

# The Roots



Ted Bundy talked on January 23, the day before his execution. He had been confessing for hours, and was pale, haggard, and terrified, a man who smelled of fear.



# Of Evil

When serial killer Ted Bundy went to the electric chair after ten years of scrutiny on death row—and countless reports, television programs, and books—he was still a chilling enigma. Composed, lucid, personally charming, the man who defended himself at his own trial seemed to have no connection with the other Ted Bundy, the depraved monster who lured at least thirty girls to gruesome deaths. Now, for the first time, some of the shadows have been illuminated.

MYRA MACPHERSON obtained the exclusive help of psychiatrist Dr. Dorothy Lewis, who was with Bundy for his last hours, and has reconstructed the formative roots of a serial killer.

What she found was a reality very different from his mother's picture of a normal childhood and adolescence—and Bundy's own claim that pornography was to blame.

**A**s if taunting Theodore Robert Bundy with a promise of tomorrow, an unusually brilliant winter sunrise washed the windows of Florida's maximum-security prison as he walked down the corridor to the death chamber.

After nearly ten years on death row, death itself came quickly for America's most notorious serial killer, the onetime law student and former Boy Scout who crossed the country luring beautiful coeds, then bludgeoning, raping, strangling, and mutilating them.

The steel cap and black leather hood came down on Bundy's shaved head; he pressed backward as two thousand volts of electricity coursed through his pale body. Within a minute, at 7:08 on the morning of January 24, he was dead.

But even in death, Bundy, the confessed slayer of thirty women and suspected slayer of fifty more, continues to fascinate and repel. Who *was* this premier serial killer?

Bundy haunts us, is so repugnant to us, because he was the embodiment of our worst nightmare, gliding gracefully among us. He could have been a friend of your son, dated your daughter.

Frighteningly, Bundy in many ways was not unique. Serial killing is a form of violence that experts say is growing in America. Most serial killers are white, male, above-average in intelligence, and adroit at wearing a mask of charm and sanity; they are men clever enough to avoid detection as they kill time and time again.

Bundy wore the mask even better than most, moving in better circles, picking a higher class of victim. He remains the lasting prototype as experts ponder why and how Bundy grew into a monster who could nonetheless garner friends up until the very end.

It was a question that even Bundy sought to answer in the last days of his life. Less than twenty-four hours before he would walk to the death chamber, a slim, short-haired brunette entered the pale-green, low-slung prison in the desolate flatlands of north-central Florida. Bundy had summoned Dorothy Otnow Lewis, a highly respected fifty-one-year-old New York psychiatrist.

Lewis was the only person to have uncovered some of the secrets of his early childhood—not from Bundy himself, for he had never been able to unlock those memories, but from other family members.

For more than four hours Bundy, Lewis, and an attorney were alone as the forty-two-year-old killer sifted through his saga of waste and destruction. His hands cuffed together, Bundy sat across from Lewis at a small table. A guard observed them through a glass wall but could not hear their conversation.

Little was left of the easy charm, the slim-nosed boyish good looks that had made women trust Bundy, literally, with their lives. He had been confessing for hours to crimes and was pale, haggard, and terrified, a man who smelled of fear. "But he was more coherent and logical than at any other time I met with him," says Lewis. "He was letting his guard down for the first time with me."

Lewis has been silent until now about that conversation, and much of it remains confidential. However, in an exclusive interview, with the approval of one of his lawyers, she agreed to talk about those parts of Bundy's life and feelings he wanted made known.

Lewis, a professor at the New York University Medical Center, who was educated at Radcliffe and Yale, has spent much of her professional life studying violence. Through a mix of gentleness and directness, she has elicited the most horrible tales of childhood abuse from murderers and death-row inmates. She met Bundy three years ago, quite by accident, while studying juveniles on death row in Florida's maximum-security prison. Bundy's attorneys asked if she would also evaluate their client.

"Ted was still trying to cover and minimize," recalls Lewis. "He came in and said, 'I am the most celebrated inmate on death row. I have had seven books written about me.'" Lewis replied, "Well, I'm dyslexic and I haven't read any of them, so let's start from the beginning." Bundy began to open up and told her about his terrible depressions.

At their final meeting, he started again with his standard story. "If you wish to do that, you can," Lewis gently told him, "but I came because I

thought you had wanted to increase our understanding of violence." The approach worked: Bundy was able to "redirect himself, become more genuine and relating."

Dr. Lewis says that despite the public avowals of affection between Mrs. Bundy and her son—"You will always be my precious son" and "I love you, Mom"—their relationship was "so superficial." Many of Ted's last thoughts and words were about his deep confusion over his anger toward his mother. "To the very end Ted wanted to understand why he had so much rage. He would say, 'It doesn't matter what went on between me and my mother then, because we've patched it up now.' At the same time he did feel it was *very, very* important."

**F**or years, discovering the "why" of Ted Bundy's homicidal rampage was hampered by the insistence of Bundy and his mother, Louise, that his had been a happy, *Leave It to Beaver* childhood. That façade concealed an almost gothic tale of denial, strangeness, and secrecy. A far darker childhood emerges from Lewis's psychiatric analysis, the most extensive examination ever of Bundy, and from stories told to me by family members.

Theodore Robert Bundy's roots were not in the Seattle area, where he grew up and began his killing spree, but with the Cowell family in Philadelphia. A large but loosely knit clan of intelligent, hardworking folks, the Cowells had not spawned so much as a jaywalker until Ted Bundy.

But there were signs of severely disturbing behavior in Sam Cowell, Bundy's grandfather and the oldest of seven children. By all accounts, Grandfather Cowell was "an extremely violent and frightening individual," as Dr. Lewis testified at one court hearing. A talented landscape gardener, Cowell was obsessed with the delicate alpine plants that he nurtured. He would kick dogs until they howled and swing cats by the tail if the animals got near them. According to Louise's youngest sister, Julia, he would "get so mad that he would jump up and down" and rage at the men who worked for him.

Grandfather Cowell's temper tantrums were so violent that Ted's Aunt

Julia “did not look forward to my father coming home. The shouting was always just around the corner.” Julia told me that, angered at her sleeping until nine, her father once yanked her out of bed so hard that she stumbled down a three-step landing. “But that’s the only time he ever touched me,” she insists. “Dr. Lewis made it sound like he threw me down a flight of stairs.”

She characterizes her father as more of a verbal than a physical tyrant, a man who brooked no dissent. “I doubt if my mother ever got a chance to express her opinions about anything.”

In fact, as Louise Bundy has only just admitted, in a startling revelation, Cowell on occasion did hit his wife. Eleanor, Ted’s gentle grandmother, was repeatedly taken to hospitals for shock treatments for depression. Her fears grew until she refused to leave the house, a victim of agoraphobia.

Ted’s great-aunt Virginia Bristol, Sam Cowell’s feisty, articulate eighty-year-old sister, told Dr. Lewis that Cowell’s own brothers feared him, and that “I always thought he was crazy.” According to one of Ted’s cousins, Cowell, a deacon of the church, hid pornography, which the boys pored over as toddlers, in the greenhouse. Other relatives say he was a bigot who hated blacks, Italians, and Catholics.

Ted Bundy’s mother was the oldest of three sisters. Audrey was in the middle, and Julia was ten years younger than the prudish Louise, who, like her father, had an explosive temper, was “very secretive,” undemonstrative, and difficult to get close to. Julia, a professional artist, says with a laugh, “I was always the black sheep in the family because I was too open. Louise was always held up by my father as a model for us to follow.”

When Louise was twenty-two she forfeited her role as model child. The baby that would one day become one of America’s most infamous murderers began to grow within her. She was unwed, and still living at home.

Julia, a pre-teen, was “told not a word” when Louise became pregnant. She cannot recall her older sister even having dates. But she does remember faint whispers in the night, and watching her sister pack her bag and leave. “To be in a family like ours and have to face my father!” Even when the baby

## Bundy carefully created the man so many women would find intriguing.

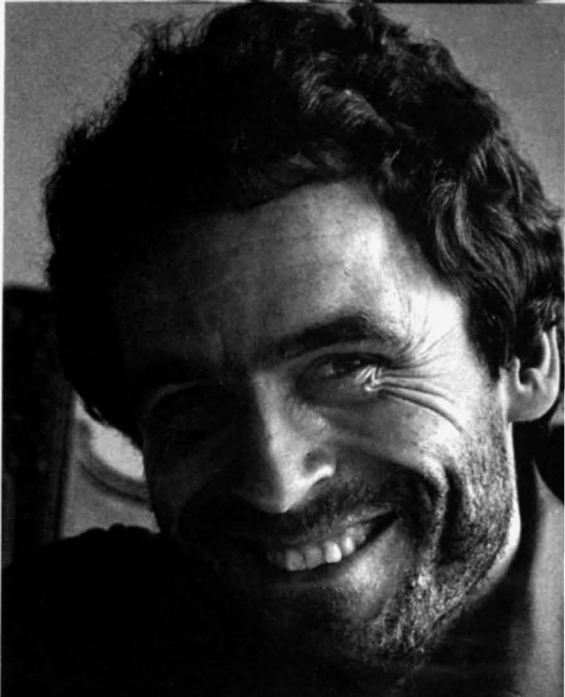
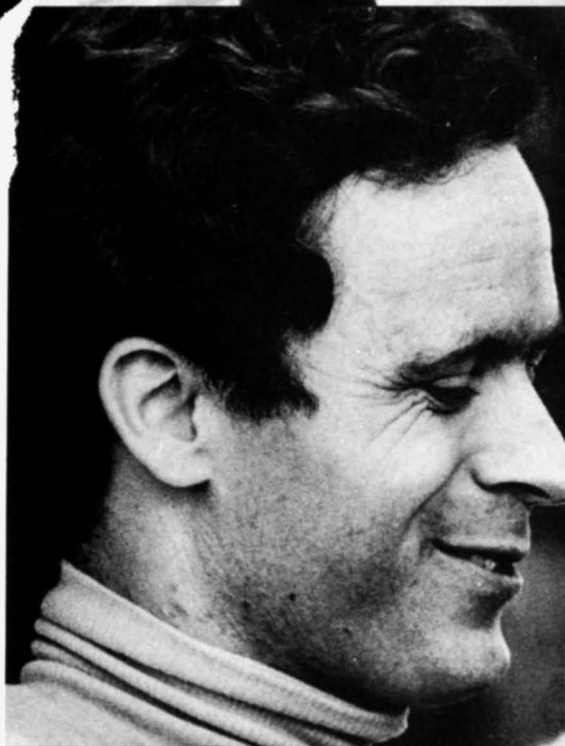
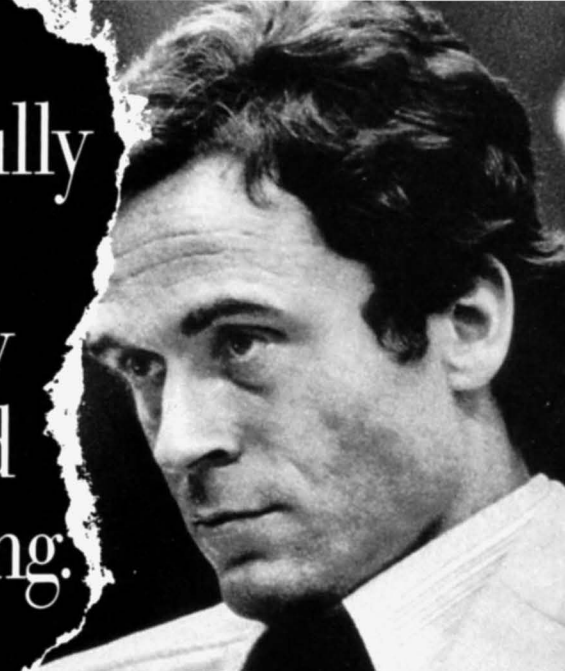
Even the two women lawyers who represented him found Bundy attractive. *Top to bottom: listening to the judge in Florida in 1979, awaiting trial in 1978, and preparing his own defense in Aspen, Colorado, in 1977.*

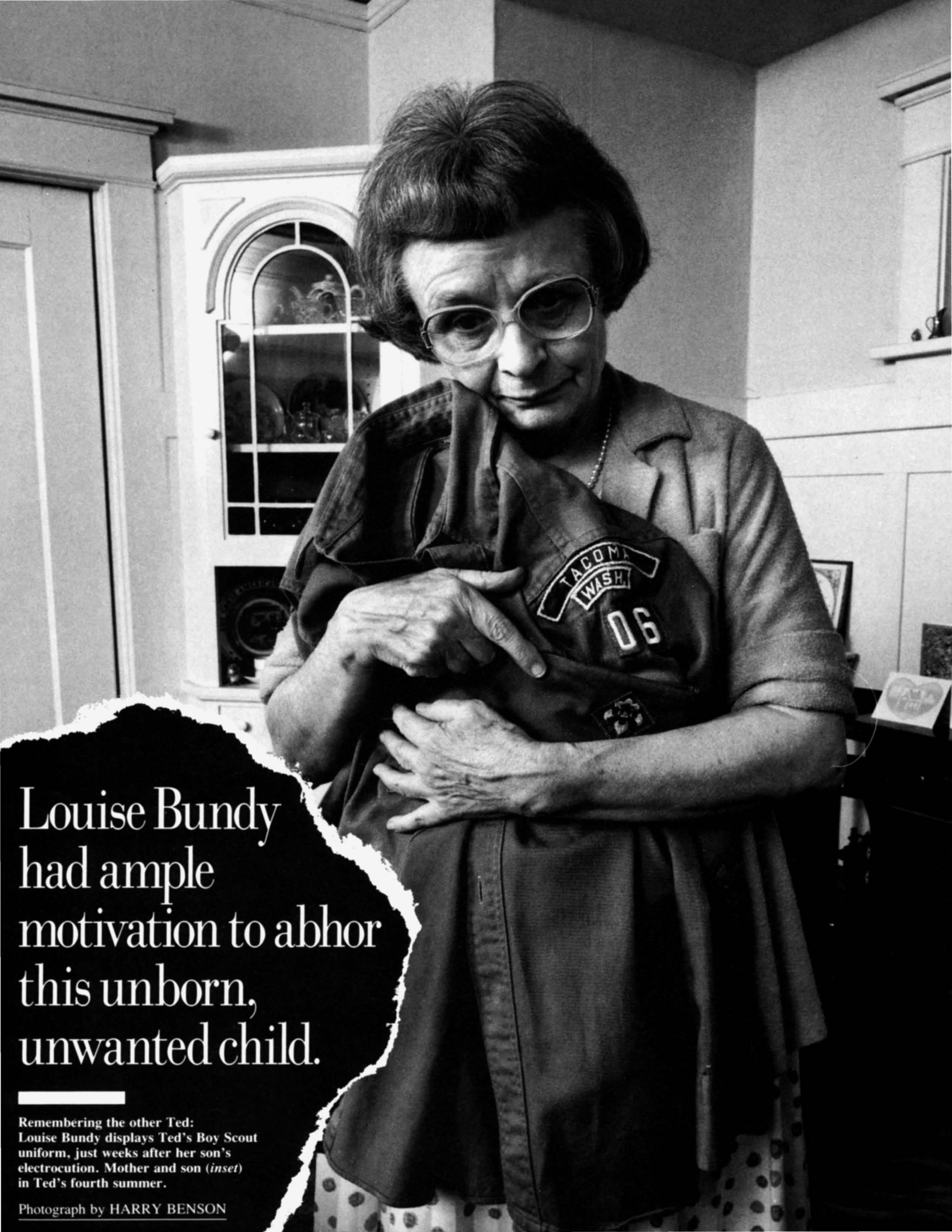
was brought home, and for the three years he lived with them, “it was *never* spoken of.”

Grandpa Cowell, who tended a genealogical tree as obsessively as he did his plants, had a fantasy of perfection about the family. “Like Louise, he was so concerned with image, I don’t think his pride would allow him to speak of it,” says Julia.

Louise herself maintains to this day that she didn’t suffer from a sense of shame within the family or outside: “I had no problems whatsoever with anyone.” However, there is evidence that she was made to feel deep shame and had ample motivation to abhor this unborn, unwanted child. According to records obtained from a home for unwed mothers in Burlington, Vermont, Louise was seven months pregnant when she arrived on the doorstep in September 1946. She was not accompanied by her parents on the lonely journey to Burlington; the local minister’s wife made the trip with her.

Louise had been president of the young people’s group at her church, the home stated, “until her pregnancy was discovered in a [group] conference.” Louise was “then ostracized and requested to leave.” She was “made to





Louise Bundy  
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Remembering the other Ted:  
Louise Bundy displays Ted's Boy Scout  
uniform, just weeks after her son's  
electrocution. Mother and son (*inset*)  
in Ted's fourth summer.

Photograph by HARRY BENSON



feel she should not return," according to the records.

Such ostracism must have cut deep for a girl described as "attractive, with delicate features and a marked sensitivity to people's feelings." But even then, Louise's emotions were tightly reined. The home also noted that she was "unable to express resentment of this group." There was an aloofness; "she was accepted only by the more secure girls. Others felt she was above them." Such thoughts would one day be expressed about her son.

On November 24, 1946, Theodore Robert Cowell was born. There were "no complications. He was a full-term, seven-pound nine-ounce normal newborn." There was "no mention of the putative father's health."

For two months, Ted was left at the home, without his mother, as the Cowells seriously debated whether to give him up for adoption. It was her father, Louise says, who wanted her to keep the boy. So, three months after Ted was born, Louise returned to pick him up. According to the home, she planned to stay in Philadelphia "if accepted," and "go elsewhere if not."

Whatever turmoil was going on in the new mother's mind as she returned to a home with a depressed and ill mother and a thundering father has never been disclosed. Louise went back to the church group that had spurned her. In letters to the home she "spoke of Teddy with great affection."

When the investigators preparing for Bundy's 1987 competency hearing requested information, the home forwarded an incomplete report. What is missing remains a mystery. The home said it "had to delete material. Mrs. Bundy would not give the release." Once again, secrecy prevailed. The records describe only Louise's vague history of Bundy's "alleged father," adding, "She knew nothing of his family."

The father was a shadowy secret then and would remain so for all of Ted Bundy's

life. Stories were invented for curious relatives—vague stories that many doubted.

Today, Louise Bundy's voice is hesitant as she reluctantly repeats an oft told, slender tale about meeting Ted's father. It was 1946 and Louise, a clerk at an insurance company, met him "through a friend at work." She does not remember the friend's name. Within weeks the man managed to seduce and abandon her, vanishing without a trace. He had told her he was a serviceman and a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, but Louise says that when she called the university it said no one had ever enrolled under the name he had given her.

One relative says a strong rumor had it that the father was an older, married member of the church, and that Louise succumbed to him in a one-time-only moment at a religious retreat. Whoever he was, no family member I spoke with believes he was the phantom figure Louise Bundy claims wandered briefly into and out of her life.

But back then, in the Cowell home, Ted's "real father *never* was mentioned. I think therein lies one of the answers," says Aunt Julia, who was twelve when Ted was brought back to live with them. She remembers him as a "sweet, darling boy" and, like many in the family, has sought to find out what went wrong. "I felt all along this was the crucial thing for Ted. Louise covered over and blocked it. She was very much like my father, wanting to put forth only the good."

Great-aunt Virginia Bristol recalls the year Ted was born: "When I heard Louise was 'not home' I knew things were not right. Next thing I heard was that Sam and Eleanor had adopted a boy. I was smart enough to know damn well they weren't adopting this baby. No adoption agency would give them one; Eleanor wasn't well enough to take care of one! I knew it had to be Louise's baby. But they wanted to cover up. All we ever got was evasions. I had a very secretive brother.

"No wonder Ted has come to a tragic end. He was never told the facts. Surely he had to catch the discrepancies."

Relatives have long been puzzled as to why the volcanic Cowell didn't, as one put it, "take off after the guy." Dr. Lewis testified that it was not a subject to be raised around Sam Cowell. When a family member once asked the grandfather about Ted's paternity, "Sam be-

and more of his mental and intellectual energies. So he's facing a greater...challenge of this darker side of himself to his normal life. It was actually draining off...it couldn't keep the distinct—the one was demanding so much that it was going to interfere with his, uh, surface validity, his normal appearance....

Now, if he was captured, it'd be clear that this conduct was *seriously* interfering with his ability to not only survive but to live free and so on. And so he would have to...there's clearly motivation here.

**AYNESWORTH:** Well, you've been convicted in the Chi Omega case. You pled innocent, but were convicted. Could we examine the evidence in that case in relation to the man you've just described?  
**BUNDY:** Well...that case doesn't fit. [Laughs.] There you *are!* We've done a lot in one sentence. See how easy it is to take care of that in the book?...

**AYNESWORTH:** Give me a couple good reasons why you think it would be different.

**BUNDY:** Well, we saw that, initially, the killing was not possession. It was the cover-up...although it may have had some other significance. Now, both of these girls [Chi Omega sisters Lisa Levy and Margaret Bowman] were, in all likelihood, killed in their sleep, so it was *not* the witness factor.

**AYNESWORTH:** Do you think this was definitely an aberrant situation?

**BUNDY:** With this personality type we would have to conclude that it was very clearly an ex...*extreme* aberration, a change of character, a change of...It could be...an aberration caused by a great deal of pent-up frustration...of rage or whatever....

**AYNESWORTH:** I don't have a firm feel for what kind of *release*, what kind of need, what kind of gratification is expected [when "this person" kills].

**BUNDY:**...It was the *possession* of this desired thing which was, in itself—the very act of assuming possession was a very antisocial act—was giving expression to this person's need to seize something that was...uh, uh, highly valued, at least on the surface, by society. Uh, sought-after, a materi-

al possession as it were. I mean, it...had he been raised in a different background, maybe he would have taken to, uh, stealing Porsches and Rolls-Royces....

But you're right, you're right...there is *not* that fulfillment there. I'm not saying there is. I've *never* said that!...These kinds of victims would drive this kind of individual *on*, hoping or looking for the pot-of-gold-at-the-end-of-the-rainbow kind of thing.

#### OCTOBER 20

**AYNESWORTH:** What about enjoyment from inflicting pain?... Why would he mutilate a young girl?...

**BUNDY:** [Clears throat.] Well, if something like that happened....

**AYNESWORTH:** You know damn well it did.

**BUNDY:** Well, you can only imagine that some kind of intense rage...of the kind that would perhaps be uncharacteristic...uh, built up, and the kind of individual might, uh [long pause], act out in an uncontrollable fashion...with the results you mentioned.

**AYNESWORTH:** Like the Chi Omega night? Right?

**BUNDY:** [Softly] Possibly.

...But, getting back to the question you asked earlier about mutilations, et cetera...I don't know of any case, any *real* case, quite frankly, in the cases we're concerned about here, that involved mutilation...in a, uh, *premortem* condition....

#### APRIL 23

**MICHAUD:** Would the feeling of physical possession be met, or satisfied, or whatever, if the victim was unconscious or dead?

**BUNDY:**...I think that initially this individual perceived just the bluff...where the victim would be under his control, as it were...I think we see a point reached—slowly, perhaps—where the control, the possession aspect, came to include, uh, uh, within its demands, the necessity...for purposes of gratification...the killing of the victim... Perhaps it came to be seen that the *ultimate* possession was, in fact, the taking of the life. And then the purely...the physical possession of the remains.

came enraged and apparently he acted like a madman. He was wild," said Lewis. "He was furious."

So many undisclosed mysteries about Bundy's father have given rise to speculation about an even darker secret than illegitimacy. Writers, criminologists, psychiatrists, and investigators who have pored over Bundy's history for clues to explain his brutal acts wonder: perhaps his grandfather really was, as Bundy said on one occasion, his father.

When the question is put to her, Mrs. Bundy demurs in a matter-of-fact tone, "No. No way." Later, on the phone, the denial is more vociferous but without the outrage or indignation that one might expect. "Oh my goodness," says Mrs. Bundy. "That's totally out of the question."

One reason for the lack of surprise is that Mrs. Bundy may have heard the question before. It has been asked of other relatives. "When Dr. Lewis raised that question with me," said one, "I thought, Well, I don't believe it, but anything is possible. But it's cruel to raise it now. All it will ever be is conjecture. Louise is the only one who knows who the father is, and she has never told. I really believe whatever happened is so blocked out in her mind."

In February 1989, two weeks after her son's execution, Louise Cowell Bundy sits in her pleasant Tacoma, Washington, bungalow and, as if talking about a son stealing hubcaps, refers to his murders as "those things." Sometimes as "those terrible things."

A little woman with gray bangs and hair waved forward in a page-boy, Louise Bundy wears no makeup. Her hands unconsciously pleat her blue slacks as she speaks in clear, well-ordered, controlled sentences. Her face, with its blue-gray eyes, slim nose, and furrowed brow, is very much like that of the son who peered from television sets across the country during his final interview.

Sitting with her is Ted's stepfather, Johnnie Bundy, not much taller than his five-foot-four-inch wife. With a fixed, sweet smile, Bundy sits forward in a chair, listening, nodding agreement as his wife dominates the conversation. She often interrupts to finish the few sentences he offers.

The house the Bundys moved to in

“There was something chilling about how cold Mrs. Bundy was. In many ways, she talked like Ted.”

1965, the year Ted graduated from high school, is one of ordered neatness, a middle-class home straight out of a Hollywood set. A grandfather clock chimes in the hallway. There are two velour-covered brown-and-blue flowered sofas, a bright-blue rug, plants from the Bundys' well-tended garden. Porcelain knickknacks and miniature kerosene lamps line up in precision on shelves. Framed on the piano is Ted's high-school graduation picture.

On the dining-room table's lace cloth are four hundred condolence cards, some written in revulsion to the cheering dance of death that had occurred outside the prison when Bundy was executed. Louise Bundy has methodically arranged the cards in rubber-banded piles of fifty. Some are addressed simply to "Louise Bundy, Ted's Mother, Tacoma, Wash." "I must write the postmaster and thank him for sending them," she murmurs. "They're not obliged to do that." At times, the de-

tachment seems eerie. Looking over the cards from strangers, she almost trills, "We've made quite a few new friends."

During the interview, Mrs. Bundy frowns when asked to describe what her father was really like. "Well," she admits, "he *could* get awfully mad and yell out. You could hear him from here down to the corner. He had a bad temper, but it wasn't"—she pauses—"it wasn't anything..." Her voice trails off. "He was never violent with anyone."

It is then that Mrs. Bundy reveals one key fact, hidden for more than a decade of intense speculation over Ted Bundy's background: "My dad *did* beat up on my mother once in a while."

There *was* violence in the Cowell home. But Louise insists that somehow this was not frightening to witness. "He mellowed out when he got older." He "didn't keep on doing it." It was just your ordinary happy household where the father ranted and raved and "beat up on my mother."

After hours of the most rosy portrayal of her life with Ted, Louise Bundy's face is a blank as she talks about her decision to keep her baby. Surprisingly, a bitter edge shows through. "Hindsight is great. You can look back and think, Well, maybe I shouldn't have done it." The sigh escapes. "But there's no point in going over that. What is, is."

Finally a chink appears in the carefully crafted armor. Wouldn't she have felt awful giving him up for adoption?

Her answer is one word—flat, expressionless. "Probably."

Throughout the interview, Mrs. Bundy's suppressed anger is revealed only in faint scowls. Then comes a follow-up telephone call. She has not slept well. She is very upset at the portrait of her father that is now seeping out.

"Dr. Lewis," says Mrs. Bundy, thinly, "fancies herself an authority on this, but she's not... This business about violence in Ted's childhood is a figment of the good doctor's imagination... The truth is stretched way out of shape."

(Dr. Lewis stands by her report. Apprised of Louise Bundy's objections, the psychiatrist would say only that it is not uncommon for families to conceal potentially mitigating material that would embarrass them. "Unfortunately," she adds, "the condemned inmate often participates in the collusion because the family, as dysfunc-

tional as it is, is all that he has.")

By all accounts, once the decision was made to keep Ted, his grandparents adored him and his mother tended to all his physical needs. Pictures of baby Ted show a healthy towhead in crisply starched rompers. However, according to later psychological tests, something horrid happened to Bundy in that home where reality—the identity of his biological father, his grandfather's tirades, his grandmother's illness—was never acknowledged, let alone discussed.

"He lacks any core experience of care and nurturance or early emotional sustenance," concluded Marilyn Feldman, who administered the battery of tests for Dr. Lewis in 1986. "Severe rejection experiences have seriously warped his personality development and led to deep denial or repression of any basic needs for affection. Severe early deprivation has led to a poor ability to relate to or understand other people."

Aunt Julia was fifteen when she awoke one morning to see Ted secretly lifting up the covers and placing three butcher knives beside her.

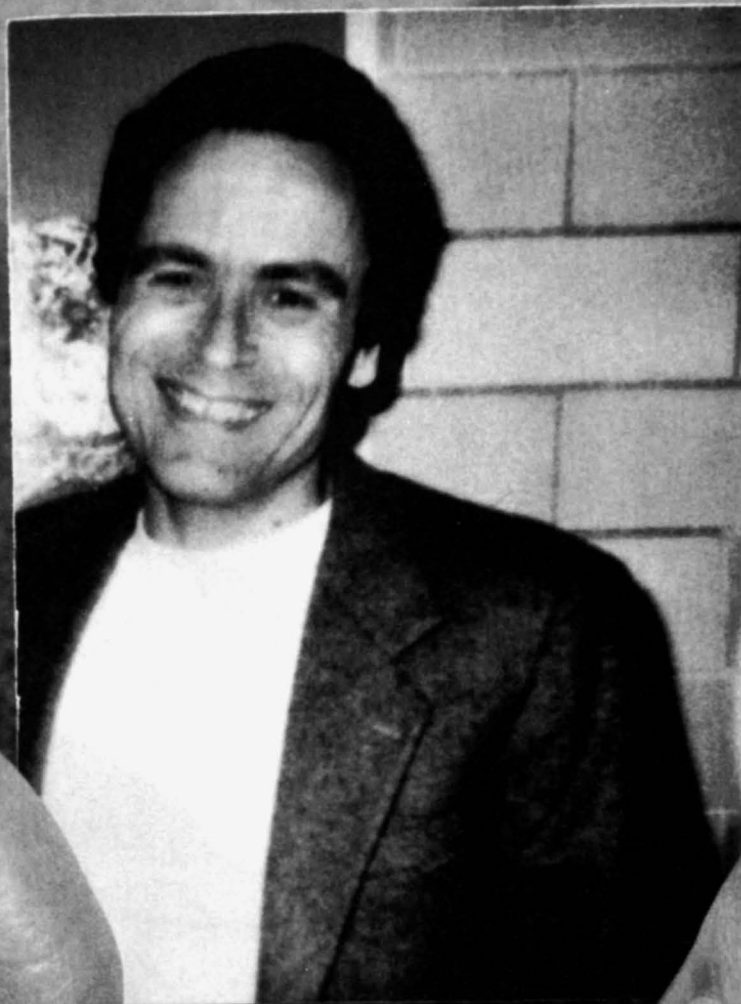
"When she told me," recalls Dr. Lewis, "I was astonished that someone finally revealed how disturbed he'd been. We had been looking and looking for signs of pathology. I mean, you don't get this way [a serial killer] by accident."

Recently, Aunt Julia elaborated on the story for me. "When all this started to come out about Ted, that little incident kept coming back to me. I don't think it happened more than once or twice. He just stood there and grinned. I shooed him out of the room and took the implements back down to the kitchen and told my mother about it. I remember thinking at the time that I was the only one who thought it was strange. Nobody did anything."

Such "extraordinarily bizarre behavior" in a toddler, Dr. Lewis asserted, is seen, "to the best of my knowledge, only in very seriously traumatized children who have either themselves been the victims of extraordinary abuse or who have witnessed extreme violence among family members." The grandfather, she said, "certainly sounds as if he were an extremely disturbed individual."

Dr. Donald T. Lunde, a forensic psychiatrist, describes the sadistic sexual serial murderer in his book *Murder and Madness*. "For reasons that are not well understood, sexual and violent aggress-

The charming mask:  
Mrs. Bundy holds a photo  
of the all-American son  
she thought she had.



sive impulses merge early in the child's development. . . . An early interest in guns, knives and various instruments of torture and death is apparent in fantasies, the choice of reading material, and sometimes in drawings."

Although Louise Bundy paints Ted as a model son whose favorite book was *Treasure Island*, Dr. Lewis, in discussing her final hours with Bundy, told me that he "really talked about how *very, very early* he had a fascination with stories of murders and murderers and death. At that early time, the fascination was not with pornography. Later on it fused."

**P** sychiatrists who examined Bundy over the years were convinced that his illegitimacy was a troubling psychological dynamic. Bundy's standard brush-off was "I can't understand why everyone wants to make such a big deal out of that. I don't consider it to be important." But behind that indifference, hidden in almost every interview he ever gave, was a rejection of his mother so deep that as a young adult Ted Bundy once asked his wealthier, cultured Great-uncle Jack, a

college professor, to adopt him. "Can you imagine doing *that* to a mother?" says Julia. "When I heard that, I knew something was terribly, terribly wrong."

Dr. Lewis also wonders about another crucial reason for anger stemming from Bundy's early life. Louise Bundy took Ted away from his grandfather, the only father figure he ever really knew. "You do have to wonder about the separation from the grandfather," says Dr. Lewis. "Ted went away with a very angry, rejecting, cold woman who didn't really want him, who took him away from the one (Continued on page 188)

## Kevin Costner

"I say to investors, 'I'm not sure I can be so clever for you that I know what you don't want to see two years before you don't want to see it.' Now, it's possible I'll make a film and eight companies will want it—but not at two hours and forty minutes. At that point, I'll let the marketplace dictate. But I don't want my partners to make that decision for me."

For that matter, he won't allow his partners to cover their downside by pre-selling the foreign and video rights. "I can do *that* myself," he pointedly notes. "You see, there are lots of people who say they'll gamble, because that's easy conversation. It's like at Christmas, over cocktails, when people stand around and tell you the kinds of films they want to make—when it comes time to move, maybe that's not what they want to do. I don't want to be cavalier with other people's money, but I don't want people to be

cavalier with me, either. Because if it's just another deal to them, they walk on to the next deal. If it falls apart for me, I don't have a film. It's not just a deal to me—I invest my soul in my work."

And soul, for Costner, is not something to be trotted out only when the camera is close up on him. "In rehearsal for *Field of Dreams*, Kevin would say, 'I need my props'—and Props would pick up and have them ready the next time," director Phil Robinson recalls. "If carpenters would hammer, he'd say, 'I need it to be as quiet in rehearsal as it is when we shoot,' and everyone suddenly got very sharp. Then, in his performance, he'd lift the level in other ways. There's a moment when his daughter says, 'Daddy, there's a man in the field.' He's just snapped at her. But on the way to the window, he stops and pats her shoulder. That's not the script. That's not me. That's Kevin, making it clear, in a little touch, that it's important to be a good father."

This appreciation for the fundamen-

tals is not something Costner feels comfortable talking about. It was quite obvious, though, on the afternoon we spent together. In that time, he took only two phone calls.

One was from Michael Ovitz, head of Creative Artists, an agency which does not represent Costner. This call was an invitation to a Laker game, a show-biz perk roughly equivalent, in the new Hollywood, to a dinner invite to the White House. The other was from Costner's older brother, setting up a weekend visit. Cindy was taking one daughter to a birthday party, Costner said, leaving him to baby-sit the other two children. Best, he told his brother, to come right after lunch—"so you can see the kids before I put them down for their naps."

There are millions of other fathers who have love and pride in their voices when they talk about their children. It's hard to name another actor, though, whose offspring produce as much enthusiasm as a call from Michael Ovitz. □

## The Roots of Evil

(Continued from page 149) person who was really warm to him."

Apparently Grandfather Cowell's rage was never leveled at Bundy. Ted remembered only pleasant moments with his grandfather in the greenhouse and had no recollection of family violence. But "when a youngster has been horribly traumatized so that he or she cannot tolerate what he has witnessed or been part of, he tends to totally repress and to be unable to call it to mind," testified Dr. Lewis. "And I suspect that this is what happened." (Sam Cowell died while Bundy was in prison; for years Louise and Audrey hid newspaper stories about Bundy from his grandfather. In all that time, Louise never discussed it with her father. "I'm not sure how much he knew when he died," says Louise.)

When Bundy was three, Great-aunt Virginia Bristol paid for Louise to resettle in Tacoma near her Uncle Jack Cowell. ("It was unhealthy for her, living at home, working for her dad, no chance to meet anyone," says Mrs. Bristol.) Louise took a fictitious name, Nelson, to pass herself off as a widow or divorcée. She soon met and married John Bundy.

Before Ted was five he had three last names—Cowell, Nelson, and, finally, Bundy. He never related to the kindly, uncomplicated John Bundy, a hospital cook far removed from the sophisticated world

to which Bundy aspired. Later on, moving in university and political circles, Bundy seldom mentioned his parents.

When he was about five, Bundy told friends, he was so jealous of his "new daddy" that he staged a temper tantrum, publicly wetting his pants, to get even.

Louise Bundy tersely admits that Bundy was never told anything about his biological father. John Bundy, the stepfather Bundy never related to, was "always Daddy." "Ted never had asked about the"—she is struggling for words—"the 'other man,' because he never heard about him or had seen him or anything."

But in those first four years didn't he question why there was no daddy in his life? At birthday parties or with other children? "In our neighborhood there were no other children his age. He didn't know any differently. When I lived with the folks it was 'This is Granddad, this is Grandmother, and here is Mother.'"

Did it ever bother Ted? Her face is a mask. "Not that I know of. It wasn't something we ever talked about."

Yet it was so deeply unsettling that, as an adult, Bundy once told a friend that his grandfather was his father, his grandmother his mother, and his mother his sister (although family members remember Bundy calling Louise "Mommy" when he was three). "I can't imagine

where that came from. I'm not sure Ted ever said that," says Mrs. Bundy. Then, with satisfaction, "It must be a made-up tale."

Bundy bitterly deduced from all the secrecy surrounding his birth that he was unwanted. As the baby, abandoned for two months in a home, grew up, there remained agonizing doubts; a child of Ted's intelligence and imagination could have developed the most horrible scenario to fill in the blank of who his real father was.

In one of the many versions of how he found out he was illegitimate, Bundy told Utah State Prison psychologist A. L. Carlisle that he found his birth certificate when he was thirteen, marked "father unknown." Bundy shrugged, "I had had a sixth sense. . . . I didn't feel nauseous or tearful," but Carlisle wondered if the words "nauseous" and "tearful" might not actually reflect his real feelings. He was one of many who observed Bundy's cool response about his mother's parenting: she "paid all the bills" and "never yelled at me."

Another story Bundy told was that he looked up the birth records when he was in his early twenties and found out then that he was illegitimate.

His most likely account described a deeply wounding experience: at age ten or twelve he was taunted by a cousin

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about being a bastard. According to the girlfriend who heard this description from Bundy, he was furious with his mother for leaving him open to such humiliation.

Mrs. Bundy dismisses that story, and says the girlfriend was "a pretty mixed-up gal." Did his mother feel the need to explain anything to Ted? "No. He understood. He was just irritated with his cousin for cranking on him about it."

But a junior-high friend, Terry Storkwick, recalls trying to make Bundy feel better about not knowing who his father was. Bundy responded bitterly, "It's not you that's a bastard."

It was around that time that Bundy began his nocturnal voyeuristic activities and a downhill, reclusive spiral that lasted throughout high school.

For a journalist in search of clues to Ted's childhood, Mrs. Bundy brings out a collection of artifacts, neatly arranged. His elementary-school report cards: a blizzard of A's and B's, with a few notes about helping Ted to control his temper and to "develop a respectful, cooperative attitude toward the other pupils." Birthday cards from Grandmother Cowell: "Just think, you are four years old. Quite a big boy!" Christmas pictures: a much larger Ted towering over his four half-brothers and half-sisters. The girls wear crinolines and corsages and fold their hands in their laps—miniatures of their mother in the exact same pose. The boys wear bow ties.

The tassel from Ted's 1965 high-school mortarboard is next to the 1972 University of Washington graduation program with Ted's diploma in psychology. "With distinction" is underlined three times. There is no mention of the seven traumatic years in between, when Ted foundered, dropped out, and plunged into depression. Or of the fact that by the time Bundy was a pre-teen he was obsessed with detective magazines and their gory pictures of sexually assaulted bodies.

His mother can't really believe Bundy was the voyeur he said he was, just can't imagine how he got out of the house. All she ever saw of pornography were a couple of *Playboys* under the bed. "He never gave us any trouble at all." Mrs. Bundy is now breezing along the road she has traveled many times in interviews, her voice fluttering through her litany of normalcy. "We didn't send our children to church, we went *with* them.

...Ted always had lots of buddies."

Bundy said many times that in adolescence he suffered an extreme loss of self-esteem and deep insecurities, that he had few dates. Were there any signs? Mrs. Bundy's voice takes on her characteristic tone of bewilderment. "No, not at all. From the time he was born Ted had as much love as anybody. We just can't imagine whatever happened."

Bundy's bizarre early behavior went either unrecognized or untended, and he continued on to create a convincing façade: the perfect little boy, the pleasant adolescent, the rising star in Republican state politics. The dark side was so concealed that when he first became a murder suspect scores of friends—writers, politicians, teachers, lovers—said that there had to be some ghastly mistake.

The inexact science of psychiatry cannot yet divine how such killers can compartmentalize and rationalize to an amazing degree and live outwardly normal lives if they are not schizophrenic or multiple personalities.

Before her last visit with Bundy, Dr. Lewis was intrigued with documented evidence that, from time to time, he went into an altered state.

"When Bundy went through that metamorphosis, there was the odor, along with weirdness and the mental disorientation," recounted private investigator Joe Aloï, who spent hours with Bundy preparing the defense for his 1979 trial for the murder of two Tallahassee coeds. "Once the reaction started to take place, I just kept quiet. I felt that negative electricity, and along with that came that smell." There was nothing to compare it to, said Aloï, who was frozen in fear that Bundy would harm him at that moment. And Robyn Leary, who knew him when he was at the University of Utah, remembered being so frightened by the mad, staring look on Bundy's face once when he was dancing that she asked her date to take her home.

From such descriptions, Dr. Lewis had thought she might be able to elicit a multiple personality. But Bundy's altered states didn't fit the standard mold for multiple personalities or seizure disorders. "I'm convinced he was not a multiple," says Lewis, "but he came *so* close.

"It sort of fits with his total amnesia for his childhood. Bundy spoke at times of the other 'entity.' For a time, he even heard voices. But he felt that these two things merged when he started to act out these things. This was still one person."

One person, but living two lives. Underneath Bundy's façade, at least by the time he was an adolescent, his life was a

chaotic roller coaster of highs and lows. Dr. Lewis believes Bundy was a severe manic-depressive at least from 1967. His fragmented personality was at work all the time: the vice president of the Methodist Youth Fellowship by day was a voyeur by night, somehow sneaking out to peer in windows to watch women undress—a classic early route for rapists and serial killers.

Bundy, the Boy Scout, showed other signs of sexual maladjustment. He was such a compulsive masturbator, he once told a psychiatrist, that he masturbated in school closets, where other boys found him and taunted him, dashing him with ice water. (Many serial killers report that they fueled their fantasies while young by masturbating as they imagined sexual murders.)

He saw nothing wrong in coolly shoplifting those things stepfather John Bundy could not buy on his cook's salary—ski equipment, household furnishings. His mother says she thought they were just "gifts" from the department store where he worked. As a teenager Bundy was caught trying to steal a car, but was let off with a warning. And in college, while studying intensive Chinese, he rifled lockers and stole from guests at the yacht club where he worked.

But Bundy continued to disarm those around him. As a suicide-hot-line counselor, he could save lives with thoughtful, caring advice—and then coldly turn off the phones and go to sleep, leaving potential suicides adrift. He worked on a preliminary investigation into rape assaults for the Seattle Crime Prevention Advisory Commission—just as he was planning his premeditated murders. As a Republican Party worker, he impressed Washington governor Dan Evans so much that Evans wrote a glowing letter of recommendation for law school.

Bundy was merely smart, not brilliant. But, as a psychology major, he could have written the book for a course he aced. It was called *Deviant Development*. His one terrible genius was in creating his mask of sanity; he was a robot chameleon, instinctively able to divine and display any facet of the charming shell his public desired.

Young men who worked with him in politics were envious of his appeal. All his life Bundy was able to attract women, both as friends and lovers—not just sick groupies who giggled adoringly at his antics during his murder trials, but intelligent, successful women.

Unlike most serial killers, Bundy was able to have normal sexual relationships.

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In his perception, there were two worlds—sex with consenting adults and sex with murder. During the latter, Bundy re-created the goriest fantasies that came to mind from his adolescent reading, including the grisly gratification of necrophilia.

Among the former, his great romance, and one that some speculate may have triggered his symbolic killings, was with a beautiful, wealthy coed who jilted Bundy when he was a junior in college. Like most of the women he murdered, she wore her hair long and parted in the middle.

Shortly after she rejected him, Bundy dropped out of college and fell into a deep depression over his lost love. "She and I had about as much in common as Sears and Roebuck's has with Saks," he once said. How he won her back and what he did with her then is an example of his tremendous obsession and rage.

Ted Bundy carefully created the man she *would* want—the man that so many women would later find intriguing. He shoplifted to elegantly furnish his apartment, became active in politics, cultivated a sophisticated personality. A few years later, dazzled by the new Bundy, the woman came back to him. Before long, she was under the impression they were engaged. Then Bundy abruptly dumped her, refusing to write or phone. "I just wanted to prove to myself that I could have married her," he coolly explained.

Many who knew Ted believe his acts may have been fueled by the girlfriend's rejection. Certainly Mrs. Bundy, finally forced to acknowledge her son's brutal murders, clings to this theory, returning to it twice in an interview. "It's been my contention that that's when all his 'troubles' started. She told him she had to find someone who already had it made," says Mrs. Bundy, in a bitter tone. "He was devastated by that."

Dr. Lewis is asked if Bundy's sick fantasies could have been triggered into action by a rejecting girlfriend. "I think that she was representative of possibly other people. That's the closest I can come to telling you. But you can have rage at other people." The mother? "I think it is in part the mother, but I don't think it was exclusively the mother by a long shot."

William Hagmaier of the F.B.I. Behavioral Science Unit spent many hours with Bundy over the last four years. He agrees that the rejecting girlfriend and earlier an-

ger with his mother could have been part of the mix, "but it could have been building over a number of years with several different females."

No one knows exactly when Bundy committed his first murder (Bundy himself claims it was in May of 1973). But the detectable pattern began in earnest in January of 1974, just a month after Bundy took his revenge by jilting his beautiful coed. And most of the women Bundy later chose for girlfriends, women who were safe with him, looked nothing like her—that is to say, like the women he murdered. Not Pandora, not Carole Boone, not Liz Kendall.

Pandora dated Bundy when he was a law student at the University of Utah. She was struck by his sophistication; he knew the right wines, sometimes took her to French restaurants.

Today, Pandora says, "I can only recall two instances in the year that I knew Ted when I saw anything cruel or insensitive." They were pals more than lovers; both had opted for friendship. The only night they made love was not memorable. "If it was terrific, I would have remembered; if it had been *weird*, I would have remembered. It really has faded from memory."

What Pandora does remember is being kept awake by Bundy's loud bed-stand radio. She asked him to turn it off and he refused, saying, in a cold voice, "No." Another time, Bundy kept rubbing his stubble of beard into her face as they danced, hurting her, refusing to quit, until she was forced to stop dancing. The rest of her memories of Ted are fun: talking into the night on the phone, buying a Christmas wreath for her mother.

By that time, Bundy had already murdered at least eleven women in Washington and had started his spree in Utah. When Pandora's mother learned about the "other Ted," she threw up.

Carole Boone, by contrast, knew all there was to know about Ted Bundy. She married him in a bizarre courtroom ceremony while he was on trial, and bore his child eight years ago. (Friends breathed a sigh of relief that the baby was a girl.)

The longtime girlfriend who calls herself Liz Kendall wrote a book about her life with Bundy. She finally gave Bundy's name to the police after agonizing for months over his nocturnal disappearances, the surgical glove in his pocket, the handcuffs and tire jack with taped handle in the car, his insistence on tying her up with nylon panty hose during sex.

Among the clues that aroused Liz Ken-

dall's suspicion were a pair of crutches and a sack of plaster of Paris in Bundy's room. While studying psychology, Bundy had filed away one very useful tool for his macabre trade. A professor suggested that the class examine whether people would be more trusting if a person asking for help appeared disabled, using crutches or wearing a cast.

The trick became part of Bundy's search for pleasure, an aid in performing the perfect fatal seduction. Woman after woman went to her death when a handsome, polite young man—arm in a cast or on crutches—asked if she would help carry his books to his car.

University of Washington coed Georgann Hawkins was the sixth pretty young woman to mysteriously disappear in the Seattle vicinity in 1974. A friend watched her from his fraternity-house window around one A.M. as she strolled down a brightly lit alleyway toward her sorority house. With but a few feet to go, Georgann Hawkins vanished. No clothing, no body, were ever found.

In the hours before he died, Bundy finally told investigators what had happened to Hawkins. Bundy, on crutches, dropped his briefcase, and Hawkins carried it to the car for him while he followed, keeping up a flow of reassuring "student" small talk. His Volkswagen was in a secluded parking lot, only yards from the spot where he picked her up, and his crowbar was lying beside it, Bundy told Washington state investigator Robert Keppel. He crushed her skull in, then put her in the car.

In all the Washington cases, so much time had elapsed before the bodies were discovered that nothing was found but bones. For thirteen years, one of the many mysteries was an extra leg bone at one of his dumpsites. During that final conversation, Bundy told Keppel that the leg bone belonged to Hawkins.

Bundy could not stop his terrible killing, and like most serial killers he was desperate to keep it hidden. But in his case there was an additional deep compulsion for subterfuge, a consummate need to keep up appearances learned with his first breath in that household of denial, repression, and secrecy. In his final phone call to his mother, there was no remorse or shame for what he had done, only for blowing the cover. His last words to her were "I'm so sorry I've given you such grief, [but] *a part of me was hidden all the time.*"

Ted Bundy learned almost at birth that if nothing was said you could pretend that it had never happened. When he was cap-

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ured in Florida, Bundy was on the verge of a rambling, broken confession. But then he stopped, saying that there were people who had "implicit faith in me that would be deeply shaken." He also told lawyers, "What I knew [I had done] was unimportant. I could live with that. It was the prospect of other people even suspecting that made me shake and sweat."

For years Bundy proclaimed his innocence, but, paradoxically, he also felt the need to confess, resorting to lengthy third-person "theories" so graphic that they sickened interviewers and investigators. Several years ago, his mother heard the taped voice of her son explicitly describing how "this person" had raped and murdered an unnamed girl in an orchard.

Mrs. Bundy "let out several sharp, involuntary moans," wrote Stephen G. Michaud and Hugh Aynesworth, who had taped the interviews for their 1983 book, *The Only Living Witness*. And then, despite the authentic detail, Mrs. Bundy turned her back on the authors, the book, and the evidence, and continued to proclaim her son absolutely innocent.

**A**t the end of his long trail of mayhem Bundy was only thirty-one, but there was nothing left of the Ted who had captivated so many people. His final killings were done in a crude, careless, animal frenzy.

The women sleeping in Florida State University's Chi Omega sorority house remember that awful, cold winter night eleven years ago with the clarity of yesterday. Diane Cossin remembers saying good night to Margaret Bowman as she passed by her room a little after midnight. A few hours later, as Cossin slept on the other side of the paper-thin wall, Bowman was being strangled with a pair of nylon panty hose, her skull crushed with massive blows from Bundy's oak-club.

Cossin went to bed a little after one A.M. Her door was ajar and, in her half-sleep, Cossin noticed minutes later that the hall light clicked off. That seemed odd, she thought. It is believed that Bundy was already in the house, skulking in shadows, reaching to flip off the light.

Sometime after 2:35 A.M., as the last sorority sister on the hall was quiet in bed, Ted Bundy careened down the hall, going from room to room, bludgeoning Bowman to death, then killing Lisa Levy in another room and savagely attacking two

other sorority sisters, Karen Chandler and Kathy Kleiner, who survived. Another sister, coming in late, saw a man with a sharp, thin profile leaving by the front door, carrying a stick or club.

Five minutes later Karen Chandler stumbled from her room; sisters stared in horror at the blood coursing down her face. Chandler's jaw, right arm, and a finger were broken, her skull was fractured, and gashes and abrasions from the club covered her head and face. Inside, her roommate, Kathy Kleiner, sat cross-legged on her bed, rocking back and forth, calling for her fiancé and her pastor as blood poured from her mouth and broken jaw. Several of her teeth were found in her blood-soaked bedclothes. Blood had splattered to the ceiling.

Diane Cossin doesn't know to this day what compelled her to race for Lisa Levy's room when the commotion awakened her, while others clustered around Kleiner and Chandler.

"When I saw Lisa, my first reaction was that we were under fire. I thought that she had been shot through the window," recalls Cossin. "As I knelt by her, I felt, I've got to keep kneeling, stay down. It never crossed my mind that someone had been in the room. Her face was all bloody. . . I tried to cover her up. I was so worried about her breast being exposed; he bit her nipple almost off, but I thought it was a bullet wound."

At that time, no one looked below Levy's waist. She had been sodomized with a hair-spray bottle, and there were deep bite marks on her left buttock—teeth marks that would match Bundy's and eventually be the crucial evidence that would convict him.

But Bundy was not through for the night. He lurched down the street and attacked another woman. She survives only because coeds in an adjacent apartment heard methodical thumping and groans. He killed his final victim, twelve-year-old Kimberly Leach, a few weeks later. Her raped and mutilated body was found under a hog shed near the Suwannee River, not too far from Bundy's final, death-row home.

**W**hen Ted Bundy was pulled over by a Pensacola policeman for driving erratically a few weeks after Kimberly Leach was murdered, he fled on foot. When captured, an unkempt, incoherent Bundy told the officer, "I wish you had killed me." Eleven years later, Ted Bundy got his wish.

The death-penalty debate takes a sudden twist when Bundy's name is put into

the mix. When death-penalty opponents argue that nobody should die, some of them feel the need to apologize for adding "not even Bundy."

There are reasons for not putting people to death. Moral, "Thou shalt not kill" reasons. Financial reasons. Because of complex appellate battles, it cost more than \$5 million to kill Bundy. He could have been locked up for life for one tenth that amount.

In Bundy's case, there was one more reason. With his death went the opportunity to study America's top serial killer. Despite his celebrity status and the lasting curiosity, Bundy "simply fell through the cracks" once in prison, says his lawyer James Coleman. "It's a shame that there was no organized effort by authorities or psychiatrists to study this man."

In part, Bundy was caught in a death-row Catch-22—compelled to maintain his innocence so as not to jeopardize his appeals. But in the last two years, friends say, a weary Bundy would have cooperated in extensive analysis and brain tests.

Increased attention is being paid to brain function and damage as factors in violent behavior. In her last minutes with Bundy, Dr. Lewis asked if he would consider leaving his brain for study, to see if they could detect something in the part of the brain that influences violent and sexual drives. Bundy was squeamish, but interested.

In the end, though, except for an autopsy, Bundy's brain went unexamined. The prestigious Washington, D.C., law firm of Wilmer, Cutler & Pickering, while preparing to represent Bundy at his competency hearing, had hired a psychologist, Art Norman. He brought in a woman lawyer of his own, Diana Weiner, who wears her hair long, like Bundy's victims. Norman was fired by the defense team after they heard that he hoped Weiner's presence would elicit aspects of Bundy that had not been uncovered.

"I quit about the time they fired me," says Norman. But Weiner continued to see Bundy independently of the defense team. She developed a close relationship with the serial killer, controlling most of his final decisions, including the confessions his defense team opposed. After conferring with Weiner, Bundy refused to will his brain. "I think the proper time to have studied his brain was when it was still functioning," says Weiner coldly.

Unfortunately, no research funds were ever made available to study Bundy specifically. Something seemed amiss in earlier tests: a quantitative electroencephalo-

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gram (EEG) performed on Bundy was slightly abnormal, and an intelligence test showed an extraordinary gap between his verbally superior I.Q. and his poor ability to see spatial relationships. "When we see such discrepancies, there is often some kind of central nervous dysfunction, but that's the most we can say about it," says Dr. Lewis. According to the F.B.I., the autopsy of Bundy's brain found no abnormalities, but experts say it would not necessarily have detected a neuropsychological dysfunction.

**T**he baffling question remains: what can society do about the growing menace of serial killers?

The rising number of serial sexual homicides in the last decade has prompted the F.B.I. to study them as a separate group. Responding to an "urgent need" to learn more about their crime patterns and, "above all, their motivations," specially trained agents interviewed thirty-six convicted sexual murderers in one of the largest studies to date, *Sexual Homicide: Patterns and Motives*.

"The biggest mistake in trying to figure out why these people are this way," says the F.B.I.'s Jim Wright, who participated in the sexual-murderer interviews, "is that we try to analyze through our own standard of behavior. They don't *think* the way you or I think. We're not sure why—but the point is they *don't*."

The investigation has two goals: prevention and detection.

In using Bundy to improve its methods of detection, the F.B.I. found that he completely fit the pattern of the "organized offender" in the way he committed the actual crimes: Some immediate stress caused him to go over the brink from fantasy and kill the first time. From then on, his need to have absolute control, to possess these women in the only way he felt he could have them, grew stronger. His victims were symbolic and picked for their common characteristics. It would have been much easier to choose prostitutes or hitchhikers, as have other serial killers, but for Bundy the challenge was in luring the smartest, most beautiful coeds to their deaths.

The actual killing also fit patterns of sexual murders: He drank before the act. His stunned victim would be strangled, often during the sex act, and sexually assaulted again after death. When he drank heavily, he mutilated their genitals. He stuffed their vaginas with dirt and twigs,

sodomized them with items such as an aerosol spray bottle. There are indications that, like many serial killers, he sometimes kept the bodies as grisly trophies. Autopsies of two Bundy victims noted that, although the bodies were partially decomposed, the hair was freshly washed and fresh eye makeup had been applied.

Bundy's dumpsites were carefully chosen in advance. He buried some victims, decapitated some, dismembered some. "We're not sure he buried all parts of the body in the same common graves, in order to preclude identification," says William Hagmaier.

Among the lessons the F.B.I.'s VICAP (Violent Criminal Apprehension Program) unit learned from Bundy is that he returned to all his sites. Bundy told officers they might have been able to catch him if they had staked out the site after finding a body. He had also perceived another weakness in the law-enforcement system: information was not shared among jurisdictions. His success in exploiting that weakness was a major reason for the F.B.I.'s decision to create the VICAP unit, to trace possible serial-killer homicides across the country.

Fear of detection was uppermost in Bundy's plans. He threw clothes out of the car as he left dumpsites. His fingerprints were never found; even his own apartment was wiped clean. Bundy's neatness, considered an attractive quality by those who knew the "other Ted," was part of an obsession to avoid being caught. He insisted, for example, that one pubic hair found in his trunk had to have been a police plant—he had steam-cleaned the car three times.

Above all, Bundy, like other serial killers, dehumanized his victims, seeing them as only symbolic objects to "hunt." People can kill deer, put them on the car, mount their heads on the wall, Bundy once said matter-of-factly, and he perceived killing people as being on the same continuum. He told Dr. Lewis that, while he could not stop himself from killing, if someone had come upon him in the act, he could have stopped. He explained, again without emotion, that it was like a predator who can stop when a larger predator approaches.

This detachment was what so enraged the public who sought Bundy's death. At the end, Bundy was startled at the venom of those awaiting his execution. "I don't know why everyone is out to get me," he complained to Dr. Lewis. "Do you think it could have something to do with the number of victims?" she asked, noting that "he really and truly did not have a

sense of the enormity of what he had done. But he sure as hell was aware that he distanced himself, and wondered why."

**A**nswering the *why* of serial killers, and identifying the conditions that spawn them, poses an even knottier problem than detection.

Joel Norris, in his book, *Serial Killers*, contends that it is a generational disease "passed on through child abuse, negative parenting, and genetic damage." F.B.I. behavioral-science teams and other experts emphasize the need for prevention and for money and resources to detect and halt child abuse—sexual, physical, and psychological.

Ted Bundy, the "model" youngster, was allegedly never physically or sexually abused, which is one reason he would have been such a valuable laboratory of pathological homicide. To be studied, yes, to be paroled, never. Like other killers, Bundy claimed that pornography, alcohol, or the victim triggered the murders. These were not, however, *reasons*; they were merely catalysts for his inevitable rampages.

The F.B.I. study returns repeatedly to childhood experiences as crucial to understanding serial killers. Nearly 70 percent of them had family members with severe alcohol-abuse problems, half had family members with criminal histories, half had been severely beaten, and some had been sexually abused. In most cases, any early bizarre behavior was ignored (by brushing it off, for example, as "Boys will be boys"), thus supporting their developing distortions in thinking.

In one way, Bundy clearly does not follow the pattern: the Cowells produced musicians, artists, and college presidents instead of criminals. But although it has been impossible to determine whether Ted was sexually or physically abused, in another key respect he does seem to fit the mold. Interestingly, three-quarters of the serial killers reported a history of non-physical, "psychological" abuse, which included indifference, verbal abuse, and what the killers viewed as humiliating experiences.

Swiss psychoanalyst Alice Miller, an expert on violence, explains that the roots of adult violent behavior can be found in a level of parental cruelty invisible to the untrained eye. Citing Miller, Joel Norris states, "Parents who stress that imposing their own values on children is done for the child's own benefit commit a form of 'gentle violence,' suppressing completely the child's emerging personality and lighting a fuse of aggressiveness that will ex-

plode decades later." These children are instilled with "a sense of helplessness and frustration because they are never allowed to acknowledge feelings of rage and rebellion."

Granted, countless thousands of children have endured similar rejecting childhood experiences. "Serial killers, however," writes Norris, "belong to the extreme category of children who were not only unwanted but were punished for having been born."

So, once again, the clues point to Bundy's early years, and his relationship with his mother.

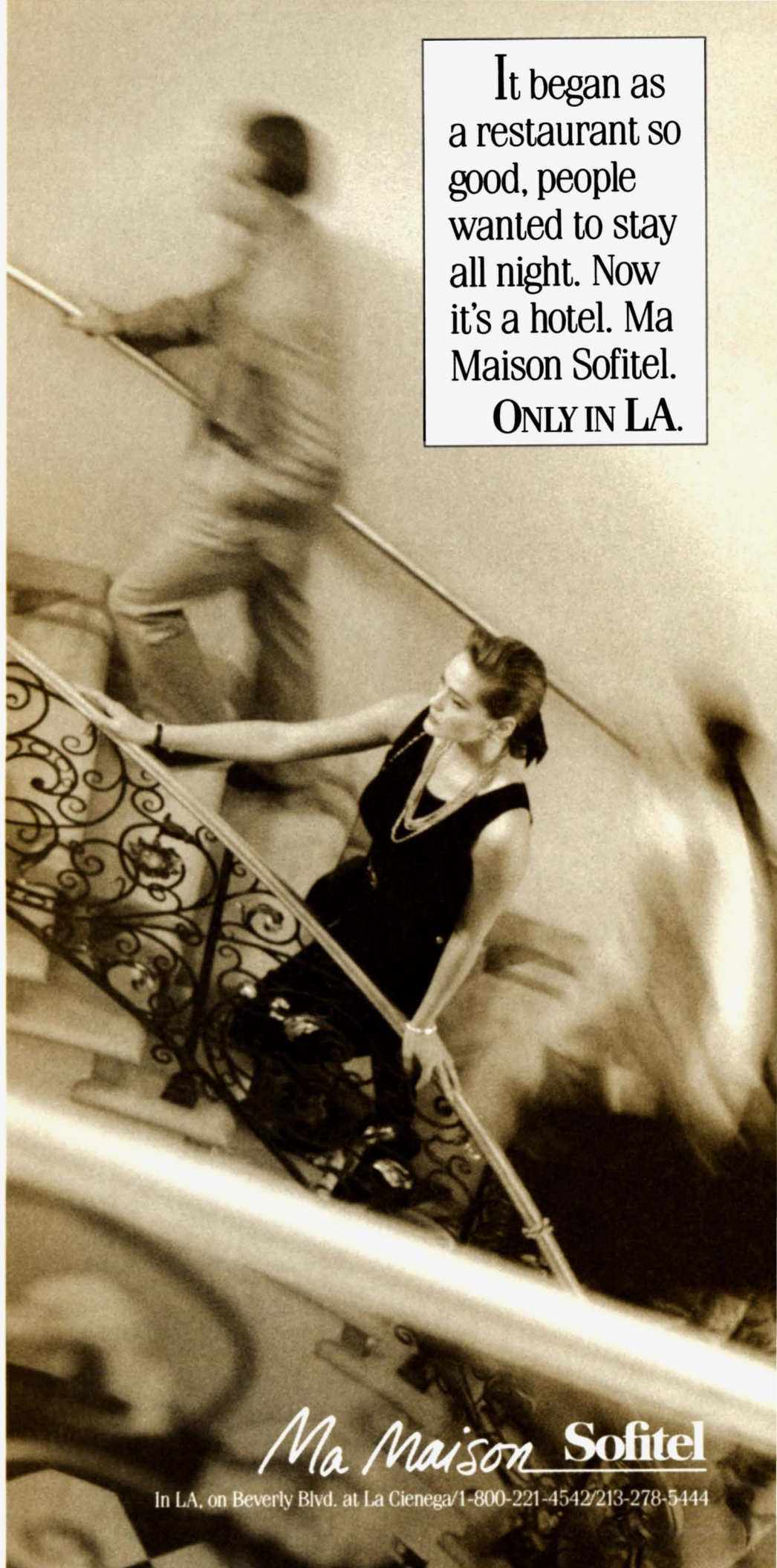
Even as he was going to his death, Bundy's final thoughts were of his early days. During her last moments with him, Dr. Lewis, using relaxation techniques, enabled Bundy to recall some buried emotions. Struggling to protect the family image to the end, he nonetheless talked intensely about how he felt unloved by his mother.

Louise Bundy's relationship with her son evokes conflicting opinions from those who observed the two. Many see her as a loving, grieving mother—former students in the communications department at the University of Puget Sound, where she has been a secretary for seventeen years; the church group that prayed with her as they waited for Bundy's death; strangers who watched her on TV.

"She is a very loving, dear woman," says University of Florida sociology professor Mike Radelet, a death-penalty opponent. The Reverend Fred Lawrence, who was by Ted's side during his last phone call, agrees. Mrs. Bundy was a "dear person. Ted did terrible, brutal things, but at that time I saw a tender son who was devastated by the fact that his mother was suffering so."

Mrs. Bundy has been hospitable to the investigators and psychiatrists, reporters and authors, who have trekked to her home over the years. Yet some see her expressions of love as mechanical and hollow; all the right words pour forth, but they seem devoid of emotion. Perhaps her detachment is the result of trying to avoid thinking about the unthinkable while answering the unanswerable. Even when Bundy was first suspected of the killings, Richard W. Larsen, interviewing Mrs. Bundy for his book *Bundy: The Deliberate Stranger*, felt that "Ted's mother has had a bone-deep feeling for some time that her son might not be the All-American boy."

"There was something chilling about



It began as  
a restaurant so  
good, people  
wanted to stay  
all night. Now  
it's a hotel. Ma  
Maison Sofitel.  
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## The Roots of Evil

how cold she was. In many ways, she talked like Ted," said one close observer of mother and son during Ted's imprisonment. "It was absolutely freaky, as if the two had sat down and collaborated on what they would say."

Ted's equally cold response to his mother was on dramatic display when Mrs. Bundy pleaded for her son's life at his 1979 trial. All eyes were on Mrs. Bundy, but Ted seemed to ignore her, conferring with his attorney. Another time he caustically told a guard when mail arrived, "No letter from my 'beloved' mother."

"Mrs. Bundy was singularly unhelpful," said James Coleman, who worked on the competency appeal. "My impression was that she felt nothing would save Ted, so she was going to protect her family."

Dorothy Lewis agrees: "I really don't think she cared." Coleman points out that while Mrs. Bundy was furious with Dr. Lewis's testimony, Ted neither denied nor prohibited it, and that he requested to see Dr. Lewis at the end.

All the factors present in serial killers—from child abuse to bad genes or brain damage—are present in countless others who live normal, if scarred, lives, or who grow up to be violent criminals, but not serial sexual murderers. Whatever happened to Ted Bundy, his crimes were so unspeakable and baffling that they bring to mind a thought which has

haunted historians and novelists throughout the ages. That there are simply inexplicably evil people, people "born to kill."

"I just liked to kill, I *wanted* to kill," Bundy told Hagmaier before he died—consumed simultaneously with a new concern, now that it was his turn. "Will I get into heaven?" he wanted to know. Hagmaier told him that he had lived by his own rules all his life; now it was up to someone else to decide.

Bundy once said that he had made himself the way he was—"bit by bit and step by step and day by day. I don't know why. I don't know what spurred me to do it. . . . There was a time, way back, when I felt deep, deep guilt about even the very thought of harming someone. And yet for some reason I had a desire to condition that out of me. And I did, day by day by day. Conditioned out on an abstract level, and when it got down to actual cases. . . . I conditioned that out of myself too." When he was first jailed, Bundy added, "I thought, It's possible to 'counter-condition' myself. It appears that by myself I'm not capable of doing it," he concluded after escaping and killing again.

The major missing link to Bundy, of course, is his unknown father. Who he was might explain Bundy's monstrous nature, a possible genetic "bad seed" misfire. But the one person who could shed any light says she's told all there is to know. "We've plumbed the depths of our memories of Ted since the year

one," says Louise Bundy. "And if I can't come up with an answer, I don't think anybody can."

Mrs. Bundy wants the book closed, wants the rehashing of her son's background and childhood stopped.

The woman who permitted a newspaper photographer to capture her last telephone call with the son she had not visited in eighteen months is far more comfortable with the kinds of questions that TV reporters ask for their sound bites: "How does it feel?" "How do you cope?"

"Well, I have to accept it as fact, but I can't dwell on it," she says. "I can't change what happened. Certainly we have tremendous sympathy and heartache for those families of those girls. It's a terrible thing." Mrs. Bundy continues, as if delivering a script, "If I sat around and moaned, let myself feel bad about that, day after day, hour after hour, I'd be a basket case."

She is back on familiar ground, talking about coping. "We just always had our faith to fall back on, and it has never failed us. We have to keep going. Not that it lessens the pain or the severity of the whole situation. But we have to keep going on."

All the while, Mrs. Bundy is picking up the crumbs from the apple pie she has just served, brushing them methodically, precisely into a coffee cup, placing a dining chair neatly back in its place.

"So," she says, her gaze as impenetrable as it is direct, "that is all we will do." □

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## Who's Faking Who?

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(Continued from page 175) the *Confessors* wasn't published until 1981, but Hoving's admission that he didn't really know the Met, that he lied easily, did not come as a surprise. Hoving was an easy liar. He always believed, throughout his career at the Met, that the ends justified the means."

Hoving's plan for the museum was threefold. First, he planned to attract the public through extravaganza-like shows, such as his first blockbuster in 1969, "Harlem on My Mind." The concept of this exhibition—the first show devoted to black culture in any museum—was admirable, but the execution was peculiar. Instead of showcasing black artists, "Harlem on My Mind" was largely a photo exhibition. Blacks labeled the show racist, Jews called it anti-Semitic, and art critics characterized Hoving's initial effort as superficial. To

make matters worse, the day the exhibition opened, a vandal wrote "H," presumably for Hoving, with a ballpoint pen on ten paintings, including a Rembrandt.

The board of trustees became nervous, and there was talk of firing Hoving immediately, but the mood passed. "He could be dazzling," says one former trustee. "I knew he was bluffing, faking, and lying some of the time, but I thought, Well, maybe that's what you have to do."

The second part of Hoving's idea for the Met involved expansion. He wanted to modernize the building, and encouraged what was termed the "master plan," a \$50 million expansion program that would have increased the museum space to a full five acres, more than one and a half times the floor space of all the other museums in Manhattan combined.

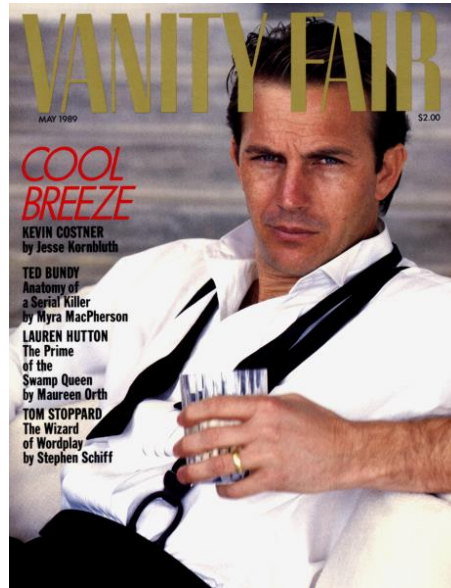
This, too, met with opposition. When

Hoving ordered the chopping down of thirty-six large, healthy trees that stood in front of the Met, there was an uproar. When Hoving wanted to remove the grand staircase in the Met's Great Hall ("a dull behemoth," he called it), there was another uproar, and the staircase remained intact. The noisiest uproar of all erupted when Hoving, the former champion of Central Park, wanted to push the museum farther and farther into the park.

His plan—which took hold—was to erect the Temple of Dendur, a first-century-B.C. Roman-Egyptian edifice acquired in 1968 with \$1.4 million of city funds. And on the south side of the museum, Hoving wanted to build a museum of primitive art to be endowed by Nelson Rockefeller. The third proposed structure would contain the Robert Lehman Collection of old masters.

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