

Feb. 21, 1979

Harold W. McGraw Jr.,
1221 Ave of Americas
New York City 10020

21A

Mr. McGraw,

I've let people step on me just once too often and now I've had enough. It's time for the truth to come out - not a story about demons, talking dogs and legions of Satan's henchmen, but the real truth behind the crimes I've committed.. These crimes more popularly known as the Son Of Sam shootings.

I've told people time and time again that I was driven to kill by demons. Quite frankly, this is fictitious, it is invented, it is a lie. There were no real demons, no talking dogs, no satanic henchmen. I made it all up via my wild imagination so as to find some form of justification for my criminal acts against society.

This is what you might call a "mental justification" used simply to cover up a guilty conscious. I attached a cause to my actions in order to condon them. However, I must tell you right now so you know without a doubt that the story of Sam Carr and the demonic army is - BALONEY!

I understand that you plan to have a book written and a movie produced. obviously, it is a venture that may bring you millions but make sure that you call your work "fiction" because thats what it is.

By the time you get this letter, the public will know the truth. They will know that there were no "demons" driving me, just me, myself and I.

I cannot stop you from publishing your "Hollywood" book filled with all the outrageousness and absurdity that usually goes with mass killer and supernatural stories, however, I will tell you right now that I will do everything in my power to see that your multi-million dollar venture becomes a flop.

I have no objections to you making money, Mr. McGraw, but I feel that any money that goes to Doris Johnsen and my former lawyers, Stern and Jultak, would certainly be unearned for they have done little to earn the enourmous fee's they ask for.

My hope is that people see the greed behind the whole deal and the stupidity of the "demon" story and refuse, out of intelligent choice, to purchase the Lawrence Klausner Son of Sam Book or patronize the future Son of Sam movie.

Personally, I think you are a greedy vulture and as far as Doris Johnsen and my former lawyers are concerned, I cannot find words in the english language to express my distaste for them.

Sincerely
David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz
78-A-1976
Box 149
Attica, N.Y. 14011

This is a copy of the letter I sent to McGraw Hill. It was published in Newsday newspaper on Long Island.

March 20, 1979

Dr. David Abramson
873 Park Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10025

Dear Dr. Abramson,

"Sam Carr and the demons..." Yes, it was all a hoax, a silly hoax, well planned and thought out. I just never thought this "demon" story would carry out so much.

At the time I was committing the crimes, the Son of Sam Shootings, I felt guilty unconsciously. Therefore, I needed to somehow justify everything in my mind, condon it, and somehow mentally convince myself that there was meaning, purpose and justification for my acts.

This is where the "demon" story came into being. It gave me the mental motivation and the mental justification I needed at the time. However, deep down inside I knew I was the real 'demon' so to speak. It was just me, myself and I.

This is the reason I pleaded guilty, because I was. And the going beserk in the courtroom was an act too. I was trying to convince people that I was totally possessed. It was a desperate attempt. But it was just a case of pseudopossession, imaginary possession. Lets say I needed to be possessed. I wanted to be possessed.

The ideas about demons came to me when I attended a Baptist church in Louisville, Kentucky when I was in the service. All the sermons were about demons, sin, Hell, eternal damnation, etc. I believe this also had a bad affect on my life and mind.

In addition, I read numerous books such as Billy Graham's 'Angels,' the Exorcist, the Omen, Rosemary's Baby, Hostage to the Devil by Malachi Martin and many other religious books on the spirit world and the occult. After reading these books, I then knew that this would be a good excuse to committ serious crimes.

Perhaps the best book you could possibly read to understand my situation would be "Occult Bondage and Deliverance" by Kurt Koch Th.D. This book is published by Kregal Publications, P.O. Box 2607, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49501. The cost is \$1.75.

Kurt Koch is a christian counsellor and the second half of the book (part two) is written ~~X~~ by Dr. Alfred Lechler, a counsellor who has dealt with many people who claimed to be possessed. Dr. Lechler is not a religious nut but a professional. In his chapter called "Neuroses or the Demonic" the subject of pseudopossession is brought up. Pages 181 thru 183 fit me exactly, right down to the "T."

You must read this book! It's geared for christian psychologists and people in the mental health field. It has religious overtones but it is also medical so to speak. I am not a christian nor am I religious. I'm somewhat agnostic but I once had very strong beliefs in religion, the occult and the supernatural.

Lastly, I say again, pages 181 thru 183 of the book explain fully the reason and motives behind the demon story. I've enclosed a xeroxed copy of a news article that appeared in the PoughKepsee Journal on Sunday March 13, 1979. It was written by Arnold D. Bucove, M.D., Main Street, Pleasant Valley, N.Y. 12569. The article was true and it was excellant. No doubt you and he see eye to eye.

PS: Mrs. Fran Mills, the head of the Attica prison psychiatric unit/Dept. of mental hygiene personally believes that you are one of the best in your field. She has great respect and admiration for you.

Sincerely
David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz
78-A-1976
Box 149
Attica, N.Y. 14011

Berkowitz, David 78-A-1976

AFTER 5 DAYS, RETURN TO

PO BOX 149

ATTICA, NY 14011

Address Correction Requested



Dr. David Abramson
873 Park Avenue,
New York, N.Y. ~~10025~~

873

No such number
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

BS-9

2A

David Berkowitz 4/23/79

So your back to preaching again I see. Really, I don't mind but what caused this? Did you listen to a sermon on the radio or something?

~~you~~ you know there are a lot of things that disturb me about God, things I don't understand, that seem the opposite of each other. Maybe you could help me if you like?

I wanted to write you a letter to tell you why I hate certain people in this world - a hate that can never die. But I don't know how to begin. ~~my~~ my desires to kill and destroy have not died away. The urge is still strong, however, because of the restrictive regimentated environment of Attica I am forced to put a lid on it so to speak.

It can't seem to go away either. When I was in Kings County all these people wrote saying their going to pray for me. Then I also got involved with Ollie Smith in which I found myself repenting day after day - begging forgiveness - knowing within myself that if I were to be released that day, I would have gone and killed someone else.

Like Judas and Esau, I repented, felt sorry for what I've done, but repented only psychologically not spiritually (from the heart). Actually, I'm as wicked as ever and continually fantasize about murder and sex. However, I never, ever, equate the two. I mean I never have violent sexual fantasy's. I want to be a lover to women but I want to destroy them too. The urge is powerful and the hatred intense.

It's gotten to the point that I've given up hope of ever evolving to a spiritual state such as I had at Beth Haven which was merely mental not genuine. At least it was something. Besides, I don't want to get on this religious kick again and have to pound the gospel down people's throats like I did in Kentucky.

Like Hitler and a multitude of other perverts I am what you call a "sex-starved daydreamer." Never, ever, will I be satisfied nor will I really be able to hold a beautiful passionate woman in my arms and caress and kiss her all over her body - from her head to her toes. Never will I taste that delicious nectar from between her legs like I did in Korea - and I LOVED it.

It was so easy in Korea. It was money and thats all. You threw your money on the table (about \$4.) and for an hour you did what you desired to a nice warm body. You fantasized about a girl back home and you did what your body and soul desired. There was little or no conversation - no intimate, deeply involved relationship which I fear very much. Yes, it was all so easy and cheap. The land of make believe.

It was so uncomplicated overseas. Here I could never keep a woman interested. There is too much competition, too much lust and jealousy - I hate every ~~X~~ rotten second that I ~~XXX~~ ever spent with some girls that I went out with. It was miserable and dull.

So deep was my need to express my feelings to some one - my intimate feelings. I mean an ~~intimate~~ intimate, deep, passionate but loving sexual relationship. And those girls - silly, giggly, scared, stupid and immature. I'm not talking about the tramps. Those little "Miss Can't Get Enoughs" - thats another story.

My relationship with these girls was much like it was with God - silly, meaningless, void of emotion. Back in Kentucky I was lonely. Beth Haven was my escape. I was around thousands of people. We shook hands and said "Jesus loves you brother."

Whats Love? Love is something I felt for my grandfathers Harry and Jack. Love is what I felt for my mother Pearl Berkowitz. Love is now something I no longer feel, an emotion that no longer phases me. Why? Because God slew them. Because he took them away for ever.

Grandpa Harry died and went to the "Everlasting Fire" when I was about age six. Poppy Jack went when I was about nine. My mother went to "torment" when I was fourteen.

Now, I'm a changed man. I've grown as cold as ice, void of emotion and feelings.

David Berkowitz

Hence, Dr. Schwartz's statement: "The man is emotionally dead." He can't love. He has no feelings for anyone. Life has no value - no worth to him. It's cheap.

Thus we have six dead and seven wounded as I raised my gun to their heads - aimed - and calmly executed them. Their lives snuffed out and delivered back to God with "Return To Sender" stamped on their foreheads. "Let them return from whence they came." "Let them return unto their Maker," says Berkowitz.

GOLD BLOOD. A man with a heart of steel, incapable of compassion is the only person who could have pulled that trigger. "Haha, I got you back God. I got my revenge. You took my mother from me King of Kings. You Indian Giver! HaHa, got you back - pay back = pay back, HaHa."

"I waited so long for the payback. Your cruel. You hurt me. You took away the only one's I ever loved and now I can love no more."

"I hate you! I hate, hate, hate, hate you!"

"Go ahead, sit up there on your throne and watch over everything. Sit back and watch while people wallow in suffering. Stay up there with your record book and chalk up everyone's sins. Find and point out everyone's faults and transgressions. Then accumulate enough evidence to send them all to hell without mercy."

"Narrow is the way to life everlasting and few there be that find it,"
Shut them out! Hurl them into the burning lake of fire! Go ahead you sadistic bastard - you cruel beast.

"Go ahead, take my life back. I don't want it. I don't want to keep it. Slay me too."

I'm sorry ~~████████~~, I guess I went too far - got carried away. But I think it's in my best interests to no longer keep feelings and emotions bottled up and repressed. I once used to and look what happened. I blew up and all that hate, all that anger, all that frustration went... Need I say more?

In my anger I guess I've given place to the devil. I haven't resisted the devil ((old Slewfoot) hard enough - Haven't fought the good fight or kept the faith. No, I've fallen by the wayside and among thorns. Like the prodigal son, I'm laying in the mud but unlike him, I'm going to stay there.

"He who hardens his heart shall be cut off and that without remedy." Yes, I hear that verse sounding in my ears but who should I return too? The murdering Christ or the murdering Satan? Is there any neutral ground - a rest stop, a place to unwind, a place to piss?

PART II

To get back to earth a little, I received the post cards and those pictures of the scenery were lovely. The pictures of you were lovely too (I didn't forget you). Wow, I never saw such beauty. The sunset, the shoreline - cool wet sand, squawking seagulls, the thunder of the waves and that fresh salt water smell - PEACE and QUITE - Ecstasy - solitude - like the song Rocky Mountain High by John Denver, it's a natural high.

~~████████~~ is truly a wonderful experience I would assume. You don't hear much about your state around here. It seems to be one of the forgotten ones and that's good - no need to turn it into a metropolis.

Whats Medford or Portland Like? I've always wondered. Are there blacks there? Crime? Gangs? Dope? Commune's - I bet you've got plenty of them in the mountains.

~~████████~~ your articles about Hitler and your writings were very interesting. I myself don't care for him either. However, the fascinating thing is our similarities in so very many things. Our lives were so similar, our thoughts and actions too.

I read his biography and It was like looking into a mirror. Except for his

David Berkant

involvement with the occult, we are very much the same. When and if I decide to finish that piece of writing I told you about I'll let you read it and see for your self. But the task of writing it is harder than expected.

That book on the occult aspects of the Third Reich ~~is~~ Must be very interesting. Is it out in paper back?

Thanks very much for that info on Klausner. This will be checked out and I will tell you the results.

I did read George Carpozi's book when it came out on Manor Books. It was in paperback with the yellow cover selling at \$2.25. However, my former lawyer, Jultak, took it and never returned it. Besides, for some reason I don't think where talking about the exact same book. Yours seems to be in hard cover and very very condensed. The printing is very large. The one I read was about 275 pages if I remember correctly and in small print. It was okay but it sometimes got pretty nasty, plus, it had alot of incorrect information.

Hold it! I just checked again. Your Carpozi book and mine are two different ones. I'm absolutely certain - no doubt about it. If I were you I would write the book company and request or rather find out about getting a copy of the paperback. It's much much different.

~~listen~~, listen, please don't sympathize with me about this. I mean I'm not sympathetic about my life. I don't need or want any "Oh, you poor boy" attitudes. Okay?

I guess I said alot in this letter. At first I couldn't start it and now I can't stop. ~~XXXX~~ I've enclosed some news articles of interest too.

If your wondering why I'm sending you a carbon copy of this letter it's because ther's no ribbon in this typewriter believe it or not and ~~XXXX~~ I'm typing on a blank page. I disagree on your views of the Death Penalty. Did you ever read the booklet I sent you by Richard DeHaen "God, Law and Capitol Punishment?" I don't think you did.

Keep well.

LOVE

5/8/79

Dear Dr. Abrahamson,

I wrote you on March 20 and I sent the letter to an address on Park Avenue. The address was incorrect and it wasn't returned to me until April 21.

I asked a friend of mine to get your address and it finally arrived on May 7. So I'm writing to you again.

This time I hope it makes it as I don't know the exact spelling of your name or your zip code.

In my March 20 letter I had recommended that you get a book. However, there is no need to, for I have enclosed the pages of interest from it. (Pages 181-183).

I'm keeping in touch with Dr. Bucone. You do see eye to eye.

Please be kind enough to acknowledge this letter when you receive it. My letters, people think, are worth a lot, so I get nervous when I send a letter like this out. Especially when I'm uncertain about the address.

David Abrahamsen, M.D., F.A.C.Pn.
1035 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10028

May 16, 1979

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

Since I've been at Attica and before that, Marcy, I have had few problems in adjusting to the regimentated life of prison. In fact, I'm doing quite well and I'm getting along with both guards and inmates to a degree.

I've also done quite a bit of self-analysis and I am now mentally aware as to the reasons why I committed most of those crimes. I've known the "true" motives for quite some time but I deliberately kept them below the surface because of my fear in hurting certain persons.

In other words - I did know why I pulled the trigger, I did know why I deliberately killed. I knew who the person was whom I wanted to hurt - on whom I wanted revenge.

These shootings were planned long before they took place. Nobody knows this. Nobody knows the reason but me and perhaps one day, you.

I do think it would be a good idea if we talked. I also know that your writing a book. I would like very much to help you with it. Hopefully, your book will not be one of those "emotional, blood and gore" books.

I would assume it would not be one of those grotesque novels but one in which my mind would be the primary subject and not my gun.

First, let me say that I desire nothing for helping you with your work. Second, I must caution you because a book is being written about me now and there may be some legal aspects with regards to my cooperating with you.

I would advise you to check the legal aspects out thoroughly so as to prevent yourself from being hit with a lawsuit. You should also have your book copywrited so that nobody would be able to use any of it without you and your publishers permission.

On Monday, May 21st, three men from the Federal Bureau of Investigation will be here to talk with me in the hopes of developing a psychological profile of myself in order to use it as a training implement for agents in their training school in Maryland. They feel that I could be of some help to them.

Lastly, enclosed is a Correspondence Form. If you want to continue writing and perhaps visit one day, then please fill out the form and send it to:

Service Unit
Attica, C.F.
Box I49
Attica, N.Y. I4011

Fill out the part about "relationship" because I don't know what to put and don't forget to sign the bottom.

Sincerely,
David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz
Attica N.Y.

MAY 19

Dear Dr. Abrahamson,

I wanted to tell you of some unusual things that happened in my life that you may find significant. I never told anyone about this before.

When I attended Shorehaven Beach Club in the Bronx (about age 7) I remember an incident that happened to my friend Bruce. We were by the water fountains in the hot sun when an argument developed between Bruce and the two older girls. I remember the girl with the long dark hair ~~then~~, without provocation, slapped Bruce in the face and nose.

I remember how he screamed and bled from the nose. I never saw anyone bleed so much. The two girls laughed and left.

The second incident was when I was about 5 years. I was playing in the sand box

(2)

when two older girls who were there began to put sand in a cup and then sprinkle it in my hair, passively I played with them letting them do it. When I went back to my mom (Pearl) to go home she saw all the sand and slapped me. It took several days for all the sand to work out of my hair. I also realized that they made a fool of me.

When my former lawyer Mark Heller mentally manipulated me to write for him I told of all my conquests of American girls since the age of sixteen. My pride and ego got the best of me, ~~and there~~, I never had those girls that I wrote I did. I made that up to impress Heller because he wasn't much older than me.

(3)

Good Housekeeping ran an article about me a year ago. The article said nothing bad about me personally. It portrayed me as a mentally sick person not responsible for my acts. I always wondered who the author was, then I found out - my cousin. It was written by Susan Sugar of Roberts Avenue, Yonkers. I'll send you the article.

It was a "love" story about me and my natural mother Betty Falco. My mom and sister did most of the talking. Once again my mother appears to be thinking for herself.

I've had many experiences with death during my early years that might have lead to my fascination with it and at the same time, cause ~~my~~^{me} to question the value of life.

The list is on page 4.

(3)

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(4)

~~Do~~ Deaths viewed between the ages of 5-18:
(There not in any particular order)

- 1) 2 girls were hit by a moving van on the corner of Watson and Stratford Avenues (BRONX). One was pinned under the wheel. My age - 11.
- 2) a girl was hit by a car on the Bronx River Parkway and E. 172 St. She died instantly. My age - about 8.
- 3) a girl and her mom were hit by a car and killed on Bruckner Boulevard and Soundview Avenue. Both died instantly. My age - 10.
- 4) a boy was killed on Watson and Morrison Avenues when he fell from the side of the bus - I saw it. (Age - 13).
- 5) a youth from school drowned at the Bronx River near Westchester Avenue. I remember him from school - his face not his name. I remember the ~~police~~ police dragging the river. I left before they found him. (age - 9)

(5)

6) My girl friend Elaine Dickens was stabbed Ward by three youths outside of P.S. 77 on Ward avenue and E. 172 St. I don't ~~se~~ mean my actual girlfriend. I should say classmate.

7) One day I was going to the ball field on ~~Morrison~~ Morrison Avenue when a cop car pulled up in front of an alley and the police ran into it. I followed them, and in the middle of the yard was a elderly woman lying in a pool of blood. The super yelled to the cops "she jumped."

8) A young couple jumped off the roof of my building at 1105 Stratford Avenue one morning. It was crazy. No one knows why they did it. I remember the cops going through the building taking statements.

9) A man jumped off the roof of a building on Stratford near Westchester. I remember all the blood.

10) The neighborhood candy store man was stabbed to death in his store on Stratford Avenue near Westchester. The neighborhood talked about it for weeks. I remember the

(6)

the blood splattered all over the glass store front.

11) a man drowned in the Eastchester creek by coop city Boulevard. I stood over him when the cops pulled him out. They didn't even ^{chase} chase me. I looked into his open eyes. I'll never forget it.

12) a man named MR. Beiber (I think) was stabbed in the back behind building #7 on De Kruif Place. I gave him first aide before the cops came.

The list goes on and on.

I'll stop here. But please, Dr. Abrahamson, please let me know if you get these papers. I get nervous when I send mail like this out.

Sincerely
David B.

⑥

the blood splattered all over the glass store front.

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Sincerely
David B.

"He had to elude capture for as long as possible, using whatever means necessary, and derive whatever pleasures he could in the time left to him." (page 67)

①

From the outset of the ".44" Shootings, I knew I would be captured one day. It WAS my goal to be. However, there were many whom I wanted first. All of this would have been pointless if I were never captured. I wanted people to know that it was me. "See, I got you back world. Its me DAVID whom you fucked over."

Some people found it hard to believe that I did the killings ~~be~~ because I've always appeared so normal. Well, I am normal. I'm normal mentally but not socially or emotionally. There was nothing about me to indicate a severe mental disorder.

I do belong in a prison setting such as Attica in which there are a lot of social misfits, social failures. This is what I am. I'm not a mentally ill person.

Mentally, I'm quite well and there's no need for my confinement to a mental hospital.

D. Berkowitz

2

Charlie's only hope was for an insanity defense, according to his lawyers: "The lawyers and the doctors met with considerable obstruction for Charlie, who was completely opposed to an insanity plea. The doctors proceeded with their tests as best as they could. Just as Charlie would not consent to a ploygraph test by the police department, he would not allow the doctors to administer an electroencephalograph to test for brain damage. And because Charlie had a perforated eardrum - indicating a one time infection near the brain - brain damage was at least a possibility.

When the doctors were done, they were unanimous in their view that Charlie was suffering from a diseased mind. His lawyers built their defense around their ~~findings~~ findings. Gaughan announced, 'The plea will be changed to not guilty by reason of insanity - whether Charlie if for it or not.'" (page 148



Here too, we find a criminal being persuaded against his own desires. Charlie knew damn well he was guilty. But oh, those quack doctors.

David Berkowitz

3) "They listed his IQ, also, and found it to be...119." (page 162)

"James Reinhardt spent many hours interviewing Charlie and come to the conclusion that killing both served his immediate needs and symbolized the overcoming of opposing forces. Though Charlie had a deep sense of failure and inadequacy, he wanted more than anything to be powerful and important. Reinhardt believed his physical mannerisms - such as a withdrawn look and appearing not to hear when someone spoke to him - were ways to shield this feeling of inadequacy. But inside he was full of fantasies of power, and these fantasies became so real at times that he could not tell if he was asleep or awake. The gun, said Reinhardt, was a poor defeated ego's short road to power," (page 168)

This is perfect. This is exact.
this is me, 100%.

"Reinhardt believed that Charlie could not feel deeply for anyone. His changing attitude toward Caril after their capture is an indication that it may be true. As long as she had a quality he liked - in this case her adoration of him and her permissiveness - he was fiercely loyal. But when she abandoned him, possibly for her own survival, he was through with her. There are inmates in prisons all over the country who have "taken the rap" for friends, lovers, wives, husbands, and though this was Charlie's plan he was unable to carry it out. Once the quality he liked in Caril was gone, he came to hate her as much as he hated everything else - as the days lead up to and through her trial demonstrated. The testimony he made in court against her, something he did not have to do, is one of the reasons she is in prison today. (Page 170)

This is very similar to me also.
Please check my background.

(4)
"From then on, Guaghan and Matschullat got little cooperation from Charlie or his family. Strangely, Charlie began instead to cooperate with the prosecution. Both he and his family seemed to prefer he die in the electric chair than be judged insane. As Charlie told Reinhardt: 'Nobody remembers a crazy man.'" (page 148)

↕
I didn't want to be judged insane either.
I was guilty — ~~Period~~ Period!

"O'Hearne went on to comment on how easily Charlie flushed, how easy it was to upset him, how afraid he was of being examined. The doctor found his subject defective in that he could not perform well under stress. 'If things would come at him one at a time, slowly as in a routine job, he would be able to handle these things, but if things began to flood in on him such as the work not going right ... or somebody yelling and a whistle going off all at once, I don't think he could function...'" (page 148)
This was said by Dr. John O'Hearne, the defense psychiatrist from Kansas City.

↕
I also used to flush very easy. Especially around women, in class and in other public settings.

I was incapable of handling stress. The barking dogs, the blasting television ~~to~~ downstairs, the bills, the car breaking down, the supervisor yelling at me, all of it, I couldn't handle it.
I just blew up.

Here in prison I like my job. It's all routine. I can do it without supervision and do it well. There's no pressure here.

D. Berkowitz

"When he first came in, I wouldn't have thought nothing about pulling the switch on him myself because of all the things he did, all the people he killed. But I changed. He was the best inmate I ever dealt with. You hearr about his temper, and he had one alright, but he damn well controlled it in the pen - and that was more than you could say for the others in there. Those guys made Charlie look like a baby. They all had more of a temper than he did. They'd flip out and come at you with a knife and everything else. Personally, I think if Charlie had had a decent home life he'd have never done the things he did...I can't help but think that if somebody had just paid attention to Charlie, bragged on his drawing and writing, all of this might not have happened."

"Shimerda goes on to say that if Charlie was crazy then he, Shimerda, was crazy and so were his three children. He bases this, of course, on casual observation of Charlie functioning in a controlled situation. But he adds: 'Charlie did say some things that would make you wonder. One time he said he'd like to get up in the guard tower with the machine guns and just cut loose. Then he siad he wished he could just get out for a couple of hours - there were a couple more people he'd like to take care of. But he was always grinning when he said it...'" (page 178) (Interview with Mike Shimerda, Nebraska prison guard, retired)

"He was always a model prisoner - heused his time constructively." (page 180)

I guess you could call me a model prisoner too. I dont get in trouble, keep to myself, and mind my own business. MANY guards feel the same way about me too. "Kill him," was what they first thought but after they got to know me, try to find one who would "pull the switch."

I can function extremely well in a controlled situation. However, only in a controlled situation.

Most of the prison guards who work around me think I'm okay. They like me. Other guards who dont like me also dont know me, I mean they never talked or met me.

D. Berkowitz

6
6
Next is the opinions of Dr, John Steinman, a psychiatrist for the defense:
Question: "Is it or is it not true that the defendant is unable to feel normal emotions like his fellow human beings with his diseased mind?"
Answer: "I would say that his range of emotions is limited, that he feels perhaps two that we are familiar with: anger and fear, or anxiety. The other shadings of emotions - pity, sympathy, the feeling of attachment for another individual (for the entire person and not just a quality or an attribute of them) is something I think he is striving for but actually only has a dim recognition of ... When I asked him what happened and how he felt through this when he committed these acts, he has always come back with the same thing: 'Self-defense.'" ~~XXXXXX~~ (page 160)

While I'm totally dead as far as emotions are concerned, the few emotions I possess are quite limited.

Love: I've been striving to learn how to love.
I'm trying hard to love. I'm talking about people.
I love cars, Nature settings and animals,
but people - No.

I don't love my Natural mother. But Pearl Berkowitz,
I loved her so much but god took her away.

Hate: I do hate. I'm filled with it at times.
This is strongest emotion. Not hate for ^{the} authorities.
I'm not angry at the judges, D.A., or courts for sentencing me - not the cops for catching me - just certain people.
Especially women who dance. them I hate.
I hate their sensuality, their moral laxity.
I'm no saint myself but I blame them for everything.

David Berkowitz

7
"one of Charlie's problems, said Steinman, is that he is unable to fully appreciate the value of human life. He thinks he can feel close to certain people - he feels loyal and protective towards them - but he is incapable of feeling closeness with the depth and complexity of a fully developed human being... I think he would be a child of five or six with a cap gun in a time of stress or strain with a gun. 'Bang, you're dead.' I think that's just about that much to him." (pages 160-161)

Value? You mean human life has value?

I didn't know that. IF I never valued or appreciated my life, then how could I someone else's.

Feeling closeness with someone is impossible with me. There is a block that prohibits me from feeling anything with anybody. I want to "feel" but I can't.

My natural family, I tried to feel something for them, something deep, but I CAN'T.

Betty Falco doesn't even know me. I'm nice to her - a deliberate niceness. I seem kind, loveable, amiable, but I really don't feel anything for them.

I've written my mother often but it was all phoney. Everything I said to her was phoney. "Hello, keep well, I love you, take care," this is bull. I'm really tempted to say the opposite.

D. Berkowitz

Charlie shot the victims, Mr. Meyer's dog, before killing him too: "In a way, it was a departure for Charlie to be so casual about the animals condition, despite his ruthlessness toward humans. In the past, he had sometimes stayed awake at night, worrying about that rabbit he had only wounded might still be alive and suffering. Reinhardt quoted him as saying that he had once held an animal he had shot and asked it if it had been hurt. He told the animal that it was his job as a hunter to kill, but a good hunter always aims for the head." (page 90)

Despite the fact that I slew some dogs, I really do love animals. The dogs I shot were noisy inconsiderate ones. But a majority of animals I love and ~~would~~ would never hurt.

D. Berkout

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

6

MAY 20

I enjoyed our visit together and I enjoyed the opportunity to express my true feelings openly. Its much better ~~at~~ talking with a professional than some inexperienced writer. I hope you can use these papers for your study.

Personally, I wouldn't advise you to contact my conservator Mrs. Johnson about our visits. Its best to avoid confrontation.

Please let me know if you received this as this is very important and highly personal.

Sincerely
David B.

The following papers are from the Starkweather book I gave you.

"Starkweather, Portrait of a Mass Murderer" by William Allen, Avon Books (paperback), a division of the Hearst Corporation, 959 Eighth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019. First Avon printing, April 1977.

May 26

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

I will be able to meet with you on June 5th and 6th. There shouldn't be any problems with this.

Now to answer some of your questions.

When I first went to meet my mother I was ~~an~~ anxious, tense and excited. I was looking forward to it. I may have felt angry unconsciously but when I saw her I couldn't be angry with her. She looked too meek, too broken, too homely, to be angry at her. (Mother)

She was sorry for what happened and very apologetic. My sister and brother-in-law also seemed very nice. So whatever anger I had for her temporarily dissipated.

I didn't tell you about the time I hit Louy over the head with ~~a~~ ^{the} butt ~~of~~ of a gun. I almost split her head open.

over

(2)

It was one of the most vicious things I ever did during my childhood. I was about 5 or 6 years old. But more about this on June 5th.

My father (Nat) is now in New York. Where exactly he is I don't know. If I should see him I might ask him to talk with you. He hasn't been up here yet and as of now he doesn't know of our meetings. I haven't had a chance to tell him.

Now for the "good" things I've done.
What good things?

I joined the Army in 1971 to serve my country. I was very patriotic.

I joined the Auxillary Police and the Auxillary Fire Department.

I often gave to charity - people at my doorstep, etc, etc.

I was good with children. They liked me and we got along well. I love children's

(3)

innocence. I like their friendship.

Often I bought them gifts. I took them out for ice cream, etc.

I did buy flowers for my mother's grave and I visited it often. I cleaned up her grave site as well as many others. I was always more charitable to the dead than the living.

There were graves near my mother that I visited from time to time. I also spoke comforting words to these deceased people and, in the Jewish tradition, I placed small stones over their headstones. I also visited other cemeteries to do the same things. I meant no harm but I also felt a kinship with these people.

I will close for now but will be in touch.

Best regards
David Berkovitz

DORIS JOHNSEN

50 COURT STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11201

—
MAIN 4-1084
MAIN 4-4636

May 24, 1979

Mr. David Berkowitz
78A - 1976
Box 149,
Attica, New York 14011

Dear David:

I am sorry that the book was confiscated. I will resend it when it arrives here.

I find the excerpt from the letter from your mom extremely interesting. This is particularly so because of something that happened last week with Klausner. He called and told me that he wanted to begin the book by using the minutes of you pleading guilty (I thought it was a strange coincidence that you should just have asked for those same minutes a short time before). Those minutes are of public record.

I was not certain just which minutes we had here and he called Mr. Rubenstein back on Friday, May 11. In their conversation, Klausner volunteered that he does not wish to see you at this time. Mr. Rubenstein told him that you had already told us that you didn't wish to see him at all. Despite what Mr. Rubenstein had just said, Klausner went on that he expects to be done with the manuscript in August or September and, once it is complete, he would then be willing to come up and see you and answer any questions. It strikes me as odd that at the same time that he is telling us he doesn't wish to see you now, he is apparently promoting your mother to arrange an interview. Fairly obviously, he says one thing to your mother and something else to us. //

Mr. David Berkowitz

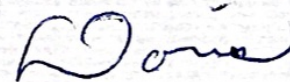
-2-

May 24, 1979

As I told you earlier, I had made no attempt whatever to contact your mother and will not do so without your permission. If you would like me or Mr. Rubenstein to talk to her, let us know.

Meanwhile, I enclose some stamps and some return envelopes for each of us. I have not attached the stamps to the envelopes (I made that mistake once before).

Sincerely yours,



DORIS JOHNSEN

DJ:cb
Enclosures

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

May 22, 1979

I really have no recollection of my bathing with Lory. I only remembered it from the photograph I saw. But in the picture we were both giggling so I gather we weren't really aware of the physical differences between us.

As with regards to AIMA, I had attended my first meeting with the group, then later there was a small workshop that I attended with about 20 people present. They were all gathered around a table and all of the new members like myself were asked to tell something about their "search."

When my turn came I told them of my desire to find my "natural" father. When they asked me why not my "natural" mother (Betty Falco), I told them because she was dead. "She died while giving birth to me," I said.

After hearing this they laughed. I don't mean they broke out into hysterics. They just chuckled and smiled. When I asked them why, they said "because we were told the same thing."

Now I realized that Falco really didn't die but until age 22 I thought she had. So now, with passion and extreme desire, I set out to look for her. I was also told by Nathan that I had a sister. She too was the subject of my search (personal hunt).

I wish to point out that I wasn't the least bit upset with the people of AIMA for laughing. They were all adults, understanding, and wonderful people. No, I wasn't angry at them. It was what they said or hinted at that got me stirred. "She is probably still alive."

You see, Dr. Abrahamsen, it was at this time, and never until then, that I first realized I was an accident, a mistake, never meant to be born - unwanted. I always believed my adoptive parents story that my mother died while giving birth to ~~me~~ me and that my natural father put me up for adoption because he had no choice. He wan't able to care for me without his wife.

The previous story, while seemingly truthful, caused untold guilt or me during my childhood until age 22. It caused me guilt because I always believed that I had somehow been responsible for Betty Falco's death. But she wasn't really dead after all.

I wasn't angry at the Berkowitz' for telling me the "death" story. They sincerely mean't well. They were also told to say this and after all, numerous other adoptees were told similar things. So, ^{on} as I said before, I wan't angry with the Berkowitz'.

My birth, I know now, was either ~~me~~ out of spite or accident. Spite, as far as Falco tried to get her lover Joseph Klineman to give up his legal wife, divorce her and marry Betty. She may have deliberately tried to conceive a child, me, in order to pressure Klineman to a marriage committment.

Or, I may have just been an accident. Carelessness or failure to use the proper birth controls caused my unwanted conception.

Here I was, never wanting to be born in the first place, cursing the day I was born, only to find out that I wasn't suppose to be born after all. Here I was, miserable, unhappy, maladjusted, plagued with Death fantasies and suicidal hopes, only to find out that I was unwanted, an accident, after all.

Here I was, or am, causing all types of destruction and havoc. Yet, I'm not really suppose to be in this world.

My mother, Falco, was sitting in those parked cars with Kineman. Greedy, wild tempered Kineman. It was that bastard who I took after - his temper, his impatience, he hated crowds and probably people too.

When I finally found Betty Falco I was told that Joseph Kineman had died. Not only did he die, but he died a horrid death. He perished from cancer of the rectum. From what my sister and Betty told me, he had quite a painful death. It was also a prolonged one. When I found this out I no longer had any anger to him. Fate, God, or whatever, had taken its course. He suffered. Its settled.

If you want to see Betty Falco then I will tell you where she lives. I'm not sure, but I think its 65 Lincoln Avenue in Long Beach Long Island. I'm certain its Lincoln Avenue but not 65. Its an old six storie apartment building right along the broadwalk. Its the last house on the street. I've enclosed a make-shift map.

I don't think her name is on the mailbox. However, she does get mail under the name Falco. She's living with a man who's in his 70's. Their not married. She's 65.

Please don't tell her that I'm helping you or talking with you if possible for the following reasons: She is, I know for certain, helping Klausner with his coming book. She told me herself in her last letter dated May 14. At first she promised that she never would cooperate. She agreed with me about Klausner's constant lying and greed but she lied to me, and now she's helping him anyhow. This is not the reason why I'm cooperating with you. I had tried to get in touch with you several months ago but due to an improper address, we failed to make an earlier contact.

She wants money. Money, money, money - she's always in need of it, never has enough of it. She lives with one guy after another. She moved in with this guy from Mill Basin, lower Brooklyn. A few years ago she moved in with this guy from Long Beach. I never even knew their names. Now, she even mentions this in her letter that she needs money to move back to Queens. She dosen't like Long Beach because its bad for her asthma and she wants to be near my sister.

Typical of her, once ~~g~~ again she's only thinking of herself. When she gave me away, it was for her benefit not mine. She says it was for my sake but a closer observation of her personality will reveal selfishness and excessive worry over "what will the neighbors think."

Incidentally, Its amazing how Betty Falco plans to cooperate with that writer. In reality, she dosen't even know me. She knows my "shell" - my outer self. The real me, she dosen't even know.

Around her and her family I always repressed my true feelings. Behind my mask (Richie nice guy), I was filled with anger and rage towards her. With absolute control I managed never to show or verbalize this.

In the Good Housekeeping article, she told of the way I stopped coming around before my capture. How I got totally lost in my delusions. Well, she's wrong. To be frank and honest, I felt myself losing control. I mean I was getting a very powerful urge to kill most of my "natural" ~~XXXXX~~ family. I fought hard to keep these thoughts from becoming actions. So I just stayed away altogether.

I will close for now.

Yours Truly
David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz

MAY 22

8

Dear Dr. Abrahamson,

This article (short story) was written by my mother's sister's daughter-in-law. Her real name is Susan Sugar of Yonkers but she used her maiden name.

I didn't know about the article until my conservator got it for me. My mom never mentioned anything about it to me. Betty Falco is really very sneaky.

The story isn't offensive but it is inaccurate.

My mom also made a nice amount of money off this. Well, you can't trust everybody.

I do hope that you not working for Klausner but rather as a professional.

Sincerely
David B.

FIRST TIME EVER!

The Startling Story of "Son of Sam's" Real Mother

Pages 1-5

David Berkowitz murdered six people and maimed seven. Not until he was caught did Betty Falco learn he was the son she'd given up 24 years earlier. By Susan Wisengrad

Betty Falco's life had never been easy. But little did she suspect, as she listened attentively to the 7 A.M. news report on her radio, that much worse was still to come.

It was August 11, 1977—more than a year since the killer known as "Son of Sam" had begun his mad rampage through the streets of New York City with his .44-caliber revolver. Up to now, his score was six dead, seven maimed—and, as far as Betty knew, he was still on the loose.

Like millions of other New Yorkers, Betty dreaded and hated this madman. She grieved for the people whose sons and daughters had been his victims; she feared for the lives of her own beloved children and grandchildren. For weeks and months, she had prayed fervently for his arrest. Now, on this fateful morning, she heard on the radio that her prayers had finally been granted. Son of Sam had been captured! His reign of terror was over.

But her intensely felt relief was to last only a moment. Seconds later, when Betty Falco learned Son of Sam's true identity, her heart nearly stopped. David Berkowitz, the accused and self-confessed mass murderer, was her own flesh and blood, her natural-born son Richard.

It was unbearable.

It was not even possible.

But it was true.

In the whole astonishing course of her relationship with her son—from their traumatic separation

24 years earlier to their emotional reunion many years later—nothing had prepared her for such a tragic turn of events. Not even her worst nightmares could measure up to the horrible reality that she suddenly had to deal with.

This is her story.

The daughter of impoverished, non-English-speaking, Jewish immigrants, Betty grew up with nine

and she Jewish seemed no obstacle. Both worked for several years and ultimately invested their hard-earned savings in a fish store. When Betty became pregnant she looked optimistically to the future.

But her marriage to Tony was a mistake. In less than a year after she gave birth, Tony ran off with another woman—leaving Betty with an infant daughter to support as best she could. She never saw him again.

Soon afterward, Betty met a man named Joe—Jewish, married, with three children and a wife who refused to give him a divorce. For the next 29 years, until his death, Joe would spend his free hours with Betty and then return



In 1975, Betty Falco, David's real mother, David Berkowitz and Roslyn, his half-sister, were happy to be reunited.

brothers and sisters in a poor section of Brooklyn. As soon as she was old enough, she had to leave school and earn her own keep. Her meager education prepared her for only the lowest-paying factory jobs.

When she met and married Tony Falco, the fact that he was Italian

home to his family every night. It was by no means an ideal relationship, but it helped to fill the void. Joe was a stocky, powerful man, with rough, often crude mannerisms, who appreciated Betty's passionate warmth and generosity and her values of decency and honesty. In his own way, he loved

her, but he was a man of limited sensibility and he arranged his life to suit his own best interests. So years later, when Betty became

was to become of him. She ran all the way home, her vision blurred by her tears.

The baby had taken a turn for

suspicion that there was more to the story about her brother than she had been told.

Years later, when Joe was dying, Roslyn, after persistent questioning, finally learned the truth from her mother—that she did indeed still have a brother.

At once Roslyn was overcome with an impulse to find him: "But my mother begged me not to track him down. She said, 'Don't destroy his life. You don't know what he knows. He's with a good family. Don't do it!' I said, 'Okay, Ma, for you I won't do it.' And then, suddenly, he came to us."

* * *

It was May 12, 1975, the day after Mother's Day. In her Brooklyn apartment house, Betty went downstairs to get her mail. Something extraordinary was waiting for her—an envelope folded over many times until it was small enough to push through the narrow slit in the mailbox. The words "Private: Mrs. Betty Falco (only)" were written on the outside. Inside, was a typical Mother's Day card—with a very untypical original poem written on the blank side in neat, clear print.

The poem said, in part:

*"So, as once before
We've been destined
To meet once more.
And I guess the time is now
I should say hello—but how?"*

*Happy Mother's Day!
(You were my mother in a
very special way.) Love, R.F."*

There was a phone number under the initials. The R.F. never rang a bell for Betty, but she called the number.

As Betty remembers the first words her son ever spoke to her, her voice fills with tenderness. "He sounded like a little boy! 'I'm your son, Richard Falco,' he said. 'You gave birth to me on June 1, 1953.'"

Minutes later Roslyn received a call from her mother. "She was completely hysterical," Roslyn recalls. "She kept crying, 'My son, my son, my son, it's my son!'"

The anticipated reunion was surprisingly smooth. It was a thrill for Betty just to see him—strong and healthy, his stocky build and dark wiry curls reminiscent of Joe, his large blue eyes framed with

Four days after her son was born, Betty dressed him, held him for the last time, then handed the infant to a total stranger. Later, she told her family that the baby had died.

pregnant, Joe told her he would not give her a penny toward the baby's support. He would not tolerate the disgrace of an illegitimate child.

Confused and full of fear, working full-time and bringing up her 13-year-old daughter Roslyn single-handedly, Betty could not imagine how she would be able to raise another child. One of her neighbors came up with what at the time seemed the only possible solution. She told Betty about a fine Jewish couple she knew who could not have a child of their own. They would give Betty's as-yet-unborn baby all the care and love he deserved.

Feeling she had no other choice, Betty consented to the arrangement. As she now explains that fateful decision, "I did it for Joe's children's sake and for mine, and because of the disgrace. It wasn't right, what I had done, and now I had to pay for it."

Giving up her beautiful baby boy for adoption when he was four days old was the hardest thing she ever had to do.

On June 3, 1953, two days after giving birth, she left the hospital and reported to her daughter, her sisters, her brothers, and everyone else close to her, that little Richard David was ill and could not yet come home.

On the fourth day of Richard's life, Betty returned to the hospital, dressed her baby and held him for the last time, bathing him in her tears. She carried him out of the hospital and, there, on the front steps, handed the infant over to a total stranger, the liaison between the families. It was all very legal and proper. But the love she already felt for her newborn was almost overpowering and it took all her strength to turn away from baby Richard, never to know what

the worse, she told her family. He would never come home. He had died.

Her daughter Roslyn has not forgotten how it felt to be told that the sweet baby brother, whom she herself had seen in the hospital, was gone forever. She had looked forward to welcoming him, helping care for him. "I cried, and I accepted it," Roslyn states matter-of-factly.

Did Betty have any regrets?

"Oh, yes!" says Betty, remembering her anguish. "One day when I was alone with Joe, I just let go. I hit him and pounded on him. I was yelling, 'I'll kill myself if you don't bring back my son. I want my baby!'"

But, of course, it was too late. Seventeen months after she gave him up, formal adoption papers were processed and Richard David Falco became David Richard Berkowitz, the son of Nat and Pearl Berkowitz.

With time, the shock wore off. For the next 22 years, Betty and Roslyn continued their struggle to survive.

Although Betty worked hard, her income was barely adequate and Roslyn was forced to leave high school before graduating, to work in a series of factory jobs. She grew into a remarkably pretty and intelligent young woman, imbued with her mother's intense thoughtfulness and sincerity, wise beyond her years.

After her marriage to Leo, a bus driver, a decent, generous man, Roslyn devoted herself to the work of a housewife and mother, trying to create for her two daughters an environment of love and warmth. When the girls grew older, she returned to work and volunteered as an attendant for the neighborhood ambulance corps.

But always, in the back of her mind, Roslyn had an instinctive

striking, well-shaped brows, the image of her own. "He looked great to me," Betty says.

He asked them to call him Richard, the name Betty had given him. Within weeks, they were calling him Richie.

He explained that from the day he learned he was adopted, finding his real parents had been his goal. Many times he had asked his father to give him the adoption papers. His father always refused. When Nat Berkowitz was about to move to Florida, he finally gave the papers to his son.

David called every Falco in the phone book, asking for Betty and/or Tony. He did research in libraries, pored through old phone books, compared them with new ones. Imploring the phone company for information, he managed at last to locate Betty at her Brooklyn apartment. Choosing not to ring her bell for fear he would shock her, he placed his poem in her mailbox on Mother's Day.

"He told me that he loved me," says Betty of the day they finally met, "and he forgave me. He said he knew I must have had a good reason for what I had done."

He said his adoptive parents had been good to him. He told them his adoptive mother had died several years earlier, but he was in

into his arms and he would kiss her."

Wendy, 11, enjoyed his visits, too. "He helped me with my homework. He listened to records with me and we talked and played games," she remembers.

One day the girls received two necklaces from him in the mail. When Wendy's broke, she refused to throw it out. Mending it as best she could, she wore it for a long time—because Uncle Richie had sent it.

Roslyn once had to stay in a hospital overnight for minor surgery. "He came to visit me," she recalls. "I was sleeping and I remember I felt somebody kiss me. I opened my eyes—and there he was!"

In the summer of 1976 the family was shocked to read in the papers that on the night of July 29, a sadistic maniac had murdered Donna Lauria, 18, and wounded Jody Valente, 19, in the first of what was to be an incredible series of shootings with a .44-caliber pistol. Betty and Roslyn caught their breath when they realized that, three months earlier, Richard had lived in the neighborhood of the shootings.

With a madman on the loose, they were grateful that he was now living safely in Yonkers.

"I want you to know one thing," her brother told Roslyn. "I would never do anything to hurt you or your little girls."

constant touch with his adoptive father.

The next months were a time for joyful celebration. Betty and Roslyn were proud of Richard and eager to show him off. He looked handsome, had a nice car and a good job and was taking courses at a community college.

Richard was particularly drawn to Roslyn. He made frequent trips between his apartment in the Bronx, his mother's in Brooklyn and his sister's in Queens. Roslyn invited him for dinner often. He brought cake, cheese, soda, mugs, baskets.

"He was crazy about Roslyn's girls," Betty says. "When they heard him ring the bell, they raced to greet him. Lynn, nine, would fly

In the months following their reunion, Betty continued to see Richard as content and successful. But Roslyn began to sense that there was more to him than showed on the surface: "I had an inkling of something not 100 percent. But I felt he was just very lonely, mixed up. I would never put my finger on 'crazy.'"

Shortly after they became acquainted, Nat Berkowitz called Roslyn. He felt strongly that David needed psychiatric help. He had seen David standing in front of a mirror, pounding his head with his hands. He begged Roslyn to see if she could get her brother to go for help.

Roslyn tried, but was unable to convince David to get therapy.

She offered to go with him, if that would make it easier. But his response was always the same: "I tried it, and they can't help me. I don't like talking to them."

Soon after that, Nat Berkowitz called her again with an even more urgent problem. He was upset because David had just called and told him that he was going to a doctor and was going to die. There was something wrong with his head.

Roslyn was stunned. She had heard nothing about this from Richard.

She called Richard immediately and asked, "What is this about your head?" Richard answered, "Yeah, I probably have a tumor or something. I don't have too long to live. I'm going to go to the doctor."

Roslyn asked if there was any way she could help. "No, no," he assured her and there was no further discussion.

When she called him the next day, she asked him if he had gone to the doctor. He said, "No," as if the whole thing never existed.

On another occasion, when Roslyn was speaking to him on the phone, he said, "Do you hear that? Do you hear those dogs?" Roslyn acknowledged that she heard them. He told her that the super had two big dogs in the backyard that were barking all the time. "They're driving me crazy," he said. "Sometimes I think they're doing it just for spite, just to get me. When I come home and they know I have to sleep, they start barking."

Then there was the phone conversation Roslyn had with Richard when he really seemed "out of it."

"He was sort of giggling. I asked him what was the matter. He said, 'Oh, nothing. They're out to get me, but they're not going to get me.' I said, 'Who is out to get you?' He said, 'People, just people. I think my phone is bugged. I even think they bugged my car. They're out to get me, they're gonna get me.' Again I asked, 'Who? What makes you say this?' 'Just people, just people.' And then he said, 'I have to go now.'"

Roslyn assumed that he was merely "high" on something. It seemed the only logical deduction.

continued on page 82

Only rarely did the depth of his unhappiness momentarily reveal itself.

One evening, after a family dinner, Roslyn joined Richie in his car when he drove a relative to her apartment. On the way back, Roslyn and Richard did a lot of talking about themselves and their childhoods. When they reached Roslyn's block, they parked and continued to talk. He was out of work at the time and very depressed. He said he felt very down and lonely. Then, suddenly, the feelings he had held in so long overwhelmed him. He covered his face with his hands and started to cry. He cried for a long while.

Sadness was evident again in another conversation. While briefly mentioning to his sister his Army experience and the religious interest he had developed at that time under the influence of his Baptist friends, Richard also talked about the possibility of reincarnation and another life. "He said he wished his time would come, so he would go into a second life," Roslyn recalls.

Perhaps their most significant conversation in terms of what the future would bring took place one day when Roslyn and Richard were having lunch together. Roslyn asked, "Richie, is there anything bothering you? You're so quiet."

Richard replied, "No, no, just my own problems. They'll all work out."

Roslyn persisted. "Isn't there anything you want to tell me?"

"No, it's something I have to handle by myself. But I want you to know one thing. I would never do anything to hurt you or your little girls."

Says Roslyn now, "This, of course, went over my head."

It never occurred to her that he might harm anyone, because no matter what bothered him, there had never been any sign of violence about Richard. For Roslyn, his outstanding trait was his gentleness.

He had different moods—but then, who doesn't? There were times when the TV wouldn't bother him, and other times when it seemed too loud. "He would

never say anything," says Roslyn, "but you could see by his expression that he was annoyed. He would get up and make it lower." Sometimes the girls would irritate him. Wendy, for instance, would get on his nerves and he would quietly say, "Wendy—please."

"There were times," Roslyn recalls, "when the girls could sit on him, kiss him and hug him. And there were times when he'd get annoyed with their jumping all over

Son of Sam explained, "It gets dark and I can't sleep. I know what has to be done... clean the .44, go out hunting. I didn't want to kill somebody. I tried to fight it."

him." With the gentlest gesture, he would indicate he'd had enough. "Then he would go into the girls' room, lie down, and sleep for about an hour."

He was occasionally unhappy, he had his moods—but he was functioning and relating. Whatever eccentric habits the family saw in him seemed well within the range of acceptable behavior.

Late in the evening, the family couldn't help noticing that a restlessness came over him. Very often, he would go out for walks that lasted up to two hours. He said he "liked to walk." He often took walks with Leo and with Wendy and Lynn. How were they to imagine that when he walked alone, he was "stalking neighborhoods," as he later admitted to interrogators?

They knew that he liked to drive and that he drove a great deal. They did not know that he drove all the way to Texas in three days, in June 1976, and returned with a .44-caliber pistol.

They knew that barking dogs annoyed him. They never dreamed he would one day interpret the barking as a message from the devil, ordering him to kill.

They knew he liked maps and kept a large quantity of them in his car. When Roslyn's bank was giving out folders with maps, her first thought was: "I've got to give this to Richie; he's got a lot of maps." She could never have foreseen the day when David Ber-

kowitz, the Son of Sam suspect, would be explaining to interrogators how he used these maps to note access routes to the scenes of his crimes.

On the night of Berkowitz's arrest, the police described the back of his car as a garbage heap. Photographs of his apartment showed a sloppy, filthy bachelor pad with piles of pornographic literature, sheets over

the window and malicious graffiti covering the walls.

With this "other" side of his life so obviously psychotic, couldn't the family have seen for themselves the true depth of his illness?

No. As Betty and her family knew him, he was immaculate. His clothes were few and simple, but always spotless, his fingernails so clean you couldn't help noticing them. He carried a toothbrush with him so he could brush after every meal.

His car was a special source of pride to him. Often, when he visited Roslyn, he'd spend hours working on his car or polishing it. Afterwards, greasy and sweaty, he'd shower and put on a clean shirt. Roslyn rode in the car with him on innumerable occasions; it was always immaculate inside, shining outside. She never saw it any other way.

Didn't the family have an opportunity to get a glimpse of any of his apartments? Hadn't they ever been "inside the killer's lair," as one newspaper headline had called it?

While he still lived in the Bronx, they occasionally mentioned their curiosity to see his place. He would put them off, saying, "Oh, you don't want to go there. It's not a nice neighborhood."

In April 1976, when he was moving to Yonkers, they offered to help him. Politely, but firmly,

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**"SON OF SAM'S"
REAL MOTHER**

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he turned them down. "I know Leo's tired, I'll just get some friends to help me."

In the two years they knew him, they never once saw the way he lived.

There was only one time Roslyn actually felt *uneasy* in relation to her brother. While describing this incident and seeing it for the first time in its true light, the full horror suddenly hit her.

It was Thanksgiving night, November 25, 1976. Richard, as usual, was part of the family gathering. After watching the 11 o'clock news, he said good night and left.

"About ten minutes later," Roslyn recounts, "he came back and said, 'I can't

make it home in this traffic. It's bumper to bumper, I can't get home in this.' I remember Leo saying to me, 'I can't imagine what kind of traffic there is at this hour.' Well, I told Richie to stay here and go home in the morning. Wendy was with my mother, so he slept in the room with Lynn—"

At this point in her narrative, Roslyn stopped momentarily. Her entire body seemed to shiver. "When I think of it, my God

"I was very restless that night," she continues. "I don't know why, but I felt strange and I didn't sleep all night. Then I heard Richie get up and go into the living room and lie down on the couch. Then he was in the kitchen. I remember he was eating—he had all the food out of the refrigerator, the

stuffing, the cranberry sauce. Then he left very early in the morning."

As Son of Sam suspect David Berkowitz was to explain later, "It gets dark and I can't sleep. When I'm home, I have to go out. I know what has to be done. I am told all day. It becomes a matter of routine: go out, you know, clean the .44, go out hunting. The spirits are watching, riding . . . I wouldn't do it, you know, I didn't want to kill somebody. I tried to fight it."

Were the "demons" making him restless that night? Was his story about "bumper to bumper" traffic a desperate attempt to resist their bloodthirsty demands by seeking refuge in his sister's apartment?

If so, the respite was only temporary. For the very next night, on November 26, 1976, the Son of Sam shot and severely wounded Joanne Lomino and Donna DeMasi in the Glen Oaks section of Queens—on a street seven blocks from Roslyn's apartment.

By the end of November 1976 the police had begun to link the original Bronx shootings of July 29 with the one in Flushing in October and with the two in Glen Oaks in November. Soon to follow were the murders of Christine Freund in Forest Hills on January 30, 1977, and Virginia Voskerichian, also in Forest Hills, in March 1977. All the 1977 shootings occurred within easy reach of Roslyn's apartment—a short walk or drive away.

Because of their proximity to the crimes, Roslyn and Betty were terrified. Every time Betty spoke to her daughter, her final words were a mother's warning: "Watch the kids. Stay at home." The thought of "Sam" was never far from Roslyn's mind. Fearing for her children and herself, she waited anxiously for his arrest. Whenever there was a report on Sam's latest attacks, she prayed, "I hope they catch him. I hope they catch this maniac." She studied the police sketches carefully, but they never gave her the slightest reason to suspect her own brother.

Strangely enough, the subject of the Son of Sam never came up while they were with Richard. *They* never happened to mention it; *he* never said a word. But, as the Son of Sam murders mounted, they heard from him less and his visits, once so satisfying, were no longer quite the same.

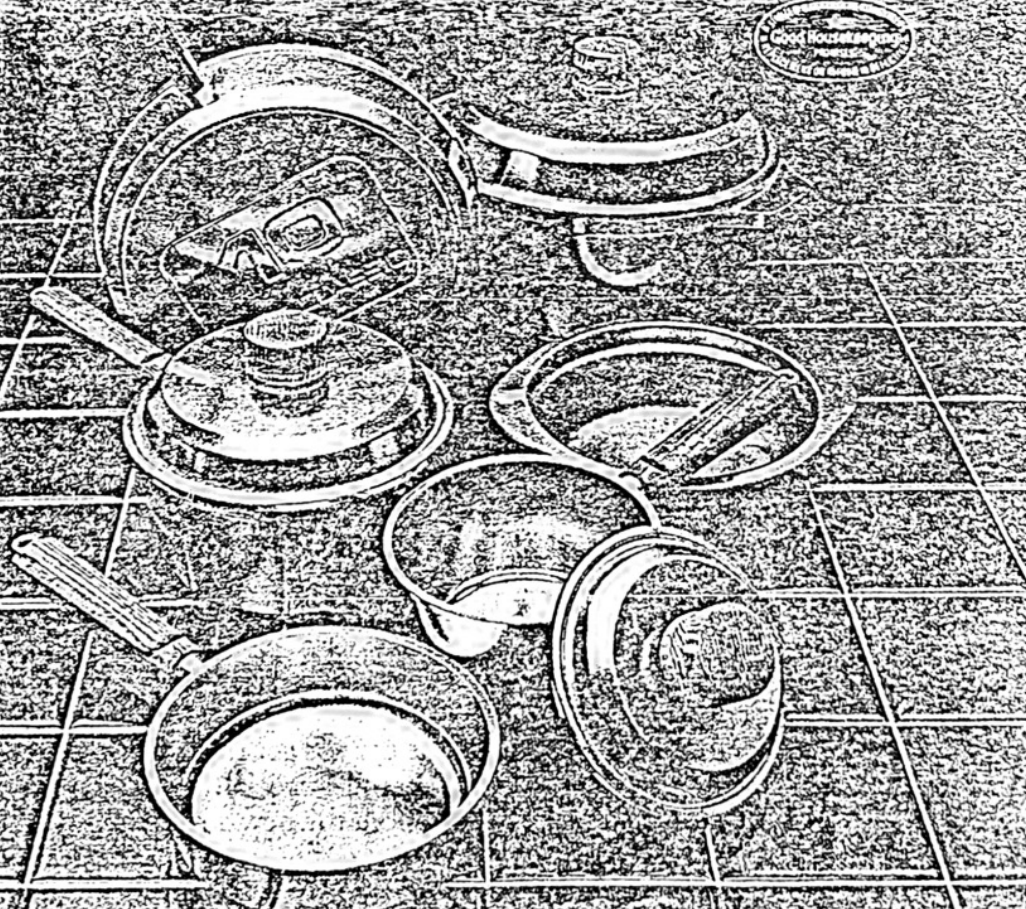
"He was here one time," Roslyn recalls, "and a neighbor's dog was barking. He

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said, 'Oh, how can you stand that! They have dogs here, too!' I said, 'It doesn't bother me, it only barks sometimes.'"

In February 1977, a few days after Christine Freund was murdered, Richard called Roslyn and asked if he could borrow ten dollars. He had just started a job at a Bronx post office, but their policy was to hold back a week's pay and he needed some cash. Roslyn says, "That was the last time he came here—to pick up the ten dollars. He mailed the ten dollars back to me, two or three weeks later.."

"I called him after the money came in the mail to tell him I'd received it. I called him many times, inviting him to join us for dinner. He told me he was very busy and tired after work. He'd let

me know which days he had off—but he never called again. The next time I saw him, he was in jail."

Early in March 1977, Roslyn and her family began planning for their traditional Passover Seder dinner. They wanted Richard to join them, as he had the previous year. Wendy and Lynn were particularly eager for his company. They all took turns calling him day after day, at all hours. They were unable to reach him and, in great disappointment, they celebrated Passover without him.

For David Berkowitz had finally lost all contact with the people he cared most about and was by this time, as Son of Sam, hopelessly enmeshed in the web of horror that his psychosis had created.

On April 17, the .44-caliber killer murdered Valentina Suriani and Alexander Esau. On June 26, he shot and

wounded Judy Placido and Sal Lupo. And on July 31, Stacy Moskowitz was murdered and Robert Violante severely maimed.

During the first week of August, the most massive manhunt in New York history was on for the .44-caliber killer. Roslyn and Betty, like millions of other frightened New Yorkers, had their ears glued to the news reports, hoping for the only good news—Son of Sam's capture.

On August 11, very early in the morning, Betty was listening to the radio as she prepared breakfast. Then she heard what she was waiting for—they had caught the Son of Sam. Her reaction was ecstatic. "I was thrilled! I was jumping up and down, 'They got him, they got him.' Then I heard the name—Berkowitz. David. Pine Street."

Betty's voice is suddenly quiet and her large blue eyes reflect the terror and disbelief of that moment. "What was I hearing? There must be some crazy mistake!"

On first impulse she called a close relative. He, too, had heard and been startled by the radio report. Betty kept protesting, "I don't believe it—it can't be—not Richie, not my son. A cold-blooded murderer? You would have to be an animal!"

Almost simultaneously, Roslyn received a phone call from another relative who informed her, "David was just picked up as the Son of Sam." Still groggy from sleep, Roslyn, like her mother, could only deny it. She insisted there must have been a mistake. Then she turned on the TV to the 7 A.M. news. At first

there was only the bulletin—they had caught Son of Sam. Then the name: David Berkowitz. His picture came on. "Suddenly, it all hit me. My first thought was my mother. My God, I have to get to my mother before she sees this."

She rushed over to her mother's house, but when Betty opened the door, Roslyn knew right away that she was too late. Betty was in shock.

In the next weeks, Betty listened, read and watched, in disbelief, as headlines, stories, pictures and letters were published in profusion, all ostensibly describing her own son—but not resembling anyone she knew.

Heartlessly abandoned as an infant! Adopted and never got over it! A recluse, living in his own sick world with no normal relationships. A slob, living in

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**"SON OF SAM'S"
REAL MOTHER**

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squalor in his Yonkers apartment.

Front-page photos showed his cherubic face with its gloating smirk.

The Son of Sam letters, previously kept secret by the police, were now revealed to the public. Betty read them—ugly words, full of hate and self-condemnation. "I am a monster . . . I am a little 'brat' . . . I am 'Beelzebub.' I feel like an outsider. I am on a different wavelength than everybody else—programmed to kill."

Betty heard the noted psychiatrist, Dr. David Abrahamson, describe her son as "shrewd," "cunning" and "sadistic."

Another psychiatrist, Dr. Gabriel Koz, said of Berkowitz: "He had to be unable to relate to other people. Someone able to love would not kill in this way."

And psychologist Salvatore Didato, who had worked with the police in the case, stated, "One of the outstanding things here is the isolation of this man. Perhaps if he'd had someone to talk to—his anger could have drained off and he would not have killed. We can't live without love."

Betty and her family were especially shocked to hear David Berkowitz say of himself, in conversations with his hospital psychiatrists, "I've been reduced. I lost human qualities . . . I'm not human any more. I have no feelings, no compassion for the human race, no real concern."

These images of a killer all made sense—but they did not sound like their beloved Richie.

Yet in his letters to the family after his arrest, he denied nothing.

His first letter, addressed to "Dear Leo, Roz, Wendy, Lynn and Mom," said in part:

"I'm sorry for the things that have happened to you as a result of me. . . . Just remember the good times we've had when we were together. Roz, Mom, I miss your wonderful cooking. Leo, I miss talking with you. . . ."

"I wish there was some way I could make you happy."

"Please take care now."

Love, Richie"

Betty strongly sympathized with the rage and indignation of the public her son had terrorized. But she felt repelled by the wave of hostile threats that inundated the hospital where he was being held. The public saw the tragedy only

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Dr. Mendel



from the side of the victims. The press was eagerly fanning the flames of revenge.

As Berkowitz himself so accurately expressed it, "People don't want to deal with the complexities of it. . . . They just want revenge, justice. That's all there is to it. It's a simple matter."

But it was not simple for Betty Falco and her family, who knew that there was a human side to the Son of Sam. It was the only side they had ever known.

Now, suddenly, this family, for whom life had been so orderly, was engulfed in a bewildering swirl of events. Roslyn, drawing on an inner source of strength and wisdom that she never knew she had, helped her mother through the initial shock and guilt feelings. Roslyn broke the news to her two young daughters—and that was particularly hard. How do you tell them that the loving relationship they had enjoyed with their

Uncle Richie would exist no more? And how do you explain, to girls of 13 and 11, the terrible reason why?

At first they were frightened and worried for him: "Will he be in jail? Will they hit him? Will they beat him?" Roslyn assured them that he was in a hospital and doctors were trying to make him better. The girls were upset for a long time. Their nights were filled with terrible dreams. Hordes of reporters mobbed Roslyn's doorstep in the next few weeks, rang her bell and called her continuously on the phone. She dodged and fended them off, often obliged to drive around the block for an hour until the coast was finally clear.

She learned to ignore the hate mail that was coming in.

Finally, she had to hire a lawyer to protect her family—and then another lawyer, to protect her from the first one, who turned out to be untrustworthy.

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But most difficult of all was facing up to the reality of what Richard had done—and trying to live with it.

Inevitably, they wondered how it had happened and if they—his mother, sister, brother-in-law and two nieces—were in any way to blame. From the day Richard found them, they had unhesitatingly welcomed him and shared with him their food, their love and their companionship. Had this love come into his life 22 years too late?

Or was it something about his upbringing or his Army experience that had forced him to use guns although, as he had written in a letter to a friend, "I don't want to learn to kill my fellow man." Or were the drugs and LSD he had admitted taking while in the service in some way responsible?

All his life he had looked forward to finding his biological family. Yet the murders did not begin until after he found them—only one year after. Was the relationship with this family responsible for triggering the acts of violence?

In his search for his parents, he had found only his mother. Could the fact that his biological father was no longer alive and the further fact that he was illegitimate have left him feeling like a "Son of Nobody"?

In a letter he left at the scene of one of his crimes, he'd referred to himself as "Son of Sam." The real Sam, Sam Carr, was a neighbor in Yonkers. But in Richard's disordered mind, Sam was an evil person, thirsty for blood, and his dog, by its barking, relayed to Richard the orders to kill.

"Sam was clearly a father figure," said one psychiatrist.

Was the gap inside Richard so devastating that only in a fantasy world was he able to find the father he needed? Son of Sam had written, "I am . . . anxious to please Sam. I love my work. Now, the void is filled."

When Roslyn was on voluntary ambulance duty only a few weeks after Richard's arrest, a call came in about a young woman who had been shot some time earlier and had just gotten worse. A different ambulance responded to the call, but when Roslyn heard that the patient was one of Son of Sam's victims, she turned white. Her knees began to shake under her and she felt sick. She thought to herself: "God, don't ever let me see this girl. God forbid I should ever get that call. I wouldn't want to see her and have to think that he did this."

Numb with dread, Roslyn went to King's County Hospital to see her half-brother. Of this first visit Roslyn says, "It was terrible, it really was. I just looked at Richie, but, of course, I kept thinking to myself: My God, I'm sitting here, face to face, with Son of Sam!"

They spent most of the visit discussing his legal problems. He did not want to be declared incompetent, nor did he wish to plead innocent by reason of insanity. He wanted to plead guilty and go to trial. A trial was crucial to him. He was adamant about wanting to get the "true story" out, so people would know that

David Berkowitz was—as he explained to his psychiatrists—“a nice guy, a loving person . . . basically a peaceful person,” who didn't want to kill but was forced to by the howling demons who tormented him. He insisted that “Sam,” the devil, would soon be victimizing other people, creating new Sons of Sam, and he wanted to warn the world of this danger.

He spoke briefly about his discomforts in the hospital. He was particularly bothered by the fact that he wasn't allowed to brush his teeth more than once a day and couldn't use shampoo for his hair. He had to use a brown soap which, for his fastidious taste, was not efficient enough.

On her next few visits with Richard, Roslyn had to limit her time to a half

hour. After that, he was no longer able to maintain normal contact. He became restless and agitated. He jammed his fist into his cheek and rubbed it around nervously. He thrust his head forward and shifted his eyes from side to side, as if someone were chasing him. When Roslyn asked, “Would you like me to go now?” he answered, “Yes,” with obvious relief.

Betty's first visit to her son did not take place until October 31.

One thing that kept them apart was concern about the emotional effect such a visit would have on Betty, whose health was poor. Another thing was fear that reporters might hound them again, once news of an impending visit leaked out. It was imperative to postpone Betty's visit

until some of the feverish feelings had cooled down.

By October 31, Roslyn and the lawyers agreed it would be “safe” to arrange a meeting between mother and son. The visit was brief and pleasant, though somewhat strained. Although glad to see her again, Richard found it hard to look his mother directly in the eye. She brought him some books and stationery. They spoke only about the most superficial things. At the end of the visit, still not looking at her, he said quietly, “Well, Ma, how do you like this mess I'm in?” It was as if he could barely comprehend it himself.

When Roslyn and her mother returned home, they found the apartment complex once again swarming with reporters and the doorbell rang all night long. During November, Roslyn continued to visit him whenever possible and witnessed his steady physical and mental deterioration. He lost a great deal of weight. His eyes, underlined with heavy black bags, sank into his pale face. The present David Berkowitz, who looked like a sickly old man, barely resembled the robust, blue-eyed young man who had been arrested only months before.

He experienced recurrent episodes of shrieking, ranting and flailing, which the hospital treated with strait-jackets and heavy sedation. He continued to be tortured by his “demons.”

He pleaded desperately to his lawyers, “Please help me!” And to his sister Roz he said, “I don't think I can make it through this.”

During one of his more calm and rational periods in November 1977, he wrote to his mother saying that these were the hardest, loneliest days of his life because it was doubtful if he would ever be able to spend time with her and the family again.

Early in December, Richard came to a shocking awareness. After half a year of confinement and treatment, the demons were fading away. He suddenly understood that he had done something terribly wrong—that he had killed all those people for no good reason. As the reality of what he had done penetrated his consciousness, he found he could not bear to live with himself. In the next few tension-filled weeks, both the lawyers and the two families dealt with the very real possibility that he might attempt to commit suicide.

But unpredictable as always, Richard gradually ad-

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Italian

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justed coming to terms with himself and his future. How did this come about? An influence from his past re-entered his life, giving him the strength to survive.

His next letters to his family were imbued with his new obsession.

In January 1978, he wrote his mother, "I want to talk to you about God, and your future," and urged her to put herself in God's hands.

About the same time, he wrote to Roz and Leo that he'd been busy reading his Bible and praying.

In February 1978, he wrote his mother that something wonderful had happened in his life. He had found the Messiah of Israel, Jesus Christ, "... and we love each other. That's right—I believe Jesus is the saviour of the world for both Jews and Gentiles and with this I have a new hope. In fact, I have great hope that you will one day find Christ and get saved. I know it's hard to fathom now, yet I am certain that one day Mrs. Betty Falco will shine as a light in the darkness to all her Jewish friends. I am certain that in the years to come—you Mom, will become a Christian.

"Please Mom, pour your heart out to God. I'm crying now.
Love you forever, Richard"

During the rest of the winter, Betty did not dare visit her son again because of the hard time the press gave her after the first visit. Roslyn was unable to get back to him for a long time. After eight months of psychiatric examinations, judicial hearings, appeals and delays, he was still in his cell at Kings County Hospital, waiting for a decision about his future.

On March 21, 1978, Roslyn was allowed to spend a full hour with him. For months he had been visited by no one except his lawyers and a woman Baptist who came to him twice a week for Bible-study sessions. He was truly thrilled to see his sister.

During the visit he was very emotional and cried often. "Every few minutes he asked about the kids, and told me how he missed them. He kept saying, 'I miss you,' 'I love you,' 'I think about you and Mom and the girls every night and I cry.'

"Now there were no more demons," continues Roslyn. "He was no longer nervous or tense. He really seemed like himself again. But even though he was no longer tortured by demons, he was suffering. His suffering was even worse now, because he realized what he did, how horrible it was. He knows what he did was wrong and he is sorry for it. He can't express enough how sorry he is. He keeps saying it over and over and he cries.

"I tried to tell him, 'You weren't really yourself, you couldn't help yourself—' Then he held up his hands and said 'But these two hands did it.' Again I told him, 'You weren't in control of your hands.' But he feels completely responsible."

He did not want the onus of responsibility removed from his shoulders by a verdict of "innocent by reason of insanity." The suggestion of insanity was always a sore point with him—he denied it from the start. He told his psychiatrists that the demons "were real, too real to be called delusions. . . . I don't feel insane." He told Roslyn he wanted to plead guilty and go to prison.

It appeared to Roslyn that what held him together, for the moment at least, was his belief in Jesus and his passion to make believers of everyone he knew. "I love you," he told Roslyn. "Jesus loves all of us. We are still a family even though we can't be together any more." Then he implored her, "Please try to believe in Jesus, because when we die we'll all be in heaven together as a family."

He was not blind to the bleakness of his future. "My life is over," he admitted to Roslyn. And he was also aware of the risks if he went to a regular prison, where he would be a hated inmate. "I don't know what my chances are in prison," he said to Roslyn. "I know there are a bunch of kooks there."

In his last letter to the family before his day in court, Richard was immersed more deeply than ever in his religious thoughts. He wrote of the woman minister who came to read the Bible with him and quoted Psalm 27, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" Psalm 31, "In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be



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-Beth Humphries, age 11

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- | | |
|------------------------------------|--|
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| 1/2 measuring teaspoon salt | 2 measuring teaspoons vanilla extract |
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| 1-1/2 cups sugar | 1 cup chopped nuts |
| 1/4 cup water | |

Preheat oven to 325°F. In small bowl, combine flour, baking soda and salt; set aside. In small saucepan, combine butter, sugar and water; bring just to a boil. Remove from heat. Add Nestlé Semi-Sweet Real Chocolate Morsels and vanilla extract; stir until morsels melt and mixture is smooth. Transfer to large bowl. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Gradually blend in flour mixture. Stir in nuts. Spread into greased 13" x 9" x 2" baking pan. BAKE at 325°F. TIME: 50 minutes. Cool; cut into 2" squares. Makes: 2 dozen 2" squares.

Nestlé Semi-Sweet Real Chocolate Morsels make Nestlé Toll House cookies and a lot more.

ashamed: deliver me in Thy righteousness." Psalm 38, "For I will declare mine iniquity; I will be sorry for my sin."

He concluded, "I hope these passages will bless your life, dearest family. Love, Richie"

On May 8, 1978, David Berkowitz, against the advice of his lawyers, pleaded guilty to all the .44-caliber shootings. His plea was accepted by all three judges.

Once again, the media described him as coldly unemotional, speaking in a monotone, showing no remorse. Once more, the public was presented with the image of a one-dimensional fiend.

For his victims' families, who had experienced only the terror of his demonic side, the only true justice would be the death penalty.

Ironically, Roslyn had begun to agree with them. The year-long ordeal had taken a severe physical and emotional toll on her mother. For the second time, Betty was losing her son—and this time, forever. Betty was surviving, but just barely, by clinging to the hope that her son had at last found peace with his new religion.

But Roslyn did not have much faith that he had found a really permanent "peace" in his obsession with Jesus. Rather, she saw his new "religion" in much the same way defense psychiatrist Dr. Lubin saw it: just another aspect of his psychosis. Her instincts told her that his idea about his new "mission in life"—to preach the Gospel to other prisoners—was just another form of the hallucinations that were a fundamental symptom of his whole mental disorder. Even as early as May 8, there were indications that the slim thread by which he was holding on to his "sanity" was beginning to break. In episodes, witnessed by psychiatrists, Richard had uncontrollable fits of rage whenever he felt he was losing his grip on Jesus. He had even begun to doubt the trustworthiness of his beloved lady minister.

Roslyn did not believe there was any possibility for a cure for her brother or any way for him, ever again, to lead a meaningful or happy life.

Above all, Roslyn understood, with compassion, the bitterness and grief that led the victims' families to desire her brother's death. "I look at my own two girls," she said quietly, in a weary aftermath of the legal hearings, "and I wonder how I would feel if the same thing happened to me. . . . I think I would probably feel exactly the same way."

But the death penalty does not exist in New York State and the living reality of their nightmare will always remain a part of Roslyn's and Betty's lives.

On July 5, 1978, almost a full year after his arrest, David Berkowitz was declared insane by the court and sentenced to a term of 25 years to life for each of his victims.

Once a year (perhaps more often if they find the strength and the money), Roslyn will escort her mother on the 5 1/2-hour trip upstate to Richard's prison home and, there, they will again relive the pain of the past. Between visits, they will try to continue the business of living—raising a family, struggling with everyday problems, enjoying life's simple pleasures.

But how can Roslyn totally block out of her mind her brother's tragically wasted life and his horrendous legacy?

How can Betty ever forget what her son once meant to her? She knows she is not his mother in the legal sense. At the time of his arrest, she had known him only two out of his 24 years. Nonetheless, in that brief period, he became a son to her. She felt close to him and loved him. Her bond to him was too strong to be rationalized out of existence. The fact that he was now one of the most hated and infamous criminals of all time could not alter her motherly instincts, her deep attachment.

On the day he pleaded guilty to six murders, David Berkowitz entreated his lawyers to help him purchase a Mother's Day card to send to Betty. As he had done every year since the day he found her, he wanted to wish her a Happy Mother's Day.

Betty Falco found it in her mailbox on May 13, 1978. It was a simple, elegant card, and had a handwritten message: "Dear Mom, Please remember that I love you and will always love you throughout eternity. I will never forget you. Love, Richard"

She read it. And she cried. ♦

DAVID ABRAHAMSEN, M. D., F.A.C.P.N.
1035 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10028

June 4, 1979

Mr. David Berkowitz
78-A-1976
BS-9
P.O. Box 149
Attica, New York 14011

Dear David:

I learned early this morning that no visitors will be permitted this week. In accordance with your request, I will come to Attica on June 12 and stay over to June 13th.

I was interested to see what you had to say about your natural mother. One time you told me she was a dancer. Can you tell me a little more about it please, if you remember. I understand, of course, that you had a need to find your natural mother, but were there other reasons for trying to find her? Thank you for the map of your mother's neighborhood. For the time being though I do not believe I'll talk with her because I'd like to clear up any questions with you first. I have read the article in Good Housekeeping and I find it quite interesting, but I have to talk with you about certain details.

Do you, by any chance, know when your mother married Tony Falco and where did she marry him? As to your natural father who apparently died of cancer, did you ever get any information about him from your adoptive father?

? As to your time in the Army, did you ever take any drugs there?

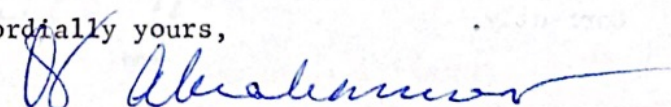
You have written me that you never felt comfortable in people's presence. Are you sure that that was always the case. Were there never times when you may have felt comfortable with someone or were you always so self-conscious that you couldn't feel comfortable.

Some of these questions may not be easy to answer, but you can ponder them and if you have any answers let me know.

I was glad to see in your letter of May 26th that you did remember some of the good things you've done in your life: that you joined the Army out of a sense of service, that you joined the auxiliary police, that you liked children, and of course that you often visited your mother's grave and your solicitude for the graves of strangers. If there are any other altruistic things you've done that you remember, please let me know.

In the meantime, I will be seeing you next week, Tuesday, June 12th and Wednesday, June 13th. Hoping all is well with you, I remain with kindest regards,

Cordially yours,


David Abrahamson, M.D.

DA:hm

The dream about my mother was untrue. I made it up. However, I do have a fantasy about digging up a young girl's grave. I really do have this desire but, I don't understand why.

In the service, the drugs I used were: Speed in pill form (diet pills really). Barbituates - also called "downers." These were sleeping pills mostly. I smoked pot and I used some LSD and what I was told was Mescaline. I never used these hallucenatory drugs as much as I said I did. In Kings County, under questioning, I often exaggerated things to make myself look more crazy. I used LSD no more than five times and these were half doses. I did hallucinate with these but, I never had a "Bad" trip and I didn't lose very much grip with reality.

Klineman's work: From what I've heard, my mother told me that he was respected in the community and that he owned some real estate. He owned property somewhere. Anyhow, he was good with his hands. He made Betty all types of things and he redecorated her kitchen and made her shelves. However, I don't know exactly what he did.

With regards to the Moskowitz shooting, I wrote you a letter the other day describing that one. Now I will tell you about the first one - Donna Lauria.

I saw her and another girl sitting in a blue, Oldsmobile Cutlass, as I drove passed. I parked about two very short blocks away on a side street. Coincidentally, there was a space available. I left my car walking in the direction of their parked car. I saw both girls sitting there, apparently talking. I circled the car at a distance like an animal stalking its pray. Cautiously, I was watching for movement from other people in the street. However, there was none. Then, from behind and on the sidewalk, I approached the car, took my revolver out of a paper bag, and stopped parallel to their vehicle. I faced Donna, aimed my gun in the general direction and fired all five rounds very rapidly. I saw the glass breaking into small slivers, the horn started sounding loudly, and I then ran full speed in the direction of my car. CAR I stopped running within 50 feet of the car, then started walking briskly to it. I got in then drove off. I aroused no attention. I didn't know I had killed her until I read the Post the following afternoon. The shooting took place about one A.M.

I went strait home and went to bed. I got up early the next day to go to work at the cab company in the same neighborhood (Pelham Bay Park). I was at work promptly at 6:45 A.M. That day I made out better than usual in both tips and fare's. I made it my point to go to work so I wouldn't arouse any suspicion. But who would have suspected me anyhow? I didn't know the victims.

I will give you complete details of the other shootings in another letter. Thank you very much for the stamps.

If you have any questions with regards to the Good Housekeeping article, please send the story with your questions so I could answer them better.

P.S. If you are going to mention the victims in your letters, I have to insist that you spell their names correctly.

Yours Truly
David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz

14 6/12

I remember my last shooting in which Stacy Moskowitz was slain. I saw her and her boy friend making out in the car. Then, they left the car, walked over the walk bridge and went along the path by the water.

After about 20 minutes, they returned to the car, made out some more, then came to where I was by the swing's. I watched Stacy on the swing and then they stopped swinging. Her and her date then started to kiss passionately for several minutes. At this time, I, too, was sexually aroused. I had an erection.

Shortly after their deep kissing they went back to the car. If my memory is correct, they made out a little more and then just sat inside the car talking.

Now I then quietly crept up alongside the car but a little more to the rear. I had my gun out, aimed it at the middle of Stacy's head and fired. One bullet struck her head and another knicked her. I didn't even know she was shot because she didn't say anything nor did she move.

Then I got in my car and drove off.

6/12

I've always wondered if some of the victims were having sex in their cars. I'm trying to remember if Esau and Suriani were having sex. I know they were embracing but I can't remember if they had their clothes off or not. If they did have their clothing off, and were engaged in sex, then I would be somewhat justified in killing them. Sex, outside of marriage, is a heinous sin.

Alexander Esau
Valentina Suriani

Hutchinson River Pkwy

6/12

As I said before, the "courtroom" scene in which I played a madman, was ^{an} act. I called Stacy a whore to get at her mother and embarrass her. I also wanted to make believe Stacy was my mother, Betty Falco, too. I'm not sorry that I said it.

I never had oral sex with Iris Gerhardt from Coop City. I only said it to Dr. Abrahamson in order to make myself look big and experienced in the ways of love.

My mother's maiden name is BRÖDER.

Childhood playmates -

I've always fantasized about being close to young girls with whom I was sexually attracted to. However, in reality, I never had sex with them much less talked with them. I was too shy to talk with them nor was I handsome or popular enough.

All my childhood playmates were girls who ~~existed~~ existed in real life. But, as I said before, I never even talked with them. In my relationship ~~though~~, though, my imaginary one, I had a wonderful relationship with ~~her~~ them.

I talked with them revealing my inner most desires, thoughts and secrets. I also ~~made~~ made out with them often. However,

6/12

I always knew that they were imaginary— that I had only fantasized our relationships. In reality, I never knew them. This is also why I won't reveal their names. They were real people and I don't want to embarrass myself. I also don't want to build up their ego's.

Even to this day, I continually dream up make believe relationships. I day dream of them every waking moment.

June 4

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

These printed pages are for you. What I've been doing lately is writing my thoughts down on paper and then printing and/or typing them out so you could read them.

The following are my thoughts for the last two weeks.

A man's character is like a fence,
it cannot be strengthened by
whitewash.

Schools Attended

Public School # 77

WARD AVENUE, CORNER OF E. 172 ST. BRONX

Kindergarden to 6th grade

Sep. 1957 - JUNE 64 (Approx)

JUNIOR High School # 123

MORRISON AVENUE, CORNER OF BRUCKNER BOULEVARD
BRONX

7 thru 9th grades

1964 - 68 (Approx)

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS High School

925 ASTOR AVENUE (CORNER OF BRONXWOOD) BRONX

GRADES 10 thru 12

1968 - 71 - GRADUATED ON JUNE 71

13 / 2

Although I was unconscious of it at the time, through a recent period of self analysis, I finally see why I persistently shot the victims in the head. I didn't want to main them. Obviously, I wanted to kill them. But not just kill them - obliterate them - totaly annihalate them off the face of the X earth and out of existence.

This was how deep the underlying anger was, the underlying hatred. Repressed within the deep recessess of my mind for so very long, it came forth in a sudden burst. With the finding of my natural mother, Betty Falco, and many other circum- stances beyound my control, such as, my rotten enviornment with all its noise and tension that surrounded me - it was just too much.

This was in me for so long, these violent criminal thoughts, that despite the laws of mankind, I had to do it. I wanted to do it. I had to take their lives.

SUBJECT: True and Real Guilt

I've always been a cautious person. Their are people whom I associated with just prior to my capture - peers, family, neighbors, etc. After my arrest they said " I can't believe he's the killer." Well, if they could have read my mind and seen my thoughts then they would have known without a doubt that I was the Son of Sam.

// JUNE 5

Dear DR. ABRAHAMSEN,

I'm very sorry that our visit had to be cancelled and our plans temporarily upset. However, I guess we could meet sometime in the near future.

I looking forward to hearing from and I also have some written material that you might be interested in.

My mothers address is 65 Lincoln Boulevard. of this, I'm certain. However, if you do see her, I wouldn't tell her about your seeing me.

(2)

My father was up here on June 4th. But because of the situation I didn't see him. I'm sure he's quite upset.

DR. ABRAHAMSEN, I would like you to TALK with him so I will give you ~~with~~ his phone number shortly. First, I have to tell him to expect your call. I will also persuade him to talk.

YOURS Truly

David Bertomitz

Christopher Columbus High School
925 Astor Avenue, Bronx
Grades 10 thru 12 (1968-1971)

ERIK ERICKSON - Study of MARTIN LUTHER

RELIGION

Am I suggestable?

Did Ollie Smith brainwash me or
use suggestive methods to
control me?

What made me turn ^{to} Christianity
in the service, in Kings County.
At the time, WAS I living in
A FANTASY WORLD OF UNREAL
religion?

WAS my involvement with these
Christians just out of psychological
need - A Love substitute.

F.B.I - VERY CURIOUS about
animal cruelties

IN love with girl OR ANYONE
close to me

Schools:

Public School # 77

WARD AVENUE, BRONX
Kindergarden to 6th GRADE

Sep. 1957 - JUNE 64 (APPROX)

JUNIOR H.S. # 123

MORRISON Ave. + BRUCKNER Blvd.
BRONX 7th thru 9th GRADES

1964 - 1967

incidents - Slap, Rejection,
Sand box

Heller - No girls Really
Good Housekeeping - Cousin
Mom - think of self

Deaths viewed bet, 5-15

Books read about murder

My birth - Accident, unwanted
Shameful

- Carelessness or spite

Mom wants poetry

Mom - knows my shell

Most. - movie

Hit Lory with gun

Sexual Compulsion - MAST

F.B.I. meetings

Self dest - indirectly

Sexual Fantasy's - w/victims

TALKING w/doctor - like talking
to god. Not keeping things
repressed. Good therapy -
TALKING thinks out

West
(Towards Queens)
East

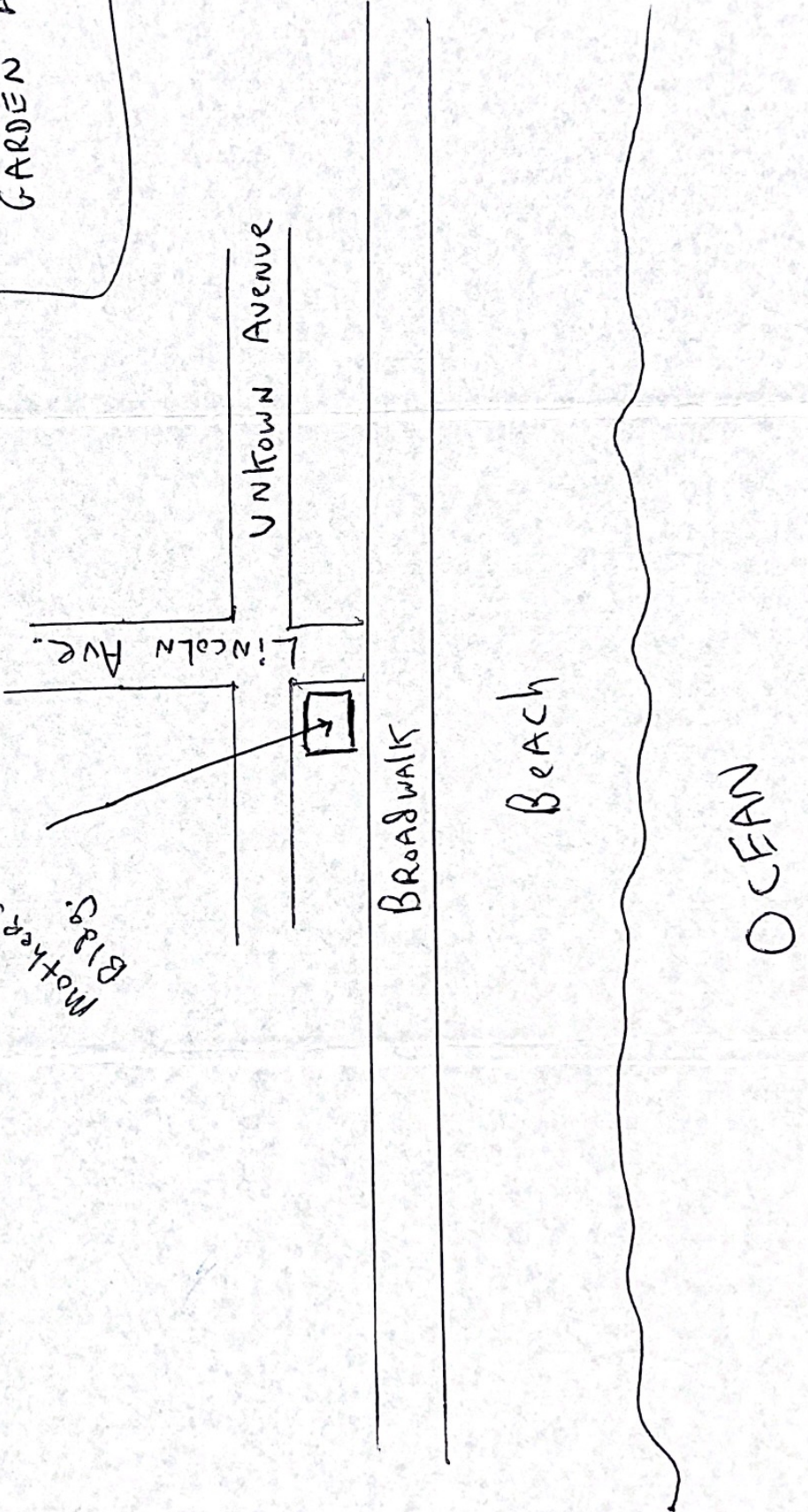
South

Possibly

Betty Falco
65 Lincoln Ave.,
Long Beach, N.Y. 11561

Sister's Address
R. Rothenberg
260-31 74th Ave.
Glen Oaks, N.Y.
11004
GARDEN Apartment

Mother's
Bldg.
Apt.



6/5/79

I believe Betty Falco UNCONSCIOUSLY HATES me. VI
I've always been a burden to her and a CAUSE
OF her deep guilt. She tries to be NICE and
friendly but I SENSE something beneath the SURFACE,
her surface. The shame and guilt are really
noticeable if you examine all the aspects of our
relationship. Its a relationship thats also very shallow.
Besides, I've ^{ALWAYS} been observant of people's facial
and bodily expressions in addition to their voice
changes. I am very alert and observant even
though I outwardly appear to be Nieve and
Semi-stupid.

But, getting back to the subject, Betty's gifts
and packages are basically to relieve her own
guilt. She blames herself for my being here and,
OF COURSE, she should. She helped put me here.

She does have at least a MATERNAL Attachment
to me. However, it's far from genuine love.

I wish that God was dead so I could do what
I WANT. I don't like him because he's always
WATCHING me and chalking up my SINS.

David Berkout

I think that if I were to have a good, MATURE sexual relationship with a woman I wouldn't have killed. IF I would have been able to participate in many kinds of sex acts and in orgies, I wouldn't have killed. I would have been content and happy without destruction. Sex, I believe, is the ANSWER - the way to happiness.

My involvement with Christianity while stationed at Fort Knox has had a tremendous impact on my life and thoughts. MORE than most people realize there isn't a waking moment that goes by that I'm not thinking of god and the devil, good and evil, heaven and hell, AND my usual sex FANTASIES.

I've always felt guilty but after reading my bible and listening to endless sermons, I feel more guilty than ever. Now I know just how wicked I am, how morally filthy.

the music I listen to, my intimate thoughts, my past thievery, they'll all lead me straight to hell.

David Berkout

4
my Secret wish - to blaspheme. vii

Consciously, I prefer evil over the good. Truly, I hope that evil triumphs one day. This, I've Always kept a secret FROM everyone. I Feel nervous because I know that God knows my secret wish.

I'd rather read Aleister Crowley than Saint John Anyday. I would love to read the SATANIC Bible. I'd love to rip up the New Testament. I desire to blaspheme at the top of my lungs and shout obscenities At God. I think Christ is obnoxious.

When I worshipped God it WAS out of terror. IF I didn't behave, he would put a curse on me. Maybe he'd kill me. vii

I really think I used this religious "kick" to escape reality. and loneliness. It was really A crutch. But boy, did I get hooked with it. I became a FANATIC. vii

David Berkowitz

5
0/1

I Always hope to be the FIRST ONE to go to heaven, one of the "FIRST FRUITS," I've always felt that I WAS ONE OF the "elect" AND "chosen."

I do feel more important to God than other people. This is probably why I'm alive today because despite my anger towards God he still loves me the most.

At Beth Haven church I enrolled in every program. I WENT to ~~check~~ church on Sunday getting up at 6:00 A.M. I stayed in church from 9:00 AM. until 10:00 P.M., all day Sunday. I went to the Wednesday night service, the Thursday "Soul-winning" outing, the Friday night meetings, etc. I listened to religious broadcasts constantly - 7 days a week. I read dozens of religious books. I WAS ENTRALLED with the doctrine of the Apocalypse - the end of the world and the everlasting punishment of sinners. "Hell" fascinates me. I spent my days telling my peers and superior officers of the need to be "saved" and of the tragic INCREASE in sexual immorality and permissiveness of our day. Yet, at 5:00 P.M., when the ^{work} day ended, I couldn't wait to get back to my room in the barracks and masturbate.

David Bakont

6
I'm a lot more conscious of things in my mind than people think. I played stupid in Kings County Hospital like I didn't know what was going on inside my head.

However, I really did know. I knew why I killed and things. I knew I needed a girlfriend, that I wasn't "crazy," that I wanted to be the center of attention. I love the limelight, the army, auxiliary police and fire departments, I wanted to make a dramatic rescue - to be a hero. I really want the praise of the community.

When I was a youth, from early childhood to my early teens, I used to laugh (giggle) uncontrollably. I did it frequently but I could never figure out why.

I always cursed the most and had the most abusive foul mouth in my neighborhood and at school.

I like being fussed over.

David Berkowitz

I Feel I ought to be punished - I want to be punished. I FEAR god's anger and eternal damnation but I hate god too. I think Anyone would fear someone who has the power to destroy.

MASTURBATION - I MASTURBATE very often. However, I don't Always do it to ORGASM. But when I do it, most often my FANTASY involves ORAL sex between heterosexual couples

Women - I blame them for everything. Everything evil that's happened in this world - Somehow it goes back to them. I hate them for messing up everything in this world. They've really screwed my life up good.

I've been taught by those Christians from Louisville, Kentucky that going to the movies and dancing are sinful. I've read several Christian books on the evils of dance halls and rock and roll music. I Feel guilty when I listen to rock music on the radio or stereo.

David Berkowitz

IN Church I WAS continually involved with "Soul winning," which is leading people to Jesus. I participated in All the programs, such as, going from door to door in neighborhoods, handing out tracts at shopping centers and stopping people at random in the street to witness to them. For this I Always carried a small pocket bible.

However, I really didn't want to see those people "saved." Secretly, I hoped they would refuse to accept Christ and thus suffer even more in hell for their deliberate rejection of the gospel.

I made it my purpose Never to witness to women. I just wanted to see the men get to heaven. Their all hardworking, clean cut men, Patriotic men. who the hell needed those slots, those go go dancers. Too many women in heaven would spoil it.

Despite All my "Soul winning" and "witnessing" I Never got a soul saved, never turned anyone away from unrighteousness.

David Berkson

Mother

11A

65 Lincoln Blvd., Long Beach, N.Y. ^{zip} 11561

No telephone

Reasons For Seeking her via ALMA: (mother)

1. Out of Curiosity
2. Out of A Need For ANSWERS:
 - A) Who WAS my FATHER
 - B) Why did you give me AWAY
 - C) Why WAS I BORN
 - D) Who is my sister
3. Out of A Need For companionship.
4. To Kill her and/or hurt her.

Tony Falco —

My mother's First husband.

Betty AND Tony used to own A Fish Store, but Tony RAN OFF with ANOTHER women. Betty never got an official divorce. Although she hasn't seen him since 1950 (Approx.), she still uses his NAME.

NATURAL FATHER Joseph Klineman:

1. NEVER met him.
2. He refused to let my mother keep ~~him~~ me.
3. He died OF CANCER OF the rectum around 1970.
4. He died A PAINFUL, agonizing death.
5. He had 3 children who are All grown up and in their 40's. ONE SON Lives in Suffolk County. Two daughters live in Florida. I NEVER met them.
6. Klineman WAS very skillful with his hands AND with tools. This is the opposite of me.
7. NAT Berkowitz knew nothing about my NATURAL FATHER Klineman.

ABRAHAMSEN

11B

Lenny's address - STRICTEST
CONFIDENCE

DAD'S # 305 - 737 - 3717

CONFIDENTIAL

LORRY'S - Name

MOM'S address

JOHNSON letter - ~~late~~

MARQUETTE PRISON

NIXON - Pgs. 108 - 112, *140

Seth Rubenstein, P.C.

COUNSELOR AT LAW

50 Court Street · Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

MAIN 4-1084-5
MAIN 4-4636-7

May 31, 1979

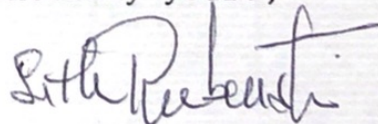
Mr. David Berkowitz
78A - 1976
Box 149
Attica, New York 14011

Dear David:

This will be a quick note. Your father called Miss Johnsen today. He will be visiting you on Monday, June 4, 1979. His schedule is such that he will get there between 1:30 and 2:00 in the afternoon.

I'll be writing at greater length soon.

Sincerely yours,



SETH RUBENSTEIN

SR:cb

June 15

DR. DAVID ABRAHAMSEN
1035 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10028

Dear Dr. Abrahamson,

After thinking it over for a long period of time, I am convinced that you are the only serious minded person capable of writing a biography about my life.

I have read your books, NIXON VS. NIXON, and the MURDERING MIND, and I truly see that you are a genuine psychoanalyst. Your writings and your high standing in the mental health field, acknowledge and pay tribute to your professional capabilities.

I believe that it is vitally important for workers in the mental health field and the public at large to understand what was on my mind and what really motivated

(2)

me to committ my crimes. No doubt, other "son of Sams," (multiple murderers), will follow in my path - the path that has previously been cleared before me.

I believe that you and you alone, is the only one capable. Lawrence K lausner isn't, and neither are you, working together with K lausner, capable of doing it. It must be just you and any other close associates who may aide you in gathering information.

I give you, and you alone, express permission to author the book. You may write what you feel and believe to be the causative and motivating factors. I also trust that your opinions will be based on evidence which will be meticulously analyzed by you, resulting in your professional conclusions.

(3)

Lastly, I feel that by helping you
I will also be helping society. I want
no financial rewards for my cooperation.

Yours Truly

David Berkowitz

DAVID Berkowitz

78-A-1976

Attica, New York

DAVID ABRAHAMSEN, M. D., F.A.C.P.N.
1035 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10028

June 14, 1979

Mr. David Berkowitz
78-A-1976
BS-9
P.O. Box 149
Attica, New York 14011

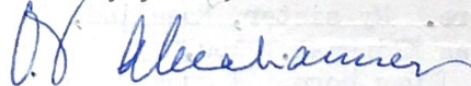
Dear David:

1. Just a short note to ask you a question about your schools. Despite the fact that you did not pay much attention to your school work, you still did quite well. Did you ever do your homework? Answer only "yes" or "no".
2. I was glad to hear that you advanced in the military service. Can you tell me what your grade was?
3. As you know, I have been working with the FBI for many years in many cases. Can you perhaps tell me, if you remember, who the three FBI agents were whom you saw in May?

As I mentioned in my letter yesterday, there is nothing to be upset about because we could not spend more time talking together. I believe that writing will help a great deal to clarify many questions I and even you may have in mind.

Kindest regards.

Sincerely yours,



David Abrahamsen, M.D.

DA:hm

Got
STAMPS

78-A-1976

IF NOT DELIVERED IN 6 DAYS

RETURN TO

BS-9 BOX 149

ATTICA, NEW YORK 14011

DAVID ABRAHAMSEN, M.D.
1035 Fifth Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10028



16
June 16, 1979

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

I received two letters from you yesterday and I will now answer your questions being as terse as possible because it is very hot and humid.

#1) School Work: It is impossible to just answer "yes" or "no" to your question. Sometimes, I did my homework. However, this was a rare occasion. Many times my parents had to force me to do it. Then, again, most of the time I just didn't do it, telling my parents that I had no homework. II

#2) Military Grade: I left the service as an E-4. This used to be known as Corporal's grade but it's been since changed to Specialist 4th Class. However, I wasn't in charge of anyone. I just worked as a clerk typist and general office clerk. I also received an Honorable Discharge. II

#3) F.B.I. I had a good and intelligent meeting with these three men. They were: Robert Ressler (Special Agent)
John Douglas (Special Agent)
Behavioral Science Unit
F.B.I. Academy
Quantico, Virginia 22135
and
Robert Schwarz (Special Agent)
1400 Federal Bldg.
111 W. Huron St.
Buffalo, N.Y. 14202

I hope you don't mind me using the back of your letter. I just thought this would be convenient for you so you could see what questions your asking me.

Yours Truly

David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz

To answer some other questions:

I'm sorry but I don't know when my natural mother married Tony Falco or where. My sister, Rosalind, is my half sister. Her father was Falco while mine was Klineman. Now, my sister is about 42 years old, and she was about fifteen when I was born. I guess we could conclude that Betty and Tony were married at least fifteen or more years before my birth. I was born on 6/1/53. I know that this is very confusing and I lose track of things myself. VI

I will add that Tony & Betty operated a Fish store (Falco's Fish Store) in Williamsburg. Tony ran off with another woman and he's never been heard from since. Both his family and my mother have been unable to locate him until this day. Betty still uses the Falco name since she has never officially divorced Tony. She also uses the Falco name for welfare and relief payments. By the way, my sister, when she wed Leon Rothenberg, used the name Falk or Faulk when she married him. This is all very complicated and, I, myself, cannot understand it all.

Dear Dr. Abrahamson,

June 18, 79

I'm sending you these three typed pages. I feel you could use these short writings. Over the weekend, I wrote them out in long hand as the thoughts came to me.

On Monday morning, I typed them up so they'd be easier to read.

Sincerely
David Berkowitz

17
June 17

Almost every waking moment I find myself fantasizing. But I'm greatly troubled by them, my fantasy's. They are almost all either sexual in nature or violent. I'm really quite perverted. I do believe, however, that others fantasize the same things as me. If I could be absolutely sure they do, I'd be greatly relieved.

I got to stay home alot when I was in public school. Most of the time, however, I wasn't sick. I just played sick. In the morning I'd say, "mom, I don't feel well." She would put her hand on my forehead and say, "It does feel very hot." Then I'd get to stay home. You see, I had this trick of pressing my head against the radiator before I went over to my mother with my "sickness" complaint.

Sometimes my mother would make me take the thermometer into my rectum. I used to tell her, "I'll put it in myself, Leave the room, your embarrassing me by standing here and watching me." Then, after she left, I'd run over to the radiator and put the metal end up against it. I did this for a minute, often counting up to sixty. Then I'd run over to the bed and put the thermometer back in. When my mom checked it, sure enough, I had a ~~XX~~ fever.

I loved staying home. My mother, Pearl, thinking I was sick, would wait on me hand and foot. Every hour she would bring me tea with lemon or hot cocoa. Plus, she always had a variety of cookie snacks on hand. I felt like a king. I got to watch television all morning long. Staying home was great. But I laugh when I think about it. Boy, what a con artist I was.

Getting "rock candy" was another special treat. Everytime I stayed home, my mother ran off to the Y&S pharmacy to get a box.

I used to love accompanying my mother on her food shopping trips. She always went to Daitch Shopwell which was located on Westchester Avenue between Stratford and Morrison Avenues. Now, its an A&P I think. She seemed to know everybody there. Then again, the neighborhood was alot different back then.

I had her buying everything in the store. When I pointed to something that I wanted and she decided to say "no," I'd just pout and/or throw a tantrum and get it anyhow.

Best of all, I loved the sour pickles. I always managed to get me one. The store had an appetizing department near the front. They would have these pickles floating around in a big wooden barrel. I'd grab one, take a quick bite out of it, then my mom would have to pay for it - five cents.

David Berkowitz

June 18, 1979

X

I mentioned this before but I feel the need to talk about this again. Cemeteries have always been a fascination for me. My special interest is of the young girls who might be buried there. I've always wondered what became of their bodies.

Sometimes, the urge to dig up one of the graves is overwhelming. I don't know what I would do to the cadaver if I managed to get one. I do have these desires though. I'd mutilate it and take it apart. I think I would like that.

I feel I have a morbid fascination with death and what it does to a body. The decaying and decomposition is interesting. I saw a dead dog once. It was in Ferry Point Park in a pile of garbage underneath the Whitestone Bridge. It had a rotten smell and it was completely covered with maggots. The odor, while putrid, didn't nauseate me. I stood over the remains for at least an hour watching the insects tumble over each other. It was quite a sight.

There was something deeper than just searching for my "natural" family. I mean there were hundreds of AIMA members who were searching too. However, I don't think very many of them sought out their roots like I did. I had totally devoted myself to the hunt. It took everything out of me and I worked around the clock.

In my hunt, I divorced myself from all other cares, except the basic ones. I neglected my studies and just spent my time running down leads and daydreaming what it would be like to see my natural family and what they looked like.

Finding my mother was a necessity, an extreme one, that I cannot fully explain. Obviously, it was more than just locating her, it was much more.

I dislike it when people love me too much. They become too possessive. They start to smother me. I can't breathe anymore - I need room to breathe.

David Berkowitz

June 18, 1979

I stole from my parents often. Just nickels and dimes mostly. I'd rifle their piggy bank and my mom's purse. I always had plenty of candy money and money for baseball cards. I had a huge collection of cards too.

The most I ever stole was a dollar bill but I stoled these bills pretty often. She never knew if a buck was missing. She used to leave her purse in the kitchen. Carefully, without upsetting anything, I would remove her change purse and pull out a single dollar bill. Carefully, I would place the small purse back in the pocket book trying to place it in the exact same spot. It always worked. I feel bad about this. Sometimes, I felt good when I got away with it and I always did. I get pleasure out of my craftiness.

I used to steal from my friends and their parents all the time. Sometimes I'd steal something that had no value, such as, lipstick, paper clips, soap, a packet of thumb tacks, etc. I did feel good after I did it though. I can't understand why.

When I got back to my room, I often just threw the stolen item away. This stuff had no value.

My grandmothers were also often targets of my sneaky attacks. I frequently remember breaking up ~~my~~ their boxes of matzoh. I used to crush their boxes of matzoh and saltine crackers just for the hell of it. They seemed to think that they got that way in the store. They never knew that I was one the one who always crushed the products.

I did exaggerate my religious behavior while I was at Kings County Hospital. I never really believed from my heart that I had been converted to a pious gospel preacher and evangelist. My thoughts were just as evil as ever despite my Bible reading and praying.

I did try to impress my outward religious piety onto others - the guards, the public, the courts, the judge, the doctors, etc. Secretly, I loathed Ollie Smith for the praise she was getting for supposedly "converting" me. It's hard to convert a convict. Sure as hell, I haven't been converted. I had the urge to blaspheme the name of God to Smith's face rather than praise him in front of her.

The last thing I wanted to do was to preach the gospel to ~~my~~ inmates. Who the hell wants to do that? And furthermore, what preaching I did in Kings County was only at the urgings of Ollie Smith.

David Berkowitz

I

Dear DR. ABRAHAMSEN,

6/19/79

I received your letter dated 6/16, and I will answer your questions.

You know, I don't have to communicate with you. However, I'm doing it because I enjoy speaking to you, a person who is very knowledgeable of the criminal mind. We are communicating quite well and openly. In fact, I feel I could trust you with all this material. Furthermore, and personally, I feel good mentally by just talking to you and getting my thoughts and frustrations down on paper. It really works wonders.

No longer will I be afraid of the truth about me. I too, am trying very hard to understand myself and learn my own "true" motives for my crimes. Your helping me tremendously.

II

I might add that most of this material I'm giving you involves things I've never revealed before. I think it would help you to understand my mind.

MOST sincerely

David Berkowitz

6/19/79

While rereading one of the letters I sent you dated June 18 (a typed page), I decided to clarify something. This is in reference to the remains of that dog in Ferry Point Park, etc. As far as my interest with dead people, I'm not trying to seem deranged.

People, when they hear someone talk in reference to a fascination with dead bodies, immediately, they think of mental illness and derangement. Nothing could be further from the truth.

My interest with cemeteries, while it might be considered morbid, has nothing to do with insanity. I'm just openly telling you of a personal feeling that is part of me. Well, I just wanted to clarify this.

David Berkowitz

(2)

6/19/79

Sorry. I don't know when my mom was born or where. I'll try to find out.

I would like to tell you that Joseph Klineman had three children. One son lives in Suffolk County. He's a scientist or doctor. His two daughters are married and live in Florida. I never met them and I doubt if they know of my existence.

In reference to my mother's letter, I will get it for you. My father has it.

D. Berkowitz

(3)

6/19/79

NINE Brothers and Sisters:

I'm totally confused. I thought it was four brothers and one sister. Nine, might be correct - I don't know. My mother is very secretive sometimes. It's so hard to be certain who's who.

However, her sister, MARY Sugar, lives at 144-55 Melbourne Ave., FLushing, Zip 11367. This is the only relative I really know. MARY has 3 children. One daughter lives in phoenix, ARIZONA. One son, Robert Sugar, lives on Roberts Ave., in Yonkers. One son just bums around. He's a playboy.

David Berkowitz

(4)

6/19/79

Photos:

The photo I gave you was especially for you. I wrote my mother requesting it. OF COURSE, I didn't tell her why. I also asked her to send one of her in her dancing costume when she was younger. She didn't send it.

My father won't send any photos. AS FOR my conservator - she is a wonderful person. However, legally she cannot get me any photos. She is bound, by law, to turn over all literary materials, including photos, to Klausner. The Judge approved the contract and she is bound to him. I'll tell you more about this later because its important.

David Berkowitz

(5)

6/19/79

IN reference to my father:

As you know, I already wrote him a lengthy letter explaining everything to him. I won't do anything behind his back. However, you have nothing to fear. My father won't make trouble for you. He doesn't want to cooperate. But he gave me a free choice and I do see a need for our continued communications. Also, he promised to keep this amongst ourselves. So you needn't worry.

I did mention that you might like to speak with him. He said he'd give to a chance to talk. He'll hear you out, and I think that's fair.

D. Berkowitz

⑥

6/19

Yes, my smile is A cover up.
I myself, have known this for quite
some time. My smiling means little.
Inside I am miserable. You did well
by noticing this. Apparently, you can
see right through me.

With regards to telephone contact -
This isn't quite so simple. The calls are
made only on weekends in the evening.
These aren't daytime calls. You cannot call
me either. That's against the rules.
The only time I could receive a call
is if it's an emergency or a lawyer.
But don't try to disguise yourself as
a lawyer. The authorities are hip
to this.

6/26/79

21

Dear Dr. Abrahamson,

I'm sending you this because it might interest you.

Thank you for coming up as I asked you. I will write a longer letter tomorrow.

Please don't forget the times article.

Sincerely

David B.

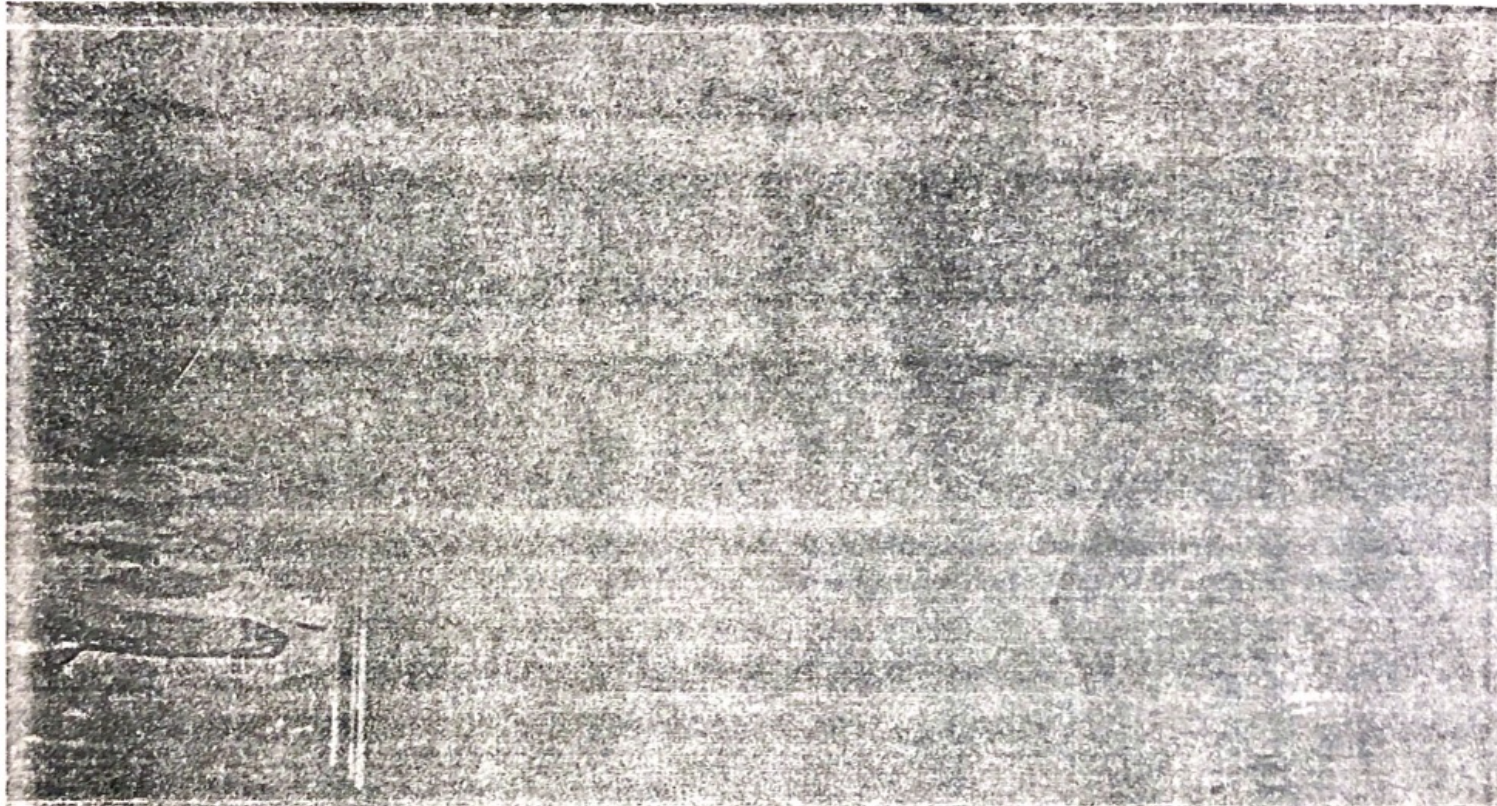
Dear David: 215 (to David Berkowitz 78-A-1976 BS-9)
(Attica Prison)

#074 (6/18)
Library...

I just received your June 15th letter and contrary to what you
may think, [REDACTED]

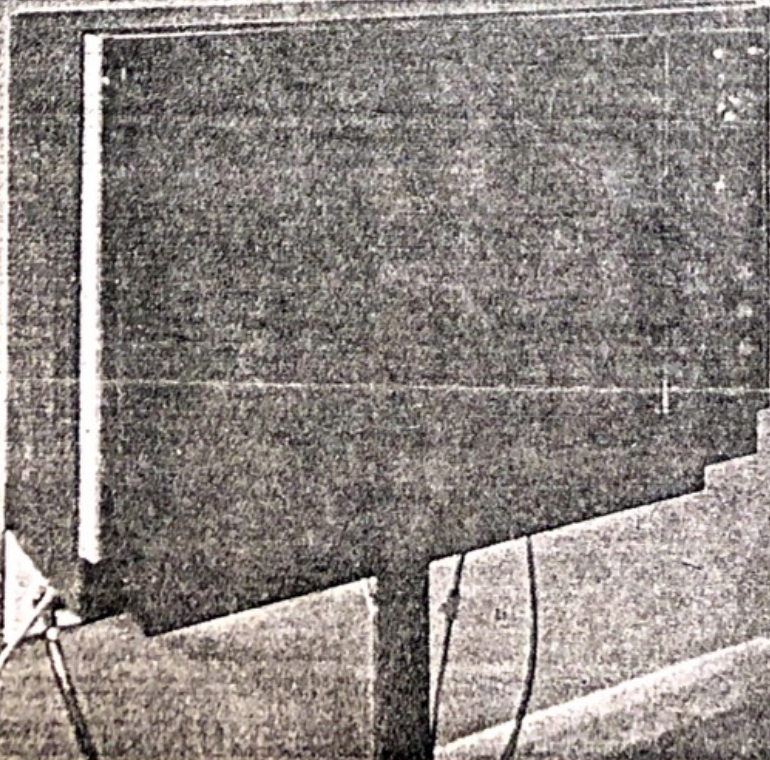
[REDACTED] That is, my writing about "those
people." If only you had learned to openly express your dislikes to
others like this long ago David, you wouldn't be where you are today.

You are getting well David. You are learning. I never thought
I'd cry for joy over an "ass chewing," but I am. Right now. [REDACTED]

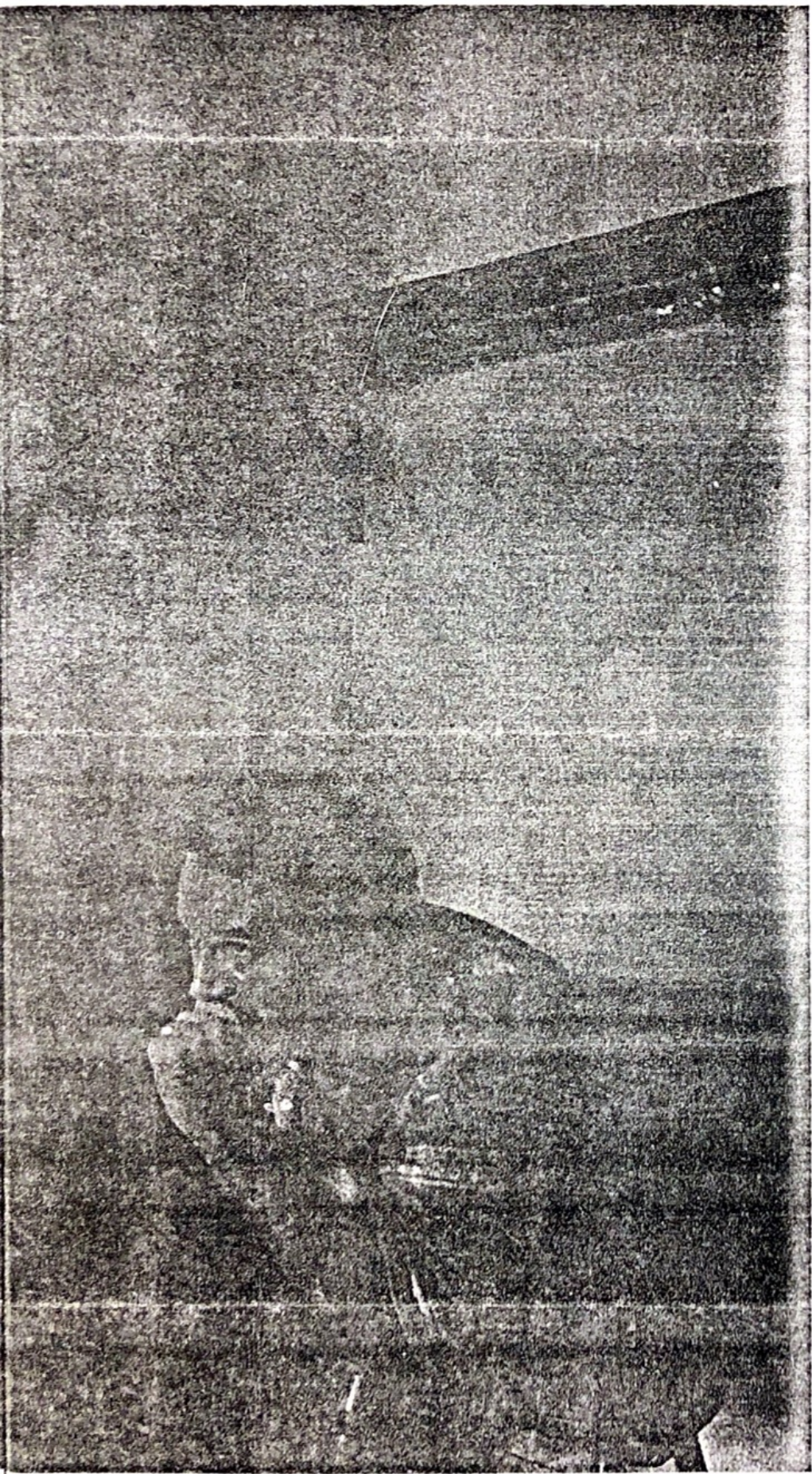


SHY MURDERERS

By Melvin Lee, Philip G. Zimbardo,
and Minerva Berthoff



P.S. Here is the whole article to the one page
(about you only) that I recently sent. Do you
~~see~~ see your past anywhere in this article? Tell
me what you think of it. Ok? I love you-you
beautiful, blue-eyed, madder-than-hell-at-me Jewish



Frustrated and belittled past endurance, they believe there is no way out of their pain. Or, rather, no other way out. And, suddenly, they attack.

HIS SISTER-IN-LAW described him as "a very gentle man who loved children." His parochial-school principal remembered him fondly as a boy with an "extremely exemplary character." He received A's in courtesy, cooperation, religion, and attendance. "There was nothing to indicate he was anything but a very fine young man." Fine, yes, but Fred Cowan was a loser, without special friends.

A coworker at the moving company where Cowan was employed in New Rochelle, New York, agreed with all the "good-boy" comments: "Basically he was a nice, quiet guy who seldom, if ever, talked. He was someone who you could push around."

But Fred Cowan, a hulking man, six feet tall, weighing 250 pounds, would not be pushed around forever. Last February 14, two weeks after he had been suspended from his job as a furniture-mover for refusing to move a refrigerator, he returned to the company offices vowing to get even with the supervisor who had disciplined him. Failing to find the man, he killed four coworkers and a policeman, and wounded five others before taking his own life.

The sudden thawing of frozen violence is not a new phenomenon in our society. Researcher Edwin Megargee, one of the few social scientists to study the problem, compiled an impressive inventory of sudden murderers more than 10 years ago. Among them was an 11-year-old boy in Phoenix who stabbed his brother 34 times with a steak knife; he was described by acquaintances as extremely polite and soft-spoken, with no history of assaultive behavior.

Another was a "gentle, easygoing, good-natured" young man who five days after graduation killed three unarmed people during a bank robbery—his first antisocial act. Then there was the 21-year-old man from Colorado who was accused of the rape and murder of two little girls, again with no previous aggressive history. In fact, his stepfather reported, "when he was in school, the other kids would run all over him and

he would never fight back."

What terrifies us most about such brutal incidents is their unpredictability and senselessness. How can you defend yourself against aggression that is masked by passivity, against crimes of violence by fine young men of exemplary character? And their lethal reaction is usually inappropriate to whatever instigated it. The crime exceeds the cause: a person is battered to death for taking another driver's in-

tended parking space; an employer is murdered for refusing to give an undeserved promotion; a man is killed for unknowingly taking someone else's seat at the bar.

Since these murders don't make sense, we tend to write them off as quirks of nature, the acts of madmen gone berserk. But can't these acts be better understood as the response of an individual constantly frustrated by people, agencies, and institutions, who

suddenly blows his long-standing cool at another insult to his dignity? "I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take it any more," shouts Howard Beale, the messianic anchorman in the movie *Network*. Beale was no shy loner, but his sudden blowup against the injustices of his world mirrors the explosive reaction of shy murderers.

The impulse to silence one's irritating neighbor, to cope with stress and frustration by destroying its source, to devastate detractors, critics, and bullies, is usually held in check by a system of complex inner restraints. Call it conscience, superego, moral values, fear of God, or fear of punishment. We are trained to internalize the golden rule, the Ten Commandments, parental codes of conduct, and other don't-do-it-or-you'll-be-sorry standards. We don't comply with such norms of behavior merely out of fear of the consequences of noncompliance. More often, we comply to win the regard of others and out of our own sense of self-worth.

These restraints can be cast aside by alcohol, which dulls social consciousness. Or they can be subtly undermined by social conditions that make us feel anonymous. If no one knows *who* you are, and no one cares *what* you are, the core of your identity is threatened. Why respect the property or person of others who deny your very existence? Thus, conditions that make us feel anonymous and unconnected to our fellow beings may transform the best of us into vandals and assassins.

In our shyness center at Stanford University, we treat people whose shyness makes them anonymous in all too many situations. They are seen, despite their low profiles, but rarely are they heard. Fearful of the ridicule and rejection lurking in the most casual social settings, they avoid or escape all potentially threatening encounters. When they have to interact with others, it is often a perfunctory, ritualized simulation of a human relationship.

Some of these people cultivate a cool, detached manner that protects them from the expectations of others. Some shy clients complain of being bored at dinner parties, at the office, or in school by "know-nothing bigmouths" who get all the attention and all the social rewards. With some therapeutic probing, the anger beneath the trapped boredom begins to emerge. Put upon by these bigmouths, forced to comply with the wishes of domineering people, with the

(Continued on page 76)

WHAT ABOUT THE SON OF SAM?

David Richard Berkowitz, age 24, Caucasian, postal clerk, Army veteran, high-school graduate, single, adopted child, no distinguishing characteristics.

Average in appearance, rather quiet and introverted in manner, this nice Bronx boy was best recalled by neighbors, fellow employees, and GI buddies by what he did *not* have—a girl or a friend—and what he did not do—make the human connection. Berkowitz is the man whom New York police charge with killing six young people and shooting seven others as the "Son of Sam." Does he fit the sudden-murderer syndrome we have described? Only partially, judging from news reports on his life and personality.

Little David seems to have grown up as a nonentity, a person allowed to drift into the solitary void of the lonely and rejected. Eventually, if the allegations about him are true, the young man died emotionally, destroyed by the repeated indifference and occasional ridicule of others.

In a *Newsweek* article, a former classmate of Berkowitz's remembered him this way: "There's always some guy in the class that everyone thinks is weird, and David was that kid." The *Nation* reported that Berkowitz as a young man was remembered around singles bars "as a quiet listener who would timidly attempt to join animated conversation, inject a few comments with his bemused smile, quickly be cut out of the group as an odd duck, retreat, then try futilely to strike up a conversation with others." An Army buddy who recruited him as a born-again Baptist could add little to the portrait of David beyond the facts that "he was a loser and kind of shy."

But he was soon to be born yet again, this time with a more terrifying signature—Son of Sam. Never again would he go unnoticed. In a violent society, Sam would be No. 1.

Sam's behavior was clearly psychotic—a sharp contrast with the more normal behavior patterns of other shy sudden murderers. The Son of Sam, who also signed himself "The Master of Reality," had stopped trying to participate in a reality that had long excluded him. In its place were fantasies, bizarre and frightening; delusions, of grandeur and persecution; hallucination, in which strange voices commanded him to kill, enabling him to act without will or responsibility as an instrument of the devil. Another difference between Sam and other shy murderers is that he killed many times, while most of them killed only once.

Berkowitz may have been driven by demon voices of destruction, but he heard them only because of the human silence he had encountered in other human beings. People in authority—in government, business, law enforcement, or whatever—prefer a silent majority of shy people, who do not assert their rights or demand change. Psychiatrists and psychologists can't yet explain why one person faced with various pressures becomes Son of Sam, while another is content, say, to merely make obscene phone calls. But we do know that every person needs to be recognized and to have his unique identity affirmed in the warmth of human touch and companionship. When this spark of human fellowship is missing, the nice quiet boy next door can turn into a crazed killer like Son of Sam. When that happens, we all share in the guilt. —P. G. Z.

Shy Murderers (Continued from page 70)

endless dos and don'ts of parents and teachers, extremely shy individuals take the path of least assertive resistance. More often than not, they give in, give out, give up, and do what is expected of them—albeit reluctantly.

Some of the people we treat at the shyness center are so lacking in social and verbal skills that they can't even begin to mount a satisfactory counterattack. For others, low self-esteem keeps the lid in place. They have been doing what is expected for so long that the expected becomes the norm. And since people don't always get praised for just doing what is expected, conformity can rob the shy person of deserved rewards.

On occasion, the shy person does confront others more directly, but escape routes are physically blocked or psychologically inaccessible. Unable to negotiate in a dispute or pose a plan for conciliation, he is powerless to effect a peaceful, mutually acceptable solution. Instead, he yields, a cycle that occurs again and again. Resentment builds, but is held in check by powerful restraints that deny expression of virtually all strong emotions. Then, one day, the

rage and resentment become too strong; a minor provocation pushes the pent-up hostility over the threshold, and the impulse is carried into action. Someone dies, and the killer surrenders his self-imposed silent prison of shyness for a state-imposed loss of liberty.

To go beyond journalistic accounts of the nature of the sudden murderer, and to evaluate the theory we have outlined, we talked directly to convicted murderers and other prisoners at a California prison. We also administered a battery of psychological tests designed to assess whether the prisoner was shy, was under- or overcontrolled, and had a self-image that was masculine or feminine.

We studied three groups of inmates: 10 sudden murderers whose homicide was their first criminal offense; nine murderers who were habitual criminals with prior arrests for violent acts; and, as a comparison group, 16 inmates convicted of nonviolent crimes.

The differences between the two groups of murderers were striking. Eight of the 10 sudden murderers who answered the Stanford Shyness Survey reported themselves to be shy, while

only one of the nine murderers with a violent arrest history called himself shy. By comparison, 25 percent of the non-violent inmates said they were shy, and in surveys we've done with the general population, 40 percent of the people reported being shy.

We also administered parts of the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory (MMPI) to the prisoners to discover their hostility levels and degree of ego control. The sudden murderers exhibited less hostility and significantly more ego overcontrol than did their frequently violent cohorts. The latter tended to be undercontrolled, acting out their impulses with little restraint.

Finally, we asked each inmate to describe himself by checking off those adjectives in a series that applied to him. Some adjectives fit a masculine stereotype—assertive, dominant, independent, and so on. Others were more traditionally female—nurturant, gentle, passive, and so forth. Seventy percent of the sudden murderers selected adjectives that portrayed themselves as more feminine than masculine.

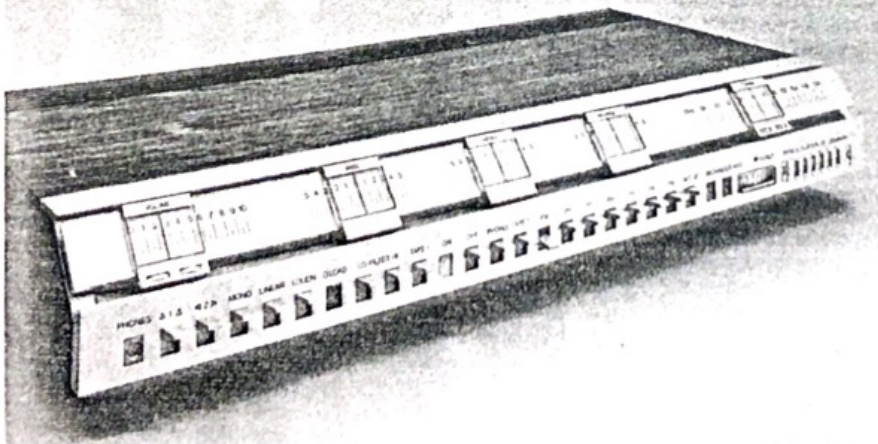
The opposite was true of the other inmates, as one might expect in a prison environment where machismo is often crucial for survival. Seventy-seven percent of the habitually violent and 60 percent of the nonviolent prisoners saw themselves as more masculine than feminine. Seven of the eight shy sudden murderers were more feminine than masculine; the two nonshy sudden murderers had a masculine self-image. We also found a moderately high correlation between these sex-role scores and the MMPI scores of ego overcontrol. Higher feminine scores were associated with more overcontrol, while masculine scores went with less control.

These results confirm and extend earlier investigations by Edwin Megargee and Gerald Mendelsohn, who found that extremely assaultive criminals had greater ego overcontrol than those who were only moderately aggressive. It seems that people who usually have stringent controls on their behavior are capable of more extreme violence when those controls break down than those with a looser rein on hostile impulses.

Our interviews enabled us to reconstruct the psychological scenario of sudden murder. Four common features are salient: overwhelming emotional tension, an inability to perceive any alternative to violence, time distortion, and dissociation of self from the person tak-

(Continued on page 148)

POWER WELL BRED



BANG & OLUFSEN

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Shy Murderers (Continued from page 76)
ing the deadly action.

The scene starts as usual. The shy, overcontrolled man faces a situation in which he is frustrated and belittled in a way that has happened many times before. The instigation to anger may be mild: a minor right is violated, an insignificant privilege denied. He feels the usual anguish welling up, but for some reason he doesn't walk away from the situation as he usually does, or accept it without protest. The feelings of anguish and anger keep growing and growing until they overwhelm him. The emotional tension makes it hard for the man to breathe or even to talk; his chest and throat are constricted.

This inner turmoil is reflected in his perception of the outside world: everyone seems to be moving faster and faster, while for him time slows down. He sees his movements as languid, his thinking as sluggish. The past and future become vague concepts, irrelevant to the focused present.

He feels caught up in events that carry him along without conscious volition. The thought surfaces, "There is no way out." Quickly it changes to "There is no other way out." A sense of detachment develops that separates the man's observing self from the emotions, thoughts, behavior, and sense of responsibility of his acting self. He attacks, and the observer is helpless to stop the murder.

Though triggered by a minor irritation or frustration, the attack has been fueled by a lifetime of all too many major ones. The innocent victims die not so much for what they did, but for what society did not do—respect the dignity of this individual and reach out to encourage him to make the human connection despite his withdrawn manner.

The frenzied assault is terminated only when, in many cases, the murderer "notices" his arm is so tired—from repeatedly stabbing his victim—that he can't move it. In some instances, there is a blackout, an amnesia for some or all of the events. Just as others who know the sudden murderer cannot believe that he could have been responsible for such violence, the ego of the sudden murderer cannot accept such an alien deed as being of its own doing.

With the violence discharged, calm returns. The internalized inhibitions take command again. In a matter of minutes, the overcontrolled, feminine, shy young man becomes his good old self once again.

Our nonshy murderers typically report a much simpler, very different scenario. They feel cheated or betrayed; they are not getting their fair share. The emotion is strongly felt but not overwhelming. It is quite consciously experienced as being caused by a particular person or specific group. There is no time distortion, but since the men usually have a poorly developed sense of the future, they don't think about possible punishment. The murder may be planned, or it may happen suddenly when push comes to shove.

"Resentment builds, but is held in check. Then one day a minor provocation pushes it over the threshold. Impulse turns into action."

These murderers don't consider that there may be some reasonable explanation for the behavior of their intended victims or another means of remedying their grievances. But they have no feeling of inevitability, of being swept away involuntarily. In some cases, in fact, the murderer takes pride in his deed; he is acting like a man and not a sissy.

Treatment for violent men comes in several varieties. For undercontrolled, abusive individuals, training in social skills is effective. Social-skills training teaches people appropriate ways to act and react in their everyday lives. This therapy deals with overt behavior and not inner turmoil, the alleged cause of much unacceptable behavior.

Many people need to learn basic conversational skills—how to make demands in assertive rather than aggressive ways. Through behavior modification, they are encouraged to deal with people appropriately, and discouraged from making hostile, irrelevant comments or inappropriate requests.

The overcontrolled, shy person must also learn basic social skills, but different ones—those that allow him to be more assertive. He must learn to express feelings directly, to identify and respond to frustrations as they occur, instead of letting them build up.

Remedial training of this kind is needed as part of any rehabilitative program for sudden murderers or others who assault without justification. But prevention of violence is obviously better than treatment. The social skills

we've outlined should be learned by every child as a normal part of socialization. Children should be encouraged to express their feelings and to like themselves. They should come to see other people as sources of positive regard and interest, not as critical, negative evaluators who might reject them. They, and we, must be seen and heard.

Resisting the powerful forces that daily chip away at our individuality and make us ever more anonymous objects is the communal therapy that each of us must practice daily. As theologian Martin Buber has said:

"Man wishes to be confirmed in his being by man, and wishes to have a presence in the being of the other—secretly and bashfully he watches for a 'yes' which allows him to be and which can come to him only from one human person to another."

Ultimately, every person's "yes" is important. □

Melvin Lee brings to the study of the sudden-murderer syndrome 10 years of personal experience with prisoners in the California correctional system. A graduate student in Stanford University's psychology department, Lee is working with Philip G. Zimbardo on several other aspects of shyness. He is also investigating firsthand the tactics and group dynamics of the Reverend Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church.

This investigation of the shy, sudden murderer unites several lines of research Philip G. Zimbardo has pursued for a number of years: trying to make sense of senseless vandalism, understanding the personal and social determinants of violent behavior, and discovering the causes and consequences of shyness. This is the sixth *Psychology Today* article by Zimbardo, a professor of psychology at Stanford University.

Minerva Bertholf, a penologist and educator, received her Ph.D. from Western Colorado University. She has taught remedial, high-school, and college courses at Deuel Vocational Institution, the Tracy, California, state prison, since 1951. She is also professor of humanities and literature at San Joaquin Delta College in Stockton, California.

For further information, read:

Bower, Gordon and Bower, Sharon. *Asserting Yourself*, Addison-Wesley, 1976, \$8.95, paper, \$4.95.

Megargee, E.I. "Undercontrolled and Overcontrolled Personality Types in Extreme Antisocial Aggression," *Psychological Monographs*, Vol. 80, No. 611, 1966.

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Zimbardo, P.G. *Shyness: What It Is, What to Do about It*. Addison-Wesley, 1977, \$9.95, paper, \$5.95.

For reprints, see Classified Advertising.

A *Psychology Today* cassette, *Overcoming Shyness*, by Philip Zimbardo, is available at \$8.95 (outside U.S.A., \$9.95). Order from Consumer Products Division, 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.

People don't understand what the writing on the wall of my apartment was about. Actually, no demons told me to write that stuff. It wasn't dictated to me either.

I got the idea from reading a detective magazine about convicted killer William Heirans. He wrote on the wall of one of his victims apartments, "FOR HEAVENS SAKE CATCH ME BEFORE I KILL MORE I CANNOT CONTROL MYSELF." The magazine showed photographs of the writing and, like mine, it was in a strange eerie style.

He also left a note at the crime scene of one of his victims. Heirans crimes took place in Chicago in the 1940's. He was sentenced, according to the magazine, to three consecutive life sentences plus additional terms to be served at Stateville penitentiary

BLUSHING: One of my greatest weaknesses or faults is blushing when talking in public. This is why I hated public speaking in the classroom or in social events. No matter how confident I felt, no matter how well I knew the subject I was about to talk about, when I began to speak the blushing started. I cannot, however, seem to consciously control it.

JEWISHNESS: People believe or think that I do not feel Jewish. I do. I always knew I was a Jew. But I'm not a proud Jew. I'm not proud because I feel like a worthless hypocrite. Jews are supposed to be honest, law abiding and respectful of parents. I am none of these.

I am a disgrace, I know.

MRS. MILLER: was the median between my adoptive parents and Betty Falco. She knew Falco from her neighborhood and I believe she was related to my adoptive mother, Pearl Berkowitz - perhaps a cousin or an aunt.

Mr & Mrs Miller were at my Bar Mitzvah so I was told by my dad. But I don't remember her. Now, she lives in southern Brooklyn. My Uncle Lou knows her pretty well I think.

My Uncle Louie contacted her to help find Betty Falco not knowing I had already found her. Mrs. Miller was shocked when she found out that I beat her to it so to speak.

I bet you don't know this. Uncle Lou tried to help me find my natural mother. He did call her and told her to please try and locate Betty whom she hadn't seen in many years. She did start to search but I had already found my natural mother and when I told my Uncle and he in turn told her, both were definitely shocked. "How could he have found her by himself and without our help?", they asked.

22
June 29, 1979

I would like this to be held in strictest confidence, the name that is. My Uncle Lou and Aunt Bea, next to my father (Nathan) are the only 3 people I care for with the exception of one friend.

Uncle Lou, who lives at 60 Morrow Avenue in Scarsdale, got me the construction job. The job was with Wolff & Munier of Elmsford N.Y. I worked in the Texaco construction site at Harrison N.Y. My Uncle is very well respected in the trade and is a union official.

My Aunt and Uncle are great wonderful people. Uncle Lou is my mother's brother. My mother Perarl's that is.

My grandfather, Betty's father, was a cruel strict bastard. I hated him by just looking at his picture. I also had the opportunity to stand over his grave which was ~~an~~ overgrown with weeds. The cemetery was a Jewish one, real small and in Staten Island. He died by falling down a flight of stairs. He was in his 90's. My grandmother, also in her 90's, died by falling down the same flight of stairs a short while later. Both apparently died of broken necks - tisk, tisk, tisk.

Betty tried to develop her dancing talents and she wanted to continue dancing and go into show business. Supposedly, she had a lot of talent. However, her strict father, Mr. Broder, who valued tradition over the needs of his children more than anything else, refused to let her fulfill her desires. He insisted that she remain a homebody, get married, raise kids, fix meals, darn socks, retire to Florida and eventually die, all according to Jewish tradition.

That rotten bastard, who considered Betty the "Apple of His Eye," his favorite of all her brothers and sister, refused to loosen his grip on her. When he finally died and the grip, while not mentally released but at least physically released, was loosened, it did Betty no good. By now she was too old to begin a career and life had already past her by. I believe he passed away in the early 70's.

Coincidentally, I recall a picture of her and her father alone. The rest of the family wasn't present. Her dad was sitting in a wooden chair with a blank expression while Betty, in her dancing costume, stood beside him. She was very young then.

Another reason I dislike my "natural" grandparents (my mother's side) was because of their hatred for my sister. Because Rosalind was only half Jewish, they completely excluded her from conversations and family activities. Aunt Mary's three kids were treated nicely while my sister was scorned and mentally abused.

How dare these prejudiced scum treat her as an outcast. Meanwhile, she turned out to be the best and most loving one of the whole family. If there's a hell, I hope mom and pop Broder (my grandparents) are there.

One last point. I've been told that the District Attorney from Brooklyn once tried to locate Betty and Tony Falco's marriage certificate. Well, I don't know the story and what transpired between my mom and Tony forty years ago. However, you can bet the marriage was held in secret. I know that the Broder's with their traditional values must have had ~~seizures~~ seizures when they learned my mother had married a gentile.

I don't think that my mom married out of love for them or rather Tony took off with another woman shortly afterwards.

June 30, 1979

22

Yes, Rosalind, my sister, was the blacksheep of the family. But her heart ~~W~~ is far from black. She's very loving and loyal - a typical "Jewish Mother." She always puts her family first before herself and would gladly die in one of her daughters place's if it ever came down to that.

Joseph ~~KXX~~ Klineman, my father, was very handy with his hands while I'm not. But I have to tell you of his relationship with my mom and sister. The story sounds like fiction but it's not.

Betty and Joe stayed together for almost 30 years. But Joe was still married to another woman and Betty's husband ran off decade's earlier. Betty's relationship was not hidden. Joe's wife was totally aware of the relationship and even condoned it. Nothing was done behind the back of Klineman's legal wife whose name I've never learned.

Joe's three kids, a son and two daughters used to go up to Betty's little apartment to eat almost everyday. My sister, of similar age to Joe's kids, was there too. All of them, Betty, Joe, my sister and the other kid's (my half sister's and half brother) used to eat there and alternate between homes. They loved Betty's kasha (a Jewish dish) and her split pea soup. I do have to admitt that I tried this stuff myself and It sure was good.

When Joe died after a long illness, at the funeral parlor, my mother and sister went but, with all due respect, sat in the rear of the funeral home. As I said, the relationship was known by everyone in the neighborhood and by Klineman's family. It was pretty open and perhaps, even a bit scandalous but, it was accepted.

By the way, my mother even mentioned to me that she and Joe's legal wife met face to face at the funeral home. However, nothing was said. This was also part of the arrangement.

In the end, Klineman gave all the money to his frigid wife leaving my mother, who was at his deathbed daily, with nothing. Betty almost had a nervous breakdown because after nearly thirty years he left her ZERO. She was shocked and broke. My mom fed him, clothed him, copulated with him, and waited on the irresponsible bum. After all these decades together he shoved everything back in her face.

My mother, however, is a very secretive person.who drowns herself in little "white lies." She's always hiding something and everytime I ask a question, if for some reason she feels threatened by it, gives me a stupid answer. She treats me like a child and a little baby. Her letters to me now are such a bore that I dislike to read them. She'll write a two page letter, yet, say nothing. Like me, she's a sneak.

There is one piece of the puzzle that I cannot understand. Since my natural parents thirty year relationship was fairly open and known by almost everyone, why then, was there "shame" in keeping me as my mother seems to secretly believe? Surely many people in their neighborhood and their families knew of the affair. No one could have, under these circumstances, have been so naive to think that sex between Joe and Betty was nonexistent. ~~XX~~ Klineman spent almost all his time there at Betty's apartment. He almost certainly slept over, too. So, what was the shame with my birth? Truly its a mystery and because of my mother's secretiveness and because when she's questioned she becomes protective and evasive, it's so hard to decipher the truth from her "white" lies.

Even though I finally located my "natural" mother its very doubtful that I'd ever find out the real truth.

Really, I'm very much like my mother - sneaky. In fact, my nicknames, as sometimes said by my adoptive father Nathan, are, "Sneaky, Snoop, and Spy." I couldn't ~~even~~ even get food from the kitchen when someone was in that room. I had to wait, despite hunger pains, sometimes an hour until the kitchen was vacated before I'd move in for a snack.

This is peculiar I know. But, I can't explain it. When I did go into the kitchen, I often crept in, then I would quietly open the ice box and gingerly remove the selected item. Like a phantom, I snatched one "devil dog," and careful not to upset the box, i rearranged the remaining cakes to make it appear that no one was there.

I used to hear my dad and mom talking in another room and I'd sneak up on them so that I'd be just around the corner of the room and within a hearing distance. I used to rummage through my parents dresser drawers and my father's desk and read all their stuff and look at old photo albums and numerous loose pictures. By the way, this is how I remember about taking baths with Lory. I saw the picture of both of us naked and I'd often comment about this to my mother, Pearl. Thats how I remember the incident because consciously I can't remember it. I just loved to scrutinize their personal papers. Also, I must add that I continued my secret inspections of people's personal items until I was a young adult.

Just after I left the service in June of 1974 I lived with my dad and his new wife, Julia. Naturally, Julia had her own large dresser and, of course, I rummaged all through it. Nothing missed my inspective eye. I do have to make it clear, however, that there was nothing of a fetish here. I mean I never fondled her panties or anything. In fact, after I snooped in her dresser drawers I immediatly washed my hands. Actually, I was revulsed by her under clothes. Her garments were extra-large and ugly, I hated to have to touch them or even go near them but I had to in order to get at her personal papers. Again, my only interest was to check out her personal papers, books, bank book, photos, letters, etc. I did want to ascertain her motives in marrying my dad and to make sure that there were no other men in her life. I didn't trust her one bit.

Lastly, I want to mention that I was very interested in Julia's past but just as a matter of safety to my dad. Never, ever, did she know that I had been snooping. I was exceptionally careful not to upset anything and I was good at it. This skill was from previous experience.

Often, too, I'd rob my adoptive parents blind. My dad had this large jar that was full of change. It was hidden in the large dresser in the foyer of our apartment of Stratford Avenue. I carefully removed any obstacles in my way - mostly clothes - then I removed the jar and took out a few coins - maybe fifty cents. In those days 50 cents would buy a heck of alot for a kid like me. I must add that I was always extremely cautious to put back all the items and the jar exactly as I found it. I memorized where each clothing item was, how it was positioned, and returned it just as I found it. I feel guilty about all this.

People think that I look honest but I'm not. I have an innocent face but I'm not at all innocent. I must admitt that I do love my face. I mean I can fool anybody with it. Its above suspicion so to speak. My face, my lips and my blue eyes are like weapons which I sometimes use to my own advantage. I don't consider my facial features handsome. To me their just innocent looking. I was very aware of its usefulness during my crime spree.

I know that my mother, Pearl Berkowitz, had many sexual frustrations. I never understood this as a child even though I suspected something. I do see the depressing circumstances of her life. She wasn't rich much less comfortable. My dad worked all day six days a week. He left for work at seven in the morning and didn't return until six at night. He came home exhausted and later on, he often fell asleep on the couch while watching television. He used to snore right there in the living room. My god, it was pathetic. I feel so sorry for my dad that I want to reach out and touch him right this minute. I want to hug him. He tried so hard to make ends meet. Working all day to make a living - its all pointless now because most people die before they ever ~~get~~ get a chance to enjoy the fruits of their labors. They retire after fifty years of hard work. They leave their grueling job and move to Florida. They just begin to enjoy life when death strikes. That bastard God in the sky cuts off their lives so suddenly. How I hate him so much. What a sick mean sadistic God we've got running the universe.

My father dosen't know this, nobody but one person does besides me. My mother had an affair. I'm not stupid you know and kids could be very shrewed. I'm very shrewed. My mom had an affair with a cop from the neighborhood. His name was Louis Weiss and he lived on Manor Avenue in the last apartment building on Manor Avenue just as it approaches Bruckner Boulevard. This was only two blocks from my home and a large high rise building is adjacent to this cop's old building.

Louie was a real muscle man and physical fitness buff. He had a good build. He was all bald but I guess ladies thought him attractive because

of his build and his very hairy chest. If you think I have a hairy chest, you should have seen him.

Anyhow, He used to come up to the house in the daytime. Naturally, my dad was at work. When ~~he~~ he came up my mom told me to go out and play even if no one else was out or even if I was watching a horror movie on t.v. The pretense was always that he was going to help my mother clean and move heavy objects. I know that my mother was a perpetual cleaner and kept the apartment immaculate but this was ridiculous. Nobody moved furniture around this much.

I have to admit that I never caught them at anything but actually, I didn't have to. Really I didn't. Even as a child I sensed things - strange things - things that weren't suppose to be. Never did I tell my father that Louis used to come over often. I don't know why I never mentioned it to him. I mean I didn't understand anything about sex. I was only a kid. But I just felt something, an intuition, that I shouldn't reveal to my dad about Louis coming over all the time. I did seem to realize that my dad would be hurt by this - how, I didn't know, I just felt it.

My mother got visibly upset when I threatened her with mentioning Louie to my dad. I used to tell her when I was angry at her that I was going to tell daddy that Louie was here. I always had her around the throat so to speak. It was like a bribe. Actually, and I'm not proud but only being truthful for once, I extorted her. I used to extort her. She often paid me money, small change which was merely ice cream money in turn for silence. Maybe this is why I often cursed her out in the street and in front of her friends. Maybe this is why I was so vicious to her sometimes. I was very angrey that she was being unfaithful. I didn't really know what being unfaithful was, not at that age. I just sensed it.

Dr. Abrahamsen, I do have to tell you that I'm not stupid. Yes, I repress things but just because I don't mention something dosen't mean that I'm not cognizant of it. I'm not a psychiatrist either but I can tell you many things as to why I hated school and did poorly. I don't have all the answers, of course, but I have enough.

This thing with Louie the cop happened before I started school. Of this I'm certain. Then, when I did start school (kindergarden) I used to fight my mom when she tried to take me. I hated to leave her because I didn't want to miss anything. I knew that Lou was coming. Pearl had to take me to school and make sure that I went in. Naturally, I sometimes used to cry and make a fuss. X As I said before, I know very little of psychiatry. But I do have common sense which is just as good. I realize that going to school and forcefully at that, was my being rejected. To me, and even until this day, I feel rotten in a school building. To me school was like a dumping ground. This is how I visualized it when I was in public school but it was unconscious back then. I always felt that my mother was simply sending me to school to get rid of me so she could be with Louie. I had a feeling back then that something was going on behind my back and that my mother wanted me out of the house.

I've got to get off this subject somewhat. I revealed more of my past than I originally intended. I don't know why I'm telling you all this. Frankly, I don't trust you and I don't know your real intentions and/or if you will sell your information to Klausner. I guess I'm very nieve.

I will write again soon and forgive me for delaying the sending of this letter because I wanted to check something out before I continued my communications with you. Please let me know that you received it because I've enclosed much personal information and I wouldn't want it to get into the wrong hands. I feel much better when I know that a letter such as this arrives safely.

With kindest regards

David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz
6/30/79



STATE OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONAL SERVICES

THE STATE OFFICE BUILDING CAMPUS

ALBANY, N.Y. 12226

RICHARD D. HONGISTO
COMMISSIONER

JACK BIRNBAUM
ASSOCIATE COMMISSIONER

June 29, 1979

Dr. David Abrahamsen
1035 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10028

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen:

Your correspondence with Attica Superintendent Harold Smith has been forwarded to this office from the Commissioner's Office. It is my understanding that you are interested in conducting a study on David Berkowitz.

Before consideration can be given to your research proposal, material describing the proposed project must be forwarded to this office to be disseminated to Department Executive Staff for review. The material should include:

1. Purposes of the project
2. Description of information to be collected
3. Goals and methods of data collection
4. Proposed use of research product

Please find enclosed a copy of the Department's research guidelines and Research Confidentiality Agreement. Your response should include a) an indication of how the proposed research will be conducted in compliance with each of the guidelines and b) the completed Confidentiality Agreement. This agreement assures use of collected information only for purposes described to the Department.

When the above information has been received, it will be submitted for consideration by Executive Staff. You will be notified of this decision concerning your conduct of the study.


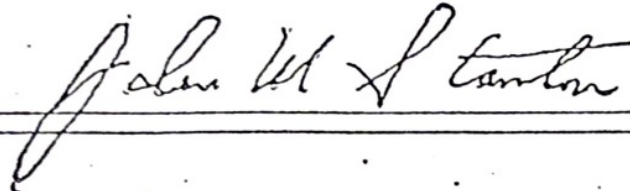
If you have any questions about the enclosures or other material requested, please feel free to give me a call at (518) 457-8136.

Sincerely,

Frank Tracy
Director, Program Planning,
Research and Evaluation

Enclosures

cc: Superintendent Harold Smith, Attica Correctional Facility

 <p>STATE OF NEW YORK DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONAL SERVICES</p> <p>DIRECTIVE</p>	CLASSIFICATION #0403	DATE 4/25/75
	SUPERSEDES A.B. #120 dated 11/4/74	DISTRIBUTION
APPROVING AUTHORITY 	SUBJECT Research Studies and Surveys	

A. Policy

Requests by individuals not associated with the Department to conduct research studies and surveys on departmental operations, inmates or parolees, have greatly increased during the past few years. Although it is the Department's policy to promote research in the field of corrections and to support professional studies of departmental operations, assistance should only be provided studies which are not disruptive of normal operations and that will provide some potential benefit.

B. Guidelines

The following guidelines are to be followed in determining whether or not approval for a research study should be requested from the Office of Program Planning, Evaluation and Research:

1. Requests from college students (undergraduates) to conduct studies should not be considered.
2. Requests of professional researchers, college faculty or graduate students of universities engaged in their Masters' or doctorate studies should be considered and referred for approval when they meet the following criteria:
 - a) An acceptable research design for the proposed study is to be submitted.
 - b) The proposed study promises to have some value for the Department.
 - c) The study is not to disrupt departmental routine or interfere with personnel carrying out their duties.
 - d) Interviewing inmates or parolees must be done on a strictly voluntary basis.
 - e) Subjects used in the study will not be identified by name or in any way which would reveal their identity.
 - f) The researcher must agree to submit a draft of his study to Central Office for review prior to completion and publication. This review will be concerned only

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with factual errors or misinterpretations of departmental policies and procedures, and not with the findings or conclusions reached by the author.

C. Procedure

If these guidelines have been met the following is to be observed:

1. A memorandum from the facility superintendent or the area office director to the Director, Office of Program Planning, Evaluation and Research should request approval to conduct the proposed Study.
2. The memorandum should contain information identifying the person or persons conducting the study. Names, addresses, and university or professional affiliations are to be included.
3. Attached to the memorandum should be a copy of the format or protocol of the proposed study.
4. A statement approving or disapproving the request and the conditions under which the study is to be conducted will be sent by the Director, Office of Program Planning, Evaluation and Research to the person responsible for the study. Copies will be sent to the superintendent, office director or division head who requested approval for the project as well as other appropriate departmental officials.

D. Medical Experimentation and Pharmaceutical Testing

Requests for inmates to participate in medical experimentation or pharmaceutical testing will not be approved.

RESEARCH CONFIDENTIALITY AGREEMENT

WHEREAS, the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration of the United States has adopted regulations (28 C.F.R. Part 20) concerning the dissemination of inmate criminal history information; and,

WHEREAS, the Federal regulations impose certain limitations on the use of inmate criminal history information, and mandate that recipients of this information agree to the following conditions,

NOW, THEREFORE, it is agreed as follows:

1. _____,

hereinafter referred to as RESEARCHER, will use this information only for the purpose of (state purpose):

2. RESEARCHER will not disseminate this information to anyone or any entity not entitled to receive the information by the laws of the State of New York or Federal law.

3. RESEARCHER agrees to institute whatever steps and procedures necessary to adequately protect the security of any Department of Correctional Services records received by RESEARCHER

from fire, theft, flood, or other disaster, and from unauthorized penetration and disclosure.

4. RESEARCHER agrees to permit the Department of Correctional Services to monitor and audit RESEARCHER's compliance with the requirements of the preceding paragraph.

5. RESEARCHER agrees that the identity of individuals who are identified as abusers of drugs and/or alcohol will not be disclosed in any report, or in any other manner.

COMPLETE APPROPRIATE PARAGRAPH
AND STRIKE THE OTHER

6. RESEARCHER agrees that each of its staff members shall be made aware of the substance of the Federal regulations relating to inmate criminal history information, 28 C.F.R. Part 20.

OR

6. RESEARCHER agrees that he/she is aware of the substance of the Federal regulations relating to inmate criminal history information, 28 C.F.R. Part 20.

Date

(Print Name Below)

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

June 30

I received your letter dated June 27th and enclosed was 20 stamps. Thank you. You see, all I ask is for someone to listen to me but not just any someone. I need a person like you who could understand.

Anyhow, I sent you another letter on the 30th but I forgot to put a letter head on it. It was typewritten material, seven pages. You will like it because its informative.

I had to stop using the typewriter because someone else needed it for official business. But I will continue to write here. I have something important that I must say.

(2)

One odd thing, that despite my adoptive parents closeness and love, I don't remember seeing them getting intimate. When I was a child and until I was nine or ten, I slept in the same room as my parents.

I do remember sleeping in the small bed in front and about six feet away from them. But something happened and of this I'm sure. Every night, after we all went to bed, my father, after about a half hour, would come to my bed to ask me if I were asleep. Sometimes he would shine a small flashlight in my face. Then he'd ask if I were sleeping and go back to bed.

Obviously, I wasn't always asleep. I do remember that if I was awake

(3)

and replied to his question that he'd be angry. His anger must have frightened me because I became an expert at feigning sleep. He'd walk over to my bed, shine the small flashlight and ask the question. Often, his head was only inches from my face but I kept my eyes closed and I lay still.

He'd go back to bed and that's all I remember. Now that I understand it, I guess it was then that sex occurred. Honestly, I don't remember. I think I heard something but I can't be positive. Anyhow, I'd remain motionless for several hours. Sometimes, if I had to urinate, I'd hold it in because I was afraid to move and make my dad angry. However, I never wet in my bed.

(4)

I just thought I'd mention this because I feel a need to. However, I don't know why.

The light in the bedroom was always off with the ~~ereption~~ exception of a small night light by my ~~bed~~ bed which only illuminated my area. By my parents bed was nothing but darkness and it was pitch black. Also, at that age I became terrified of the dark and of monsters.

What could have caused my excessive fears of the dark? I'm trying to figure it out and I'm trying to jog my memory to see where it all began.

Sincerely

David Berkowitz
6/30/79 P.M.

20
July 2, 1979

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

I will answer your questions in the June 27th letter shortly. But in the meantime, I hope you can use these:

To say what led up to the shootings is very difficult. It was a whole host of things - everything from inconsiderate neighbors who made noise to too many bills, to a series of rotten jobs, to a rotten social life and a horrifying feeling of becoming an old bachelor or a dirty old man. I had no women in my life.

It was just too much. I never felt so hopeless, so powerless against those noisy forces in my neighborhood. I felt like worthless shit - never would there be peace and quiet. Never would I have a real girlfriend and intimate companionship to share my life with. I wanted these things so much but they seemed unattainable. I couldn't please a woman or make her love me. These women are insatiable ^{anyhow}. It was all hopeless.

I guess I just exploded. I couldn't take it anymore. The best way to describe it would be like a volcano erupting.

I had to destroy the people who were mentally oppressing me. I felt that those women were doing this to me and those neighbors with their yelping dogs. Being tired of all this damn shit I just struck back.

People just don't understand that I had to shed ~~XX~~ blood - blood that really wasn't so innocent. I'm not sorry I did it. By societies rules it was unlawful but, at that stage I didn't care anymore. I very much wanted to die even though I'm fearful of God because of his power to cast people into hell. I mean, just let me get my revenge.

I can live with what I did. I don't have nightmares over it or anything like that. Only hurting my father and Aunt and Uncle bother me. I hurt my dad and it hurts me - it tears me up. However, you must understand - he was so far away. I just couldn't go over to talk with him. He was always with Julia. I needed him so.

No one was left - it was just me and my guns - the last resort. Frankly, I went for broke. The good job in the post office mean't nothing. I loved the job and I was a hard and honest worker. No doubt, I had financial security for the future, but compared to loneliness and all that noise in my life, it mean't nothing. I felt hopeless.

To HELL with what anyone says - I felt JUSTIFIED!

There were times that I was troubled over my sudden urges after the shootings began. I used to visit my sister ~~and~~ and when I did, my gun, maps, extra ammunition, and other related paraphernalia were always carefully stored in my car for quick use.

After a visit but also almost daily, I left around ten or eleven o'clock to begin making my rounds so to speak. I did travel in the vicinity of Glen Oaks Village and Floral Park as well as many other places. Yes, Queens was special to me - very special. But this I can't explain. Shooting someone in Queens was an obsession.

When I got my bad urges about my family, knowing that my gun was so

July 2, 1979

close, yet, frightened by these thoughts, I'd just go take a long walk to release any mental tensions I had for the moment. Walking for me, has always been very theraputic.

I'm trying to figure out why I was born. I don't know why I was and this troubles me. Was my birth an accident or deliberate? Were my natural parents careless or was my mother, Betty Falco, trying to get pregnant? Was she trying to get something from Joe that she thought she wasn't getting? A possession maybe? Was I a ploy or tool to be used by her to get more money or attention from Klineman? Was she trying to revive his interest in her sexually? I wish I knew the answers.

This is why I don't believe she really loves me or ever did. There may have been a maternal instinct or attachment which was probably based on a combination of tradition and guilt. It's a natural instinct for a mother to be drawn to a child but thats all. There is no real love between us,

Secretly, I believe that Betty resents me. That I caused her problems and got in her way. No doubt, I was a "headache" to her. I don't believe she wanted to keep me and if she did and perhaps made some slight efforts to get Klineman to keep me, it was probably out of unconscious guilt.

When I was a kid, I often got picked on for being Jewish. There were plenty of fights between me and the Italian guys but they were the aggressive ones. And as a result, as a child I was very ashamed of being Jewish. Now, I'm not, even though Jews are scorned and badmouthed in prison here.

Why do you suppose that Klineman never left my mom any money or security? After thirty years - how could he not? How could someone be so cruel, spiteful and selfish?

Something must have happened between Betty and Joe. Perhaps it was something tramatic, I mean traumatic. He had plenty of money. His kids were grown. He had a Will prepared and plenty of other financially secure resources. Yet, she didn't get a dime! Why?

My mom got nothing while his frigid wife got it all. This is a mystery.

You probably wonder why I try to type as often as I can. One reason is to consolidate everything. What would take five pages to write out takes only one page when typewritten. Its also easier to read. The last reason is so I could reduce my spelling errors. Honestly, my spelling is terrible sometimes. But it dosen't matter to me very much. I'll spell my words as best as I could.

Very Sincerely,
David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz
Attica, N.Y

July 3, 1979

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

Your article about me and the real "demons" was quite good and factual. Coincidentally, a neighbor of mine subscribes to the N.Y. Times and he had a copy of the article on hand.

You've done well and so I will continue to communicate with you on my own free will. By the way, my conservator, in a recent letter, brought up her belief, and my belief too, that a truthful story about me would not be of any interest to the general public. By this I mean that a factual story about a "sane" man who kills just wouldn't tillitate people's imaginations.

I can see her point. Any other author would want to sensationalize a story like this. The idea of a deranged man stalking New York City would, in all probability, sell better. However, I believe that the truth is always better than some fictional nonsense or something of half truths blended in with facts and lies. But hopefully those with intelligence and a deep desire to understand the human mind or my mind would see your work as a more mature and better buy.

I've written this over the weekend and I hope you can use this (I don't really know what you want):

I was alot different than other kids my age. I did different things - things other kids never dared to do.

First, I climbed, for the thrill of it and the challenge, huge formidable cliffs. At the age of 14 or 15 I was an avid rock climber. I had a host of mountain climbing gear. I used to get on the Trailways bus and head up to New Paltz, New York, where the "Shwangunk" mountain range is located. The "Gunks" as they were nicknamed, are located in the Town of Gardiner, nine miles east of New Paltz.

It was fantastic - that close walk with death - challenging God or fate. I used to bring a sleeping bag, food, equipment, climbing gear, etc. I climbed with Leon Greeman who once owned a very large Outdoorsman store on Spring Street in N.Y.C. Plus, I joined the Appalachian Mountain Club.

When I scaled these cliffs - I mean I really did it - by myself on the end of a rope - I just loved it. I also loved to repell of the top. Repelling is sliding down backwards on a single rope.

My dad never objected to my going rock climbing even though it was dangerous and could possibly cause my death should I have fallen. However, all my friends thought I was a fanatic and a nut. These "Bronx Boys" couldn't understand my passion for the woods and nature. All they wanted to do was play ball. I did this, too. But mountains were my true love.

Despite my being born in the City, I just loved the outdoors and nature. The other guys only ~~XX~~ liked baseball and girls. Sometimes they just got so simple minded that I just couldn't share my thoughts with them.

July 3, 1979

Second, bike riding was another favorite pass time. All the kids had bicycles and often rode them but only around the neighborhood. I rode my bike all over N.Y.

From my home in the southern end of the Bronx (Stratford Ave.), I used to ride all the way up to Armonk or Valhalla, which was right next to Kensico Dam (my favorite spot), or Tarrytown, New York. Believe it or not, and I swear on my mother's grave, that I rode this distance almost every weekend by myself. Rye Beach was another of my favorite spots that I peddled to dozens of times a year.

The furthest I ever traveled was to Armonk, Coos Cob, Connecticut on U.S. Route #1.

Just me and my bicycle - we were a team. I was once planning on riding my bike by myself to Montauk Point, Long Island. This, of course, would have been an overnight trip and I swear, I could have done it back then. My dad would have let me, too. Honestly, I was so mature in many ways, so grown up. I mean I could survive on my own. But in other ways, I guess I wasn't too mature. My dad trusted me and treated me like a man.

I am now in the process of preparing a map and I will explain my reasons for revisiting my crime scenes among other things.

Sincerely,
David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz

27
July 4, 1979 (P.M.)

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

I read with interest your copywrited article which appeared in the NEw York Times Magazine Section. I guess you see me as I really am - an animal and unhuman. Your low opinion of me is also consistent with the way I feel about myself. I also noticed that you never even refered to me as Mr. Berkowitz but rather as just "Berkowitz." This is understandable. Truly, I must be a very evil and unrepentant man. But, in your own opinion, do you think there will ever be any hope of me becoming a productive citizen, even in prison? If not, then I will just continue to exist until...

Sincerely

David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

6/26/79

In case you don't remember, this is the letter I told you about. This letter was sent to my father on June 14th. It explained how I know that my ~~s~~ sister is cooperating with the other author.

This copy is an exact carbon. I try to keep duplicate copies of all typed letters should one get lost in the mail and for my own references. My father has a copy of this letter.

I hope this letter answers your questions. Please, be discreet with the letter since it was sent to my father.

Sincerely
David B.

June 14

Dear Dad,

It was so nice to hear from you. Your June 8th letter told me alot and I'm greatful. Yes, maybe we could see one another this year. I did receive a notice from the Social Security office in Baltimore. However, I didn't understand what it said, so I sent the letter to Doris asking her to explain it. I'm also very sorry that ~~Bernice~~ came up instead of you. But it won't happen again.

CENSORED

I wrote Mr. Rubenstein thanking both him and Miss Johnsen for taking good care of you and for talking openly with you. I feel more at ease now that you've met them in person.

Also, I received the 24 stamps. Thank you very much and I'm relieved that they weren't stolen. I thought you had sent them earlier and when I didn't receive them, I assumed that your letter and the stamps were ripped off. In addition, I haven't written Stan Fisher since that incident with the Post.

Now, about the letters:

I don't remember writing about checking into the "legal aspects" of the case. What case?

About my sister's letter to me - I no longer have it since it wasn't worth saving. It was the first letter I've received from her in almost two years. It was about four short sentences in length. All it said was "hello," "how are you," etc. She must have really struggled to write all of it.

But how do I know that my sister is lying about her intentions of cooperating? There are several reasons. FIRST, Betty Falco has always insisted that I send my mail to her via her sister in Flushing, Queens. Betty insists that I send no mail to her directly. However, in a recent letter to me, I think the one I had sent to you, she asked me to send my reply about Klausner and cooperating to my sister only. Obviously, she's doing this behind her sister Mary's back too. My mother has previously insisted that I never send mail directly to my sister either. This has been going on for a year and a half now.

SECOND, after reading the Good Housekeeping article about eight months ago, I have repeatedly asked my Aunt, sister, and mother about the article - who wrote it, why did you let this person write it, did you know this person, ect. Although I was very nice about it and just curious, I never received a reply. Every letter that these three sent me never answered, much less mentioned, anything about the article and/or my questions. Obviously, they are deliberately being evasive and apparently, they feel guilty about something.

I think I told you this before but I had to find out about Susan Sugar, the author, from Bernice. Because my family never gave me a reply, I had asked Bernice to do some snooping on her own. She contacted a party who later found out about the article's writer. See how I had to do this? So, my sister and mother are, in fact, hiding something.

THIRD, as I said before, my mom wants me to write to my sister now. However, in a more recent letter from her she has specified that I write to my sister only when its something important. "Anything thats not too important send to Aunt Mary," she said. This means that my sister and mother are cooperating with Klausner. This is just what they did ~~AMING~~ with the Good Housekeeping story.

Had my mother wanted to do this behind everyone's back, she would have taken a private box at the Long Beach Post Office. Dad, this is all very complicated and I hope you can understand all of this.

What you said in your last letter really suprised me because I had been thinking the exact same thing. I was wondering if Klausner would really ever pay her. I've always had this feeling that he won't and you've just reinforced it. Much earlier, I had warned Betty Falco about Klausner and how full of lies and exaggerations he was. My mother acknowledged me saying that she understood and would never cooperate. Well, she'll be fooled not us!

But, For some better news:

I'm glad you got the joke book. I know you will enjoy it. Did you get the comical letter I sent you on May 18th? The one about the plumber?

Yes, I gave up smoking but I could always use cigarettes. You see, I have an ~~XX~~ expensive quilt and some rugs in my cell. Once every two months I send them out to be cleaned and the price is two packs of smokes. Cigarettes are worth money here.

About Uncle Lou & Aunt Bea, I wrote them on June 5th. It was to tell them not to worry about the incident that happened here and me. I also just wanted to say hello. I hope they received it. Also, I always write them when I get a carton of cigarettes from them. But I always tell Uncle Lou to stop. I did write him after I received the last carton. That was about a month or more ago.

Dad, I'm glad you didn't take Julia along. I couldn't face her. The same goes with Grandma. Besides, she wasn't on my visiting list so she wouldn't be able to get in anyhow.

Lastly, I just want to tell you about Dr. Abrahamsen. His qualifications are very high. He's a scientist and a professional. Besides, he is also a very kindly gentleman. Personally, I feel he's the only one who would be capable of writing a biography about me. He is more interested in my mind than my gun, if you know what I mean. He has also volunteered to give 25% of the profits to the victims. This hasn't been reduced to writing, however, he did tell me this verbally.

Again, I would advise you to contact Mrs. Mills on this because she know's of his qualifications and of his previous written accomplishments. By the way, she's not involved in this - neither financially, nor personally.

I don't want to do anything behind the backs of Doris and Seth. However, I don't know how to approach them because of their legal obligations with Klausner. Please advise me.

Dad, I will close here but I'll be in touch. Please stay well.

P.S. You can keep my mothers letter to me. Save it.

Love
David

June 14

Dearest Dad,

I just wanted to add something that I left out of my last letter. Dr. Abrahamsen also told me that District Attorney Eugene Gold had asked him to do a book too. He's prepared alot of the material for the doctor which is public record anyhow. Plus, Mr. Gold, as the doctor said, was very fair about everything. I mean with me. But it's a very long story.....

Also, I want you to know that I'm not trying to be impersonal by typing this. This is a long letter that when I first wrote it out in long hand, it came to ten pages. I just wanted you to be able to read it.

Love again

david

July 4, 1979

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

As you can see by the inclosed letter which was sent to me by my attorney, he is trying to discourage my cooperation with you in doing a book on my life and mind. As far as he's concerned, only Mr. Klausner has the right to a story about me even though yours would be more professional and factual.

In a recent letter from Doris Johnsen, all she had asked me to do was (quote) "...keep him at arms length until Klausner's book is published." Nothing more was asked of me.

As of yet, they have not been able to make any negative accusations about you. Also, they've failed to support my father's belief that you and Mr. Klausner are working together.

Apparently, and with all due respect for them, they do have legal obligations to the other author and they are concerned about their own interests. I cannot blame them for this.

So, despite their attempts to discourage me, we can proceed with our communications.

1 Incl.

Most Sincerely,
David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz

Seth Rubenstein, P.C.

COUNSELOR AT LAW

50 Court Street · Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

MAIN 4-1084-5
MAIN 4-4636-7

June 26, 1979

Mr. David Berkowitz
78A - 1976
Box 149
Attica, New York 14011

Dear David:

I have your letter of June 18. Our correspondence has been a little delayed in the last 10 days because of vacation schedules which will continue, on and off, through the summer. I think that letters dictated a week ago just went out in the last day or two. We have still not received any notification from Social Security that the award has been made but we know that it must have been made because the first check arrived.

All has been silent on the Klausner front. I have no direct knowledge of what he is doing, so I have to assume that he is working on the book. He had told me a number of weeks ago that he expects to finish it during the summer although his contract does not require him to complete it before January. I have some recollection that either he or his lawyer told me that McGraw-Hill had scheduled this for publication in the spring of 1980. If he completes it during the summer, it can be published in the spring; if he does not complete it until the end of January, it seems most unlikely that it can be published then. I understand that sometimes there are fast publication schedules but those are unusual.

Incidentally and talking about books, Miss Johnsen is writing to you about Dr. Abramhamsen but that letter, too, is delayed by our stenographic vacation schedule.

July 17, 1979

28

Dear Dr. Abrahamson,

I received your letter dated July 9th,
and I guess I could accept your answers.

I will also try to answer your questions
but it is difficult because I don't have
a typewriter. Besides, I am confined to
my cell for disciplinary action as a result
of that incident. I have allegedly violated
Attica Behavioral Code - 3:20:12 "lying and
giving false statements or incomplete infor-
mation."

The attempt on my life, which I will
only tell you about in person, is one
of the best and most positive events
of my recent past/present. It didn't
upset me in the least but, as a
result, I have a more positive outlook
on life. We all learn from our mistakes
and misjudgements. It was for the better.

I've enclosed some letters from my mother and sister but I've been unable to obtain any pictures.

Also, enclosed is a copy of my lawyer's letter to me. He had sent me a copy of your article, too.

In one of my mother's letters I underlined some parts that may interest you. I've been asking her questions about Klinsman, Falco (TONY), her father, etc.

She, I know for certain, is cooperating with Klausner. She must think that I'm in on the deal also. Well, she needs money.

Sincerely
David B

This is the longest letter my sister's ever written to me - and only the 3rd one.

Dear Richi,

29

How are you, hope everything is going well for you. We are all fine.
Richy Please do not send any mail to me at my address anymore. Mom has asked you not to send Mail here - so please ~~don't~~ I don't. I don't have a mail box + the mailman puts my mail on the floor + sometimes kids from the court pick it up. Mom is getting a P.O. Box. When she gets it (this week) she will send it to you + you'll send the mail then. Once again I am asking, Please do not send any mail here, regardless if it is important or not. I know you'll understand but its better this way. Sometimes the mail gets lost + I don't know if you sent it or not. I will send you the P.O. Box # as soon as I get it from mom.

Take Care +
Stay Well

Rezy,

Wendy + Lyan

①

July - 79

Dearest Bechie.

God, I hope you are all-right,

You are so bravin, the way you took it. But thank god, you are all-right. Only from what, I hear, so Bechie please write me soon, and you let me know, I'll believe you only, I'm so shaken up to think I straight, are they going to take you out and put you in another place, so hurry answer me and let me know, so I can sleep,

Send mail to Mary the boxes at the Post Office are all taken, as soon as there is an opening on one, Ray will take it,

All Ray mail gets, torn open, because of a new, cover,

tenant down stairs so will
then write to Mary

Please Bechee, I'll be
looking out for your mail and
hoping to hear from you

If you don't answer, I'll
think you are not telling me
the truth. So I hope you are
O.K. Dear, also let me know
if you got my last letter about
2 weeks with a gift in it.

Don't worry if you didn't,
and what you need. Please
also let me know,

We here love you and
are always in your spirit,
and ours,

Clear answer me
Bechee -

All my
Love
M-M

July - 79

31

Dear

est — Peckie

Boy got your letter after, I mailed one to you, But you were told not to write to her, the new people down stairs have kids, And they open her mail and also tear it up and push it under her door for spite. So please send them to Mary, pretty soon, I'll have a boy at the post office, And there will be no ~~problem~~ problems, Please do as I say, Boy is very upset.

Don't worry about Mary, she don't talk, So it won't be for much longer,

We will have Down's primary ~~as~~ as far as mail;

Glad you are O.K.

Things are pretty hectic here, but everything will by pass,

(over,

Richie in your letter you seem to
getting in on the deal, are you by chance
making a book of ed good what ever you
do is O.K. get in on the deal

The world is going to pieces any-
way. So lets say F-- K. it!

But let me in on it & we
here can use a lift. As for me
I would like to move near to the kids,
I'm on in years, and feel that soon,

Her car can dont run, and when
it did, there is no gas,

The girls send there love & kisses,
so where is, the poetry you promised me,

Well Richie you take care, I'm just
hoping, I'm here when they pack you out,

I love you Always
enclosed a Gift. If you need
any thing dont hesitate,
I'm Tom

Seth Rubenstein, P.C.

COUNSELOR AT LAW

Thought you might
like to know his
comments. D.B.

50 Court Street · Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

MAIN 4-1084-5
MAIN 4-4636-7

July 10, 1979

Mr. David Berkowitz
78A - 1976
Box 149
Attica, New York 14011

Dear David:

X

I enclose a copy of Dr. Abramhamsen's article. I agree that his treatment is serious, not sensational, and it is plain that he knows how to write. I want to read it more carefully before reducing my reactions to writing. My general feeling is that while it supplies answers, it raises other questions which it does not answer. Perhaps this has to do with the fact that it is a short article.

Klausner's novel arrived here late last week. We are returning it to the file.

You have undoubtedly received a notice that the VA turned us down. To make certain that the case is complete, we will ask that agency to reconsider.

Sincerely yours,

Seth Rubenstein

SETH RUBENSTEIN

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

July 23, 1979

I received two letters from you. One, confirms that you are not a party to Klausner and I am glad for this. A second, dated July 20th and postmarked, East Hampton, arrived today.

By the way, I hope you had a lovely time out in the Hamptons because the weather is perfect out there this time of the year.

We seem to have reached a misunderstanding. This past incident hasn't caused me to lose enthusiasm for our project. quite ~~quite~~ the contrary, I feel the work must go on.

The reason our correspondence has slowed is because I've run out of things to say. You said once that you've got a few hundred questions to ask me. Then, by all means, ask.

The fact that our mail has slacked off somewhat is just coincidental to this assault incident. In fact, everyone here seems to agree that I've taken this trivial incident very well. The wound had healed, the stitches are out and I feel fit as a fiddle. What makes you think that I considered this incident a "terrible experience?" Frankly, this may have been one of my best experiences, for we ~~do~~ learn by our mistakes.

I hope you didn't get these negative ideas from Mrs. Mills. She can be very sly and ~~treacherous~~ treacherous at times. You cannot serve both the needs of this institution and the needs of the inmates at the same time because the two are often opposed to each other.

What I was depressed and bitter about was Mrs. Mills cruel and unnecessary treatment which she kept in store for me. I was confined to her ward XK in the "satellite Unit" for over three days. The conditions were horrid. She had me locked in a sweltering hot room with no air circulation, no toothbrush, toilet paper or wrist watch. I slept on an old outdated foam mattress and wore ill fitting pajamas to name just a few injustices which she meted out.

The rule of thumb is, "if you aren't crazy when you get there, then you will be when you leave." This is in reference to Mrs. Mills unit. Everyone is crazy in that place. She has some nerve to call it "mental observation." Its mental cruelty and inhumane.

I do hope you received my mail. I had sent you a letter in a small envelope and another letter contained some letters from my mother, sister and Mr. Rubenstein. He commented on your article. This was what you wanted, I hope. You did ask to see my mothers writing style.

Please excuse me for this terrible typewriter and I will write again tomorrow. You may visit me if you'd like but please give me warning. Also, I received fifteen stamps from you in your last letter. Thank you.

SINCERELY,

David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz

July 24, 1979

Dear Dr. Abrahamsen,

There is the possibility that my mail is being tampered with. So, I hope you received the letter I sent you yesterday, July 23rd. If not, then let me tell you that I received fifteen 15¢ stamps from you, and your explanation that you are working alone.

What I wanted to tell you was that you may visit. But please, give me notice or when you intend to come up.

Also, I would like to ask that you be discreet about what I told you with regards to my mother, Pearl and that cop.

My father came up to see me after this incident. Unfortunately, our visit couldn't be under better circumstances. He is looking well but he has also aged quite a bit or so it seems. By the way, he did mention that he has numerous pictures of me from my earlier childhood but he refuses to give them to me. I did not mention that some of them would have been for you.

While I await further questions from you let me tell you a little story. As you know, a young woman comes up to visit me once a month and we write frequently. She's a lovely person but she has numerous problems. Anyhow, my mother, Betty Falco, calls her from time to time to find out how I'm doing. However, my friend and I agree that by the questions she asks, she is interested in more than idle chit-chat. I know without a doubt, because Falco told me this herself, that she is working with Klausner in doing my story. You probably realize this from her letter I sent to you last week. Well, she happens to be trying to pump my friend for information. This is obvious everytime she calls.

The story is this, Betty calls from Long Beach, Long Island via a public telephone. She's afraid of the guy she lives with should she get caught making an out of town phone call. So, she called my friend and after talking for five minutes or so, hangs up the phone. A moment later, the operator contacts my girlfriend in Brooklyn and asks her to except the call because the other party, my mother, didn't put any money in.

My girlfriend was quite upset that Betty would pull such a sneaky thing. It only came out to 85¢ but it was the principle of the thing. Sometimes my mother can be as sneaky as me.

Another important piece of information I wanted to point out to you was my mothers real name. It's not Betty. Betty, is her nickname which she uses almost all the time. Her real first name is Rebecca. I can't see how I forgot to mention this to you.

← Rebecca Broder

I hope to hear from you.

Sincerely,
David Berkowitz
David Berkowitz

P.S. I don't need Valium.
I'm fine.