RAPE INVESTIGATION HANDBOOK
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“Nothing is more wretched than a man who traverses everything in around, and pries into the things beneath the earth, as the poet says, and seeks by conjecture what is in the minds of his neighbors, without perceiving that it is sufficient to attend to the daemon within him, and to reverence it sincerely.”

—Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations*, II: 13
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Three months after I became Police Commissioner of the City of Philadelphia in March 1998, a young female graduate student was sexually assaulted and murdered by an unknown intruder. I suspected that this was not the first time that this perpetrator had struck and so I directed our detectives to go back over old cases to see whether they could find any evidence of previous attacks by the same person. After spending months searching through old files and sending large numbers of DNA samples to the laboratory for analysis, our investigators reported to me that they believed that he had struck almost exactly one year earlier. In fact, they were now pretty sure that during the summer of 1997 he had sexually assaulted four women under similar circumstances: undetected intrusion into the victims’ apartments during the early morning hours while the victims were asleep in their beds.

There were two reasons why the Philadelphia Police Department had failed to detect a serial rapist while he was on the rampage. First, the investigators in our Sexual Battery Unit did not have a case management system that looked for emerging serial patterns. Similar assaults in the same geographic area could be assigned to different investigators depending on when these crimes had occurred and which detective was “catching.” There was no system in place to ensure that investigators talked to each other or compared notes about the incidents on which they were working. For this reason, patterns of crime could easily go unnoticed.

Second, and more important, was the Department’s procedure for DNA testing of crime scene material. The policy in Philadelphia, as in other police departments across the country, was that DNA tests were conducted in only very limited circumstances: for example, when the local Assistant District Attorney had a person under arrest and facing trial or when a sharp investigator suspected he had a serial rapist on the loose and could persuade his bosses that that DNA might be able to prove his hunch. As a result, the vast majority of DNA samples remained untested in our police lab and property locker just as they did in police departments all across the United States. The problem was
a lack of personnel, money, training, and imagination. In addition, there is the
tendency of police departments to become overwhelmed by the sheer size of
the problem; thousands of cases to be tested and very limited resources leads
to almost nothing getting done while everyone sits around complaining about
the situation.

But as far as rapes are concerned, the problem is not as large as many believe.
The immediate purpose of DNA testing is to identify an offender. But we know
that 75 percent of rapes are committed by “known doers”: for example, date
rapes, incest, neighbors, etc. The question that is usually at issue in these cases
is whether the sex was consensual. This is a matter to be determined by a judge
and jury. There is no need for DNA testing in these cases. DNA analysis, which
is expensive, should be reserved for those rapes committed by “strangers”.
These are the ones that may include the activities of a serial offender. But
these stranger rapes account for only 22 to 25 percent of all rapes reported
each year.

For this reason, I directed the Philadelphia Police Department laboratory to
do a DNA test on all “stranger” rape kits collected during the last five years, the
longest that we could go back and still make an arrest. I also instructed them
to do a DNA test on all stranger rapes reported to the Department from now
on. Interestingly, while conducting the DNA tests on the old cases, the scien-
tists discovered another serial rapist who had struck three times in another part
of the city. Without DNA tests, this person would never have been identified
because of the size of the geographic area in which he had struck and the con-
flicting identifications provided by the victims; one described him as black while
another said, correctly, that he was white.

Five months after I had become Chief of the Miami Police Department in
January 2003, a serial rapist attacked three young girls over a period of two
weeks. While our sexual battery detectives knew that they had a serial rapist on
their hands and our DNA tests of material taken from the victims confirmed
this, I was not convinced that this was the first time that this particular rapist
had been active in our city. I therefore directed our detectives to review all our
old cases and focus on “stranger” rapes, just as I had done in Philadelphia. As
I suspected, the rapist had struck before, almost a year earlier. But he had struck
numerous times and his pattern was not typical. Over the course of a year, he
had committed ten sexual assaults. These had involved girls as young as 11 and
women as old as their late 70s. Without DNA testing, most of these cases would
not have been connected.

Both the Philadelphia and Miami serial rapist were caught because of a com-
bination of modern DNA analysis and old-fashioned detective work. The main
lesson for me, however, was the importance of giving detectives much better
training in case management and the use of science and technology. It is not
an exaggeration to say that science has outpaced training in most police agencies—but it would be unfair to blame police officers and detectives for this situation. It is the responsibility of top management to provide appropriate training for all officers. While the lack of money and resources are real issues, they can never be offered as an excuse. Police departments must do better!

I can think of no better place to start this improvement in training than with this handbook. It is a comprehensive review of the best policies and practices from the moment the first officer arrives on the scene of a crime right up to the trial of the offender. Science and case law are interwoven easily so that even a rookie right out of the police academy will find it comprehensible and useful. I suspect that defense counsel will also use it to brush up their knowledge of science and best practices. Police officers, detectives, laboratory technicians, and state attorneys will all find it invaluable. At a minimum, this book should be available in every precinct, district, and detective squad room for ready reference. Ideally, it should be used by police training academies and colleges to teach students how these investigations should be conducted.

John Timoney
July 2004
From 1981 to 1999, the Sex Crimes Unit in the Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Police Department dismissed one third of victim complaints without investigation, deliberately mislabeled one fourth of victim complaints to manipulate crime data and make the city appear safer, and managed to maintain one of the worst solve rates in the country (McCoy, 2003). In one record-breaking 3-year period, the number of sex crimes that went uninvestigated exceeded 2000. According to Fazlollah, McCoy, and Moran (2000):

The supervisors and detectives of that unit betrayed their victims for political gain with apathy, allowed an untold number of offenders to stay on the streets, and ultimately failed to protect the community they were sworn to serve. In short, it was one of the most publicly documented examples of how not to run a major sex-crimes unit in the United States.

After being confronted with these problems in the press, the Philadelphia Police Department came clean and admitted their wrongdoing. Then Police Commissioner John Timoney (shown in Figure FM-1) ordered a review of thousands of unsolved, dead-end cases. To relieve the pressure, he added dozens of new detectives to the unit and assigned some of them solely to that task. And, finally, he invited a handful of legal experts and victim advocates to examine some of those cases and make recommendations about how they might be
brought back to life. More than dramatic, this combination of reforms was unprecedented.

Four years later, with the benefit of those reforms, the Philadelphia Police Department Sex Crimes Unit experienced marked improvement (McCoy, 2003):

A squad that was once among the nation’s worst now makes more rape arrests than such larger cities as Los Angeles and Houston. Its rate of solving rapes is the best among America’s largest cities.

As the squad prepares to move into its new $2 million headquarters next month, it is a third larger; its investigators are better-trained and more motivated.

At the heart of this unit’s success was openly admitting the problem, asking for outside advice, and providing the resources to ensure that cases were appropriately investigated. A commitment to integrity, tenacity, and innovation defines the successful sex crimes investigator.

Success in the East is blunted by findings up North, however. In 2001, the state of Alaska had the highest rape rate in the United States; from 1982 to 2001, the rate of rape per 100,000 people in Anchorage, for example, was on average 122% higher than the overall U.S. rate; it ranked fifth when compared to other U.S. metropolitan cities. Between 1999 and 2001, the rape rate
increased by 27% in Anchorage; it decreased by 3% nationwide during that same time period (Langworthy and Rosay, 2003).

But the real tragedy in Alaska hasn’t been the numbers. It has been the law enforcement response, or rather, lack of response, to the problem of rape and sexual assault. Unbelievably, almost a quarter of the sexual assaults reported are not assigned to a detective. According to published reports, which confirm the experiences of this author (Brant, 2003):

An internal report released in late October showed that 23 percent of sexual assaults reported to APD are not assigned to a detective, primarily because of staffing shortages.

... Police Chief Walt Monegan could not be reached Friday, but he said in a recent interview that the “solvability” of a case is a major factor when deciding whether to assign it to a detective.

Any case that looks like it can be solved is assigned, Monegan said. “It is the policy of the department, that if we can make an arrest on the case, either with a warrant or an arrest, we will do so,” he said.

The difficulty comes when you’ve got a case that is missing key elements—evidence, a suspect’s name, a cooperative victim—and you think maybe you could solve it, but it’s going to be very time-consuming, Monegan said. Sometimes those cases have to be set on the back burner so detectives can work the more promising ones.

“Those few cases in the gray area can stockpile,” Monegan said. “If we had additional people, we might be able to work those gray areas.”

What is happening in Anchorage, and elsewhere in Alaska, is that cases are not being responded to. There isn’t even the pretense of an investigation. A patrol officer responds, takes a statement, writes a report, and if a suspect is not named and apprehended by the end of the officer’s shift the case typically goes no further. According to official reports in Anchorage, the problem is one of poor leadership and poor communication (Coyne, 2003):

A mayoral transition team report released July 8 found all sorts of problems with the department: low morale, low diversity, a lack of communication between police Chief Walt Monegan and his staff. But a major problem is staffing, and an undefined recruiting policy.

As of this writing, these problems with sexual assault in Alaska remain.
Sex crimes must be investigated. Otherwise, the sworn protectors are essentially abandoning the citizenry—a citizenry that by law cannot police itself against these dangers. For any law enforcement leadership to fail to assign any sexual assault case to at least one detective as contact for the victim is ignorant, identifying a clear training need. As they learned in Philadelphia, there is simply no better way to build resentment with your victims, let alone your community.

THE ESSENTIAL QUALITIES

Dr. Hans Gross (as shown in Figure FM-2), the Austrian jurist whose seminal works help provide the foundation for modern-day criminal investigation, agreed in regard to the importance of integrity and tenacity. He wrote of “Certain Qualities Essential to an Investigating Officer,” arguing that investigators require (compiled from Gross, 1934, pp. 14–33):

Figure FM-2
Hans Gross.
1. Indefatigable (tireless) energy and zeal
2. Self denial
3. Perseverance
4. Swiftness in reading men
5. A thorough knowledge of human nature
6. Education
7. An agreeable manner
8. An iron constitution
9. Encyclopedic knowledge
10. Orientation—complete knowledge of their department and jurisdiction
11. The renouncement of expeditiousness
12. Absolute accuracy and precision in details

Putting tirelessness at the top of this list was not arbitrary. Dr. Gross witnessed much investigative apathy in his career, and made note of it as a major contributor to unresolved cases. According to Gross (1934, p. 14):

First and above all an Investigating Officer must possess an abundant store of energy; nothing is more deplorable than a crawling, lazy, and sleepy Investigating Officer. . . . He who recognizes that he is wanting in energy can but turn to something else for he will never make a good Investigator. Again the Investigating Officer must be energetic not only in special circumstances, as when, for example, he finds himself face to face with a witness or an accused person who is hot-headed, refractory, and aggressive, or when the work takes him away from his office and he proceeds to record a deposition or make an arrest without having his staff or office bell to aid him; but energy must always be displayed when he tackles a difficult, complicated, or obscure case. It is truly painful to examine a report which shows that the Investigating Officer has only fallen to his work with timidity, hesitation, and nervousness, just touching it, so to speak with the tips of his fingers; but there is satisfaction in observing a case that has been attacked energetically and grasped with animation and vigour. The want of special cleverness and long practice can often be compensated by getting a good grip of the case, but want of energy can be compensated by nothing.

As we have discussed, apathy remains a significant problem in the investigative community, along with poor training, poor leadership, and diminished resources (such as funding for extra manpower and overtime). In the words of Jack Maples, former Deputy Commissioner of the New York Police Department, discussing recruits fresh out of police academies and how crime-solving knowledge fails to find its way to those who need it (Maples, 1999, p. 39):
Recruits are taught how to take reports, a skills set passed on at precincts by training officers who are usually young and inexperienced themselves. They, in turn, are supervised by inexperienced and under-trained sergeants. In essence, we have kids who know very little training kids who know even less training kids who know nothing.

The authors of this work have seen their share of barely worked cases from overworked, undertrained, or apathetic investigators, scratching only the surface of events and writing final reports that span only a few poorly written paragraphs.

**WORKING CASES**

The role of the sex-crimes investigator is gatherer and assembler of facts and evidence pertinent to justly clearing assigned cases. This includes helping locate evidence and witnesses, documenting each, and figuring out how they can best be used to move a case forward. When criminal charges result, it will also include sworn testimony about everything the investigator has done on a case and why. Investigators are not politicians and they are not advocates for the victim or the accused. What should be asked of them is only that they work their cases with integrity and with keen attention to detail, until every lead uncovered is an exhausted possibility. This must be without sanction, pressure, or prejudice from their peers or superiors.

Working and solving cases should be the first and only role of the sex-crimes investigator. That means investigators’ time should be spent on evidence, witnesses, suspects, or learning how to understand these more completely. Less time or resources spent on any of these is not better.

Any deviation from this role working to clear cases, whether it comes from themselves or others, can corrupt a case effort and hamper, distort, or prohibit its just resolution.

It is with these kinds of problems in mind that we have prepared this text, to help those who are tirelessly motivated work their cases without prejudice by providing real tools and real solutions.

**REFERENCES**


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We also extend our professional gratitude for the excellent quality of work and reason found within the published works of:

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- Dr. Hans Gross
- Dr. A. Nicholas Groth
- Jack Maples, the “crimefighter”
- Dr. Richard Saferstein
- Dr. John I. Thornton

They have taught us, guided us, and inspired us. Through their example we have bettered ourselves. And, we hope, our readers as well.
Students, clients, colleagues, and new friends . . . each finds their own way to ask me the same question: “What made you decide to choose this work?” It is an incredibly important question to ask. It tends to surface when the conversation runs over ground that is particularly painful for them, as they begin to reflect on themselves and their relationship to those who commit violent crime.

How do people do these terrible things? How can they be stopped? Why am I drawn to understand them? Am I more like them than not? Am I responsible for them? How could anyone do something like this to someone else? What makes the work important enough to you, that you would take on the burden of knowledge, and risk finding out things that are still difficult to speak of openly?

Before I unpack my emotional bags and give my answers, I think about who they are and what they may need. I try to measure my response out accordingly. The question that I'm trying to answer for myself before I give them both barrels is whether or not they really want to hear the response that I am about to give.

The truth is I didn’t choose this work. It chose me. Or put a different way, what didn’t kill me defined me.

Now, bear with me here, as I am going to leave a lot of the details associated with this part of my life out. Not necessarily for my sake, but for the sake of the person involved, and for the sake of brevity. Suffice it to say that as much as I’ve related here, it’s not even the half of it. It’s much worse.

It began in March of 1987. I was almost 17 years old, and still a high school student in Tigard, Oregon (a small, semiaffluent suburb of Portland). A friend of mine named Tom invited me to go with him to a supervised youth sleepover at the local YMCA where he volunteered his time.

1 This note was originally published at the beginning of the first edition of Criminal Profiling: An Introduction to Behavioral Evidence Analysis, published by Academic Press in 1999.
At the time, I was painfully depressed over life in general, felt that I had a right to be miserable, and genuinely wanted nothing more than to be left completely alone. But my friends were pretty faithful, and we spent a lot of time talking about life, late into many nights. What happened today, what would we do tomorrow, and what did we miss about yesterday? My friends even put up with my ridiculously self-serving misery poetry, and encouraged my dangerous flirtation with marathon-length music binges consisting almost exclusively of Pink Floyd and post-Genesis Peter Gabriel.

So, back to the YMCA: I was actually staying with my best friend, Ben, because my parents and I had been arguing and we needed some distance from each other. Tom and I packed our bags for the night (it was Friday), left Ben’s, and headed out for the YMCA. When we met up with the youth group, we decided to spend our social time lifting weights (an interest that Ben did not share, and that I have all but successfully disabused myself of).

While we were lifting and talking about lifting and how much more we should be lifting, two girls from the group came over to speak with us. They both knew Tom. One of them was Kelly (not her real name). Kelly was a little more than a year younger than Tom and I, attended St. Mary’s Academy in Portland, volunteered some of her afternoons at the YMCA, and was very attractive (and incredibly intelligent, I would later learn and fail to fully appreciate). Naturally, I was completely uninterested in her, being the self-absorbed idiot that I’d become by that time. Undeterred by my idiocy, she followed Tom and me around for the rest of the evening. Looking back, she was probably trying to cheer me up. But I had learned the fine art of being disconsolate, so her work was not easy.

We wound up having a conversation together that took us well past midnight. I came to the conclusion that she was very intelligent, very presumptuous, and very persistent. I don’t recall the exact conversation anymore, but I’m sure that I managed to make everything we spoke about relate to my own pain and misery, and the injustice of being 16 and without my own car or something insipid like that. Regardless, she found a way to make a big impression on me by simply being herself, and by listening to me complain.

With the omission of a few slightly embarrassing, mostly innocent, and only semi-important details that established her in my mind as unabashed and curious, that one-night sleepover concluded and I found myself wondering who this girl was and whether or not I would ever see her again.

By that Sunday I was back at my friend Ben’s house, where I was still staying. Kelly was Tom’s acquaintance, and we were waiting for Tom to come over so that he could give us her telephone number. I was thinking about calling her, but hadn’t really come up with a plan regarding what I would say if she were actually on the other end of the phone. While we were waiting, Kelly called asking for Ben because she was looking for my telephone number.
I became very nervous very quickly. The phone found its way into my hand. She did most of the talking. And to my shock, she asked me out. I had never been out on a date, let alone asked anyone out on a date, let alone been asked out on a date by anyone. I was excited and horrified.

On our first date, I picked her up from the YMCA in Portland sometime in the evening and took her home to a house near the farming community of Wilsonville. It’s about an hour’s drive if you don’t take the Interstate. We stopped at a little park in the city of Metzger, where I used to go with my sisters, when I was 5 or 6, before my father died of cancer. We talked a lot. It seemed to go very well.

Over the next month or so, I inflicted on her my narcissistic, self-deprecating love poetry, as well as full courses of Pink Floyd and Peter Gabriel played as loud as the stereo in my mother’s station wagon could manage. To her credit, she listened attentively and really seemed to care about what I had to say. Again, this was a completely new experience for me; a beautiful, intelligent, and attentive human was interested in who I was and how I felt.

I was truly devoted to my friend Ben, and felt like I was less when I wasn’t with him. Before long I was able to manage it so that Ben, Kelly, and I were doing things together. Movies, dinner, long drives. I was very close to Ben. He was the most important person in the world to me at that time and for many years after. It was important for me to include him, because he was an important part of who I was.

For a little while, a month or so, it seemed as though I had the world figured out. My problems seemed less heavy when distributed evenly between the three of us, I never had to be alone (always a huge issue with me), and Ben and Kelly really got along well (her unabashedness was the perfect antidote for his constant fear of public humiliation). We were having a lot of fun together. I forgot how miserable I was through these two people, their friendship, and Kelly’s great affection.

It was sometime in May when Kelly disclosed to me. Disclosure in this instance meant that she told me about her history of sexual abuse. Of course I didn’t know what it meant to be disclosed to. And I certainly didn’t know that disclosure was the type of thing that happened often enough for it to have a name.

But sure enough, there we were in my 1973 Toyota Corolla (my parents paid $350 for it), listening to the end of “Mama,” by Genesis. It was one of my favorites at the time. And Kelly said to me, something along the lines of, “This makes me think about someone who is going to rape someone, and hurt them. Did I ever tell you that I was sexually molested?” The words materialized that easily.

Now keep in mind that my experiences with life were very limited, and my experiences with dating and the opposite sex were very much in their infancy.
Still, with a stepfather who was an attorney and a mother who was a RN, you’d think I would have been able to handle it a little better. But ultimately I didn’t.

That night in the car, she detailed to me the full extent of her past abuse. As I remember it, she told me that from the time she was 9 or 10 until the time she was 12, her older brother (8 or so years older) had sexually molested her on a regular basis. As I recall, it ended when she invited a friend over to spend the night and her brother attempted to have sex with the friend.

Kelly intervened on the friend’s behalf, and Kelly was struck. She then went to her parents and told them what had been going on. The police were called, but ultimately the police and Kelly’s parents worked to convince her that keeping her brother’s behavior a secret was the best thing for everyone. So they did, and it was never spoken of.

A year or so later, her family had moved to Tampa Bay, Florida (her father was a salesman and they moved around a great deal). An older man named “Joe” soon befriended a now very depressed and emotionally ashamed Kelly. He watched her ride through the park every day on her bike. She loved to ride (or more accurately, she loved any activity that kept her out of her home). So Joe watched and waited and when he was ready, when he had learned enough, he approached her. Joe began to invite her over to his trailer after school. He was nice to her; bought her gifts, flowers, and made her feel special and important and above all, desirable. He also introduced her to alcohol and pornographic films. He would get her a little drunk, turn on his pornographic films, and have her perform sex acts on him. In time, he was also performing sex acts on her. In exchange for this, she was given gifts, treated like an adult, and made to feel needed.

I’m not sure how that relationship ended. But it did end when her family moved out of Florida to Oregon, and she began attending St. Mary’s Academy in downtown Portland. Keep in mind that St. Mary’s Academy is no joke. They put out some brilliant girls there. And Kelly quickly proved herself to be one of them.

About this time her ongoing self-esteem problems intensified, and she wanted to talk about her past abuse. She approached a school counselor at St. Mary’s and tried to disclose the sexual abuse involving her brother. According to Kelly, the female counselor told her to “stop making up stories” and gave her a litany of consequences that she could suffer for telling such terrible lies.

So she buried it inside of herself again, telling maybe one or two friends and swearing them to secrecy.

A year or so after that, Kelly told me, she got into a relationship with a really nice college guy who attended Portland State University (only a block away from St. Mary’s Academy). This guy met her at the YMCA where he was a part-time counselor. He was, by all appearances, a good Christian boy who bought her
Ziggy paraphernalia and told her that she was special. The week before she met me for the first time at the YMCA, he had taken her to his grandmother’s house in Lake Oswego, gotten her really drunk, and forced her to have sex with him on the kitchen floor.

It appeared to my limited senses that Kelly was very ashamed of what had happened. She seemed to feel that these were things that she had brought on herself. That she had encouraged them and that she could have prevented them from happening. Kelly appeared to believe that she was to blame for these things. And she secretly believed that perhaps she even deserved them. She had resolved to keep them a secret so that others wouldn’t think she was a bad person. But she needed to tell me. She wanted my acceptance, and needed me not to judge her. She needed a true friend.

Keep in mind that the only person I had ever loved outside of myself by that time was Ben. And he could take care of himself (6’4”, 250 lbs, very strong, very intimidating when he wanted to be). So it was really the first time that I’d ever felt someone I truly loved was in real pain and needed protecting. I began to feel these strong protective desires swell up and over me. Thanks to my stepfather, I felt that I knew what to do with these feelings in general. My stepfather, the attorney, had imbued in me, since the age of 7, a potent and unswerving sense of justice and how it can be lawfully achieved. He also taught me that the only way to handle bad things was to tear them down to their essential truths, and throw a lot of light on them so that everyone could see just how erroneous or harmful those truths were.

Now, incest and sexual molestation can only exist for any length of time in an environment of mutually agreed-upon secrecy. Both the victim and the offender have a great deal to lose if the truth comes out. Ultimately victims cannot fully heal and move forward unless the truth is reconciled in them, and the perpetrators of the abuse are made accountable. If the victim is made to be accountable for the abuse, while the offender escapes all responsibility, the victim’s shame and guilt and confusion increase dramatically.

Knowing this (a little knowledge making me incredibly dangerous), and knowing that the brother, and now in my view the parents, had never been held accountable for Kelly’s sexual abuse, I decided it was my duty to hold them accountable. This was arrogant presumption. Especially given her evident pain and my growing inability to deal with that pain directly. But before I could do much more than take a few steps backward and regroup and try to figure out who I was in this completely new world, things took an unexpected turn.

Kelly’s father accepted a sales position with his company in Columbus, Georgia. This was a huge deal because they were not supposed to ever move again. He had promised the family stability, and even purchased a beautiful new home with some land. It was no small decision. Kelly became
more depressed. She needed my support, and I was too busy making her pain my own to be there for her in the way that she needed. And her family did not want her discussing their past with me at all. So she found a very powerful way to let us all know just how fragile, alone, and confused she was.

What happened next changed me in a way that I’ll probably never fully understand. And it taught me that most people, no matter how well intentioned, can’t step outside of their own assumptions about life and others unless someone whacks them on the head with a very big sledgehammer. (Notice that I just made the whole thing about me again. You think you’ve made progress, grown a little, but then there it is.)

I remember that school had not yet let out, but that it was warm. So that puts it somewhere in May. The end of May, maybe. I know that it was before my 17th birthday. It’s gross to me that I cannot remember the exact day. And telling.

Ben and I were at his place. I had long since moved back home by then, but Ben and I still spent a lot of time together. He lived only a mile or so down the road into town from Kelly. Whenever I dropped her off I would go immediately to post-mortem the day with him.

That day Kelly and I had been out sailing with my family and friends from church. I was brooding and inattentive. She played with some toddlers who were along for the ride. I dropped her off that evening and headed directly for Ben’s to whine—she was just not getting through to me.

Before dark the phone rang in Ben’s room and it was Kelly. I immediately recognized an unusual sluggishness in her voice, like she was drunk. I asked her where she was calling from, and she said that she was calling from her bedroom. Then she said that she couldn’t feel her legs, and that she wanted to go to sleep because she was very tired.

She had taken almost a full bottle of over-the-counter rubbing alcohol, which I’m told is a potentially fatal amount.

This was my fault, I kept thinking. My arrogance. If I had just listened and heard her, really heard her, then she wouldn’t have needed to do this to herself. If she dies, it will be because I was not strong enough to see past my own self-interest to the hand that was reaching out to grab mine.

While I kept her on the phone, Ben ran around to the neighbors’ homes begging them to let him in so that he could use their phone to call the poison control center. This took almost a full 15 minutes, because Indian Woods, the community that Ben lived in, was particularly paranoid about giving help to strangers or those who look strange. Eventually poison control began monitoring the call, and an emergency unit was dispatched to Kelly’s home. They broke down the fence that enclosed the property, they smashed through the
front door, bypassing her parents, and followed my instructions right into her bedroom.

Then her father picked up the phone on the other end of the line and said, "Who the hell is this?" When I told him what was going on, he slammed the phone down while shouting, "Kelly, what in the hell have you done?"

He was very angry about the cost of the doors, the fence, and the ambulance ride. And they told her so while she was recovering that night in the hospital.

The next day, Kelly was released from the hospital and I spent the day at her house with her. I sat on this very comfortable couch and she slept with her head on my chest, leaving a big pool of drool. The smell of her perfume was on everything ("Beautiful," by Estée Lauder), and I just kept running my right hand over and over her face, and through her hair. The quiet after the storm. What a moment of pure exhaustion, and pure relief that must have been for her. For me, it was a moment of honesty. Of realization and resolution.

I think that was probably the first time that I realized that people outside of myself could be hurt, and that their pain mattered. This is something that is supposed to become evident in one’s moral development by the time one is 8 or 9. But I’ve always been a little slow, emotionally.

Her mother came in once or twice to speak with me. "She kept asking for you at the hospital. Did she tell you why she did this? Do you know why she did this?" her mother asked, and I could tell that she was really concerned, even a bit confused.

But it was not a conversation that I was able to have with Kelly’s mother. All that I could think of then was that Kelly could have died. And that she did not deserve to be marginalized or ignored. I knew what a suicide attempt was. She needed me to hold on, and not let go. I resolved from that point forward to hear her before I heard anything else. And it was that day that I surrendered whatever good judgement I had left.

Kelly went into weekly family therapy that consisted of her and her mother. Her father did not wish to participate, and her oldest brother, the abuser, was married and living in Florida. In therapy, she talked about her brother sexually abusing her for so many years. She also disclosed the relationship with Joe, from Tampa Bay, and the more recent rape at the hands of her Christian boyfriend. Both parents were in disbelief—but maintained stringent denial. They even told both Kelly and the therapist that they thought her brother had only tried to have sex with her the one time, that it had been an isolated incident.

Needless to say, both parents came to focus on me as the cause of their family’s current pain. I had stirred embers that had been left to die down, they believed. After all, from their point of view, Kelly was the current problem and not the improprieties of their son so many years ago. That was evident from all
of the things that Kelly had let happen since then. That was where the focus
needed to be.

The therapist agreed.

Kelly was scheduled to move away with her family to Georgia in August.
She did not want to go. First because we had grown very close. And
second because her older brother, who lived in Florida, was really looking
forward to her return, and had stated a number of times how mature she was
looking lately.

When the time came she refused to get on the plane. She was taken over to
juvenile hall and told that she could either get on the plane willingly or be
handcuffed and thrown on the plane as a prisoner. We later learned that this
would not have been legal, as she was still a legal resident of Oregon, but she
didn’t know it at the time and complied in fear.

Within a week of being in Georgia she ran away.

The four days that she was missing were the longest of my life. The opening
lines from *The Inferno* come to mind: “Midway in our life’s journey, I went astray
from the straight road and woke to find myself alone in a dark wood. . . . Its
very memory gives a shape to fear.” Every person I encountered, from my
parents, to law enforcement, to counselors, told me that her chances of survival
on her own were very low. She was very likely dead, they told me. I was told the
horror stories of hitchhikers who had accepted rides from the wrong people,
and the survival rates of runaways. I was shown pictures that fed my fears.

Looking back on that time now, I cannot believe the misguided and horri-
ibly ignorant information that law enforcement and counselors were giving me.

On the evening of the fourth day Kelly called me from Louisville, Kentucky.
The relief I felt was overwhelming. She told me that she’d hitched a ride with
a trucker headed cross-country and intended to go either to California, to be
with friends there, or to Oregon. Either way, she was determined not to go back.

I went to the bank, emptied out my college fund, and bought her a plane
ticket to Sea-Tac Airport in Washington state. I picked her up the next day and
we spent the next 2 months hiding out, calling her parents to negotiate some
sort of peaceful end, and waiting for December to roll around so that Kelly
could turn 16 and declare herself an emancipated minor.

I was particularly concerned because her parents, while she was missing, had
already arranged for Kelly to become a full-time resident of the Bradley Center.
This is a private, secure mental hospital in Columbus, Georgia. Her parents
explained how this was just what she needed, and how it would help her to
forget the past. When I told Kelly about her parents’ plans, it took away any
doubts that she was doing the right thing.

We knew that things could not continue the way they were, however. We
tried to keep our lives from being completely on hold until she turned 16. She
got an apartment in Salem, Oregon. She got a job as a waitress. And she enrolled in the local community college. I commuted back and forth from Salem to Tigard almost daily, starting my senior year in high school just in time.

At the end of October, she was picked up by local law enforcement and flown back to Georgia. They immediately placed her into the Bradley Center where she stayed until she was of legal age. They held her against her will, and they medicated her against her will. They told her that I was the problem in her life, that I had caused all of her troubles, that she in turn had caused her parents great suffering, and that she owed it to them to “grow up” and “accept responsibility for her actions like an adult.”

When this did not work right away, they told her that I had married an Asian woman and moved to Korea. The therapist and the family agreed that this lie was essential to breaking down her will. That and the medication.

Ultimately, they achieved their objective with her. They got her to accept responsibility for the sexual abuse, they were able to have her fixate on me as the source of all of her troubles with her parents, and she was released as an outpatient just before her 17th birthday. Though she was not told this, they could not have held her past her 17th birthday. So placing her on outpatient status and letting her believe that this was a reward for good behavior was a very clever tactic.

Needless to say, I was not allowed to see her or make contact with her, though I tried everything that I could think of. I tried harder than one could imagine. But in the end I was unsuccessful on every level.

The experience, and the events that it precipitated, left in me a very pointed understanding of how inadequate the judicial system is, how ignorant the law can be in application, and how ignorant and unethical the mental health community can be. I also came to understand that people under an arbitrary age are really without constitutional rights. And that they are really no more than property and can be treated as such even when the environments that they live in by all standards are criminal.

So as I proceeded into my undergraduate work I began to study sex offenders. I wanted to know why they did what they did. I wanted to understand how they chose their victims, what they wanted from them, and how they avoided the attention of law enforcement. But I didn’t want to go into sex offender treatment. I was doing all of this for one single reason—to learn as much as I could so that I could help investigate sex offenders and stop them.

After a number of years doing undergraduate research with the published literature, I came to the conclusion that offender interviews were in order. It was time to confront offenders in prison and ask them the tough questions.
The published works of people like Robert Hazelwood and the late Bruce Danto had inspired me, and I wanted to duplicate their efforts.

It was after my first interview with the incarcerated serial murderer Jerome H. Brudos that I realized how truly naïve my understanding of sex offenders was. I spent 5 hours with him, and he lied to me almost the entire time. He lied about almost everything he had ever done (or rather, he claimed, everything that he hadn’t done). The only reason that I was not completely taken in by his charming personality and generous, affable nature was the fact that I had reviewed the investigative file. Before the interview, I had gone to the Marion County Sheriff’s Office in Salem, Oregon. I had read autopsy reports on all the victims, looked at the crime-scene photos, and read the investigators’ reports. I had even seen some of the photos that Jerry had taken of himself posing with his victims.

I learned an important lesson through that experience. The lesson was that offenders lie. The only way to get an objective record of the behavior that occurs in a crime scene between a victim and the offender is through the documentation and subsequent reconstruction of forensic evidence. It’s a lesson that I took to heart.

I decided then and there that what I needed to complement my undergraduate study in psychology was graduate-level education in the forensic sciences. Finding back issues of the *Journal of Forensic Sciences*, I searched for graduate programs in the forensic sciences all over the country.

Ultimately I applied to and was accepted in the Graduate Forensic Science Program at the University of New Haven in West Haven, Connecticut. There I found instructors of the highest caliber and was able to learn some of the most important lessons of my academic career. These lessons were important because they actually carried over into my professional career.

The career that I’ve chosen, the methods of forensic investigation and criminal profiling that I employ, and this work that you are about to read, all stem from those events that began late one night at the YMCA on Barbur Boulevard in Portland, Oregon, when I met a girl named Kelly. She was a single victim with multiple offenders over time, who was pathologically ignored and ultimately revictimized by a mental health and legal community that was and remains inadequate to the task of understanding and competently investigating crimes of a sexual nature. With this work, and others, I am fulfilling a deeply personal promise that I made as the result of those early experiences with Kelly. It has been and remains my determination to learn as much as I can from those who are my betters, to share as much I can with those colleagues who surround me, and teach as much as I have learned to those who are following the path behind me. Education, after all, is a process and not a result.
It is my deepest honor to be working on this project with the help of so many talented and brilliant colleagues. And it is my greatest hope that readers will take things from this work that they did not understand or appreciate before, that they will share things they take from this work with their colleagues, and that they will teach the things they take from this work to their students.

Brent Turvey
DETECTIVE JOHN J. BAEZA, NYPD (RET.)

John Baeza started his career in law enforcement as a New York State Correction Officer working at the Sing-Sing and Otisville correctional facilities. He was employed by the New York City Police Department for nearly 12 years. He began his police career in Harlem’s 32nd Precinct as a patrol officer. He was then assigned to the Manhattan North Tactical Narcotics Team where he performed undercover work for 3 years. He was promoted to Detective during his Narcotics assignment. From 1994 to 2000, he was assigned to the Manhattan Special Victims Squad where he personally investigated more than 2000 sex crimes and child abuse cases.

DR. JOHN M. BUTLER

Dr. John M. Butler is Project Leader of the Human Identity Team within the Biotechnology Division at the National Institute of Standards and Technology in Gaithersburg, MD. He holds a BS in chemistry from Brigham Young University and a PhD in analytical chemistry from the University of Virginia. While a graduate student working in the FBI Laboratory, he pioneered development of the techniques now widely used for short tandem repeat forensic DNA typing. Dr. Butler serves on the FBI’s Scientific Working Group on DNA Analysis Methods (SWGDAM), and is author of *Forensic DNA Typing: Biology and Technology behind STR Markers* (2001). He is also widely published in the area of DNA technology, research, and application.

TERILYNNE W. BUTLER

Terilynne Butler holds a bachelor’s degree in exercise science from Brigham Young University. She began her writing career in 1994 and has contributed to newspapers and magazines. A member of a long-standing writer’s group in
California, she is currently preparing two self-help manuscripts. She has broad experience editing and enjoys trying to make her husband’s writing understandable to the general public. Working from home, she is the mother of four small children, all of whom her husband has proven to be theirs through DNA testing.

LINDA E. LEDRAY, RN, SANE-A, PhD, FAAN

Dr. Linda E. Ledray is the founder and director of the Minneapolis, Minnesota–based Sexual Assault Resource Service (SARS), one of the first Sexual Assault Nurse Examiner (SANE-SART) programs, which she developed in 1977. Dr. Ledray is also an adjunct faculty member at the University of Minnesota. She has taught nationally and internationally on the topic of victim assistance, SANE-SART program development, and program evaluation. Dr. Ledray is a retired U.S. Army colonel. She was stationed at the 2nd General Hospital in Landstuhl, Germany, and was mobilized in support of Operation Desert Storm. Dr. Ledray has published many articles and books including Recovering from Rape (1994) and the Sexual Assault Nurse Examiner Development and Operation Guide (1999).

MICHAEL McGrath, MD

Michael McGrath, MD, is a Clinical Associate Professor, Department of Psychiatry, at the University of Rochester Medical Center in Rochester, NY. He is also Associate Chair for Ambulatory Services, Department of Psychiatry and Behavioral Health, at Unity Health System, in Rochester, NY.

Dr. McGrath divides his time among clinical, administrative, teaching, and research activities. His areas of special expertise include forensic psychiatry and criminal profiling. He has lectured on three continents and is a founding member of the Academy of Behavioral Profiling.

STEPHEN M. PITTEL, PhD

Dr. Stephen M. Pittel holds a BA from Rutgers University in Newark, NJ, and a PhD from the University of California at Berkeley. He has been a professor of psychology at The Wright Institute since 1970, and a director of research at Center Point Programs since 1991.

Dr. Pittel has more than 30 years of experience in the field of substance abuse research and treatment. He is the author of more than 100 articles, monographs, and reports on drug and alcohol abuse and treatment, and has
qualified as an expert on the effects of drugs and alcohol in Superior Courts throughout California and in federal district and military courts.

He may be contacted through his private consulting firm, SMP Associates, in Berkeley, CA (office: 510-486-1888; email: drugshrink@comcast.net).

**DETECTIVE ALAN SANDOMIR, NYPD**

Detective Alan Sandomir was born and raised in New York City. He attended Cortland College in upstate New York where he received a dual bachelor’s degree in both anthropology and political science. After college, Detective Sandomir spent 4 years in the United States Army, where he was involved in a classified intelligence collection operation in Eastern Europe during the height of the Cold War. After his military service, Detective Sandomir joined the ranks of the New York City Police Department in 1984 and began his career walking a beat in the housing projects along Manhattan’s Lower East Side. His stint as a Lower East Side cop included a 4-year assignment in a plainclothes street crime unit that targeted guns, shootings, robberies, and burglaries in and around those housing projects. Following that, he began an assignment in an undercover narcotics unit that targeted lower Manhattan. His experiences there led him to a position in the highly acclaimed Organized Crime Control Bureau’s Manhattan North Tactical Narcotics Team (TNT), where he was involved in undercover investigations against the organized drug gangs that battled for upper Manhattan. By 1992 he had been decorated 19 times and was transferred to the Detective Bureau. Detective Sandomir was then sent to the South Bronx where he investigated everything from harassment to homicide. In 1995 he requested a transfer to the Manhattan Special Victims Squad where he began specializing in investigating violent sex crimes. In 2001 he created and initiated a program that allowed him to specialize in and investigate the trickle of incoming DNA-based cases that was correctly forecasted to soon turn into an avalanche. As the DNA databanks began to churn out DNA cases, Detective Sandomir and his partner, Detective Edward Tacchi, became the first DNA Detectives in the NYPD, where they led both New York City and New York State in DNA arrests and indictments while working out of their Manhattan office.

During his tenure at the Manhattan Special Victims Squad Detective Sandomir became immortalized as fictional Special Victims Squad Detective Al Vandomir in mystery writer Linda Fairstein’s “Alex Cooper” murder/mystery series. Detective Sandomir continued to hone his investigative, interrogation, and interview skills while working on thousands of sex crime cases over the years and becoming an in-house lecturer and DNA consultant. He was soon promoted to the highly vaunted rank of Detective 2nd Grade, where he continued...
to be involved in some of the most publicized, notorious, and serious sex crime cases that the City of New York encountered.

**DETECTIVE JOHN O. SAVINO, NYPD**

John Savino has been a member of the New York City Police Department since 1982. His career has spanned all aspects of law enforcement, beginning with a short assignment as a uniformed police officer and quick advancement to the Narcotics Division. His investigative skills began developing while he was assigned to the Manhattan North Narcotics Division. This assignment also helped develop his ability to talk with people from all walks of life, as he worked in an “undercover” capacity buying narcotics in Manhattan.

For the past 15 years he has been assigned to the Manhattan Special Victims Squad, where he investigates reports of child abuse and any sexual assault occurring in the Borough of Manhattan. While assigned to the Special Victims Squad, he has risen to the prestigious rank of 1st Grade Detective. Detective Savino has been involved in thousands of investigations of rape and sexual assault and has been the lead investigator in many successful serial rape and pattern investigations.

**LAILA SPINA, PsyD**

Dr. Spina completed her undergraduate studies in criminology and psychology at the University of South Africa and her doctoral degree in clinical psychology at the Wright Institute in Berkeley, California. She completed her clinical psychology internship at the University of Miami. Dr. Spina has worked extensively as a crisis counselor for sexual assault survivors.

She is currently completing a postdoctoral fellowship in neuropsychology at the Mt. Sinai Medical Center in New York City.

**BRENT E. TURVEY, MS**

Brent E. Turvey spent his first years in college on a pre-med track studying biology and chemistry, only to change his course of study when his true interests took hold. He received a bachelor of science degree from Portland State University in psychology, and an additional bachelor of science degree in history. He went on to receive his master of science in forensic science after studying at the University of New Haven, in West Haven, Connecticut.

Since graduating in 1996, Brent has consulted with many agencies, attorneys, and police departments in the United States, Australia, China, Canada, and Korea on a range of rapes, homicides, and multiple death cases, as a forensic
scientist and criminal profiler with Knowledge Solutions, LLC. He has consulted with law enforcement serial rape and serial homicide task forces in California and New York. He is the author of *Criminal Profiling: An Introduction to Behavioral Evidence Analysis*, currently in its second edition. In August 2002, he was invited by the Chinese People’s Police Security University in Beijing, ROC, to lecture there, and before groups of detectives at the Beijing, Wuhan, Hanjou, and Shanghai police bureaus. He is also a founding member of the Academy of Behavioral Profiling, where he currently serves as a board member. He has been qualified as an expert in the areas of criminal profiling, forensic science, staged crime scenes, and crime reconstruction in courts throughout the United States.

He can be reached through the Knowledge Solutions Web site at http://www.corpus-delicti.com (office: 907-747-5121; email at: bturvey@profiling.org).