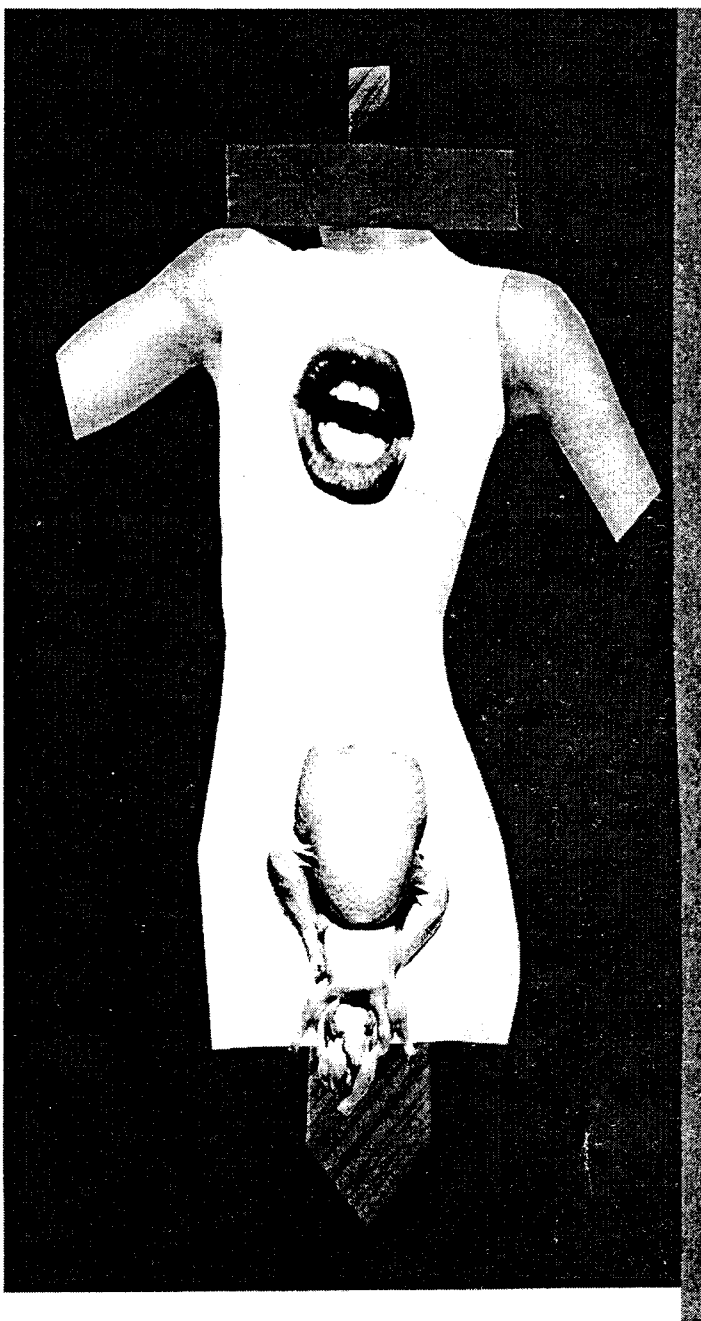


Nazis, Sharks & Serial Killers



Harold Jaffe

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For G.L.

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Nazis, Sharks & Serial Killers



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Serial Killers

Is there a single hour, day or night, 24/7, when at least one American television channel is not devoted to one or more of those delectably menacing consumables?

During the latter stages of the Cold War, Susan Sontag wrote in a letter to *The Nation* that the reason US television is suffused with documentaries, docudramas and miscellaneous footage about Nazis, but with virtually nothing about our ostensible prime adversary, the Soviets, is simple: Nazis are sexier.

Sontag's letter raised hackles but it was indisputable. On the one (*left*) hand, we have multitudes of Soviet troops: faceless in their functionally drab uniforms marching metronomically, followed or preceded by multitudes of tanks, all-terrain fighting vehicles, artillery, rockets. State of the art war technology circa 1965. Elevated on the reviewing platform, the dour, bemedalled dignitaries take stock.

On the other (*right*) hand) we have Nazis, inseparable (in our image-bank) from Leni Riefenstahl's filmic tribute to the monumental Nuremberg "Congress," in 1934. The setting is a vast Valhalla-like coliseum appointed in Nazi grand style with stone sculptures of idealized Aryans, preying eagles, iron crosses and swastikas a big as the Ritz. The massive arena contains a million spectators, male and female, who will respond as one.

First silence. Then three hundred liveried Aryans blow annunciatory chords into long horns, each draped with the Nazi standard. Immediately the horns cease, a million right arms bolt upward in the Nazi salute with a collective ear-splitting Heil Hitler! Then a prodigious "symphonic" orchestra launches into a heraldic medley, very loud, in the vein of Richard Strauss or Wagner, shamelessly vulgarized.

And then, distilled from that same image bank, the demons themselves: the SS, in black "service dress" with glossy knee-length boots, black holstered Luger sidearm, peaked officer's cap and monocle; the Gestapo in black leather greatcoat with his dueling scar on his lean cruel face sitting stiff-backed in the outsized black-on-black sedan contemplating extreme torture; the common-*Wehrmacht*-soldier, blond and rigid in his molded steel helmet on his motorcycle, with an identical soldier in the sidecar; the Hitler youth, robotically tow-headed and long legged in short pants.

Re the Leadership: Can we even compare *Götterdämmerung* Hitler; high camp, Oliver Hardy lookalike, *Luftwaffe* Commander Göring; and the salacious, pint-sized Propaganda Minister Goebbels with uncle Joe Stalin and his interchangeable sour-breathed marshals?

In his shrill *heldentenor* voice, the crippled, debauched Goebbels, one hand thrust deep into his tunic, denounces "degenerate" art even as he and the rest of the coven present the most spectacular goose-stepping advertisements for sadomasochism that the degenerate imagination could conceive.

Which is why Pier Paolo Pasolini chose to situate *Salo* (1974), his intensely graphic version of the Marquis de Sade's *120 Days of Sodom*, not in Sade's 18th century France but in fascist Italy. Except that Pasolini stipulated that his degenerates resemble the Nazi SS rather than Mussolini *fascismo*.

Bikers, skinheads, rock groups, hyper-patriots, and miscellaneous riffraff have all downloaded the Nazi "lifestyle" to excellent effect; if "excellent" signifies "insolent". But aside from their first-rate vodka (before Chernobyl radiated their grain) few or no nostalgia buffs have consciously accessed the Soviets. It comes down to this: the American consumer is programmed to condemn drab Soviet communism plain and simple. But the American consumer is programmed to condemn the Nazi even as s/he consumes the Nazi; like fast food that is fatty, caloric, and richly spiced, but ubiquitous and—once your palate is corrupted—tastes so darn good. No self-respecting American consumer is going to want to chomp down on an assembly line, grim-faced Soviet. But *oh, oh, oh*, that lean, high-cheekboned SS officer, with or without the dueling scar and monocle, jack-booted, arrayed in glossy black.

American TV watchers condemn and consume their evil, sexy Nazi, so that they can feel virtuous while experiencing a cruel, vicarious shiver—and all the time be fantasizing about *shopping*.

For somewhat complicated reasons that can only be adumbrated in this essay, the US has, it seems, the patent on

serial killers, a large number of whom have expressed their admiration for the Nazi. Arguably, the most infamous and telegenic serial *slash* mass murderer of all, Charles Manson, etched a tattoo of a swastika between his eyes. Not only is Manson diminutive and hyper-sexual like Goebbels, without his beard Manson physically resembles the lubricious Propaganda Minister. Like Goebbels, Manson loves to declaim, orate, rap, whatever you want to call it, and the larger the audience the better. Manson has quoted Adolph Hitler and referred to "leveling the karma of the Jews." The ex-house painting *Führer* could not have known much about the concept of karma but would have commended Manson's sentiment.

Of course, Charles Manson was more than just a Nazi wannabe. He was an American poor boy born in Appalachia to an out-of-wedlock 16-year-old prostitute. He is 69 years old as of this writing and has spent 57 of those years in state and federal prisons, reform schools, "juvenile halls," Father Flanagan Boy's Town (he broke out of that joint after four days).

Manson's celebrated infamy is tied to two-and-a-half years, from 1967-1969, which culminated in the Sharon Tate murders, followed the next night by the LaBianca murders, neither of which he himself committed, but for which he has been held responsible. In those two-and-a-half years, as many as 500 young Americans (very few of them Jews, none Black), most of them girls in their teens or early twenties, passed through "The Family." Manson allegedly had sex with each and every one, including the boys. Oftentimes, the Wizard, as he was sometimes called, orgied with his

youthful family, the participants stoked on acid or weed or MDMA, everyone sexing with everyone irrespective of gender, according to Manson's directives.

These, you remember, were the bountiful Sixties, and beautiful young people were simply doing what came natural. Not surprisingly, many of the Manson-orchestrated orgies, several of which were rumored to include Hollywood stars, were filmed or videoed; but in spite of hot pursuit by any number of interested parties, not a single X-rated film or video has surfaced. It has been speculated that a--or more than one--potentially compromised orgiast paid top dollar to buy up some of the movies, but then where are the others?

Manson's inner circle was sexy and Lucifer-loving: Bobby Beausoleil, Susan Atkins, Linda Kasabian, Squeaky Fromme, Leslie Van Houten, Tex Watson . . . But it is the miniature master himself that receives the highest marks. Sometimes he resembled a movie star playing the devil. Other times he looked like road kill (or Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels). Manson was--and still is--a man of a thousand faces, but the most familiar and marketable face, the one that Manson called "the most famous face in the world," was the shoulder-length black hair, full beard and hypnotically piercing black eyes featured on the cover of *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Rolling Stone*.

America's official line--repeated in every TV docudrama and infotainment--is that Manson is kin to Safan, with the scrumptious addition of beautiful young girls and mind-bending drugs. It is forgotten that the murders came at the very end of those two-and-a-half, incandescent years

between '67-'69. Until then there was tree-hugging, bareback horseback riding, and tenderness all around, with plentiful dope and polymorphous loving. And isn't that what the American TV surfer is conditioned to covet: a roll call of soft-sexy teenage flower dollies presided over by Satan himself, every last one stoned out of their gourd. Sponsored by Exxon and America Online and Miller Lite and Washington Mutual and Wendy's and I-Mac and Pizza Shack and Verizon and Nike ...

Charles Manson, who was never actually found guilty of himself murdering another human, may be our most identifiable serial/mass murderer, but there are scores of others nearly as celebrated, all fresh-frozen in TV docudrama land. Bundy, Gein, Gacy, Dahmer, Fish, Ng, Lucas, Toole, Wuornos, *The Night Stalker*, *Son of Sam*, *Green River Killer*, *Zodiac Killer*, *Boston Strangler*, *Hillside Stranglers*, *Unabomber* . . . The names fairly roll off the tongue.

Remote control in hand, we surf to the pertinent channel, whether it's called *Discovery* or *Biography* or *Stupendous Crimes of the Century*. We see the monster-perpetrator of course, we witness a gory scene or, more often, a hyperreal, contrived-for-TV gory scene. We see and hear numerous talking heads—cops, reporters, more cops, victims' relatives, a human who lived in the same condo as the serial killer (*I'd see him take out the trash. He never said much. He was sort of a loner*).

Most dramatically, we see the serial killer's victims before and after. Screen-left: a smiling female teenager; screen-

right: the same teenager decapitated and sexually mutilated. Screen-left: a youthful street prostitute; screen-right: the same human in four unequally severed parts (*That iMac: Is it just another pretty face? Or does it deliver?*). As we know, official American TV will refuse on moral principle to show a healthy naked body, but maim and murder that same body and it is, *ipso facto*, morally appropriate to present to a family audience. The pristine body has been rendered profane; whereas the profaned body (via war, rape, homicide, serial murder) has been turned into spectacle. What does that say about the culture we inhabit?

Ted Bundy preyed on college coeds (*Can you smell the burgers?*). He was known to use a fake leg cast to lure compassionate young women to his VW bug. Then he would force them inside, club them, bind them, gag them, bite them. The bite marks (*Nike swoosh*) on his victims' inner thighs and buttocks are what finally convicted him. Slickly handsome as he was in life, after having been finally electrocuted, Bundy made an exceedingly ugly corpse (*In Wendy's you smell what you eat*). You can order his post-fried portrait on the internet (*Yum!*).

The Night Stalker Richard Ramirez carried his implements with him: ice pick, scalpel, butcher's cleaver, razor wire. He would see a silhouette of a woman in the dim light of a bedroom window, stop his Impala, gather his tools, and go for it (*One-third the calories but with a robust taste*). Since being arrested, Ramirez has gotten more marriage proposals from females (and from some males) than any other imprisoned serial killer in the recorded annals of violent crime, including Charles Manson. Actually, the

Night Stalker modeled his presentation on Manson, with a little Latin lover thrown in (*Nike outsells Reeboks five to one*). He is particularly well-known for grinning demonically and flashing pentagram palm tattoos to anonymous trial attendees.

Jeffrey Dahmer was no Latin lover. Far from it. Dahmer would target a black or an Asian, poor kids from the Milwaukee slums; lure the young male back to his apartment, drug his drink, sever his head, enact his necromadness (*Who do you bank with now? I bank with Washington Mutual*). More than anything, Dahmer wanted to drill into a live victim's skull in order to make himself a "sex slave" (*They treat me like I'm special*).

Once a naked, bruised and bloody victim escaped: a Laotian teen with an unpronounceable name. The police refused to believe the delirious boy's story and permitted Dahmer to lead the boy back to Dahmer's apartment where he promptly strangled the boy, sodomized the corpse, fried the boy's bicep in Crisco and ate it with a dab of ketchup (*Pizza like the way you like it*).

John Wayne Gacy never lived up to his name. He was more puke than Duke, that's for sure. A short fat man with a receding chin, he dressed up as a clown to lure adolescent boys to his house where he bound them, blew them, sodomized them, sliced and diced them (*with a choice of thirty-three toppings*), sprinkled the corpses with quicklime, then lodged them in the crawl space beneath his porch (*How happy am I with my new iMac? I find myself spending more time online than off*). As the Jaycee's "Man of the Year," out of Chester, Illinois, Gacy somehow maneuvered himself into a

photo-op with the then-President, Jimmy Carter, both of 'em wearing grins as wide as a cut throat. This was in 1977 (*And you know something? That's how I prefer it*).

Albert Fish was a grandfatherly man wreaking havoc in the 1920's and 30s. He kidnapped very young girls, molested then ate them. On at least one instance, he actually wrote (seven years afterwards) to the family of the girl he cannibalized: "I brought pot cheese and strawberries. We were having lunch--your husband, yourself, young Ned, when Gracie came in from church. A beautiful girl-child, ten years old. When she sat in my lap and kissed me, I made up my mind to eat her" (*It's not steak and it's not brisket. It's not London broil either*).

When he was finally apprehended, this Q & A ensued:

"Tell me, Mr. Albert Fish, what caused you to do this horrible thing to this innocent child?"

"You know, I never could account for it."

"And then, seven years after the disappearance of Gracie, you write to her bereaved family just when they have had a chance to heal. Why would you do that?"

"I am somewhat deliberate in my manner, as you see. With one thing and another I just did not get to the writing before that. I wrote the letter because I have always had a mania for writing."

Fish mutilated his own body with a revolting inventiveness: inserting rose stems into his urethra, eating his excrement, excising his nipples with a can opener (*Try Wendy's mystery sandwich, you'll salivate*).

Theodore Kaczynski professed to hate technology (this is not a Polish joke). He went to Harvard in the Sixties. He

embarked on what promised to be a stellar academic career at Berkeley. But then he got a bug in his bonnet and it all went south. This next datum is not well-known:

Ted Kaczynski, the potential Unabomber, wrote that his 1968 visit to a Beverly Hills psychiatrist to obtain official permission to become a female was a major turning point in his life (*Verizon Wireless: That's all you have to know!*).

After the psychiatrist flatly rejected his plea for sex-change surgery, Kaczynski glared at her, first uncomprehendingly, then menacingly, finally bolting out of her office, pent up, consumed with "a visionary new hatred," according to youthful K's psychiatrist, Dr. Luanne Ortiz-Koontz, in her just-released, unauthorized biography: *I, Me, Mine: The Life and Times of Ted Kaczynski, Unabomber*.

"Like a phoenix, I burst from the ashes of my despair," Kaczynski was to write after partially recovering from the rejection of his request for sex-altering surgery (*Deep-dish pizza so deep, you'll need a fork*).

"My very hopelessness liberated me because I no longer cared about death. Now I really could break out of my rut and do things that were daring, irresponsible, criminal, demented. If fools construe my wanton violence as having an ideological basis, so much the better. Obviously they will label me mad, because 'mental health' is defined by the extent to which a human behaves in accord with the needs of the system without showing signs of stress. And stress has always been my calling card."

So it was not a high-minded response to the so-called "servitude to technology" that precipitated the Unabomber's serial assault on American scientists, but his own emotional

turbulence which bordered on full-blown psychosis. ("Mom, can I have jalapeno and human brain stem on my pizza?").

Now for something from the distaff side (*Nike swoosh for women*). Aileen Wuornos preyed on males, potential johns who tried to hit on her. She was a prostitute working the highways and bi-ways around the Florida panhandle. She estimates that she serviced as many as 250,000 johns since she was 14-years-old. An extraordinary number by any reckoning. She was age 36 when arrested.

Her claim is that the seven males she admits to killing all wanted to have rough sex, forcibly sodomize her, in effect, rape her. She insists that she shot them dead in self-defense. She used three different handguns: a Smith and Wesson .38, a Ruger .357, and Colt .45. She was a butch lesbian with big hands so that a large and heavy sidearm did not present a problem (*Forget about Coke. Forget about Pepsi. Forget about Dr. Pepper*).

Aileen Wuornos was found guilty and sentenced to die. When she was being led from the courtroom she lost it completely and cursed out the jury so loudly, so graphically, that I'll refrain from repeating it (*Now there is an all-natural fruit drink called Lilith, and it doesn't contain caffeine*).

Regarding Sharks, I would offer the following: They are infinitely preferable to the hunter who hunts them, the TV producer who displays them, and the sponsor who capitalizes on them.

Dr. K

Sourbraten Hank.

What fellow students called him at Harvard. Because of his foul disposition and thick German accent.

How German was he?

You mean *is*. He's still alive after half-a-dozen hellish bypasses. Fatty deposits in the blood. He's pushing eighty.

Born Alfred Heinz Kissinger, in Fürth, near Nurenburg. Jews were forbidden to live *in* Nurenburg.

How German is he? As German as his two idealized princes: Metternich and Bismarck, each, in K's eyes, an iron-willed man of action.

Man of action is what Kissinger wasn't.

Not in the usual sense. His brain engaged his passions.

Nuclear family.

Orthodox Jews.

Father was a schoolmaster disenfranchised by the Nazis. By all accounts a passive, frightened man. His mother was the force. She engineered their successful flight to the US in 1938.

1938 was Kristallnacht.

Correct. Night of the broken glass. Actually several nights in succession. Nazi thugs breaking windows of Jewish businesses, assaulting and murdering Jews throughout the Reich.

Kristallnacht was in November '38, the very month and year the Kissingers fled to the Land of the Free two goosesteps ahead of the Gestapo.

- Yet K has consistently denied that his upbringing in Nazi Germany had any effect on his character.

Why deny it?

Probably to elevate his actions as National Security Advisor and especially as Secretary of State.

How much better to derive from the Princes Metternich and Bismark and the transcendental lineage of so-called great statesmen than from his persecuted petit-bourgeois orthodox Jewish family.

Jewish self-hatred?

How did you know?

Educated guess. There was a sibling, wasn't there? A brother?

A younger brother. Walter. Much more extroverted.

People who knew both expressed surprise that it was Henry who became famous. He'd always seemed so out of sorts. Depressed.

At least he wasn't a shirker; he served in the US Army.

Which goes to prove that not all Jews are shirkers.

K enlisted as a private in 1943, was attached to an

Intelligence unit and sent to Germany. He rose to the rank of sergeant, but due to unusual circumstances and his knowledge of German, he ended up actually ordering senior American officers.

He relished the power.

When he was demobbed he returned to his parents' apartment in the Washington Heights section of Manhattan.

Soon after he won a NY State scholarship to Harvard.

He excelled in Harvard.

Statistically, yes. But he made no friends.

Correction: he did find a species of friend, a philosophy professor who'd been a war hero. Well-bred WASP. His surname Elliott. K seemed to idealize him.

Unfailingly 'cruel to subordinates, K was a ready sycophant. So long as the object of admiration conformed to his heroic ideal of the well-bred man of action.

Kissinger himself is ill-bred, coarse-mannered.

I wouldn't say ill-bred.

Coarse-mannered? Yes, undeniably.

Partly it's his sense of superiority. As he sees it, a great man shouldn't have to put on airs, feign graciousness.

Partly it's the way he is constructed. He's always been short, plump, ungainly, though oddly nimble, come to think of it. I associate his nimbleness with the trickster in him.

Trickster or shyster?

Good point. Let's call him a tricky shyster.

He was the playboy of the western world during the Nixon watch.

That was an ongoing visual joke. K escorting starlets and society women who all seemed a head taller than he.

He never bedded any of them.

He once said: "The relationship between a woman and man of my type is unavoidably very complex."

What did he mean by "my type"?

German Jewish.

Ruthlessly ambitious.

Intellectually superior.

Disadvantaged sexually.

One or more of the above, very likely.

Power was his aphrodisiac.

It never gave him a hard-on.

Bombing Cambodia back to the stone age. Assassinating Allende. Revving up the war in Vietnam. Genociding East Timor. Encouraging Pakistan's assault on Bangladesh. Contributing immeasurably to the coup in Cyprus. It all made K feel very sexy.

It never gave him a hard-on.

Sex in the head.

You've seen his *Kopf*. He wears a size eight-and-a-half hat, which is almost unheard of. Outside D.C.

There's some big hat sizes in that town.

You said it.

Peace with honor.

Kissinger's phrase at the signing of the Vietnam peace treaty in Paris in 1973. K himself had torpedoed the treaty South Vietnam was prepared to sign in 1968.

Though associated with the Democratic negotiating team headed by Averell Harriman in '68, K did not want the Johnson-Humphrey Democrats to take credit for ending the abysmal war. So he secretly promised the South Vietnamese better terms under the incoming Republican administration.

Five years later, in Paris, with Watergate-embattled Nixon in office, the terms for a "peace with honor" turned out to be substantially the same as in 1968.

How many millions of casualties would have been spared in those five years? How much of the land and infrastructure in Vietnam and Cambodia would have been spared in those five years?

People who like people.

Ah, Streisand.

K never dated her. He preferred non-Jewish famous females.

Liking people? He admitted that as a boy when he saw a group of boys approach he would cross the street.

Ugly people (presumably excluding himself) made him want to throw up.

He did not make a single friend while going to George Washington High School in New York City.

His early ambition was to be an accountant. Numbers over humans.

Would you want him to prepare your taxes?

No. He would overcharge. Along with his unpleasant bedside manner.

Did I say that he secretly bugged his staff.

Bugged their phones?

Phones and correspondence. Both offline and on. No specific reason. Testing their loyalty.

Did any fail the test?

Can't say. In K's mind, very likely. When his staff found out that they were bugged, they were furious, but that didn't faze Dr. K. He was--is--unconscionable. And his furious staff wasn't nearly ballsy enough to trouble him in any tangible way.

Public urinals.

Like Andy Warhol, his exact contemporary, K had a phobia about urinating in the company of other males. Well, phobia might be too strong. But he avoided using them.

Wealthy and powerful as he's become, he doesn't have to urinate in public anymore.

When, while dining in a topflight restaurant, he has to pee, the secret service guys make sure the Gentlemen's is void of other males.

If there's a problem in the Gents', they'll clear out the Ladies'.

Problem in the Gents'?

Somebody taking a dump in a stall. For K, even that is too close for comfort.

Warhol adored Kissinger.

Unreservedly.

It wasn't reciprocated.

No. K had no aptitude for art. Let alone the slippery stuff Warhol was up to. K is humorless of course so Warhol's deadpan left him cold. And Warhol's queerness had to have made K nervous.

Marcel Duchamp and Kissinger.

Funny story. In Zurich in 1968, shortly before Duchamp's death, Kissinger's hosts took K and his party to a major Duchamp exhibition. Duchamp's famous "ready-made" urinal was among the objects on display.

At the reception afterwards, K took it upon himself to lecture the great Dadaist about what he called the unseemliness of the urinal as a subject for art.

Duchamp, so the story goes, listened silently with a wry expression on his face while smoking his cheroot.

Wasn't Zurich the birthplace of Dada? Cabaret Voltaire?

That datum would have been lost on Dr. K.

I said K was humorless. That's not precisely true. He was known to crack a mordant joke at the expense of a contemporary, like Castro or Thatcher or Gerald Ford. He also would occasionally joke about himself, but his self-deprecation was always subtly self-righteous.

Kissinger's first marriage.

First and only. Ann Fleischer. They married in New York City and she accompanied him to Cambridge. Like him, she was a refugee from Germany. But not a student or an intellectual.

The evidence suggests that he treated her shabbily. When he came home in the evening he forbade her from talking to him so as not to disturb his train of thought.

She was quoted as saying that K "withdrew his libido" from her.

Meaning that he stopped fucking her.

Exactly.

Penile pump.

That would be Nelson A. Rockefeller. Another of Kissinger's mentors. Wealthier than Croesus of course, and both a statesman and man of action, in K's view.

K advised Rockefeller in his bids for the presidency in '64 and '68.

And it was K who advised Rockefeller to surgically install--if that's the right word--a penile pump, which ended up killing Rockefeller in a failed attempt to penetrate his secretary, a young woman with glasses, out of Radcliffe.

Though pushing seventy, Rocky was still horny. Or wanted to be. But his heart couldn't handle it.

The "A" in Nelson A. Rockefeller.

Attica.

What does Kissinger know about penile pumps?

The story is that he was getting a kickback--"rakeoff," he called it--from Ely Lilly, the pharmaceutical giant that patented the pump.

Richard Milhous Nixon.

The signal question there is who was ripping off whom? Behind Nixon's back and in his memoirs K criticized Nixon as being isolated, unforgiving, paranoid, utterly without charm.

Nixon said and wrote approximately the same things about K, with a few dollops of anti-Semitism.

Iago and Iago.

Somehow they pulled it off.

Pulled off what?

Their stand-up comedy routine. Worldwide genocide.

Nixon never used Kissinger's penile pump.

Noo. He had other things to worry about.

But Haldeman and Ehrlichmann both tried it. Liddy too.

G. Gordon Liddy used a penile pump? Liddy with the shaved head and dyed-black mustache. The hardest ass in the Nixon clan. Who used to burn his hand with a cigarette lighter to strengthen his will. Who went to jail without copping a plea--and enjoyed it. You sure about that?

Yes. And the pump didn't work. Deflated him at the indigo moment, so to speak.

Don't invite Liddy and K to the same rave.

Liddy has never forgiven him.

Henry Kissinger post-Millennium.

Making money hand over fist. Peddling his influence to large corporations. Delivering lectures at 125,000 dollars a clip. He's CEO of some animal called Kissinger Associates.

125 K a lecture. What does he talk about?

Himself. His accomplishments. His appraisal of political figures. He likes Helmut Kohl. He dislikes Margaret Thatcher. Loathes Fidel Castro. Loathes Idi Amin. That sort of thing.

Henry Kissinger's legacy.

Official First World history has it that he is brilliant, resourceful, prophetic even. Our Nobel Peace Laureate. The statesman of statesmen.

Unofficially.

A serial mass murderer of Hitlerian proportions.

Dahmer

Konerak Sinthasomphone

What are the Milwaukee cops supposed do with a name like that?

Flattened nose, coarse black hair, slanted lidless eyes.

Adolescent? Granddaddy? No way to tell with orientals.

Wednesday, April 17, 1991, 2:20 a.m.

Raunchy, high-crime, inner city sector near Marquette University.

Konerak Sinthasomphone, 14, small, naked, bruised and bloody, is running for his life.

But he's not screaming, not making a sound.

The oriental tends to be silent or hysterically noisy, rarely in between.

A young black woman, Harriet Cross, sees the naked panicked boy from her third story window and dials 911.

The paramedics get to him first, cover his nakedness with a blanket.

Rousted from the all-night donut shop, the police pull up in their patrol car.

Biceps, Beretta 9 mm's, disabling gasses, billy clubs.

Here they call them Tyrone clubs because the cops are always whacking black folks.

The miniature Asian is squatting silently on the pavement in a blanket beside the paramedic van.

He seems to be trembling.

On one side is Harriet Cross and her mother Luella Cleveland.

On the other side is a tall, stiff, 30-ish white man with dirty blond hair. Jeffrey Dahmer.

In his deceptively calm manner, Dahmer is explaining to the cops that Konerak is his 18-year-old lover who swallowed too much sweet wine and fell on his face.

Harriet Cross and Luella Cleveland protest that the Asian boy was trying to resist the blond man who was punching and kicking him on the street.

The tall stiff white dude is an identifiable homo that sexes with colored orientals.

A combo any righteous cop's gonna hate from his heart.

But the other two are mouthy black females.

No contest.

The two cops in their thick black shoes escort the blanketed oriental and tall white fag to Dahmer's one bedroom apartment on the second floor of 924 North 25th Street, the Oxford Apartments.

The apartment smells funny but is neat.

Homos tend to be neat.

The oriental kid's clothes are draped over a chair.

Two Polaroid photos of the boy in his paisley bikini underwear are tacked to the wall above the sofa.

Konerak puts on his pants and shirt that were on the chair, then sits on the edge of the sofa, still mute.

Dahmer is sweet-talking, promising that future lovers' spats will not spill over on to the street.

The cops yawn. They're getting hungry.

They nod and leave the 14-year-old Laotian boy with Jeffrey Dahmer.

Case closed.

Had the Milwaukee cops looked into the bedroom they would have found the decomposing remains of a 17-year-old black teen named Clarence McKee.

The police have scarcely left the Oxford Apartments, when Dahmer strangles Konerak Sinthasomphone.

Scarcely settled their thick rumps into the patrol car, when Dahmer anally sodomizes the corpse.

He beheads the corpse and boils the head.

Fits the skinned head into the freezer alongside the other heads.

Dissects the body, excising the genitals which he puts into a large jar of formaldehyde filled with genitals.

Ambrosia Chocolate

Jeffrey Dahmer moves from his grandmother's house in West Allis, Wisconsin to the Oxford Apartments in Milwaukee in September 25, 1988.

By then he's killed and dismembered at least four young men and boys.

Modus operandi: hit on a mark at a gay bar or bathhouse and offer him \$\$ to come back to Dahmer's grandmother's house and pose for Polaroids.

Once in his grandmother's basement, Dahmer drugs the mark's drink, strangles him with his hands or his old army

belt, orally and/or anally sodomizes the corpse, dismembers it.

Depending on his mood, he will cannibalize the corpse, sever a bicep, say, deep fry it in Crisco.

The cannibalization becomes a regular occurrence as the murders multiply.

The day after moving into the Oxford Apartments, Dahmer accosts a 13-year-old Laotian boy and offers him \$25 to pose for Polaroids.

He dopes the boy's diet Pepsi and anally rapes him.

Then, for reasons unknown, Dahmer releases him.

The 13-year-old Laotian's name is Saravane Sinthasomphone, by coincidence, the older brother of Konerak Sinthasomphone, whom Dahmer will murder in 1991.

Saravane reports the incident to his parents who take him to the emergency room.

After a seven-hour wait, it is confirmed that he's been drugged and anally raped.

The police arrest Dahmer at the Ambrosia Chocolate factory where he works as a "mixer," presumably while wearing latex gloves and a hairnet.

The charge is sexual exploitation of a child and second-degree sexual assault.

Dahmer pleads guilty but insists that the boy said he was nineteen.

While awaiting sentence, Dahmer picks up a 22-year-old black man named Harvey Shammgod at a gay bathhouse, offers him money to model, brings him back to his apartment on 924 North 25th Street, drugs him, strangles him, sodomizes then cannibalizes his corpse.

Harvey Shammgod's death is either not reported or reported but not logged by the police.

At his sentencing Dahmer, on trial for sexual assault, has now murdered at least five young males.

He speaks on his own behalf, blames his assault of the Laotian boy on his alcoholism, vows to turn his life around, promises to enroll in AA.

It is, as these things go, a smooth performance.

The old white judge buys it and gives Dahmer a suspended sentence.

Interestingly, Dahmer's father, Lionel, writes to the court pleading that his son not be released until he receives psychiatric treatment.

Lionel Dahmer's plea is set aside.

Two days after his release on January 16, 1989, Jeffrey Dahmer kills again.

In the next fourteen months he will savage and murder twelve more young men and boys.

Sex Slave

By now Dahmer has the drill down.

Accost the mark at a bar or bathhouse, lure him back to the Oxford Apartments by promising him money to pose or inviting him to drink beer and watch pornographic videos.

Drug the mark by adding pulverized prescription sleeping pills to his drink.

Strangle the mark, sodomize, dismember and cannibalize the corpse.

Masturbate while handling the warm, stinking, rainbow-colored viscera of the cut-open body.

After stripping the edible portions and severing the head and genitals, dispose of the corpse.

The skinned heads store in the freezer, the genitalia in large jars of formaldehyde, the strips of edible flesh wrapped in tin foil in the fridge.

Experiment with spices and tenderizers to make the flesh more palatable.

Experiment with various methods of disposing of the corpse: potent acids, chemical mixtures that reduce flesh, bone and viscera to slime.

Flush the residue down the toilet.

If the residue is lumpy or bony, dump it into a sewer outside.

One novelty Dahmer hits upon is drilling a hole in the victim's skull while he is drugged but alive.

Filling the vacuum with hydrochloric acid.

The idea is to turn the victim into a kind of zombie or sex slave that will do Dahmer's bidding absolutely.

That initiative leads nowhere.

And if someone discovers the beheaded heads?

Dahmer paints them grey to imitate plastic lab models.

What about his neighbors in the Oxford Apartments?

The drilling, the agonizing shrieks, the stench of chemicals and decomposition?

The neighbors are mostly working-class African-Americans who evidently are more tolerant of eccentricity than other humans.

In truth Dahmer does not take strict measures to prevent getting caught.

He is caught when a mark, Reginald Edwards, 20, escapes from Dahmer's clutches with one handcuff dangling from his wrist.

The young black man leads the skeptical cops back to Dahmer's apartment.

Dahmer, rational, composed, launches into his explanation, even displaying the key to the handcuffs.

One of the cops shuffles into the bedroom to have a look and, in a trembling voice, shouts to his partner.

"Vince, cuff the son of a bitch."

When Dahmer hears those fateful words he starts to flail and kick.

After he's bitch-slapped and cuffed, the cops have a closer look around.

Skinned heads in the freezer.

Strips of flesh in the fridge.

Genitals in large jars of formaldehyde.

Bits of bone and cartilage under foot.

The sweet-sour stench of decomposition.

Once Upon a Time

Even a same-sex, serial killing, cannibalistic necrophiliac has a life.

What I'm trying to say is that every narrative, no matter how squalid, must have its genesis.

Jeffrey Lloyd Dahmer was born on May 21, 1960, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the Badger state.

Lionel, his father, was a research chemist with a Ph.D.

Joyce, his mother, was a substitute high school typing and shorthand teacher.

By all accounts infant Jeffrey was a bubbly child. He loved animals, both real and stuffed, and was crazy about his miniature Dachshund, Pipi.

An early incident recalled by Lionel Dahmer in his memoir *A Father's Story* is of the three of them: he, his wife Joyce, and four-year-old Jeffrey nursing a baby robin that injured a wing when it had flown into a window.

Jeffrey cradled the trembling creature in his small hands, then released it into the air.

The robin hovered briefly then flew strongly up and away.

It was a moment, the father recounted, of a simple but powerful sharing which would never be duplicated.

Lionel Dahmer claims that a change came over young Jeffrey after his surgery for a double hernia.

At age six the child suddenly lost his ebullience.

Instead of growing up he seemed to be growing in, inward.

He became uncommunicative yet somehow fragile.

He would sit for hours motionless staring at nothing.

Dahmer senior attributes the change to all the moving the family was doing.

Nor did Jeffrey have a sibling to share the anxiety since his brother David was not yet born.

Because he was completing his doctorate at Iowa State, Lionel Dahmer moved the family in a matter of months from Milwaukee to Ames, Iowa, to Akron, Ohio, where he landed a job as a research chemist.

Jeffrey must have felt as if his moorings were cut loose.

At the same time, Lionel and Joyce were having marital problems.

In Akron, the introverted Lionel spent long hours at his job, while high-strung Joyce, pregnant with David, would talk on the phone or watch TV.

Child Jeffrey was largely left to his own devices.

In his memoir Lionel recounts a disturbing incident which attests to young Jeffrey's growing estrangement.

Once, when Jeff was seven, Lionel crawled under the wood frame house and dislodged some animal bones that had been rattling at night.

Evidently, a badger had killed possums, rats and mice, feasting on them under the house.

When Jeffrey saw the pile of animal bones his father had swept into the yard, a strange smile appeared on his face.

In Lionel's words, the child's "small hands dug deep into the pile of bones. He seemed oddly thrilled by the sound they made. I can no longer view it simply as a childish episode, a passing fascination. This . . . sense of something dark and shadowy, of a malicious force growing in my son, now colors almost every memory."

As an adolescent Jeff would collect road kill, put the remains in a trash bag, then skin and stroke the smashed, bloody creatures.

Once he mounted the head of a large possum on a stick and thrust it into the ground next to his mother's clothesline.

As a teenager, Jeff seemed devoid of normal interests.

Not sports, not girls, not academic goals, not boyhood friendships.

Lionel speculates that his son's inexpressible fascination with decomposition and death had already encircled him.

That the boy knew there was no one to whom he could unburden himself.

After doing poorly in high school then flunking out of Ohio State after a single semester of almost constant drunkenness, Jeff returned home to his now divorced father in Akron in Spring '79.

Dahmer senior convinced his son to enlist in the army.

Stationed in Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri as a combat engineer, Dahmer got into fights with bunkmates toward whom he'd made indecent advances.

After basic training his company was shipped to Düsseldorf, Germany,

Among the Aryans, Dahmer seems to have really cut loose, drinking heavily, going AWOL, sexually accosting other servicemen.

During his time in Düsseldorf there was a series of unsolved murders of young males.

When Dahmer was arrested in the US a dozen years later the German authorities mounted a retrospective investigation but came up empty.

Dahmer was dishonorably discharged from the army in 1980 for fighting, absence without leave, and "habitual drunkenness."

Lawyers Lawyers

The selection of jurors for the much ballyhooed Dahmer trial in Milwaukee generated bitterness in the black community.

Though thirteen of Dahmer's seventeen known murder victims were black, the jury was composed of six males and six females, all white.

Gerald Boyle, Dahmer's attorney, had his client plead guilty by reason of insanity.

Then Boyle unrolled the filthy, bloody bandage of Dahmer's perversions, mutilations, murders, necrophilia, and cannibalization.

Boyle's contention was that only a certified madman would commit such atrocities.

That Dahmer should be placed in an institution for the criminally insane rather than imprisoned for life.

Rick McCann, the deputy DA, employed many of the same examples to convince the jurors that Dahmer was a psychopath and manipulator who must bear full responsibility for his heinous crimes.

Why else, McCann asked rhetorically, would Dahmer deliberately suspend murdering at certain periods, as when he was in the army or at college.

Indisputably, Dahmer was fully in control of his actions.

Defense counsel Boyle labeled his client a "runaway train."

Deputy DA McCann called him the "evil engineer."

The jury in its wisdom decided for McCann.

Dahmer, found guilty and responsible for his fatal deviations, was sentenced to seventeen consecutive life terms.

Malcolm 2X Scarver

At Columbia Institute in Portage, Wisconsin, Jeffrey Dahmer was kept in isolation.

He was a model prisoner.

After nearly two years the prison authorities permitted Dahmer, at his request, to have restricted contact with other inmates.

On the morning of November 28, 1994, Dahmer, multiple murderer of young black males, was assigned to a detail of three for latrine cleanup.

One of the others, a white named Jesse Anderson, had murdered his wife and blamed it on a black intruder.

The third was a fiercely violent, schizophrenic black nationalist named Malcolm 2X Scarver.

The escorting guard, according to his testimony, left the three alone for less than fifteen minutes.

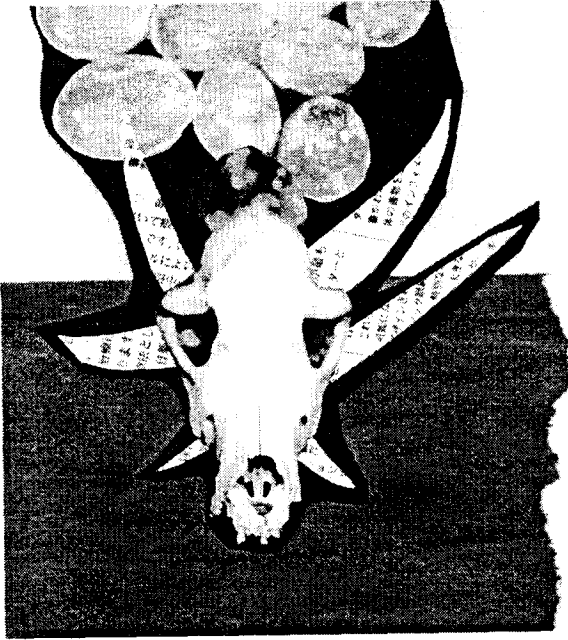
When he returned he found the two white inmates murdered, Anderson's skull crushed, Dahmer's throat slashed, the blood squirting, his neck almost unhinged.

The bloody, razor-sharp knife, fashioned out of a soup spoon, lay on the cement floor next to the near-decapitated Dahmer.

Their executioner, Malcolm 2X Scarver?

He was, the escorting guard would testify, diligently mopping the latrine area while whistling.

Harold Jaffe is the author of eight fiction collections and three novels, including *15 Serial Killers* (2003), *False Positive* (2002), *Sex for the Millennium* (1999), *Othello Blues* (1996), *Straight Razor* (1995), *Eros Anti-Eros* (1990), *Madonna and Other Spectacles* (1988), *Beasts* (1986), *Dos Indios* (1983), and *Mourning Crazy Horse* (1982). Jaffe's fiction has appeared in numerous journals and has been anthologized in *Pushcart Prize*, *Best American Stories*, *Best of American Humor*, *Storming the Reality Studio*, *American Made*, *Avant Pop: Fiction for a Daydreaming Nation*, and *After Yesterday's Crash*. His novels and stories have been translated into several languages, including German, Japanese, Spanish, French, and Czech. He has been the recipient of two NEA's, a California Arts Council grant, a Rockefeller fellowship, a NY CAPS grant, and two Fulbrights, to India and to the Czech Republic. Jaffe is editor-in-chief of *Fiction International* and Professor of Creative Writing and Literature at San Diego State University.



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