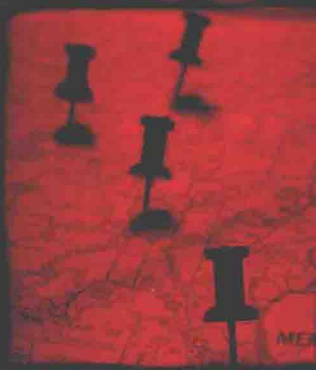


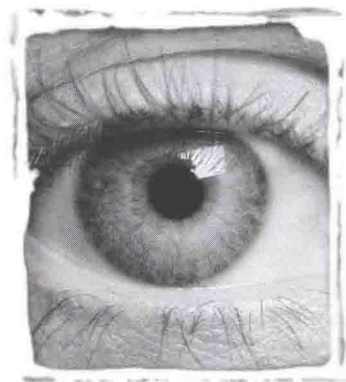
CRIMINAL PROFILING

AN INTRODUCTION TO BEHAVIORAL EVIDENCE ANALYSIS



B R E N T T U R V E Y





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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 has been employed by the New York City Police Department for eleven and a half 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 three years. He was promoted to Detective during his Narcotics assignment. For the last four and a half years he has been assigned to the Manhattan Special Victims Squad where he investigates sex crimes and child abuse cases. He is enrolled at SUNY Empire State College where he is pursuing a degree in Psychology. His research interests include the behavior of serial rapists.

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Eoghan Casey is currently a full partner, instructor, and educational technology developer with Knowledge Solutions LLC. In his courses, he teaches individuals to investigate crimes that involve computer networks and to use the Internet as an investigative tool. Through Knowledge Solutions, he consults on criminal cases that involve computers, networks, and the Internet.

Eoghan received his Master of Arts in Educational Communication and Technology from New York University. At NYU, he used cognitive science theories to develop an innovative approach to teaching criminal profiling and cybercrime. His approach is implemented in many of the courses offered by Knowledge Solutions. He also holds a Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering from the University of California, Berkeley. During his studies at Berkeley, he focused on real-time computer control of mechanical systems. He has worked as a network administrator, satellite controller and software programmer and has extensive knowledge of the Internet and its operation.

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W. JERRY CHISUM, B.S.

William Jerry Chisum has been a criminalist since 1960. He studied under Paul Kirk at UC Berkeley where he received a Bachelor's Degree in Chemistry. He worked in San Bernardino, then set up the Kern County Laboratory in Bakersfield. After joining the California Dept. of Justice, he took a leave of absence (1971–73) to work at Stanford Research Institute. He has been involved in Laboratory management and administration for most of his career.

He has been President of the California Association of Criminalists three times. He has also served as President of the American Society of Crime Lab Directors and as President of the Stanislaus County Peace Officers Association. In October of 1998, he retired from 30 years of service with the California Department of Justice, and continues working through a private consultancy.

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DR DIANA TAMLYN, M.B. B.S., M.R.C. PSYCH., FORENSIC PSYCHIATRIST

Dr Diana Tamlyn qualified in medicine in 1981, which makes her “a lady of a certain age.” She has practiced psychiatry for the past 16 years, and is just beginning to get it right. She has published research on schizophrenia and has developed an interest in the mad, the bad, and the dangerous. Currently based at Rampton Special Hospital, she is also in independent medico-legal practice, does research work with West Yorkshire police, and is a member of the Parole Board. Dr Tamlyn lives in the Yorkshire Dales with her family, several sheep and a temperamental computer. She does not own a pair of walking boots.

BRENT E. TURVEY, M.S.

Brent Turvey is a forensic scientist and criminal profiler. As a full partner with Knowledge Solutions LLC, he teaches courses on the subject of criminal profiling, serial rape, and serial homicide. He also maintains a full caseload as a forensic scientist and criminal profiler working with both law enforcement and defense clients throughout the United States. He has a great deal of experience with, and specializes in, cases that involve rape and/or homicide behavior.

Brent has been studying violent and predatory criminal behavior since 1990. He holds a Bachelor of Science in History, and a Bachelor of Science in Psychology (with a great deal of independent study work in forensic psychology as it relates to serial homicide behavior). It was during his undergraduate years, while conducting research and interviews with incarcerated serial offenders,

that he was inspired to combine criminal profiling theory, psychological theory, and the forensic sciences for the purposes of investigating serial crime.

Brent also holds a Master of Science in Forensic Science from the University of New Haven in West Haven, Connecticut where he concentrated in the area of Advanced Investigation.

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Criminal Profiling – An Introduction to Behavioral Evidence Analysis is first and foremost a book organized and designed to instruct on the subject of its title. It was the movie *The Silence of the Lambs*, that widely popularized the role of the criminal profiler in a law-enforcement setting, and it is talk TV and radio that has now nourished its reputation and public acceptance as an integral component of the criminal-investigation process. For forensic scientists, such as myself, profiling is a curiosity of sorts. Is this just another ploy by wannabe scientists looking for acceptance and recognition, or is the profiler a legitimate adjunct to the criminal investigative process? As with any new endeavor, the answers are not clear cut. Often the power of personality and individual charisma, along with the old-boy network has determined whether profiling information will be sought in an investigation, and just who will provide the service. Nevertheless, the passage of time has had the effect of imposing discipline and order on the profiling profession.

Criminal Profiling amply demonstrates that this endeavor is emerging as a legitimate adjunct to crime-investigation services, but with the caveat often cited by the author that profiling is a discipline that demands adherence to the principles of team work between all the elements of the investigation. I find it particularly gratifying that the author places great emphasis on the necessity for the profiler to thoroughly evaluate physical evidence which has been properly analyzed in a scientific setting. Likewise, the author places strong emphasis on the requirement to evaluate information derived from a systematic reconstruction of the crime scene. While such efforts certainly are necessary adjuncts to reduce the subjectivity associated with criminal profiling, the reader is being continually reminded throughout the book that profiling is ultimately an art dependent on the experiences and expertise of the profiler.

Through the efforts of Brent Turvey and other professionals, criminal profiling is materializing into a structured discipline amenable to the confines of the classroom. Now this certainly does not mean that the reader can expect to complete this book and wear the garb of an instant expert. Years of practical investigative experience is an essential ingredient of the successful profiler. Nevertheless, the legitimization of criminal profiling as a profession

demands that it has strong and acceptable academic underpinnings. *Criminal Profiling* satisfies those objectives.

Criminal Profiling is a serious and long-overdue effort at structuring a body of knowledge into a cohesive subject. Brent Turvey has provided the reader with a roadmap to comprehending the principles underlying criminal profiling. The knowledge gleaned from this book can only strengthen the foundational skills of the prospective and active criminal investigator.

Richard Saferstein, Ph.D.

*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)

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 alike 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, semi-affluent 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.

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 disinterested in her, being the self-absorbed idiot that I'd become by that time.

Undeterred by my idiocy, she followed Tom and I 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 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 five or six, before my father died of cancer. We talked a lot. It seemed to go very well.

Over the next month or so, I inflicted her with 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 coerce 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 (eight 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", 250lbs, 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 seven 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 the victim 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), 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 seventeenth 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-interests 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 eight or nine. But I've always been a little slow.

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 Dante's *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 that 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 horribly 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 two 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