

Just an Excitable Boy?

Ted Bundy, a handsome, intelligent former law student, has been called "the kind of guy you'd want your daughter to bring home." But police suspect he may also be responsible for the death or disappearance of at least 21 young women

by Mark Pinsky

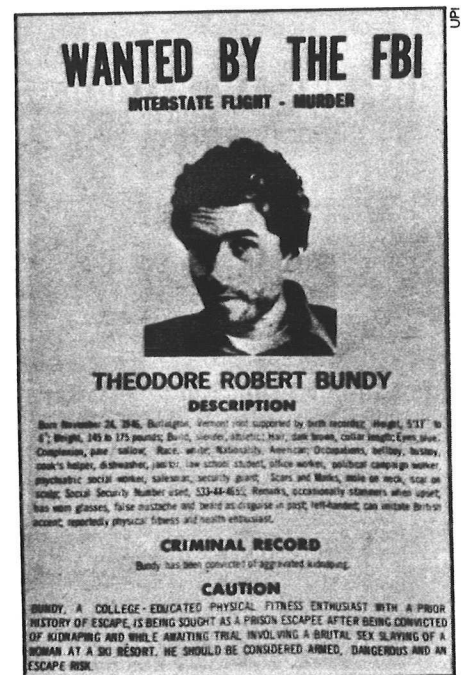
There is a certain sense that good cops have, an ability to detect the slightest out-of-sync detail in an otherwise normal situation. Patrolman David Lee of the Pensacola Police Department has that sense, and because he does, Theodore Bundy may be on the fast track to Florida's electric chair.

In the early morning hours of February 15, 1978, Lee was cruising in his squad car on Cervantes Street in the Brownsville section of the city. He saw an orange Volkswagen easing out of a restaurant parking lot onto V Street and became suspicious; the restaurant, he knew, had been closed for hours. Lee radioed in the license plate number and turned on his flasher. Sure enough, the car had been stolen.

After ignoring the blue light for a few blocks, the VW pulled over. According to Patrolman Lee's arrest report, he then got out of the car, drew his gun and ordered the driver onto the street, face down. The car was so full of merchandise that at first Lee thought there was another occupant. He asked the man lying in the street if anyone else was in the car; getting no response, he began to handcuff the suspect. But be-

fore Lee could finish, the man whirled around and sent him sprawling with a scissors kick. Lee fired off one round as the man came at him, sending the suspect running off down the street, the cuffs dangling from his left wrist. Lee gave chase and fired another shot. The man dropped; Lee thought he was hit. As the policeman approached the body, the man again tried to kick him and take his pistol, but Lee struck him several times with the revolver and knocked him back to the ground, just as other units converged on the scene. Breathless and bloody, the man looked up at David Lee and said "I wish you would have killed me."

Odd, very odd, to put up such a fight. It was almost as if he were some young street punk caught with a Chevy full of dope. But this guy was in his early 30s, good-looking, well-dressed—in a casual sort of way—and seemed nothing so much as collegiate. Within the hour he admitted stealing the car in Tallahassee, 200 miles to the east, and filling it with stolen property. He said he was Ken Misner, a graduate student at Florida State University, where he had been a track star as an undergraduate. He had Ken Misner's I.D.—everything from a birth certificate to a driver's license—and, as one of the investigating officers says, "he knew Misner inside and out." But he also had in his possession 21 credit cards, many with different names



Post-Office Art: Bundy made the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted List" on February 10, 1978 and was captured five days later

Mark Pinsky, a freelance writer, based in Durham, North Carolina, is now a Sloan Fellow in Economics Journalism at Princeton's Woodrow Wilson School.



on them.

Soon after the story of his capture went out over the wires, the real Ken Misner called from Tallahassee to tell Pensacola police that he wasn't in their jail. Who was giving him a bad name all over the Florida Panhandle? he wanted to know. A good question. The man in custody clouded over and refused to identify himself.

Detectives sent over from the Leon County Sheriff's Department and the

The victims ranged in age from 12 to 26, and in most cases were hauntingly similar in appearance

Tallahassee Police Department began to get a funny feeling about this mystery man and asked if perhaps he might like to call a lawyer. He said he would, and placed a call to a man named Millard Farmer in Atlanta. Then he came back and announced, with an enigmatic smile and a dramatic shrug of the shoulders, that he was Ted Bundy.

Who?

Ted Bundy, THE Ted Bundy!

So what?

The guy on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted List.

Bingo. Pensacola police checked with other law enforcement agencies across the country, and information on Ted Bundy poured forth:

Fugitive warrant . . . interstate flight to avoid prosecution . . . jail break . . . jail break . . . a suspect in the disappearance of Debbie Kent . . . a suspect in the disappearance of Julie Cunningham . . . a suspect in the murder of Janice Ott . . . a suspect in the murder of Denise Naslund . . . a suspect in the murder of Melissa Smith. . . .

What Pensacola police learned that night, and over the next several days, was chilling: This man Ted Bundy was a suspect in the murder or disappearance of at least 18 young women—a string of cases spanning four years and four states. In Utah, police suspected he might be "Utah Ted," the man apparently responsible for the death or disappearance of four young women there. To police in Washington and Oregon, Bundy seemed to fit the description of "Seattle Ted," or "Ted the Troller" (*New Times*, May 2, 1975), the name given to the mysterious man police had linked with the disappearance or brutal murder of nine young women. In Colorado, prosecutors had already brought one murder charge against Bundy and



Theatrics: Sheriff Ken Katsaris reads Bundy his murder indictment

suspected he might have been involved in four other disappearances or murders as well.

It had all started on January 31, 1974, when Lynda Ann Healy, 21, disappeared at midnight from her apartment at the University of Washington.

Two months later, Donna Gail Man-

son, 19, left her dorm at Evergreen State College in Olympia, heading for a jazz concert. She has not been seen since.

Susan Rancourt, 18, left the campus auditorium of Central Washington State College in Ellensburg, Washington, on April 17, 1974, after putting her clothes in the dryer. On March 3, 1975, her



A Man of Many Faces: Bundy has a chameleon-like ability to appear as different men at different times

skeletal remains—along with those of Lynda Ann Healy and two other missing women—were found by university students near the 1,500-foot Taylor Mountain.

And the list went on and on. The victims ranged in age from 12 to 26, and in most cases were hauntingly similar in appearance: long brown or blonde hair, parted in the middle and sometimes pulled back, and pierced ears. The circumstances of the killings and disappearances were similar, too, but by no means identical. Some victims were

raped and some were not; some were strangled with underwear and beaten, and some were just beaten; some were slashed and some were not; some bodies were found nude and some found clothed, and some never found at all.

For years, the police had little to go on, except this: There was a young man named "Ted" who drove a battered tan Volkswagen Beetle and had the habit of showing up at around the time young women disappeared. He was described as handsome, articulate, sure of himself. Sometimes "Ted" spoke with a

British accent (transparently phony by all accounts); sometimes he would have a cast or a sling on his arm, or be on crutches, and would ask women to help load his car with skis or a sailboat. Other times he would simply strike up a conversation with them in the manner of a casual pick-up. He would do this at a college campus, a neighborhood bar, a fashionable winter resort or an outdoor music festival—and many of the women would never be seen alive again.

At the height of the "Ted" hysteria in the Pacific Northwest several years ago, a Department of Motor Vehicles computer coughed up the name of Tacoma, Washington, resident and Volkswagen owner Theodore Robert Bundy—along with all other Volkswagen owners in the state. But Bundy was never questioned or put under surveillance. Later that year, a string of motel and gas credit card receipts assembled by authorities in the various states indicated that Bundy was invariably nearby when young women disappeared. Yet there were never any close eyewitnesses to the abductions, and descriptions of "Ted" were either too general or seemingly at odds with one another.

So Ted Bundy managed to stay out of trouble with the law—that is, until the morning of August 16, 1975. At about 3:00 A.M., a Utah Highway Patrol sergeant named Robert Hayward had the same kind of feeling that Patrolman David Lee of the Pensacola Police Department would have two and a half years later: that something was out of place. That something was a tan Volkswagen in a Salt Lake City suburb, driven by a young man who tried to elude Hayward when he turned on the headlights of his unmarked car. Hayward gave chase and finally the car pulled over. The driver was Ted Bundy, who produced genuine identification showing that he was a law student at the University of Utah. "He was sharp and cool—and that worried me," the patrolman says. "People from the law school just don't sneak around neighborhoods at three o'clock in the morning dressed entirely in black." The officer asked if he could search the car; fine, Bundy said. In the VW Hayward found a tool box full of implements he thought a burglar might use, including a crowbar, a nylon rope, gloves, an ice-pick, a ski mask and a pair of pantyhose with what appeared to be eye holes cut out. And a pair of handcuffs.

Still composed, Bundy explained that he used the pantyhose to keep his face warm, along with the ski mask; the crowbar was to keep his car seat from slipping; and the handcuffs he first claimed to have found while cleaning his apartment, and he said he had planned to throw them away. Later he would say he had the handcuffs in connection with his job as a security guard, which he took to work his way through

law school. Hayward was unconvinced and had Bundy booked for evading an officer, a charge that kept him in jail for less than 24 hours.

Not until months later was another charge added: kidnapping. After sifting through a pack of photographs, viewing a line-up and, say Bundy's supporters, being coached by zealous detectives, 19-year-old Carol DaRonch identified Bundy as the man who, on November 8, 1974, lured her into his battered Volkswagen in a Salt Lake City area shopping center by posing as a police officer. DaRonch said Bundy put handcuffs on her left wrist and threatened her with a crowbar. She became hysterical, she said, struggled frantically and jumped out of the car.

Bundy denied everything, and apart from DaRonch's identification, the prosecution's case was entirely circumstantial. But after a one-week trial in February 1976, a judge found Bundy guilty and sentenced him to 1 to 15 years in the state prison. Days after the conviction, says the Utah prosecutor, hair samples found in the Volkswagen were successfully matched to those of DaRonch. (Earlier, hair samples found in Bundy's car had been matched to those of one of the missing Utah women, along with Caryn Campbell, a 25-year-old Michigan nurse. Her nude, bite-marked body was found in a snowbank near the resort town of Snowmass,

Colorado, in January 1975.)

For Ted Bundy, the DaRonch trial was an exercise in unreality. He wrote one of his girlfriends from prison that he had been "captured by Klingons," the warlike beings from the television series *Star Trek*. But his adventure was only beginning. The DaRonch affair prompted one of Bundy's former girlfriends to call the police in Washington

Some bodies were found nude and some found clothed, and some never found at all

state to discuss his sexual habits; she said they included bondage, with her sometimes wearing handcuffs, and other times being tied to the bed with nylon stockings while they had sex. On one occasion, she said, Bundy began strangling her during intercourse, and she became frightened and had to jar him into releasing his hold. The woman also said Bundy kept a cache of women's clothing, including undergarments, in his apartment.

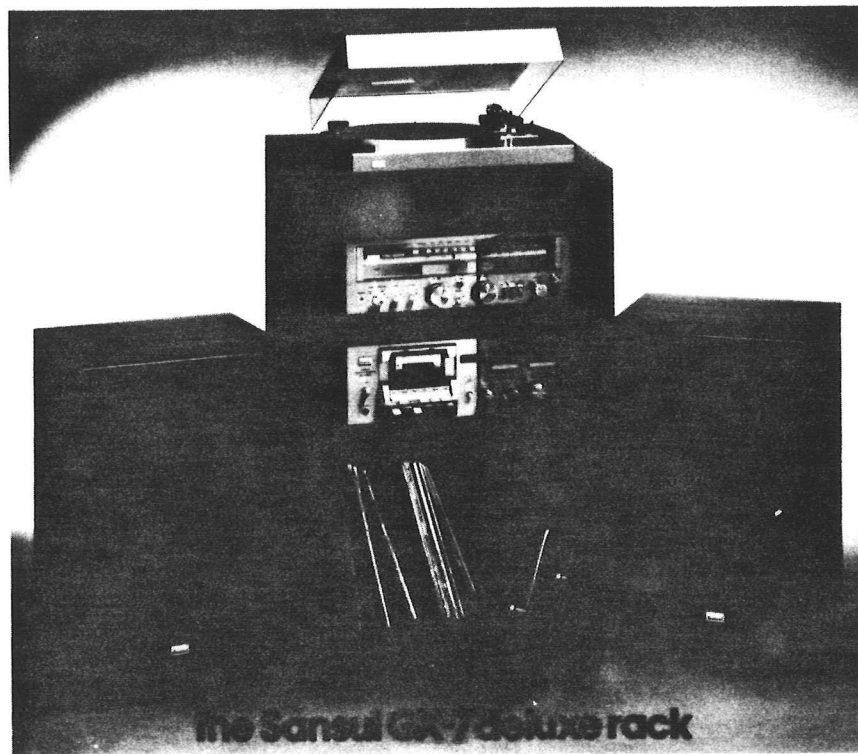
With all this information, law enforcement officials in the western

states began to exchange their accumulated data on the killings and disappearances. It was then that authorities put together the string of Bundy's motel and gas credit card receipts. When all the material was fed into the computer, it must have lit up like a pinball machine.

But as a result of two "summit meetings" of law enforcement officials, police in California ruled out Bundy as a suspect in the killings of 7 young women—all of which had been attributed to the mysterious "Ted"—determining that he was two states away when the murders took place. Likewise, Utah officials decided that Bundy could not have been involved in the death or disappearance of three other young women because he was in prison when they vanished. And police officials from the Pacific Northwest, while professing that Ted Bundy was their man, seemed in no hurry to extradite him for trial, admitting they had little or nothing in the way of hard evidence.

Bundy was extradited from Utah to Aspen, Colorado, to face first-degree murder charges in connection with the killing of Caryn Campbell. At that trial, Bundy was dissatisfied with his public defender and undertook his own defense, with advisers appointed by the judge. He was also displeased with the conditions of his incarceration, so first he talked about a civil suit against the

Get your musical act together.



Create the Sansui high fidelity system that's ideal for you. Arrange it in Sansui's deluxe new GX-7 rack. Then sit back and enjoy a unique musical experience.

Shown here is an economical, mid-powered system: a G-3000 low-distortion AM/FM stereo receiver; SR-232 belt-driven, semi-automatic turntable; SC-1100 cassette deck; and the SP-X6000 super high efficiency loudspeakers. You also can create your own "dream" system from Sansui's complete line of high performance components. The GX-7 offers: three adjustable shelves; separators and lots of room for records; a tempered glass door, and casters for easy movability. The finish is a handsome simulated walnut grain. See the GX-7 at your franchised Sansui dealer.

Sansui

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.

Woodside, N.Y. 11377 • Gardena, Calif. 90247
SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan
SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A., Antwerp, Belgium
In Canada: Electronic Distributors



Dead Ringers: "Ted's" alleged victims have shared similar appearances. (L to R, Laura Aime, Debbie Kent and Elissa Smith)

county and then he simply took off—twice. The first time, he dove from a second-floor window while court was in session and hid out in the mountains for a week before being captured. The second time, he methodically lost 35 pounds and wriggled out through a lighting panel above his cell, then fled through a duct.

That was on December 30, 1977. Bundy headed northeast, and the next night he spent an ecstatic New Year's Eve in Ann Arbor, Michigan, savoring his freedom and enjoying the revelry of college students. Days later he was on the move again, passing first through Atlanta and then into Florida. As he traveled, his second jail break was making him even more of a legend in Aspen than he was already. For months, there had been Ted Bundy T-shirts and look-alike contests, and now a local folksinger even wrote him a song: "So let's salute the mighty Bundy/Here on Friday, gone on Monday/All his roads lead out of town/It's hard to keep a good man down."

Now, in the Pensacola police station, the information kept pouring in, a growing list of the cases where this mysterious man Ted Bundy was a suspect, or was wanted for questioning. And the more they learned about him, the more the Pensacola cops began to think that maybe Ted Bundy was the man the Leon County Sheriff's Dept. had been looking for, too. Maybe he was the Chi Omega killer. Could it be?

Bundy had arrived in Tallahassee in early January 1978. On January 15, a man with a heavy wooden club of some sort slipped into the Chi Omega sorority house on Jefferson Street in Tallahassee,

right across from the Florida State University campus. The man moved quickly. Upstairs, he entered the bedroom of Margaret Bowman, 21, and clubbed and strangled her. Then he moved across the hall to the bedroom of Lisa Levy, 20, for more of the same. Despite the battered bodies and blood-soaked beds, the

Bundy explained that he had found the handcuffs while cleaning his apartment and planned to throw them away

man paused to pull the sheets back up. Down the hall he beat two other sleeping women (who, unlike Bowman and Levy, survived the attack). Finally, at 3:25 A.M., startled by the slamming of a car door, the killer ran down the stairs and past a sorority sister returning from a late date. Moments later, a fifth woman, living six blocks away, was also beaten and seriously injured by a male intruder carrying a club.

Witnesses described the assailant as 5'10", weighing about 155 pounds and wearing a ski cap. Later, sheriff's investigators would find that he had not only beaten Bowman and Levy, but had left deep bite marks on their buttocks.

Could Ted Bundy, this 31-year-old, 5'11", 160-lb., well-dressed, articulate former law student, be *the Chi Omega*

killer? To find out, police tried to gain his confidence, hoping he would trust them enough to talk freely. They were extraordinarily solicitous of his needs. Every detail was attended to: Bundy was allowed to see a priest; he telephoned his mother in Tacoma and spoke to four different lawyers; he was fed and permitted to sleep. Forty-eight hours after his capture, it was Bundy who asked the detectives for an opportunity to speak.

At about 1:30 A.M. on February 17, they took Bundy to the second floor and into one of the two white-walled offices used for interrogations. Inside, the three detectives sat with Bundy at a square wooden table. First they read him his rights again, and asked if he minded being tape recorded. (There is one report that they also promised to turn off the machine whenever he wanted, but that they actually had one of the officers wired for sound in the event something interesting was said while the recorder was off. It is also reported that the proceedings were being piped into the next room, where other law enforcement officials, some from other states, could listen in.)

The detectives provided Bundy with coffee and cigarettes, and told him he could go to the bathroom whenever he wanted and terminate the discussion at will. Then, for the next several hours, the three men played him like a violin. For his part, Ted Bundy was alternately boastful, wary, resigned, petulant, obstinate and relieved. The transcript, which *New Times* obtained in the course of its investigation, shows Bundy sharing with the officers, in detail, his escape from jail in Colorado and his route south to Florida. He explained how he happened to choose Tallahassee, the home



If at First: Bundy in Aspen, shortly after an unsuccessful escape attempt. (His next try worked)

of Florida State University: "I know how to operate in and around college campuses. I knew I would pick up an I.D. I know how to be a student, I know how to look like a student, I even know how to act like a student... I blend in." He revealed an ambivalent sort of contempt for the FBI ("I mean, as overrated an organization as it is, I still thought they might be looking for me harder than they really were"). He admitted "dipping" purses from the FSU campus library, and stealing cars.

But Bundy never mentioned the killings at the Chi Omega sorority, for which he would be indicted five months later. The closest the officers could bring him to discussing that case was the following exchange:

Q: Could you ever [in] the middle of the night... not sleep, and just wander around, walk around? [His Florida rooming house was 8 blocks from the Chi Omega sorority.] We had... policemen around there checking people.

BUNDY: Yeah... I don't walk around at night... I made it a point, as much as possible, to stay off the streets late... If I was in the streets I rode my bicycle, for the very fact that people don't stop...

Q: Did you ever go and visit any of the sororities...?

BUNDY: Now, that was... really too much of a risk, the sorority houses. As far as I know, any of the houses were well-protected... and it was just too much risk going into the houses. I never got into burglary because I've never been an accomplished burglar.

Throughout the interview, Bundy seemed keenly aware of his situation,

Bundy methodically lost 35 pounds and wriggled out of jail through a lighting panel above his cell

and occasionally spoke as though he were a passive observer rather than a participant. At one point, a detective asked if he had any objection to a search of his car. Bundy reminded him that, since the vehicle was stolen, he had no legal standing to prevent such a search.

It was, in many ways, a fascinating session. But when the interview was over, the officers knew little more about their case, and the cases out West, than they

had before. Maybe Bundy had played *them* like a violin. He had, in any event, betrayed little of himself—except perhaps a touch of wistfulness. He was asked, "Did you meet somebody in Tallahassee that you had a special affection for or anything?"

"No, no," he answered, "nothing special, no relationship.... It was just college students. People are great anyway, but college students are beautiful... healthy people, exciting people. It was good to be back amongst them..."

Did he make any women friends while he was in Tallahassee?

"No, no, that would have been nice... I was hesitant to do that again because I didn't have any past at the time and I couldn't develop a really meaningful kind of relationship without any past."

There was a time when Ted Bundy did have a past—a happy and successful one—and a future that seemed bright. His mother says he was "the best son in the world," never getting into trouble in their Tacoma, Washington, household or with the law. He was, by turns, a Cub Scout, a Boy Scout, a track star in high school. His teachers recall a model student, curious and hard-working, with an engaging personality. Ted Bundy was liked by his classmates as well. He hoped one day to run for public office.

He was graduated with honors from the University of Washington in 1972. He had majored in psychology, but it was politics that really fascinated him. In 1968 he had been assistant state chairman of the New Majority for Rockefeller, and had attended the Republican Convention in Miami as an alternate delegate. Four years later, he was a staff aide in Washington Governor Dan Evans' re-election campaign; when Bundy decided to apply to law school, Evans wrote him a glowing letter of recommendation.

Between college and law school, Bundy served on the staff of the Seattle Crime Commission. He worked on several projects there, including one studying white-collar crime. His colleagues liked and admired him.

He is a Mormon convert. His hobbies include chess, classical music, antiques and gourmet cooking. One law enforcement officer says he appears to be "the kind of guy you'd want your daughter to bring home."

So Ted Bundy is the ultimate All-American boy—but if he is convicted in Florida, it will undoubtedly strengthen the public impression that he is the mysterious "Ted" after all, that he belongs in the ranks of such infamous sex slayers as Bluebeard, the Boston Strangler, Charles Manson and Richard Speck.

In the face of Bundy's seemingly solid and normal background, and in the absence of any motive in the cases where

A SINGLE MAN ELTON JOHN



HIS NEW
ALBUM
INCLUDES:
"PART-
TIME
LOVE"

Produced by Elton John and Clive Franks for Frank N. Stein Productions Ltd.

MCA RECORDS

he is suspected of murder, the theorists have been working overtime to explain how he might have become a killer. One theory holds that subconsciously he may have been trying to kill his mother. Bundy was born out of wedlock, and his mother married when he was four and a half years old; some suggest this might have planted in him a resentment of women, and particularly of women who have sex without marriage. Another theory says that Bundy's alleged victims were ringers for an early girlfriend who jilted him.

For his part, Ted Bundy says he is an innocent man being railroaded. "Isn't this ridiculous?" he said recently, referring to all the police agencies that now say he is a suspect in their unsolved cases. "Everyone is getting into the act and I'm getting tired of it."

Bundy's supporters make the scapegoat argument, best articulated by John O'Connell, the lawyer who defended Bundy in the Utah kidnapping trial. "We feel the law enforcement agencies are just psyching themselves up, back and forth, circuitously," O'Connell said last spring. "He's a suspect in case B because of case A, and he's a suspect in case A because of case B, and then they say, 'Well, why not cases C, D, E, F, G?' and it just goes on and on and it goes round and round."

Or, as Millard Farmer puts it, "They're hanging charges on him like they were decorating a Christmas tree."

Millard Farmer is a flamboyant South Georgia lawyer who has himself become an issue in the Chi Omega trial. He took the case, in part, because Bundy faces the death penalty if convicted, and Millard Farmer is something of a crusader against the death penalty.

Farmer is a specialist at disqualifying judges. In one recent case in Lakeland, Ga., a short drive from Tallahassee, Farmer disqualified over half a dozen judges for racism or political cronyism. (In that case, Farmer also threatened to haul the local sheriff into federal court if he didn't provide his client with lunch.) These actions provoked the prosecutor, Vickers Nugent, to burn a law book on the courthouse lawn in protest.

In the Bundy case, Farmer prepared a motion to disqualify Judge John A. Rudd—who, as Farmer knew only too well, had sentenced to death John Spengelink, now on the verge of becoming the first man executed in this country since Gary Gilmore. But Farmer was not yet officially accepted by the court as Bundy's lawyer; Judge Rudd was thus able to use Farmer's disqualification motion (which the judge called "frivolous") as grounds for excluding Farmer from the case. Rudd cited Farmer's conduct in the Georgia trials, observing that the defense attorney's action was "intended to provoke the trial judge into intemperate remarks... which might result in

© 1978 MCA Records, Inc.

a mistrial." The judge promised he would not allow Ted Bundy's trial "to become a bizarre circus where Mr. Farmer can play ringmaster for an audience that could not possibly include a jury."

"Judge Rudd is the one that is keeping it a carnival atmosphere," Farmer responds.

If there has been a ringmaster responsible for the sensational local publicity, the foremost candidate is Leon County Sheriff Ken Katsaris, recently profiled in *The New York Times* as a "New South" sheriff. In the days immediately following Bundy's capture, Katsaris had quite a lot to say to reporters about him. "We all feel he pretty well could be the one," Katsaris said. "It looks too good not to be. He was in Tallahassee at the time... and has a modus operandi similar to the Chi Omega killer." Thank you, Judge Roy Bean.

Despite the gag order that followed Bundy's transfer to the Leon County jail in Tallahassee, Katsaris, a former college professor who wears cowboy boots and whom prosecutors generally use expletives to describe, invited reporters and photographers into the jail to watch him read the murder indictment to Bundy, who had been summoned from his cell. Katsaris then refused to let Bundy speak with the journalists. "Sure, there won't be any press interviews," Bundy said as he was hustled out. "I'm gagged."

Calling the episode "theatrics," the *St. Petersburg Times* noted sternly that "the way the authorities are handling this case makes us fear that if he is found guilty, the verdict will be turned over on appeal—and the state will have to go through the expense and chance of a retrial, while the bereaved will have to endure more heartache."

For the time being, Bundy is handling his own defense, with Farmer representing him on civil matters (such as Bundy's attempt to improve jail conditions and gain access to the press). The Chi Omega trial is scheduled to begin December 4, and beyond that Bundy has other Florida worries. A grand jury in Lake City, 100 miles east of Tallahassee, has charged him with the murder of 12-year-old Kimberly Leach. That trial will probably begin in early March—and there, too, the judge has excluded Millard Farmer.

Farmer, meanwhile, is still trying to win the right to defend Bundy. The matter has become an obsession, and he has grown increasingly bitter, regularly referring to one of the judges who has excluded him as "that two-faced son of a bitch." And he says, "If there were a statue of Justice in Leon County, she wouldn't only be blindfolded, she'd be holding her nose over what's going on in this case." Bundy, he says, is the victim of one of the most colossal cases of



Locked Out: Millard Farmer wants to defend Bundy but two judges say no

railroading in the history of American jurisprudence; the killer is still at large.

To most of the outside world, Ted Bundy is an enigma, an inaccessible riddle, the subject of endless speculation and long-distance psychoanalysis. Ted the "loner," Ted the "brooding, aloof young man."

Bundy has steadfastly maintained his

In his jail cell, Bundy is reading Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days* for relaxation

innocence of any murders, but the court-imposed gag order has kept him from talking to reporters in his cell. He has spoken by telephone with a Seattle television reporter and a West Coast free-lance writer—and that's about it. But on a drizzly morning recently I managed to get in to see Ted Bundy.

The walls of his cell are pale green. The ceiling is white, and peeling. There is a commode and a stall shower. On three of the four bunks, books, magazines and files are arranged in high stacks. Posters—mainly beach and water scenes—cover the walls. We sat down together on the floor of the cell, Ted leaning up against the metal door, and I took a long look.

He is dressed in a khaki prison-fatigue jump-suit and wears a wide red rubber band on his right wrist. Dramatically handsome, his broad face is clean-shaven and his complexion pallid. His brown hair has recently been trimmed by a black jailer, who apologized for his

inexperience in cutting white men's hair. Bundy's voice is deep and resonant, although he has a slight stutter, and he sometimes closes his eyes and shakes his head when he speaks. He looks to be in good physical shape, despite the complaints of Millard Farmer, and I comment on his condition. He says that as a result of the litigation over prison conditions, he is now permitted short periods of exercise on the jail roof three times a week.

He goes to the shower stall and retrieves what appears to be a professionally woven jump rope, knotted in the center. He made it, he says, from small strips of his bedsheets after jail officials confiscated the first one he made. Bundy says he is reading Woodward and Bernstein's *The Final Days* for relaxation, as well as listening to FSU's radio station for news and classical music.

Where to begin? A lengthy series of articles has appeared in some weekly newspapers out West, and I see the issues with his face on the cover stacked on the bunk by my elbow. Well, Ted, I say, is the person in this series, and all the other newspaper accounts, the same person I'm talking to? He smiles.

"I've been desensitized. The picture of me is not accurate. In fact it's 50 to 60 percent wrong, although most of the errors are not intentional. People look back on their relationship with Ted Bundy—regardless of how fleeting—and read great significance into minor occurrences. It's interesting how they view me through this screen. These events are arranged in such a way to justify the conclusion that I am capable of this kind of act." He picks up one of the issues and begins a dramatic reading of some pop-psychological checklist for psychopathic states: "Item Seven: 'Inability to accept blame: His actions indicate that no appreciable remorse has been experienced.'" He looks up. "It's not that I don't have any remorse; I don't have any responsibility."

"Look, I feel pegged to the wall like a butterfly, and sometimes I feel like composing a silent response to all this stuff."

There is an eerie light in the cell, the product of a powerful light bulb set into the wall rather than the ceiling, and placed behind a translucent shield.

What about the speculation that you had an unhappy childhood? I ask.

"That's completely false. I had a normal, middle-class childhood. My home life was uneventful, but not perfect. My parents never fought, never smoked or raised their voices. There was no harsh discipline. I didn't get into trouble because I didn't need to get into trouble to get attention. It was a very ordinary childhood, a very ordinary childhood—not idyllic, but okay. I was a very ordinary kid—I know I was."

From time to time he pauses, either to

@ 8 Ohms, both channels