bit. Here, let me lead you because I know the way."

Fearfully, Hans followed the stranger into the dark shaft. Without warning, Gensl spun around and grabbed the boy by his wrist. "We've come far enough!" Gensl screamed. A tinge of insanity edged his voice. "You are now in the spider's web—"

Hans reeled backward, then dropped to the rocky floor as Gensl drove a fist into the side of his face.

"Don't, please don't," Hans cried. "You're supposed to be my friend. You're my friend the magician."

Gens's harsh laughter roared through the darkened tunnel. "I'm a magician alright," he snarled. "I make young boys disappear. Now! Off with your clothes. Rip those pants off your body. Get those buttons undone!" He grabbed the boy's hair and slammed Hans' head against the side of the tunnel.

Darkness swept over the young lad as he passed into unconsciousness. Several hours later, Hans cautiously opened a bruised eye and glanced around him. Stabbing pain slashed through his mind. His lips were caked shut with dried blood and pulpy flesh. He was lying on his back on what must be the floor of the tunnel, he decided. *The lights!* What were those flickering lights?

Painfully, he raised his head and saw the four burning candles that flickered at his head and feet. A skittering noise sounded near him, as if someone was creeping toward him over the rock debris of the tunnel floor. He pressed his body back against the floor and peeked toward the noise with his tired eyes.

Hans' mind reeled with terror when he focused on the shadowy forms. Rats! Huge tunnel rats, chewing and fighting over something that lay on the floor. He fought against mind-numbing revulsion when he realized the rats' feast was a human corpse. He had to get up, get out of this devil's cave. Hans tried to move and found his hands tied securely behind him. Mother of God! His ankles were bound tightly with strong rope.

• "There was only one thing I could do," he recalled, later. "I held my ankles over the flames of the candles until the rope burned through. The worst part was smelling my own flesh burning."

Shortly before midnight that evening, a resident of a new housing tract along the Langenberg highway was disturbed by the persistent ring of his doorbell. Grumbling about the time, the man got out of bed and walked to his door. As he opened his door, the body of a bleeding, naked boy fell into his living room. The young

man's hands were tied behind his back and he had rung the doorbell with his forehead.

The police quickly rushed to the home; the startled, angry homeowner had washed Hans' wounds and tried to calm the near-delirious young boy. Rushed to the Langenberg hospital, Hans blurted out a fragmentary account of his experience.

“. . . It was terrible . . . dark cave full of skeletons . . . little boys' skeletons . . . Packs of filthy rats gnawing at their bodies," he mumbled. "The smell . . . stench . . . Gensl the magician said he was the Kirmes killer . . . Those little bodies must belong to the boys he murdered . . ."

"That's enough for now," a doctor said, moving toward Hans with a sedative.

Within two hours, the police and firemen had discovered the murderer's secret torture tunnel. As the corpses were lugged from the desert mine shaft, the officers counted four young bodies. Later, as they sifted through the rubble within the cave, the remains of two more bodies were found. Various articles of clothing and police identification methods established that the bodies were those of the missing boys.

Crowds gathered along the ridge as the police completed the grisly task of removing the corpses from the depths of the cave. Even the most cynical person was stricken with sorrow as the little bodies came out of the dark hole in the earth. One news photographer decided to shoot a few pictures of the crowd gathered to watch the grisly episode. The film was rushed back to the newspaper by a motorcycle messenger. Upon his own return to the newspaper office, the photographer was greeted by an enthusiastic editor.

"Great! One of the scoops of the century," announced the editor.

The photographer's face furrowed into a puzzled frown. "What scoop?" he inquired.

"The killer. The killer," exclaimed the editor. "He was standing in the crowd watching the police remove the

bodies. You got a perfect picture of him. We checked it against the old police bulletins. We're going to press with an extra edition."

The shocked photographer dashed into the engraving department. The image of a tall, slim man leaped out from the picture, his round, bland face topped with blond hair.

At the same time, the police were listening to a signpainter and his wife tell of an incident that had happened five years before that time.

"Our son was only eleven years old at that time," the painter explained. "Although Jurgen Bartsch was older than our son, he was our boy's best friend. Jurgen was much older and he had more strength than our boy."

"Who is Jurgen Bartsch?" inquired the police official.

"He's the son of the butcher," the painter continued. "It was August of 1961 when Jurgen told our boy there was a treasure in a cave. This is the same cave the radio says is where the Kirmes murderer hid his victims. Jurgen knocked our son down when they got inside the cave. He lit four candles and then tried to pull the clothes off our son. We were lucky because our boy got away. He was in shock when he got home, bruised, bloody, and scarcely able to talk."

"Why didn't you report this to the police?" the lawmen asked.

"I went to talk with the butcher first," the painter replied. "We almost got into a fight. I then came here to the police station and reported the facts. Nothing happened after that. The man at the desk wrote down my story, but nothing happened."

Within an hour, Jurgen Bartsch was arrested at his father's butcher shop and hustled into the Langenberg police station. A crowd gathered within minutes outside the station and, as it grew, the police redoubled their guard over their prisoner. The ugly shouts of the angry crowd grew louder outside the police station.

"We want the murderer!" the crowd chanted.

"Let justice be swift!" screamed a woman. Her neph-

ew's body had been dragged from the killer's torture cave. "Give the beast to us!"

As the crowd continued to grow, the police wondered if they could protect their prisoner if the mob stormed the station. "We'd better get Bartsch out of here," snapped the commissar. "That crowd will string him up before the day is over."

The commissar picked up his phone and called for more guards. The new guards protected Jurgen Bartsch as he was spirited out of Langenberg and to the security of the police fort at Essen, Germany. That same afternoon, Bartsch confessed to the murder of the boys.

"I had to kill them," he mumbled to the horrified police officials. "I have never got a kick from being with a girl. I don't get any sexual satisfaction from women. The only way I can have any fun is to beat up on little boys. I attracted the boys by using a couple of magic tricks. They were willing to let me take them to the secret treasure cave in the mountains where I beat them up."

Worried that their prisoner might commit suicide, the police removed his belt and shoelaces. He was led to a solitary cell and informed that he would be given sanity tests. The murderer slumped down on the thin mattress in his cell. He started to do card tricks with a deck of cards.

A prisoner called from across the cell-block. "Are you a magician?"

Jurgen Bartsch looked toward the fellow prisoner. "Yes, I'm a magician."

"You'll never get out of here, wizard," said the prisoner. "Your days of making things disappear are about over."

"I've Killed Ten. I'll Kill More!"

"My name is Zodiac! I've killed ten people. I will kill more!"

With these chilling words, San Francisco's elusive homicidal maniac flaunted his grisly murders to the police. For three years, this eerie killer had committed monstrous murder-by-chance, selecting his victims at random in the San Francisco Bay region. His heinous handiwork has puzzled many of the world's expert professional lawmen.

One of Zodiac's first murders occurred on the night of December 20, 1968, when a young teen-aged couple from Vallejo were returning home after attending a concert in San Francisco. Bettilou Jensen, 16, and her companion, Thomas Faraday, 17, parked near a lake reservoir about 11 p.m. A half hour later, their bodies were found by a passing motorist. The young man had been shot through the head. The girl had apparently tried to flee; her body was found about thirty feet from the car. She had been shot five times in the back.

"They were just a couple of nice kids returning home after their first date," the police reported. "There isn't a single clue as to who killed them or nothing to indicate his motive." Later, the police discovered they were confronted by an insane, occult-oriented mass murderer.

Since that double murder, Zodiac has terrorized the Bay area with his senseless butchery. A twenty-two-year-old waitress and her boy friend parked beside the shores of Lake Herman, near Vallejo, on the evening of July 4, 1969. The young woman was killed when a fusil-

lade of bullets suddenly ripped into the parked car. Her date, a long time friend, was found wounded four times by 9 mm. bullets. After many weeks of critical surgery, the young man survived.

Zodiac taunted the police by telephoning the Vallejo authorities shortly after he struck. "I shot them with nine millimeter ammunition," he chortled over the phone. Again and again, the police were to hear his diabolical laughter as the phantom killer telephoned information on his grisly slayings. In a letter to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, Zodiac wrote:

“. . . School children make nice targets. I think I will just wipe out a school bus some morning. Just shoot out the tires and then pick off the kiddies as they come bouncing out.”

The authorities officially say that Zodiac has killed five people during his murderous rampage. Unofficially, they believe many mysterious slayings will be solved when Zodiac is apprehended. "There is no pattern to his murders. He kills at random," reported a police official. "There is no sensible sequence to his actions. He's completely unpredictable although we suspect his murders may be scheduled according to astrological signs. We've tried drawing up horoscopes. It wasn't successful."

The maniacal killer taunts his pursuers by sending coded messages and letters to the newspapers. His "signature" is a cross with a circle. "He claims he's killing people to be his slaves in the afterlife," a police official stated. "He has a massive knowledge of the occult. His signature, or insignia, was lifted from the Egyptian 'Book of the Dead' where it was a symbol of death.

Zodiac also has a knowledge of codes and he uses letters from the Greek alphabet in his cryptograms. "Some of the notes also contained hieroglyphics from American Indian cultures and dead civilizations in Asia and Africa," the police related. "He has an excellent knowledge of mythology and past history."

The killer has been partially described by people who have seen him near his butcherous crimes. Zodiac is probably of medium height, husky, a Caucasian male with red hair. His hair is cut short in a crew-cut style. He weighs about two hundred pounds and he is believed to be about thirty-five to forty years old. He wears thick, black hornrimmed glasses. His voice is slightly high-pitched and he hates policemen and other symbols of authority.

The cunning West Coast madman stalks his human prey, according to experts, because he has an insane obsession to play God. "He kills innocent people to avenge an imaginary or real rejection by society," a psychiatrist said. "He undoubtedly suffers from acute schizophrenia with heavy paranoid delusions. In his statements, Zodiac has said he has recurring headaches that are almost unbearable. This ailment drives him to a frenzy."

A break in the Zodiac case occurred recently when police linked the bloodthirsty phantom with the brutal slaying of a co-ed in Riverside, California in 1966. This was two years before his homicidal outburst in San Francisco. On the night of August 30, 1966, beautiful, eighteen-year-old Cheri Jo Bates studied in the library on the campus at Riverside College. Following her session of study, the young girl left the library and was abducted from her car that had been sabotaged. Stabbed and savagely beaten, her dead body was tossed into a campus ditch.

Shortly after the senseless slaughter of Miss Bates, a newspaper in Riverside, California received a typed confession concerning the crime. Typewritten in capital letters, this was Zodiac's first public disclosure of his murderous crimes. The confession is reproduced here in its entirety, except for deletion of lurid sentences and objectionable words. It reads:

SHE WAS YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL. BUT
NOW SHE IS BATTERED AND DEAD. SHE IS

NOT THE FIRST AND SHE WILL NOT BE THE LAST . . .

I LAY AWAKE NIGHTS THINKING ABOUT MY NEXT VICTIM. MAYBE SHE WILL BE THE BEAUTIFUL BLOND THAT BABYSITS NEAR THE LITTLE STORE AND WALKS DOWN THE DARK ALLEY EACH EVENING ABOUT SEVEN . . . OR MAYBE SHE WILL BE THE SHAPELY BLUE-EYED BRUNET THAT SAID NO WHEN I ASKED HER FOR A DATE IN HIGH SCHOOL. BUT MAYBE IT WILL NOT BE EITHER . . .

SO DON'T MAKE IT TOO EASY FOR ME. KEEP YOUR SISTERS, DAUGHTERS, AND WIVES OFF THE STREETS OR ALLEYS OR . . . MISS BATES WAS STUPID. SHE WENT TO THE SLAUGHTER LIKE A LAMB, SHE DID NOT PUT UP A STRUGGLE, BUT I DID.

IT WAS A BALL . . . I FIRST PULLED THE MIDDLE WIRE FROM THE DISTRIBUTOR (on her car). THEN I WAITED FOR HER IN THE LIBRARY AND FOLLOWED HER OUT AFTER ABOUT TWO MINUTES. THE BATTERY MUST HAVE BEEN DEAD BY THEN. I OFFERED TO HELP. SHE WAS THEN VERY WILLING TO TALK WITH ME. I TOLD HER THAT MY CAR WAS DOWN THE STREET AND THAT I WOULD GIVE HER A LIFT HOME. WHEN WE WERE AWAY FROM THE LIBRARY WALKING, I SAID IT WAS ABOUT TIME . . . SHE ASKED ME, "ABOUT TIME FOR WHAT?"

I SAID IT WAS ABOUT TIME FOR YOU TO DIE. I GRABBED HER AROUND THE NECK WITH MY HAND OVER HER MOUTH AND MY OTHER HAND WITH A SMALL KNIFE AT HER THROAT . . .

I AM NOT SICK. I AM INSANE. BUT THAT WILL NOT STOP THE GAME. THIS LETTER SHOULD BE PUBLISHED FOR ALL TO READ IT. BUT THAT'S UP TO YOU. IT WILL BE ON

YOUR CONSCIENCE, NOT MINE. BEWARE, I
AM STALKING YOUR GIRLS NOW.

A month after the letter was received, another clue relating to the fanatical killer was found. A janitor in the college library discovered a seemingly meaningless "poem" scrawled with a fiber-tip pen on the top of an old desk. The poem read:

Living/Unwilling to Die
cut
Clean.
If red!
blood spurting,
dripping,
spilling;
all over her new
dress.
Oh well.
It was red anyway.
Life draining into an
uncertain death.
She won't
die
this time,
Someone'll find her.
Just wait till
next time.

The scrawled "poem" was signed with the letters "rh." Could that be the initials of Zodiac's name, or did his preoccupation with the blood of his victim lead him to write "rh" from "rh factor" in blood? Police have checked and verified his handwriting on the poem.

The evidence linking Miss Bates' death to Zodiac means the boastful killer had eluded manhunters for six years. "The game" mentioned in the letter indicates Zodiac is playing out a bloodthirsty role and, perhaps subconsciously, hopes to be caught and punished for his

crimes. While admitting his insanity, he will continue his "game of murder" as long as possible. This would be due to his desire to "show up" the police.

Crafty, cunning, a diabolical genius, Zodiac has left a trail of intriguing clues to his identity. To date, no one can decipher their meaning and lead the police to Zodiac's lair. Until he is captured, the strange case of San Francisco's Jekyll-and-Hyde murderer may continue with insane, deadly ferocity.

According to the experts, your chances of falling prey to acute mental illness during your life is about one in ten. The odds are getting worse because there was a one-to-sixteen chance right after the second World War. If you're one of those unlucky victims of mental illness, there's a seventy percent chance that you will be stricken by some form of schizophrenia—the Great American form of insanity. The illness is increasing at an alarming rate. If you are stricken by schizophrenia, you will receive little hope for a cure.

We do not know the causes of schizophrenia. We don't know a cure for the victims of the illness. Even more disheartening, no one seems to care. Research into the causes-and-curative effects of the disease is limited; a curative break-through is unlikely in the next decade. The research psychiatrists who are working on the problem could easily be gathered in a small room.

"Let us say that when you awake tomorrow, you find standing at your bedside a man with purple scale skin who tells you that he has just arrived from Mars, that he is studying the human species, and that he has selected you for the on-the-spot examination he wants to make." This is the opening sentence in a remarkable book entitled *Operators and Things* (Elek Books; London), which was written by the pseudonymous Barbara O'Brien.

Miss O'Brien, one of the few people who has ever recovered from acute schizophrenia, retained a memory of her frightening experience. She outlined her ghastly rec-

ollections in her book. She explained that the Man from Mars would undoubtedly transfix you with his three eyes, and warn that his presence is to remain a secret. He announces that if his presence is disclosed, you will be instantly murdered.

As you consider your sanity, you will be staring directly at the purple-skinned Man from Mars. His image will be very distinct. His appearance will be very real. He will speak in a calm, clear voice. Like Miss O'Brien, you will finally accept the stranger for what he says he is.

Perhaps you don't believe in Martians, Little Green Men or purple-scaled beings, or other unusual creatures. In that event, the figure before you may be the fiery-eyed devil, complete with forked tail and horns. Religious zealots who plunge over the edge into schizophrenia may find themselves before an angry God.

Miss O'Brien and other schizophrenics have reported that the entity remained with them all of the time. If your entity is the devil, he will be standing quietly by your bedside when you wake up each morning. He will ridicule you while you're freshening up in the bathroom and he'll sit near you at breakfast. Wrapping his tail around his arm, he will follow you to the office and, depending on the acuteness of your illness, he will threaten, humor, amuse, or enrage you.

"You do not have to talk aloud for me to understand you," the devil will explain. "You merely think a thought and I can read your mind. After a time, you become accustomed to this unusual form of communication.

There is a slender chance that the entity may grow tired of his game and disappear after a short time. You will return to normal behavior and, once again, assume your rightful place in the world. As Miss O'Brien pointed out, in more than 99 per cent of schizophrenic cases, the entity is still there for months—or years. Once you are in a mental institution, there is a slender possibility that electric shock treatments or insulin shock will dislodge the demon that has been conjured up.

Your companion will begin to direct your life. "Do you see your wife acting as she's preparing your breakfast?" he asks, slyly. "You didn't know she was stepping out with your friend, George. Right this instant, she is thinking about poisoning you."

As you drive to work, the devil sits in the automobile beside you. "See that car behind you? The red sedan, dummy . . . yes, that one," he sneers. "It's filled with George's friends. They planned to kill you this morning. Fortunately, I'm with you and my wisdom allowed me to put a protective electro-galvanic shield around your car. You're safe now, but what about tomorrow?"

As you work at your job, the devil assists you with his helpful hints. "Don't spend your time adding those figures," he whispers. "The answer is \$3,796.96." You check his answer and, sure enough, old Lucifer is correct.

After an interval of this insidious brain-washing, you gain confidence in the devil. He appears to be a warm, friendly little creature who never lies. You wonder what you would do without him and, once or twice, you may want to tell someone about him. You remember his rule about secrecy and you and the devil share your secret.

Finally, the devil outlines a plan. "Everyone is against you," he whispers. "You're lucky that your wife hasn't poisoned you by now. There's a hardware store down the street. Why not get her first? A little rat poison in her cereal would serve her right. She'll learn to play around with your best friend. He's a bad fellow, too. Why not pick up a pistol and a couple of rifles? While you're in the hardware store, be sure to buy a lot of ammunition . . ."

And you start walking toward the hardware store. . . .

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