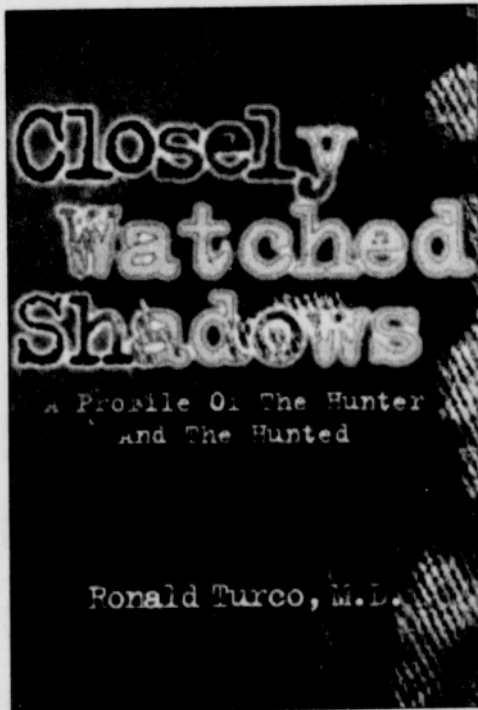


IN PRINT

Closely Watched Shadows
A Profile Of The Hunter And The Hunted
 Book Partners, Inc.; 1998
 By Ron Turco, M.D.

When the mutilated bodies of three young boys were found in Vancouver, Washington, police knew there was a ruthless pedophile on the loose. He would kill again and again until he was caught. The man authorities immediately asked for help was Dr. Ronald Turco, Portland, Oregon psychiatrist, police officer, intuitive detective of the mind, whose participation in 1980 in the largest criminal investigation in Oregon history led to the apprehension and incarceration of the infamous I-5 serial killer. "Build a profile of this pedophile," he was asked. And so began Turco's patient search for a psychopath's image among the scattered clues, and as he delved deeper and deeper into the disturbed psyche of the vicious killer, his own personal horror began to develop.



Closely Watched Shadows is a fascinating story of forensic detection combined with the deductive thoughts of the physician/police officer who recreated the dark personality and evil genius of a serial murderer, leading to his apprehension. It is a true story that reads like a murder mystery.

An Excerpt: Dodd was exhibiting typical pedophilic behavior without coaxing from us. He was looking for "double victims." Such youngsters are frequently the children of broken homes or children previously molested. Sometimes they are children who are simply neglected or abandoned. Pedophiles have a radar sensitivity for their victims. Their ability in this respect is uncanny. Dodd passed up one potential victim about six or seven years of age because he thought there were a number of people around doing "drug deals. This wasn't the place."

On Sunday morning, he drove to David Douglas Park once again, looked for and found the school and began cruising. He saw some children playing near the volcano—the mound. There was a small boy on top and three others, two of whom were playing football. Dodd drove to the opposite side of the building so he wouldn't be seen and parked his car opposite the school and opposite the volcano. He walked around the end of the building.

"I got out of the car and went around the block," he said. The older boy was with his brother. At first, Dodd thought this might be an adult, but then realized he was a child. The third

boy as watching the two others play football. Dodd went up to the small child and said: "Hi, how would you like to make some money playing games?...Neat games. It would be a lot of fun." He reached his hand out. The child's brother, in the meantime, turned to watch the football game.

At this point in the interrogation-interview, Dodd began talking baby talk! Buckner and I were spellbound. A pedophile in action. He spoke to the child and to us in baby talk demonstrating how he lured small children to his side.

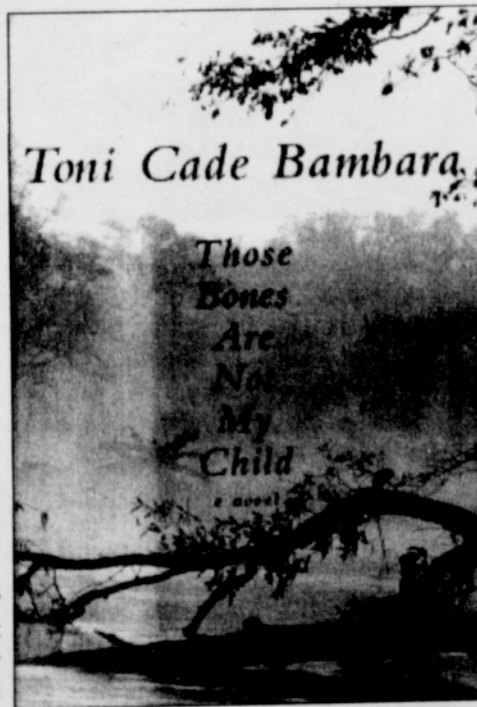
Those Bones Are Not My Child
 Pantheon Books; 1999
 By Toni Cade Bambara

On Sunday morning, July 20, 1980, Marzala Rawls Spencer awakens to find that her teenage son has gone missing, even as the Atlanta child abductions are beginning to be reported. As she and her estranged husband frantically search for their son, the story moves with authority through the full spectrum of Atlanta's political, social, and cultural life, illuminating the vexing issues of race and class that bedevil the city.

Those Bones Are Not My Child puts the reader at the heart of the horror that came to be called

the Atlanta child murders. This is not a politically expedient story — not the news stories written by visiting journalists, not the district attorney's official account. It is the inside story as lived in the neighborhoods and on the streets by people gripped in its terror yet determined to survive it. Ms. Bambara — on the spot, actively involved, taking notes, doing field research and interviews — used her unassailable talent as a writer and her intimate relations with all levels and facets of the Atlanta scene to construct a magnum opus.

An Excerpt: "Whaddawedo?" Begin again. Fresh start. Square one. It never happened. Couldn't



have. Bad Dream gone nightmare. She hadn't been down on all fours in the basement. Hadn't searched the yard for his body. Hadn't been trying to dig up the woods with her nails. Hadn't seen the dog's blunt down in the meat of her son. Una buena madre empleada cuida su trahajo. A good mother does her work. Then goes to bed and sleeps tight if the sherry holds out, so in the morning paullette can tromp in with a friend and a cleaning brigade of neighbors, whip off the covers so the whole block will know by supper that Marzala Spencer sleeps in her panties and bra on filthy sheets

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