

# ogrishmag

## INTERVIEWS

The Vampire of Paris Speaks

## WEB RELATED

Ogrish Frequently Asked Questions  
Feedback From Ogrish.com Visitors

## EXCLUSIVE IMAGES

Father Impaled While Saving Child  
Shocking Train Accident  
Newlyweds Die In Car Crash

## ARTICLES

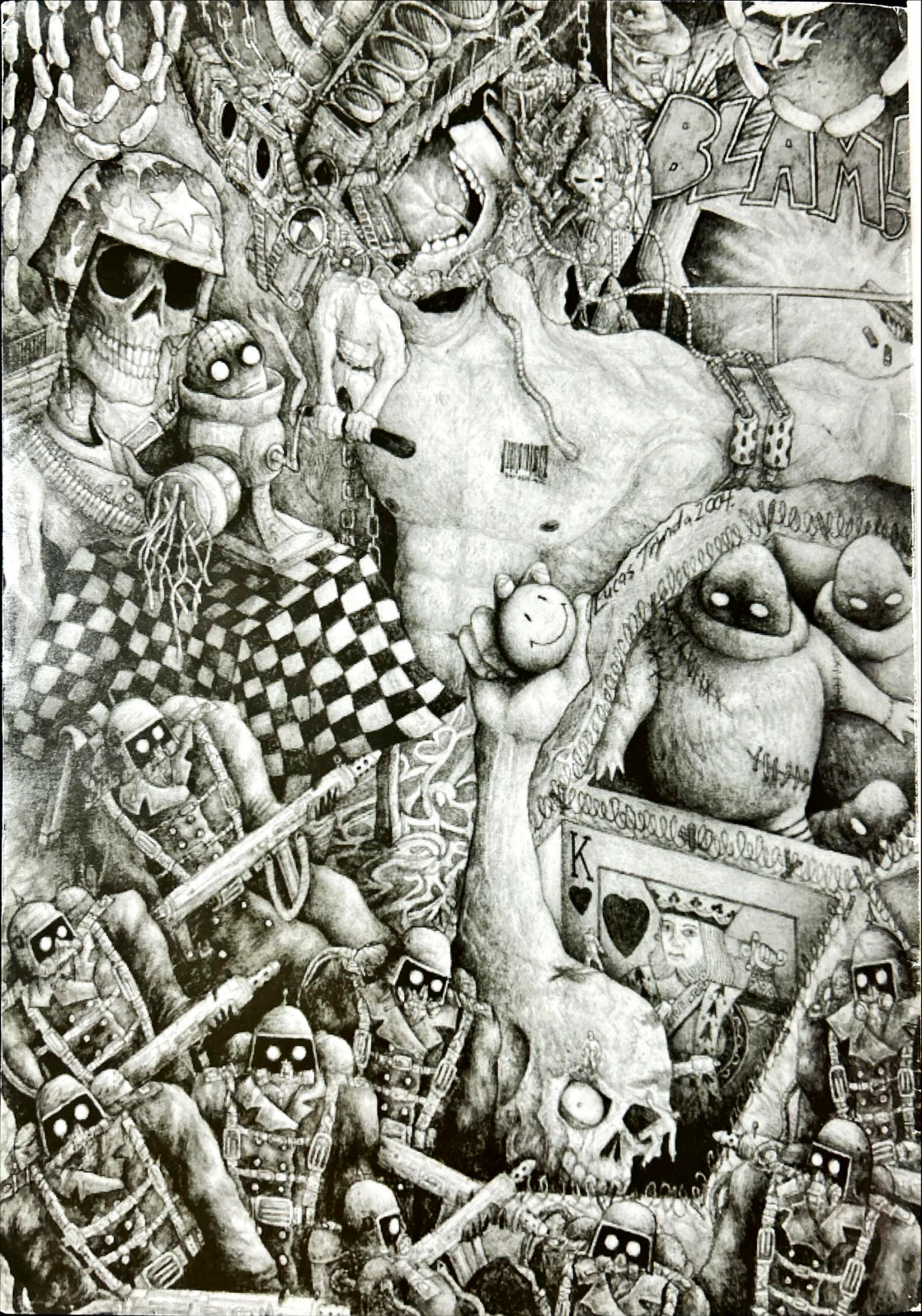
Glen Rogers: Encounter with a Serial Killer  
Ukraine's most prolific Serial Killer  
Fear, a monologue on war  
Killer Ghost

# BEHEADINGS: the Ritual, the Science, the Horror

Issue #1 - February 2005 - WARNING: For 18 years and older ONLY

MAKSYM

415 515 515



# Table of Contents

## **Introduction to OgrishMag (Page 4)**

A brief introduction to the magazine

## **Ogrish Frequently Asked Questions (Page 5)**

Answers to a selection of frequently asked questions about Ogrish

## **Anatomy of Apocalypse (Page 6)**

Ogrish Mag takes a look at ritual sacrifice in the post-modern era, detailing the social importance and biological terror of decapitations.

## **The Media's Roll in Truth and Fear (Page 10)**

One man's look into the fear-mongering and the media's real role.

## **The Vampire of Paris (Page 11)**

Convicted murderer Nicolas Claux tells his story ...

## **Am I Crazy or is That Ralph? (Page 12)**

Real-life paranormal weirdness takes shape in part one of an emergency medical technician's tale.

## **Andrei Chikatilo (Page 15)**

The Ukraine's most prolific serial killer, Andrei Chikatilo may have committed more than 100 murders there in the mid-20th century.

## **Fear (Page 16)**

A monologue on the stress and fear of war.

## **Glen Rogers Encounter (Page 17)**

An encounter with (and biography of) an American serial killer.

## **Suicidal man jumps in front of train (Page 19)**

After several suicide attempts, a drunken man jumped in front of a train. He died of heavy blood loss—both hands and feet were cut off.

## **Newlyweds trapped inside burning car (Page 23)**

A young couple trapped inside their burning car while on their honeymoon. A fault in the car's wiring was to blame for the blaze.

## **Father killed in car accident (Page 28)**

The fatal result of a drunken driver's head-on collision with another vehicle.

## **Two brothers die in collision with train (Page 32)**

Two brothers crashed into a train approximately 200 feet from their house. They were going home early because their mother had been hospitalized and they wanted to tell the rest of the family the bad news. In their haste, they failed to notice the train.

## **A Sample of Daily Ogrish.com Feedback (Page 36)**

Presented here is a representative sample of feedback received by Ogrish.com.

# OgrishMag Introduction

We would like to welcome you to the first edition of this unique magazine. Our goal is to bring some of the uncensored and alternative scenes that can be found on Ogrish.com to you in a printed version. Just like Ogrish.com, this magazine is meant solely for people 18 years of age and over that can handle shocking and graphic scenes and are looking for an unbiased, real look at the world in which we all live.

## The purpose of Ogrish.com and *OgrishMag*

---

We are not here to teach you a lesson or to try to send a message. Ogrish is simply about reality: daily events that are often hidden and that most people may not even know about.

Ogrish exists to offer you a chance to see something not normally accessible in the mainstream media. We're here to present unbiased scenes of reality that happen day in, day out. No one is forced to visit Ogrish.com or to read this magazine, we merely offer the opportunity. It's your decision to make.

## Current edition

---

This premier edition of Ogrish Magazine features a variety of articles and exclusive graphic images. We've tried to feature diverse topics since this is the first issue and we're not yet fully aware of reader preferences.

We've offered every visitor a chance to contribute to this magazine and received several thousand responses. Included in this issue, you'll find the articles that we think were most appealing to our diverse audience.

## Future of *OgrishMag*

---

Our goal is to release a new edition of this magazine on a regular basis. Reactions to this first edition will act as a barometer for future releases; your feedback will direct future content.

Maintaining a Web site and producing a magazine is a very expensive business. Our intention is not to make a lot of money from this, however, we need sufficient readership in order to survive. This will be a critical success factor when it comes to the continuity of this magazine.

An online version of this magazine with reduced pricing is being considered for future editions.

## Our request to you

---

Read this magazine thoroughly and consider improvements regarding content and layout. We're interested in reading your thoughts and suggestions. Do not hesitate to e-mail your comments to [magazine@ogrish.com](mailto:magazine@ogrish.com).

## Special thanks

---

Special thanks to our editor M.A. Pinchera, our graphic artist Weepingweb.com, the contributing authors, artists, and everyone else who helped make this first edition of *OgrishMag* a reality.



# Ogrish FAQ

## 1. Where do you guys get all these images and videos?

---

During the years that Ogrish.com has been around, we have been able to establish a content network. This network consists of more than 50 people from all over the world working in a variety of professions-including law enforcement and medical personnel. In addition to this content network we also receive submissions on a daily basis from people who happen to come across certain scenes and capture it on camera. Ogrish owns the copyrights to much of the content that is displayed on the Web site. We often buy this content and have to make sure we are not breaking any privacy laws and that we have permission from the people who captured the images and/or are featured in certain images.

## 2. Are you guys mentally ill? Why do you make this material available?

---

No, we are normal, well-educated persons. We do not enjoy looking at this kind of material. We do think that we are offering a service to the world by showing something the regular news will not show. Ogrish does not provide a sugar-coated version of the world. We feel that people are often unaware of what really goes on around us. Everything you see on Ogrish.com is reality, it's part of our life, whether we like it or not. We are publishing this material to give everyone the opportunity to see things as they are so they can come to their own conclusions rather than settling for biased versions of world events as handed out by the mainstream media.

Ogrish is hosted in the United States and defended by the First Amendment. Everything you see on Ogrish.com is about freedom of speech.

## 3. What does Ogrish mean?

---

According to older dictionaries "Ogrish" or "Ogreish" has two definitions: 1) a giant or monster in legends and fairy tales that eats humans and 2) a person who is felt to be particularly cruel, brutish or hideous. Basically Ogrish is a metaphor for the society we live in. The monster in the legends represents the dark side of the world: murderers, terrorists, accidents, diseases, etc. This monster is continually hungry and constantly looking for ways to destroy life.

## 4. Do you make big money with the Web site?

---

No, in fact, we barely break even. People don't often realize how expensive it is to host thousands of videos and images viewed by millions of people each month. The only reason we currently have any advertising on the Web site is to help cover our costs: bandwidth, content acquisition, legal and technical services, etc. Without advertisers it would not be possible to continue the site and magazine.

## 5. Have you guys ever dealt with legal pressure?

---

Yes, every now and then we're contacted by individuals, companies or actual government representatives. In the past we've had to deal with the F.B.I., and German and Spanish governments.

## 6. What have been the most downloaded videos so far?

---

The Nick Berg beheading video is the most downloaded video on Ogrish.com. The first week it was online, it was downloaded by more than 3 million people. To date, it has been downloaded more than 15 million times.

Other "popular" videos include the Daniel Pearl execution, a Russian soldier being beheaded and a Nepalese execution footage.

## 7. How many people visit Ogrish.com on a daily basis?

---

The number of visitors fluctuates. However, on an average day, we receive between 125,000 and 200,000 unique hits. During times of "bad news," the number of visitors has reached 750,000 per day.

## 8. Do you realize that kids can access Ogrish?

---

Yes, we realize that it is possible that not every visitor to the site is 18 years of age or older. We feel like we've added sufficient warnings, though. When entering Ogrish.com for the first time visitors need to swear (under the penalty of perjury) that they are at least 18 years of age and can handle graphic content. Additionally, there are no graphic images displayed on the main page, visitors must click a link with a clear description before gaining access to certain content.

This is all the responsibility Ogrish should have to take when it comes to preventing minors from viewing our content. Personal responsibility and that of parents is key in this regard. Parents should make sure their kids do not browse the Internet unsupervised. Letting a kid browse the Internet unsupervised is like allowing a kid to walk alone through the streets of a big city at night.

## 9. What does the future hold for Ogrish?

---

Our goal is to become a respected media outlet for uncensored, unbiased news. This will take considerable time, contacts and funds. We would also like to add much more background and educational value to our content. As soon as we find alternate ways to fund the incredible costs, we will eliminate the adult-oriented advertisements. Also, we want to make Ogrish available in more than one format, something we are already doing with the publication of this magazine.

# Anatomy of Apocalypse

## Ritual Human Sacrifice in the Post-Modern Era

### *When You Wish Upon a Star...*

By Tom Raginhari

You've made your way through the alien landscape of the forsaken Iraqi town; a landscape of mazes navigable only with difficulty and deliberation. Mazes of archaic narrow streets and passageways, of faces wearing indecipherable expressions, and of voices speaking a language you do not understand.

This world is an Arabic tapestry of scattered, mismatched and contradictory parts. However, threads of desperation, rage, and distrust weave the confused pieces into an inescapably clear whole: These people are nerves that have felt their surrounding protective flesh rot slowly away from an ancient disease. A new wound has cleaved the remaining tissue and now the nerves are exposed to the torment of open air.

This torment is clear in the sorrowful songs that issue forth from the mosques and languish in the air with the ochre mist of the desert sand, before finally descending, like the sand, and coming to

rest on the haggard faces of the children and the blistered tired hands of the adults. The torment is clear even in the mosques themselves, which seem more like altars and monuments to suffering than places of commune with a merciful god.

Your own hope has been pinned on doing your job and going back home, away from this place. This hope is your anchor, a doorway back to normality and safety, back to a place deep in the flesh of civilization, not so far from the surface that you are numb, but far enough from this particular wound to be free of the confused singing agony of exposed nerves. Presently, though this doorway seems like just a tiny pinhole of light in the sky, it is the only compass you have with which to navigate this injured world.

In your travels, you have done your best to avoid the side streets and alleyways, the darker places, the little mazes within the larger labyrinth. This should have kept you safe, or at least safer. You've reassured

yourself that as long as you stayed in public spaces, out where there is light, open space, and many eyes, everything would be fine.

It came as something of a shock then, when the little car pulled up next to you, and masked men emerged, poking at you with their assault rifles, urging you to the car. You could have fled, but to where? Somewhere further away from the many eyes around you now, where you may simply be shot down and killed like a dog in an alley? So you submitted and the car rushed off with you in it.

These men surely would not harm you. This is not your country, not your war. Odds are they would ransom you. You might get treated a little roughly, but you are not a part of the invading army, in your heart you are here to help, to heal. Certainly they would not really hurt you. The people they call "insurgents" have done horrible things before, but surely they had some reason to do these things to those specific people.

### *What's the worst that could happen?*

The act of severing the head from a living person is a long-enduring tradition with deep religious and often political meaning.

The ancient Celts considered the severed heads of enemies to be treasure at least as valuable as gold. They would hack the heads from foes in battle, usually just above the jaw, and string them onto a rope as a bloody necklace to adorn their warhorses. This unique booty would be taken home with the warriors and set upon poles outside their meeting halls. The heads of especially powerful or legendary enemies would be preserved and kept as tokens, sometimes placed at the honorable position of the head of the feast table.

Severed heads were said to sometimes speak or sing, often giving cryptic messages and prophecies of important meaning. In the Viking Eyrbyggja Saga, a severed head in a place called Greivor, which would later be the field of a great battle, was heard to sing, "Red is Greivor with men's blood, she will kiss human skulls..."

The most stirring mythical account of consciousness remaining after the head has been severed from the body is perhaps the Teutonic myth of Mimirs head. Mimir was the uncle of Odhinn, the Father of the Aesir Pantheon, and Master of odh (a word referring generally to a mystical power

associated with terror and divine inspiration/madness). Mimirs head was cut from his body in battle, and Odhinn cast spells over the head, preserving the life and the mind of Mimir within. Odhinn set the head upon a well that stood at an ancient crossroads, and would often return to it to seek out its advice in important matters.



*Kim Il-sun, a Korean worker in Iraq, was beheaded in 2004 by Abu Musab al-Zarqawi's terrorist group, according to authorities.*

There is little evidence pointing to the act of beheading as a form of human sacrifice. Nevertheless, the mythical and social focus of ancient Celts and Teutons (the predecessors of the modern west) on consciousness remaining within a severed head, clearly shows that beheading played an important religious and mystical role.

As time went on, beheadings in the west continued, though usually more as capital punishment than as any kind of mystical

taking of the "seat of the soul" in battle. Originally, this form of execution was reserved for those of noble or otherwise privileged social stature. Feudalism and medieval geopolitics meant that aristocrats were usually from an honored warrior bloodline. It was considered befitting then that those of aristocratic lineage die by the stroke of a weapon of war. The noble acts of aristocratic ancestors had preserved for their descendents the dignity of dying an honorable death regardless of his or her sins or crimes.

People of lesser status were subject to the more common means of state and church sanctioned execution. These included being hung, disemboweled, drawn and quartered, burned alive, or many of the other less dignified but perhaps far more visually interesting spectacles.

State beheadings were generally carried out with axe and block or sword. In the case of the axe, the victim would kneel or lie over the block, fitting their neck into a curve in the block carved out for the purpose. The executioner would bring the axe down and the head would pop off followed by a long-lasting and profuse jet of blood from the arteries in the neck. When a sword was used, the condemned would kneel in front of the executioner, who would (hopefully for the victim) lop the head off in one swift stroke.

The fact that most executioners were far more accustomed to plying their trade with a noose and were quite clumsy as axe or swordsmen made the swift mercy of the axe a rather dubious proposition. Sometimes two or three swings were necessary to actually decapitate the victim. A famous example of this kind of blundering is the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. When the first strong stroke of the axe had failed to either sever her head or kill her, Mary's exquisite pain was apparent through a loud prolonged groan. Two more chops at her neck and the head was still attached to her body. The executioner then proceeded to saw through what remained of her neck until the head finally tumbled off.

The cause of death of a decapitated person is from the severing of the brain from the spinal cord and of course the lack of blood to the brain. The loss of consciousness in a severed head is due also to the lack of a supply of blood, and more importantly the lack of fresh oxygen and glucose for the brain. However, the supply already present in the brain immediately prior to decapitation gives sufficient medical reason to assume that consciousness remains in the head for a short time after it has been severed from the body.

Some medical experts believe loss of consciousness is immediate, many others argue that it indeed is not. The general debate in the medical community on this issue is not if a severed head maintains consciousness, but how long it maintains consciousness for. The consensus is that the person is conscious from three to sixty seconds after being decapitated.

Reports from studies done immediately following beheadings point to a time frame of fifteen to thirty seconds of consciousness after the head is severed from the body. As a final experiment the French chemist Antoine Lavoisier, caught up in the French revolution and facing execution by beheading, asked that his head be closely observed after it was severed from his body. He would blink until he lost consciousness. He was reported to have blinked for fifteen seconds after being decapitated.

The most accurate and detailed of such experiments is assumed to be that undertaken by Dr. Beurieux in his examination of the severed head of the murderer Languille, guillotined in 1905:

"Here, then, is what I was able to note immediately after the decapitation: the eyelids and lips of the guillotined man worked in irregularly rhythmic contractions for about five or six seconds . . . I waited for several seconds. The spasmodic movements ceased. The face relaxed, the lids half closed on the eyeballs, leaving only the white of the conjunctiva visible, exactly as in the dying whom we have occasion to see every day in the exercise of our profession, or as in those just dead. It

was then that I called in a strong, sharp voice: 'Languille!' I saw the eyelids slowly lift up, without any spasmodic contractions . . . Next Languille's eyes very definitely fixed themselves on mine and the pupils focused themselves . . . After several seconds, the eyelids closed again, slowly and evenly, and the head took on the same appearance as it had had before I called out.

"It was at that point that I called out again and, once more, without any spasm, slowly, the eyelids lifted and undeniably living eyes fixed themselves on mine with perhaps even more penetration than the first time. Then there was a further closing of the eyelids, but now less complete. I attempted the effect of a third call; there was no further movement and the eyes took on the glazed look which they have in the dead.

"I have just recounted to you with rigorous exactness what I was able to observe. The whole thing had lasted twenty-five to thirty seconds."

In the modern day, electroencephalograms (EEG) of decapitated rats show brain activity identical to that of waking consciousness. The EEG demonstrates consciousness in a decapitated head to last a maximum of 15 seconds.

There is good reason then for the old saying that the executioner holds the severed head aloft not just to show to the crowd, but in fact to show the crowd to the head.

Beheading as capital punishment lasted in the west until the 1930's, when it was replaced with far more "compassionate" forms of execution such as forcing so much electricity through the condemned that their eyes burst from their sockets, their hair catches on fire and eventually they die.

In the Middle East, decapitation has always been a form of execution and this remains true even today. In Saudi Arabia, public beheading by sword is still very common, and as reported by Islam Online, an almost weekly practice bringing out throngs of viewers eager to see "justice done." One is reminded of the public executions of the not-so-distant past in the American West: families would pack a lunch and head to the public square to enjoy a sunny afternoon of community fellowship, mom's apple pie and the spectacle of some poor fool having his life snuffed out. Amnesty International reports that in 2003 alone, 53 Saudis lost their head to the executioner's sword.

A member of the Associated Press writes about a beheading he witnessed in 2000: "Policemen clear a public square of traffic and lay out a thick blue plastic sheet about 16 feet by 16 feet on the asphalt," he wrote. "The condemned, who has been given tranquilizers, is led from a police car dressed in his own clothing. His eyes are covered with cotton pads, bound in plaster

and finally covered with a black cloth.

"Barefoot, with feet shackled and hands cuffed behind his back, the prisoner is led by a police officer to the center of the sheet and made to kneel. An Interior Ministry official reads out the prisoner's name and crime before a crowd of witnesses.

"A soldier hands a long, curved sword to the executioner. He approaches the prisoner from behind and jabs him with the tip of the sword in the back so that the prisoner instinctively raises his head.

"It usually takes just one swing of the sword to sever the head. . . . Paramedics bring the head to a doctor, who . . . sews the head back on, and the body is wrapped in the blue plastic sheet and taken away in an ambulance."

The Saudi Institute reports:

"In capital punishment cases, according to eyewitnesses, a person to be executed emerges from a van, usually showing no fear because drugs have been administered to lessen resistance. Hands tied behind the back, the convicted is ordered to squat.

Once in this position, his head is cut off swiftly so as to fall between his legs. This is meant to give the convict a quick end to his misery. Blood gushes into a drain covered by a metal grate. A doctor is present to certify death.

Cleaners rush in to hose down the area and the body is wrapped in plastic and put back in the van. The news of the death is then broadcast on national radio and TV.

Those convicted of crimes as serious as serial killings or rape, are given a slower death: the expert swordsman chops the back of the convict's neck at three strikes, rather than one, quickly without fully severing the head."

Decapitation plays a very important part in Islamic culture and history. The Quran mentions it specifically in at least two places: **Sura 8, Verse 12:**

*"God revealed His will to the angels, saying: 'I shall be with you. Give courage to the believers. I shall cast terror into the hearts of the infidels. Strike off their heads, strike off the very tips of their fingers.'"*

#### **Sura 47, Verse 4**

*"When you meet the unbelievers in the battlefield strike off their heads."*

In a pivotal chapter of Islamic History, Imam Hussein, a grandson of the Prophet Muhammad, was beheaded in 680 AD in his failed attempt to become caliph of Baghdad. Hussein's army was surrounded by enemy forces and deprived of food and water for 10 days. According to a historical account, the wounded Hussein dragged himself to his tent and picked up his infant son when enemy troops fell on him, cut off his head and trampled on his body. The battle marked the breakaway of Shiites from the Sunni form of Islam, and Shiite Muslims commemorate the day of Hussein's death as Ashura.

## The Blood-Dance of Recurrent Dissonance

The most recent beheadings of note are of course those of western hostages beheaded by Arab insurgents in occupied Iraq. Unlike a relatively quick stroke of the large blade of a sword, axe, or guillotine, the insurgent's behead their victims by sawing through the neck with a knife; an exercise that is both time consuming and undoubtedly excruciatingly painful.

In some cases the executioner will work from front to back, sawing directly through the various arteries, nerves, tendons, muscles, spinal cord and other tissue of the neck. In other cases, the executioner will stab the knife into the side of the neck and just begin working the blade around in a seemingly random pattern until most of the softer and easier tissue is cut away, then he concentrates on the more sturdy muscle, tendons and spinal cord until all is severed. In both instances in the beheadings that were videotaped, it is apparent that the victims are still alive and breathing. MEANING ALIVE AND BREATHING AFTER BEHEADING?

Viewed from a perspective ignorant of the conflict in the Middle East or the invasion of Iraq, the videotaped beheadings would be scenes of unrivaled satanic majesty. A poorly lit room, a semi-circle of foreboding men wearing black hoods and speaking angrily in an alien tongue, a large banner emblazoned with preternatural characters and symbols, a lone hoodless figure kneeling helplessly in front of the group of men. God is not here in this room. The kneeling figure is alone in a way no living person can understand.

The angry message from the lead hooded man ends abruptly, he slides a knife from a sheath and leans over the helpless figure as the others begin an obscene and arrhythmic chant in an ancient language; "alu-akbar" over and again. The sacrifice has begun.

The knife is either thrust into, or tears across this most sophisticated and complex arrangement of nerves, muscles, arteries and glands that is the neck, at the middle of the throat. In the first few seconds, the knife saws across the tendons, muscle and arteries of the outer neck, producing pain and blood loss that would be severe in any normal case but is altogether minor compared to what is going to happen next. The victim cries out suddenly in alarm, and a surge of adrenalin rushes through his

system causing him to reflexively shift away from the cut. The masked group reacts by helping to hold the victim down while they continue their chant.

The sawing continues feverishly, back and forth, deeper into the neck. The pressure applied in combination with the back and forth carving action, causes the blade to take the path of least resistance, scraping across the shield-like protrusion of cartilage protecting the larynx ("voicebox") for a moment, before being deflected upward into the tough membrane covering the upper portion of the larynx.

Loss of blood and general physical trauma at this point will not have been enough to cause the victim to die or even pass out. His cries of alarm have developed into almost compulsive sustained shrieking, as he is fully aware of his attackers' intent to kill him and also of the fact that the blade is cutting deeper towards the physical source of the screaming itself.

To better understand this process, place the length of your index finger across your voice box. Now, while gently increasing the pressure, move your finger slightly up your neck towards your jaw. You will feel a little space between the hard ball of your voice box and a little bony protrusion just above the larynx. The hard ball is the thyroid lamina and the little protrusion above it is the hyoid bone. Between these is the natural place for a blade sawing through your neck to fall. Though the membrane in this area is tough, it exists in a natural and comparatively "soft" depression in the neck.

As the blade finally lacerates the membrane, blood from the various broken and severed arteries surrounding it, pours through the laceration and into the upper larynx and airway. The sustained shrieking of the victim turns into a mixture of gargling, gagging and gasping that can be punctuated by a sudden rattling croak as blood spills across the vocal cords and begins to block the passage of air between the mouth and lungs. The air intake of the victim is no longer his mouth, but rather the newly opened airway itself. Gasps and other sounds heard after this point come directly from this wound because the means for sound and air to reach the mouth have literally been severed.

This is the first truly fatal wound suffered by the victim so far. He could

possibly survive if he received immediate and intensive medical attention, but after a few minutes the lack of oxygen would kill him. As we shall see, this wound, grievous as it is, never gets its chance to end his life.

The blade continues carving into the neck, eventually completely severing the larynx while continuing to cut through the sternocleidomastoideus and the omohyoidious- a very large central muscle, and a smaller, strap-like muscle. When these are cleaved through, the victim has completely lost control of the movement of his head, and can neither turn nor extend it.

Immediately following the severing of these muscles, the main artery of the neck is easily cut through, and it is this opening of the jugular that is the cause of the torrents of blood flowing from the body in a beheading.

The severing of the jugular is the second mortal wound. With both the airway and the jugular cut, the victim is now literally both drowning in his own blood and bleeding to death at the same time. Even now, if he received immediate and intensive medical attention there is a chance he might live. But, provided his executioner moves with speed, the victim will survive the severing of the jugular and remain conscious; these terrible wounds will not be the cause of his death.

At this point the structural integrity of the neck is severely diminished and any use it may have had as a support for the head is practically gone. Depending on the victim's position, the head may skew at an unnatural angle, being most of the way detached from the neck.

All that there is left now is the spinal column and trapezoid muscles behind it.

The journey of the knife is slowed as it works through the tissue that surrounds the vertebral column and the spinal cord within. The blade, again finding the path of least resistance, works naturally into the small area between the vertebrae of the spine-the small flattish intervertebral disks between each vertebra.

First the annulus (the hard outer layer of each disk) is sawed through and then the nucleus pulposus, the soft spongy center of the disk. Picture sawing with a butter knife through a piece of bread that has a particularly hard and thick crust.



Screenshots from a video of the Ansar al-Sunnah Army beheading a Nepalese worker in Iraq last year

## Manna Hematic

As the executioner's blade lacerates the second of the two layers, the spinal cord itself is bared. One can only imagine the sensation of having so many nerves exposed to open air.

All tactile sensation is, in a very real way, a type of pain. The stronger the sensation, the more intense the pain. Touch your hand. When your finger makes physical contact with the surface layer of skin, a tiny amount of force is exerted upon it. This force is transferred to the next layer, and from there to the layer beneath it, and so on, each passing on to the next layer less force than it received.

After passing through, and being partially absorbed by, multiple layers of tissue, a fraction of the force of the touch finally reaches a nerve buried deep within the flesh. The nerve receives it and sends it as a signal to the brain: you feel a touch. Nerves are so sensitive that even the infinitesimal amount of pressure applied by a light breeze is felt with absolute concrete clarity upon the skin. The stronger the origin of the force itself, and the closer it is to the nerve, the more intense the sensation that is felt.

Nerves that are close to the surface, due to the deterioration or otherwise removal of surrounding tissue, are hypersensitive. Every sensation is magnified exponentially. If you've ever had a severe toothache, you understand just how intense a sensation can be when its origin is close to the actual nerve. The sensation is so strong, not because the degree of force or temperature, but rather because the nerve is so close to the actual source of pressure, decay or temperature change.

Once the inner spongy section of the intervertebral disk is completely penetrated, the executioner's blade saws across the thick, tightly bundled twine of nerves that makes up the spinal cord. The resulting pain is so severe as to entirely overwhelm the brutally intense discord of sensations resonating from the flesh of the neck having been severed away. Just as increasingly powerful waves of physical pleasure coalesce and peak into orgasm which overwhelms all of our other senses and totally absorbs our waking awareness into itself, so too must the increasingly powerful waves of unspeakable torment coalesce and peak as an orgasm of pain which overwhelms all other sensations and totally absorbs consciousness.

Should you grasp a tooth in a pair of pliers, exert more and more pressure, cracking the tooth apart, and continue to squeeze the handles until the pliers clamp down on the root and nerve at the center of the crushed tooth, you still will not experience even a hundredth of the pain felt by the victim as the blade scrapes and saws across his exposed spinal cord.

Finally the cord is severed and the blade

hacks through the trapezoid muscles behind it. Now the head is free of the body, but the torment is not over. If the executioner was swift, the head is still alive, but not for long. The severing of the spinal cord is the final, truly fatal injury, there is no recovery from this, no way to ever go back.

The head can see, can move its eyes and mouth and tongue, can blink and work its lips. There is no feeling of the presence of the body, but instead the crackling and throbbing sensations from the still exposed spinal cord.

The head is held aloft in front of the camera. It looks into the expressionless, unblinking lens that is the eye through which the entire world sees. If there is any possible condolence for the victim, as his consciousness slowly fades and his eyes begin to roll back and glaze over in their sockets, it is this: "All of the world will see what happened to me, will see how I died...all the world will know!"

The experience makes contact with the lens of the camera, and from there is transmitted to tape, from the tape it makes its way through three thousand miles of layers that successively filter the experience out of knowledge, eventually reaching its destination as mere information, an ingredient sanitized for use in pre-packaged consumer reality.

The crowd sees the head, but does the head see the crowd? Has enough force remained from contact for the nerve to send an accurate signal to the brain?

Three thousand miles from Iraq, an American family sits in front of the television, eating a casual dinner. Perhaps a window is open and through it a mild breeze carries the pleasant warmth of a summer afternoon. On the screen, a pasty white man reads the news from behind a desk, "...another hostage was beheaded today in Iraq. In other news, researchers say hugging your cat can be good for your health..." Wife's eyes open wide with irritated disbelief, "Oh my god!" she swallows a mouthful of food, "Look how ugly the newsman's tie is, I can't believe that is the best the media can do!" Husband shrugs his shoulders and takes another bite.



Screenshots from a video of a Chechen rebel beheading a Russian soldier

# The Media's Roll in Truth and Fear

By D John Seiler

Why do we shield our eyes when the truth is so blindingly obvious? Why do we look for someone to blame when something makes us feel uncomfortable? Why do we look away when the screen is filled with images of war and byproducts of cultures not that different from our own? In truth, we do so because we are afraid of what we don't know. We say to ourselves, "This must be somewhere else," and as long as it doesn't directly involve us or our inner circle we don't need to get emotional about it. It doesn't need to invoke a response.

I am reminded of the complacency of New Yorkers most every day. I can see the massive hole in the ground from my window, a symbol to forever remind us that the improbable is always probable; the impossible always possible. It is a reminder of resiliency, yet it also makes me think of how insecure we really are. The attack targeted our very way of life, and it stunned us-but only for a moment. We know where we were that day, we remember the date and we know the emotions that churned within. We watched the news and remember the faces of the family members desperate to find their loved ones. How long did it take for those memories to fade? Do we really think this could happen to us again? Are we ready for it? By most all standards, no. We feel secure; no need to panic. The government is taking all steps to make us feel safe, but how can they really prepare? How can you make a person-much less a nation-be on guard every waking hour? The media painted an interesting picture after that day, where we became inundated with colored alerts and news of "another impending attack." While some of us scoffed, seeing it as another way for the media machine to take hold of our consciousness, others went out to buy gas masks and duct tape and barricaded themselves in their houses. This is the epitome of fear.

If we chose to live in constant fear life as we know it would come to a screeching halt. But fear is a double-edged sword. Fear is an epidemic in its infancy, yet as it fades it lulls us into a sense of security. It becomes more powerful when we let our guard down. We go about our daily routines, express ourselves for the most part without repercussion, and have some semblance of faith in the soldiers that protect us. We tell ourselves the government is doing all it can, and because of that day this won't happen to us again.



Since 1991, Pentagon policy has kept the media from photographing the caskets of American Soldiers killed overseas. The ban became big news in 2004, when cargo worker Tami Sillicio took a picture of flag-draped coffins in Kuwait, and it appeared in *The Seattle Times*. Sillicio was fired over the photo, but by then it had already run worldwide.

We have to put a certain amount of accountability in our government for the choices it makes, but overall we know that at the federal and local levels they will do whatever is in their power to protect us. How do we know this? Quite honestly, only by what the media tells us.

The media is our vessel, our blessing and our curse. It is near impossible to obtain an objective opinion. There is always some slant or some point of view that can't quite get its head all the way around the issue. The exposure itself is necessary to get the bigger picture, but who's to say that the exposure examines the issue effectively? Telling me that two planes hit a building and caused it to fall, regardless of the adjectives you surround it with doesn't have the same effect as seeing the fiery explosions in pictures or on the television. Pictures tell the tale much more effectively than the prose ever could.

While the violence portrayed in the media is not always considered shocking to the general public, occasionally we run across those images that stir up feelings. Our instinct is to shield our children from the themes that seem to permeate these pictures. We don't care where they came from or what facet of culture they represent. A child is unable to discern between the political aspect of a war, the inevitable destruction of life and the pure animosity that the act itself holds. They will see it as pure and unadulterated horror. That's all that matters. We can make the distinction and judge based on our lives thus far and what we have learned through education and experience. Children do not have that luxury.

It is important for people to identify with

the natural perceptions of the media, but it is also important for them to realize the necessities behind it. What would we know of war if not for the media? Again, only words. From photographers in Vietnam to the digital camera wielding soldiers of today, the media machine drudges on in various forms and does not need to surround itself with gratuitous words and diatribes in order to be powerful. There are those of us that believe that the media, while being at the right hand of the revolutionaries and anarchists, is an essential tool for absorbing outerculture events and ideally finding the closest resemblance to truth. While you can argue that the United States media is the greatest propaganda machine since the Nazis in World War II, it does provide us with a portrait of a way of living other than our own-albeit an unclear one. If the spoken word is the most clear-cut form of expression, certainly the depiction of it is the most powerful. Give the media free reign, but have them blaze our eyes with images rather than destroy our ears with words.



Details of Nick Berg's beheading have largely left to the public's imagination since many media outlets refused to provide any graphic content.

# The Vampire of Paris

By Nicolas Claux

My name is Nicolas Claux. I am 32 years old. Between age 22 and 30, I was prisoner 239942G in the French prison system. I was also known in the worldwide press as "The Vampire of Paris." Now I am a painter and I sell my art on my Web site. Before the age of 22, I committed murder, cannibalism, grave robbery and satanic worship. I do not commit crimes anymore but I do not believe that I can ever be reformed. It is in my nature to feed upon physical death and torment. But nowadays I do this by consuming extreme horror movies, violent music and creating macabre artworks. Ogrish gives me the opportunity to express my feelings and inner world in this column, and as a connoisseur of everything macabre, I will be your guide in the darkest corners of culture.

But first, the staff of Ogrish has asked me to tell you what it feels like to kill somebody. I agree that it's a good introduction to my kingdom, so let me tell you these details.

It was a Tuesday morning, back in 1994. I wanted to know how it felt to kill somebody. And I needed a soul for a complex ritual. So after studying a lot of different modus operandi, I decided that killing homosexuals contacted through a primitive network at the time called Minitel was the easiest thing to do, because even after they survived an attack, they rarely complained to the police for fear of exposure. After several attempts, I found someone who invited me to his place after a quick chat on the phone.

It was in an apartment under the roofs of an old building. I had a .22-caliber single-action handgun under my shirt. He opened the door, I stepped in. He shut the door and turned towards me. I aimed at his left eye and shot him. He fell down on the carpet and starting moaning loud. I reloaded the gun and shot him again at the back of the skull. (Years later I learned through the ballistics report that the .22-caliber bullets were shot too near the skull to gain velocity, so they just smashed against it.)

I shot and reloaded four times, very slowly, taking time to study the guy's reactions to the shots, and the noises he was making, and the blood running from the bullet holes. I even sat down for a while and watched him die slowly from the first bullet fired, which had gone through his eye just under his brain. The air in the room was getting really cold and things seemed to go very slow. I could feel a change in the pressure around me, the same thing happens during an invocation ritual. I was strangely calm and relaxed.



Nicolas Claux

At one time I went to the kitchen and fetched something to eat. After ten minutes, he was still alive, but bleeding a lot and crawling on the carpet.

It was getting really messy. I realized that the shots to the head were not that effective, so I shot him in the middle of the back, where I supposed the heart was. The reaction was immediate as he started to make noises like he was gagging on his blood. The noises became more spastic then he collapsed. He seemed dead. It felt like something had left the room. I took a pencil and stuck it inside one of the bullet holes in the skull to see how far it had gone. Then I picked up a cement flower container and smashed his skull with it. The corpse looked messy, with blood drying on the scalp and a big red spot on his white shirt. I did not drink any blood because I was scared to get HIV or hepatitis. This is what it feels like to kill somebody.

All in all, it took me 20 minutes. It was slow, intense and fascinating. The images are stuck in my mind forever. It was one of my deepest spiritual experiences. I have paid the price for it, but it was my choice to do it. I do not encourage other people to do the same though. Enjoying violence and death through photos and videos is a good enough option. Doing it for real involves a genuine social and spiritual price. It was my choice, but I am not saying that it was the best of choices.



„Art by Nicolas Claux“



# Am I Crazy or Is That Ralph?

By Verwayne Greenhoe

## Ancient History

Even though this happened way back in October of 1974, I can remember it clearly, just like it had happened yesterday. I used to be the supervisor of an ambulance base for a small rural county run service. We would work twenty four hours on, twenty four hours off, twenty four hours on, then forty eight hours off, then forty eight hours on and then repeat the whole cycle again. It was not as bad as it seemed because we had a good antenna for the TV. The base was pretty much like being at home but you had to be ready to drop everything whenever the alert signal came. All in all, it was pretty sweet.

This mess began quite by accident, figuratively and literally. I was off duty the day this started and just happened to stop off at the base on a cool Saturday afternoon to grab the time sheets that would be due on Monday. I figured I would save myself some time Monday morning instead of the normal hustle, hustle, hustle that usually went on. I was almost out the door when the alarm went off. The dispatcher announced that there had been a serious personal injury accident with at least eight people involved.

Our ambulance was the closest to the scene and I knew that with that many victims, they would need all the help they could get, so I rode along. As senior member of the crew, I was in charge of the scene, so I quickly sized up the situation. I clearly remember thinking to myself, as I looked at the devastation, "Holy shit!" A Dodge van had turned in front of a Ford Maverick and the Ford broadsided the van-a van with nine people in it. I looked into the van and saw all the people in it and I knew there were at least three broken legs and one fatality who was sitting right where the impact occurred and probably didn't see it coming. I gave quick instructions to the other two crewmembers to begin triage-to sort out the injuries in the van and begin to assemble the equipment needed to begin to remove them. By the radio traffic I was hearing, I knew the other ambulance was only a few minutes away.

I quickly looked into the Ford and saw the elderly female passenger had sustained massive head injuries when her forehead hit the pointed, hard plastic dash. She had her lap belts on, but back then, shoulder belts weren't used much. She seemed to be semi-conscious, but not really coherent. I wasn't sure if she would live or die. As much as she concerned me, one look at the driver and I knew he was in desperate

shape. I moved from the passenger side to the driver side as quickly as I could to get a better look and I felt sick to my stomach viewing the damage done.

The driver-Ralph I would soon learn was his name-was a very tall man, at least six-foot-seven-inches tall. At the moment, however, those long legs were hopelessly tangled under the dash. A look at his chest showed that he struck the steering wheel hard and he had sustained a "flail chest"-broken ribs on both sides of his chest to the extent that he could not properly breathe. Those ribs provide support for the muscles that make you breathe. I'd seen many flail chests before, but this one was a monster bad case. How this guy was still conscious ... or alive ... was beyond me. In my years on the road, I've seen people live that had no right to be alive and I've seen people die that had very little reason to die. I guess it has to do with your mental stability and will to live. It apparently was strong in this guy.

I hauled a volunteer over to stay with Ralph while I helped get everyone else loaded into the three ambulances on the scene. Every one of those ambulances was full to capacity as they left and I elected to stay on scene to talk with Ralph as the heavy rescue truck made its way to our location. I settled in to help the guy die as gently as I could. It didn't take a rocket scientist to see he wasn't going to make it.

What did I talk about with him? Can you imagine what goes through a guys mind when he has been sentenced to die for a crime and they set an execution date? If that is hard to fathom, imagine knowing you are going to die in just a matter of minutes when just a few moments earlier, all was good in your life. He asked me how bad he was and I tried to soften it a bit, but he wasn't stupid or that far gone that he didn't realize his fate. I tried to talk with him so he could focus through those last few minutes. He began to give me a few names-people to pass special messages on to. I wrote them all down in my little notebook (any good medic carries one), and he thanked me for staying with him and keeping him company as he died. He made a small joke that normally wouldn't elicit a snicker but we both kind of laughed to alleviate the gravity of the situation.

Being with someone, even a stranger, as he or she dies isn't easy. You cannot think of enough small talk to keep the mind from thinking about the inevitable. Most people who are attending to a dying person do not handle it well and it doesn't get

easier with practice. Most doctors have a problem explaining to a patient that they are dying and an even harder time telling the family that the patient has died. When I worked the ER, I can't remember how many times it was left to the nurses to do that particular honor. You can take 100 grief counseling classes, but you will never be prepared for what really happens. I was always amazed how many times I wanted to talk about the weather.

As it became obvious to me and apparently to Ralph that he had precious little time left, he tried to reach out and shake my hand but his chest injuries prevented that. I had been keeping my right hand on his shoulder as we had talked but now reached over to hold his hand. The human being never gets over the urge to want to be touched. Babies crave it-the merest touch from its mother tends to calm a baby. Women want to be touched by their men in other ways than sexual, and when a big he-man type is hurting, he wants to be touched, too.

I held his hand and he tried to squeeze mine. His breathing became even more labored and now emitted a frothy sound: blood was filling his lungs. I saw his eyes close and I whispered something dumb like, "Let it go Ralph." And he did. He didn't take another breath. He didn't even try to take another breath. There was no gasping or struggle. He just died. His grip slowly released and he died. As many times as I'd seen this happen, I've never gotten used to it.

**Your advertisement here?**

**Email us at  
advertise@ogrish.com**

## Explanations, Explanations ...

As I waited to make sure he had died, I began to notice a squealing noise. I stood briefly and finally found what was causing it. On the asphalt, just under the car, lay a hearing aid. It was squealing, as those devices are prone to do now and then. I instinctively picked it up and stuck it in my pocket-I have regretted that ever since.

When I was 100 percent sure Ralph was dead, I began to look to see how badly his legs were tangled in the brake and clutch assemblies. I was aghast when I saw just how broken his legs were. He must have either been in great pain and not been saying anything about it or the shock of the accident had numbed the transmission of pain signals to his brain. Either way, he was severely tangled in the pedals and dash and I was looking for the easiest way to disentangle him. It was not going to be easy. The police were keeping spectators and gawkers at bay, as it would not look good to be seen pulling and yanking at a dead body.

When the heavy rescue truck finally arrived, I explained to the crew what I thought should be done. After a brief conversation, we agreed on the method

### *The Smell of Blood*

Getting Ralph off the gurney and into the cooler was not to be an easy task. I looked through the cooler and found two of the three spaces occupied. Naturally, it was the highest space that was empty. I had to maneuver the gurney beside the cooler, and then work the hammock sling under him. The term "dead weight" has real meaning. I know a lot of women get upset about gaining a pound here and there, but it seems to me that when you die, you put on about 25 pounds immediately. Finally I got him on the sling and began to hook up all the metal rings to the hydraulic lift they used to heft bodies to the cooler. I pumped away at the jack and soon he was high enough in the air to move onto the rack that slid in and out of the cooler. Why was I doing this by myself anyway? I made a mental note to kick someone's ass when we got back to the base.

Just before I closed the door on the cooler, I almost tossed that damn hearing aid into the cooler with him, since it was his and he should have it with him. I had it in my hand and was about to place it on the rack and for reasons that totally escape me, I kept it. Maybe it was curiosity on how the thing worked or perhaps it was a morbid souvenir of a horrific accident. Maybe I was just being a moron. Either way, I made the wrong decision.

Looking at my shirt and pants I saw, with minor disgust, I had gotten blood all over me. Blood has an odor to it that most people never notice. It smells kind of like fresh rust, which makes sense when you

and began to remove him. How his legs had gotten that tangled was beyond me. It took a good twenty minutes to get him loose and then it took cutting the brake pedal out of the car. I shuddered when I thought of the pain this would have caused if he had been conscious. By the time we got him loose, one of the ambulances had returned and we loaded the body into the back. I climbed in with it and the door was shut. I was alone with Ralph once more.

Once in back, I began a conversation with Ralph as I always did when riding this kind of duty. I apologized for the indignities we had to subject him to as he was removed from the wreck. I told him I hoped that I had been of some help and comfort in his final moments. Sometimes I thought the bodies could hear me and maybe they could help me later when it was my turn. Sometimes I thought it was my way of dealing with death and destruction. After all, I was only 22. All I knew was that I always felt better if I talked with my passengers.

Finally, we arrived at the local hospital and took Ralph in and the ER doc gave him the once over ... and I mean a quick once

realize that blood is loaded with iron and oxygen.

I took my shirt off in the morgue and slipped on one of the doctor type scrub shirts. I considered tossing on a pair of scrub pants too but my pants weren't that bad. I was about to open the door when I looked at that table again. I am not a big clean freak, but I couldn't walk out without hosing that table down. I can't remember the specific way it happened, but once I had a victim's family member accompany me to the morgue and we walked in on a terrible mess and they got sick. I didn't want that to happen again, even if I wasn't involved. It only took a minute to hose the majority of the mess off the table and then I felt better about leaving.

I went back down to the ER and saw that most of the mess from the accident was clearing out. Ralph's wife had been shipped to a bigger hospital and they thought she would live. Amazing. I also heard that at least one more of the van passengers had died in the ER and there was another that most likely would not make it through the coming hour. Turned out that the accident all told, claimed six of the eleven people involved, but Ralph's wife was not one of them. It was not the worst accident I'd ever seen, but it still ranks up there in the top five.

I spent a few minutes talking with my crew, discussing some problems we had encountered, and then had one of the cops take me home. He was headed in the same general direction and he told me I looked

over ... and pronounced him legally dead. They were busy with the rest of that accident so the nurse asked me to take Ralph to the morgue. This was another trip a lot of EMT's and most nurses did not like to make. As much as they face it every day, most medical people are very uncomfortable with death and dying. No one wants to face the inevitable any sooner than they have to ... and I understood that fully.

I pushed the cart into the morgue after I fussed with the door lock. I always supposed that if someone important had to use that door, it would have been replaced or fixed long before. It was embarrassing to stand outside a morgue with a body and have to fight to get the damn door open. I shut the door as soon as I could because an autopsy had been performed shortly before I arrived and no one had gotten around to cleaning it up. Autopsies can be messy and apparently this one was a real winner.

like I needed to go home and rest. I had no idea how bad I looked until I went into the bathroom to shower. He was right, I needed to rest. I showered and went to bed. This whole ordeal had started about 1:30 p.m. and it was now almost 7 p.m. Just before I went to sleep, I thought to myself, "I can still smell that blood." The hearing aid never entered my dreamless sleep. That came later.

**Your advertisement here?**

**Email us at**

**advertise@ogrish.com**

## Feel Me, Just Don't Touch Me!

It is odd how something horrific like that can just slip away from your mind but that's what happened. In the emergency business, there are always other accidents, other horrors, and other illnesses that prevent the mind from dwelling on certain situations. Although Ralph's accident was one of the more violent scenes I'd worked on, it was far from the worse. I could go through and thoroughly gross you out with those details but they make me squeamish and right now I need to keep my head.

This whole Ralph deal happened in October and, to be honest, I didn't think about it again until that December. When I was subbing for another medic at a different base-while it was quiet, we swapped accident stories. Naturally, Ralph's accident was one of the first ones I told. The other guy was properly impressed and asked me if I still had the hearing aid. I pulled it from my pocket and showed it to him. I had taken the battery out because the damn thing kept coming on and it squealed horribly.

A medic is not a profession for the weak of heart, let me say that right from the outset. It is a young mans game because of all the stresses and situations that call on brute strength: a 30-year-old medic is usually very skilled but very tired. You live with déjà vu all the time after the first couple of years. I mean, you see one broken leg, you've seen them all. You would think that gunshot wounds would be

something you didn't see much but let me tell you, I've seen more than my share. Suicides mostly, but family fights too. Every medic and cop knows family fights are the most dangerous runs of all. They may be mad at each other but when you show up all of a sudden it is open season on the outsiders.

Another thing medics live with is ghost stories. Most of us can tell a good ghost story that is fiction but in our hearts, we know there is some truth to the story. If you got into the astral plane stuff in the sixties and seventies, maybe this makes sense to you. It may or may not be true, but it makes sense. Believers will tell you that people who die violently and unexpectedly have trouble ascending to the next plane of existence and will hang out near their place of death until they can somehow resolve it. Then and only then can they move on. Until that time, they are said to haunt the earth as they seek their answers. I always thought it was a bunch of horse hockey but right now, I think I would believe anything.

A lot of people ask me about these ghost stories and I naturally love to tell some good ones, aided by the story-telling ability my father and grandfather. Those at our base told ghost stories so often we could begin to improvise background noises at just the right time to help scare the crap out of those hearing them for the first time. We thought it was hilarious and

helped keep our minds off the nasty things we saw inflicted daily.

How did our living quarters work? Basically, we were based in a typical house, rented it and then they moved the base quarters in with us. The county paid us most of our rent so Steve and I stayed fairly much cost free. We had one other guy who stayed there because he was new and had came from the far east side of the state and had not yet found a place to call his own yet. That all changed by Christmas time.

...

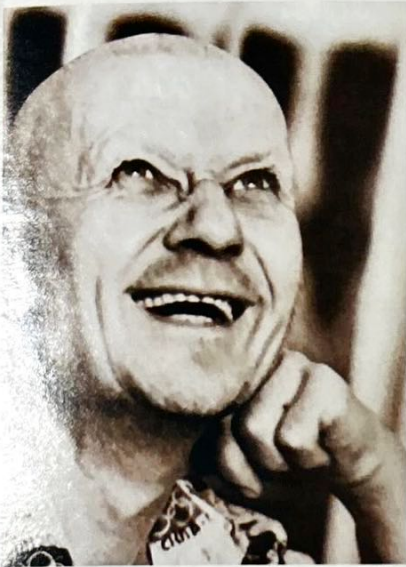
*(To be continued in OgrishMag  
Issue 2)*

# Your advertisement here?

Email us at  
**advertise@ogrish.com**

# Andrei Chikatilo

By George Ikich



Born in the Ukraine in October 1939, Andrei Chikatilo was thrust into a world of famine and poverty. He is alleged to have committed over 60 murders, but many reputable investigators attach to him a body count closer to 100. In the end, Chikatilo openly confessed to 55 murders.

Although the psychology of serial killers has been the topic of widespread study, the actual workings of such evil minds has been one of the greatest mysteries facing modern psychological medicine. The greatest students of psychology and psychiatry have yet to unravel the mindset of murderers, and while many in the medical field claim to be on the brink of unlocking the common denominator, they are truly no closer to solving this human mystery.

That is not to say that they are not dedicated or determined. But mending a broken bone is a science. Understanding the human mind is not. Perhaps one day, medicine will discover why, under similar circumstances, some men kill and others don't.

Chikatilo was the epitome of evil and fear, ruthless and merciless, and without a doubt the prototypical killer we all hope to never stumble upon.

In the Chikatilo case, there are several notable facts to consider:

1) While the vast majority of serial killers begin killing in their teens or early twenties, Chikatilo committed his first murder at the age of 39. Psychologists around the world have attempted to conceal the true value of this case. Such would mean all serial killers cannot be lumped in the same category, thus re-writing accepted standards in medical manuals.

2) Chikatilo was not a decrepit person living in the gutter. He was a university graduate with a family. In fact, he became

a teacher and was well respected among his colleagues. Most investigators never considered that a man of his education and stature could possibly be a suspect in a string of gruesome crimes. After all, how could anyone with a reasonable mind commit such horrible crimes?

To better understand the situation, one must take into account the setting of the crimes. While western serial killers can obtain university educations and white-collar jobs, they are easily able to integrate into the population and remain anonymous. A killer in New York can do serious damage before police even recognize the threat. In Shakhty, where Chikatilo committed his first murder, the 200,000 inhabitants were immediately alarmed by the gruesome murder of a nine year old girl. To remain at-large in Shakhty must have required an extraordinary amount of discipline.

After all, Shakhty was part of a highly policed communist society where it is virtually impossible to perform any act requiring invisibility or secrecy. People were arrested on a daily basis for crimes as petty as speaking out against the mayor. For a man to get away with one murder in the Ukraine was almost impossible. Chikatilo was exceptional in this regard as his killing spree lasted from 1978 to 1990.

3) In a logistical task of monumental proportions, 25,000 people were interrogated during the crime spree. That, in itself, is an indication of the enormous effort that police made to capture the killer. Chikatilo was even interrogated but was released due to a lack of evidence. In fact, he was captured and released three times, including one instance when his blood sample did not match a semen sample on one of the victims. Modern DNA techniques would have solved the crime on the spot.

4) While serial killers always leave some trademark on or around their victims, Chikatilo did no such thing. There was no understandable strategy or methodology attributed to his crime spree. In fact, crime-historians have yet to discover any true pattern to Chikatilo's motives and missions.

5) Investigations were routinely hindered due to the lack of determination by higher-level officials in positions of power in the communist government, often stating that the murders were the result of Western decadent ideologies. Were it not for the hard work of lower-level investigators, it is safe to assume that Chikatilo might have never been arrested.

The term "Rostov Ripper" was soon associated with Chikatilo's killings and under pressure from the communist government police were forced to arrest

and convict the killer in order to regain the confidence of the general population. Alexander Kravchenko, an ex-convict with a murder conviction, was arrested and beaten until he confessed to the murder of a 9 year old girl. He was the ideal scapegoat, a convicted killer who was not a party member-therefore the ultimate sacrificial lamb.

He was executed by firing squad.

The murders stopped for nearly three years. And then they started again, with a shocking frequency and intensity. Chikatilo was now a full fledged death machine and began one of the most horrific serial killing sprees in modern history. To add to the terror, the murders he committed were far more revolting than cold blooded rape/murders. Victims were found with their internal organs missing and in some instances their tongues bitten off. (Chikatilo later admitted that he had certain cannibalistic tendencies)

By executing an innocent man (Kravchenko), the police had ignited Chikatilo's spree, and in hindsight, set off a human terror time bomb. The Chikatilo that killed before was now much more careful and had graduated to a new level in his morbid skill.

Until recently, the medical community was quite satisfied with the explanation that persons who commit random hideous crimes are genetically tainted. It's only recently that they have begun to investigate the possibility of the blown-fuse theory. Simply said, in layman's terms, this syndrome means that anyone can commit this type of serial crime, given the right set of circumstances. In the case of Chikatilo, public evidence was brought forth and psychologists tried to justify his actions by using his alleged homosexuality as a behavioral trait that blurred and influenced his evil deeds.

Allegations of homosexuality, child molestation, public masturbation, impotence and fondling his students were never proven. What was proven was that Chikatilo had simply become unscrewed and blew a fuse. The blown-fuse syndrome remains among the most troubling dilemma any law enforcement agency faces. There are no warning signs. A good family man can have a bad day at work, lose his wallet, break his glasses and in the span of a few minutes turn into a ruthless killer. Thankfully that's rare. But it does exist.

Andrei Chikatilo was eventually arrested (1990) and convicted for 53 murders. He was led to a concrete room with a drain in the floor, and executed by a single gunshot to his head. The "Mad Beast" was finally stopped.

# Fear

By Schizz

I felt it first and a minute later heard the report of a fairly large bore automatic. It wasn't far from the place where my wife and three children slept. These sounds do not belong here! Real fear crept over me accompanied by alertness that recognized each vantage point within five meters of my position. Tactical firepower superiority belonged to an unseen enemy. However, I had the element of surprise at 2:30 a.m. on an otherwise deserted street. Would I kill this night? If need be! For a brief moment I found myself to be repulsive.

Fear makes you do crazy things. It demands you pick up your daughter on a warm summer's night, three blocks from the house so she doesn't have to walk past the dangerous-looking characters hanging near the bus stop talking about last night's football game. It makes you slither through the muck, positioning yourself in the name of GOD and country so you can obliterate your enemies. It makes fathers and mothers sweat blood in millions of households on any Friday night, waiting for children who are late getting home. It's the gnawing lack of control and the revengeful planning of what-if scenarios. It's the soft voice of a child in a confessional hoping to be spared from eternal suffering.

Dead people always made the same impression on me: Under no circumstances did I want to be dead. I listened attentively to all survival lessons provided by the U.S. Army because of this extreme dread of death. I wasn't all that serious about eternal happiness or damnation. I always heard about people dying with a smile on

their face, however I never met one. Fearing for one's life is the ultimate emotion. Most who have been in life-threatening situations remember them clearly, no matter how much time has passed. Even worse is losing that fear. I wonder what the media would write if they had to live with such fear day in and day out while actively contributing to its spread? Would they be as critical if they took ten lives? Would they have a greater understanding if ten close friends died in their arms? Would NBC create a division to dispatch messages to the families?

What kind of stress do parents experience when they envision their sons and daughters at risk? Do you think the parents of Private Lynch really cared about the controversy surrounding the media's interpretation of their daughter's heroics? John Kerry left combat service eight months short of his full tour. What do you think was his true motivation? Fear makes cowards of us all. Ask any Medal of Honor winner: If given the choice, would they be willing to put themselves in a similar situation again?

Suppressing fear psychologically damages humans. It makes them do stupid things to each other. We institutionalized fear suppression with words like, dying for your country, cause or Jihad. We talk about ethereal afterlife reality as if it were as certain as having a beer at the local pub. The indoctrination works right until it happens to or close to you. One definition of mental illness might be the suppression of a vehement will to survive which is built

into all living creatures. If GOD truly exists and designed us all, wouldn't it be a bit cruel to design us with such will?

Fear is the primary motivating factor in all of our lives. It has a form for every situation, an extreme scope covering the rational and not so rational. Fear of failure, death, the future, for our loved ones, the task ahead, success of the country and salvation of our eternal souls, driving us to the worst of actions. Fear is a non-discriminatory emotion creating illusions and altering our realities. It stalks our political leaders and blinds them to the realities of their actions. It turns kids into cold-blooded killers with excuses never rectified within the organ called the brain. The disease fear presents its symptoms with words like post-traumatic stress disorder and paranoia. It's preached from the pulpit as fire and brimstone and felt in our cities as the threat level elevates. It's the hatred of success and the fear of failure. It turns the GOD of love into a monster.

If humanity is to survive, we must resist the pundits who spread fear. We must say "no" to universal wrongs and "yes" to the rights. We must recognize that fear always favors the majority, because frightened animals almost always group for protection. We must say no to intimidation; the greater the battles won, the more vehement the revengeful thoughts of the losers. When imagination turns to the ways of terror, when people fear the wrong things, then each and every person indeed becomes an "Army of One!"

## Your advertisement here?

Email us at  
[advertise@ogrish.com](mailto:advertise@ogrish.com)

# Glen Rogers Encounter

By Lanee Landry

In November 1995, my mother, sister and I headed out to Treasure Bay Casino in Biloxi, Miss., with hopes of hitting at least one jackpot during the night.

We arrived at the casino and mother went off to her lucky machine while my sister and I settled upon a vacant row of loose dollar slots. After playing a machine next to my older sister, I walked around the corner to drop a few coins in the opposing row. After a few moments, I strolled back in a fairly good mood.

As I approached my sister, I noticed that there was a good-looking, blonde, bearded man in his thirties speaking with her. He was about six feet tall and dressed in jeans with a white undershirt and a blue and white-striped shirt that was partially unbuttoned. His hair, which looked like it normally would be quite attractive, was in dire need of a good combing. His arms were folded as he propped casually upon a slot cart. At the time, I forgot how strict the casinos are about their employees appearances. When I was within a few feet, I heard my sister say, "Oh, that's my little sister, Trudy." Being somewhat outspoken, I immediately inquired, "What about Trudy?" The man suddenly looked stunned and extremely awkward. He had such a wild, crazed look in his blue-green eyes.

I looked at my sister for an explanation and she informed me that he had walked up to her and asked who I was. Naturally, I looked back to him, awaiting some sort of comment. The answer came forth with several stutters as "Oh, I ...uh...I thought you were a girl." Well, at that point we fell out laughing and the man turned slightly red. He then explained that he thought I was someone he knew. The entire time I couldn't stop noticing just how wild his eyes were. He had the craziest look that I had ever seen in anyone's eyes; it was a very unnerving feeling that I quickly tried to ignore. After he said that he thought I was someone he knew, both my sister and I glanced at each other awaiting for the normal "girl I went to school with," or "friend of a friend" story. We ended up just glancing at each other while stuck in extremely uncomfortable silence.

Just then, a lady walked up to him requesting change for the slots. As I was staring at his hand, which had writing tattooed around his knuckles, he began telling the lady that he didn't have change. He directed her to the main cage across the room. The fact that he had a change

cart was, at the time, completely oblivious to me, because I was thinking about how painful getting those tattoos must have been. The lady headed to the main cage and he directed his attention back to us.

Again, he repeated that I looked like someone he knew and never elaborated. We smiled and reassured him that he had been no trouble. Just about that time, my sister and I looked back to our slot machines and inserted a couple coins. My sister glanced back and began giggling. I looked back to find that the man had walked off, leaving the slot cart directly behind us. Slot attendants never do that. We then realized that the lock was still on it and the cart was in the middle of the isle.

normally be doing. At the time, we weren't really thinking about the oddities surrounding the man. Finally, we left the casino and headed for home. It was then, that we began discussing all the things that didn't really make sense about him. We couldn't stop talking about his eyes. Neither of us had ever seen someone with such wild eyes.

The next night, I was doing my college homework while listening to the stereo and watching television with the sound muted. My sister came into the room yelling "Put the TV on CNN." I switched channels and immediately saw the man who was at the casino. I asked her why he was on television and wasn't too thrilled with her response. His name was Glen Rogers and he was on the F.B.I.'s most wanted list for murders spanning several states. His hair the previous night was a little longer and in a slightly different style than what was pictured on the television. A special hotline number flashed across the screen if anyone had any information to provide concerning his whereabouts. We debated calling, for fear of sounding like idiots; so, she called the casino first.

She was directed to a supervisor who was familiar with all the personnel working the night before. We discovered that there wasn't anyone on the previous night's shift that matched the man's physical description. Also, the man wasn't in casino uniform and the slot attendants have the key to the change cart. We finally decided to drive back to the casino and speak to someone in person. After speaking to a manager, who actually knew all the floor personnel for both day and night shifts, we were certain the man was not a casino employee. We decided to call the F.B.I. and tell them what happened.

My sister talked to the agent and he said they would be in contact if they needed anything further. We were never called and within a few days, Glen Rogers was arrested in Kentucky. He was dressed in the same clothing and still had a disheveled appearance like the man we had seen. We decided that maybe, just maybe, it wasn't him. But then the book Smooth Operator was published about Glen Rogers and his killing spree. In it, Clifford L. Linedecker writes that just after Rogers killed Tina Marie Cribbs in Florida, he was tracked crossing the southern tip of Mississippi while en route to Louisiana. And when Rogers was arrested, Mississippi plates were found in the car.

SUPERIOR COURT OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES		Dept. 109
Date: JULY 16, 1999		001670
Honorable: JACQUELINE A CONNOR JUDGE	S VICKERS Deputy Clerk	
C COVARRUBIAS Deputy Sheriff	D BENNETT/M BRACCI Reporter	
BA109525	People of the State of California	(Parties and counsel checked if present)
	vs	Counsel for People: GILL GARCETTI
X	ROGERS, GLEN X5845274	Deputy District Attorney: X PATRICK R. DIXON
		Counsel for Defendant: X JAMES COADY DPD
NATURE OF PROCEEDINGS: DEATH PENALTY SENTENCING		
DEFENDANT'S MOTION FOR RECONSIDERATION OF THE 1118 1 PENAL CODE MOTION IS ARGUED AND DENIED.		
DEFENDANT'S MOTION FOR NEW TRIAL IS ARGUED AND DENIED.		
DEFENDANT'S MOTION FOR MODIFICATION OF VERDICT IS ARGUED AND DENIED.		
PROBATION REPORT HAVING NOT BEEN RECEIVED THIS DATE, PROBATION REQUEST A CONTINUANCE TO AUGUST 6, 1999. DEFENDANT, WITH APPROVAL OF COUNSEL, WAIVES PROBATION REPORT. UPON RECEIPT, PROBATION REPORT WILL BE FORWARDED TO THE JUDGMENT SECTION FOR PROCESSING OF PRISON PACKET.		
MOTION FOR MODIFICATION PURSUANT TO PENAL CODE SECTION 190.4 IS READ INTO THE RECORD BY THE COURT AS FOLLOWS:		
IN THIS CASE, GLEN ROGERS WAS CONVICTED ON JUNE 22, 1995 OF ONE COUNT OF MURDER AND ONE COUNT OF ARSON.		
THE JURY FURTHER FIXED THE MURDER AS THAT OF THE FIRST DEGREE AS TO COUNT 1 AND FOUND THE SPECIAL CIRCUMSTANCE THAT MR. ROGERS HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN CONVICTED OF MURDER TO BE TRUE.		
<b>FILED</b> LOS ANGELES SUPERIOR COURT JUL 23 1999 JOHN A. CLARKE, CLERK BY D. HERNANDEZ, DEPUTY		ABSTRACT ENTERED 07-16-99 COUNTY CLERK
PAGE 1 OF 11 PAGES		

## Death Sentence for Glen Rogers

A person would have to push it out of the way in order to pass by. Just then, she nudged me and told me to look a couple of rows away. Standing at the end of the row, with arms folded across his chest, was the blonde man, staring at us. We just commented that he must be "another weirdo" and went back to playing our machines.

A short while later, we looked around and discovered that the man had moved to another row and was still watching us. Knowing we were in a place that had high levels of security, we basically just ignored him. For the rest of the night, we never saw him with a slot cart or doing any kind of duties that a slot attendant would

## Glen Rogers' History/Bio



For successful killers, a combination of charm and good looks often helps lure their intended prey more easily. At 200 pounds and standing six-foot tall-with blonde hair and blue-green-eyes Glen Rogers could easily capture the attention of women. After a few minutes of conversation, most women found him quite appealing with his easy-going and polite mannerisms. Unfortunately, there was another side to the sweet-talking man they found so attractive. A darker side that would emerge on the F.B.I's Ten Most Wanted List and lead authorities on a six-week nationwide manhunt for a vicious spree killer.

Glen Edward Rogers was born on July 15, 1962 in Kentucky and spent his childhood growing up as the youngest of five siblings. During his childhood, he ate paint, was a bed-wetter until the age of twelve, and regularly told lies and exaggerated stories. He was prone to violence and would often pound his head into his bedroom wall at night. Drugs and alcohol became part of his teenage life. His education ended at age sixteen when he was expelled from ninth grade. According to reports from individuals who knew the family during his childhood, the children were often left unsupervised and many of them had problems with the local police. There was never any psychiatric evaluation during his adolescence.

During his marriage, he often beat his wife while screaming curses and threats at her. One violent outburst resulted in wounds so severe that paramedics had to cut off her pants before they could even begin treatment. A warrant was issued for his arrest and soon after, his wife filed for divorce. Rogers' brutality continued throughout his other relationships, once a girlfriend even retaliated, stabbed him with a butcher knife. While working as a taxi driver, one of his fellow employees saw him hit a woman in the face and knock her down to the sidewalk. A few months later, Rogers quit the job to avoid taking a drug test.

In 1991, he worked as an informant for

the Hamilton, Ohio, police. Due to his behavior and becoming well-known as a snitch, he eventually had to move. Two years later, he moved into Winchester, Kentucky, and left a police record in the area ranging from public drunkenness to assault. His employment consisted of various unskilled jobs which basically provided him with enough means to survive and buy liquor. He had been experiencing blackouts and seizures since at least the late 1980's and police records indicate that he was described as being "somewhat paranoid." It was only a matter of time before Rogers would start killing.

After working for a while with a carnival circuit, Rogers was in need of a place to live. His mother put him in contact with Mark Peters whom she had known for some time. Throughout his stay as a boarder with the elderly man, Rogers stole items ranging from cigarettes to antiques. At one point, he even took the social security number of his host's son. Finally, on November 1, the 71-year-old man vanished and his daughter reported him missing to the police. In January, 1994, an anonymous caller informed the police that the man's remains were on property that was owned by the Rogers family. A search of the area turned up a skull, leg, and a few other bones and Glen Rogers had moved to California.

During his stay in California, Rogers was arrested several more times. Once he got lucky when charges pressed against him for setting fire to his girlfriend's closet were dismissed due to her refusal to testify. In July, he was convicted for holding a knife against a man's throat. His sentence concluded in September and during the early part of the month, he began frequenting McRed's Cocktail Lounge, a neighborhood restaurant and bar that was popular with fans of country music.

On September 28, Sandra Gallagher offered to give Rogers a ride home after a night of partying at McRed's. Approximately four hours later, firemen and EMT's were called to the scene of a burning truck. Inside the cab, rescue workers found the lifeless, burned female. A later autopsy determined that she had been strangled and set on fire inside the truck. The Van Nuys Police Department issued a flyer requesting information on the whereabouts of Glen Rogers. But Rogers had already purchased a one-way ticket on a Greyhound bus and was headed to Jackson, Mississippi.

It was at the Mississippi State Fair that Rogers met Linda Price, a 34-year-old grandmother. She had all the characteristics of his usual victims; she was a slim, petite, attractive woman with auburn hair. Immediately, the woman was attracted to the good-looking, smooth-talking man. On November 3, Jackson

police officers would find her lying dead on her bathroom floor. She was discovered naked with her throat slit and four slashes in her chest and back. A machete that Linda had at the apartment was missing. On her bathroom mirror, the killer had written a message in lipstick: "Glen, we found you."

As police were scrutinizing the crime scene, Rogers was in Bossier City, Louisiana, romancing 37-year-old Andy Lou Sutton. He soon caught another Greyhound to Tampa, Florida, where he encountered Tina Marie Cribbs. Shortly thereafter on November 7, 1995, her mutilated body was discovered in a bathtub full of water at the Tampa 8 Inn. She had several slashes that appeared to have been made with a weapon that was at least the size of a butcher knife. In the meantime, Rogers was driving Tina's stolen car across Florida, Mississippi and Alabama. He stopped in Louisiana to make a phone call to a family member.

By now, Rogers had become known as the "Cross Country Killer." His behavior was typical of a spree killer. A spree killer differs from a serial killer in the fact that there are killings that occur during fits of rage or drunken frenzies. There is generally not a lengthy period where the killer calms down. The behavior is very erratic and unpredictable. As a nation-wide manhunt for Rogers was gaining publicity, his killing escalated. On November 11, Andy Lou Sutton's stabbed body was discovered on her waterbed. The attack had been so severe that the plastic bladder of the bed had been ripped open.

Within a period of 42 days, four women, all of whom had red hair or highlights, were found brutally murdered in California, Mississippi, Florida and Louisiana. Three of the women were found within the same week. Two days after Sutton's body was discovered, on November 13, 1995, Kentucky State Police managed to subdue Glen Rogers after forcing his car off the road. As officers pulled him from the car, his appearance resembled that of a crazed individual more than a smooth-talking ladies' man.

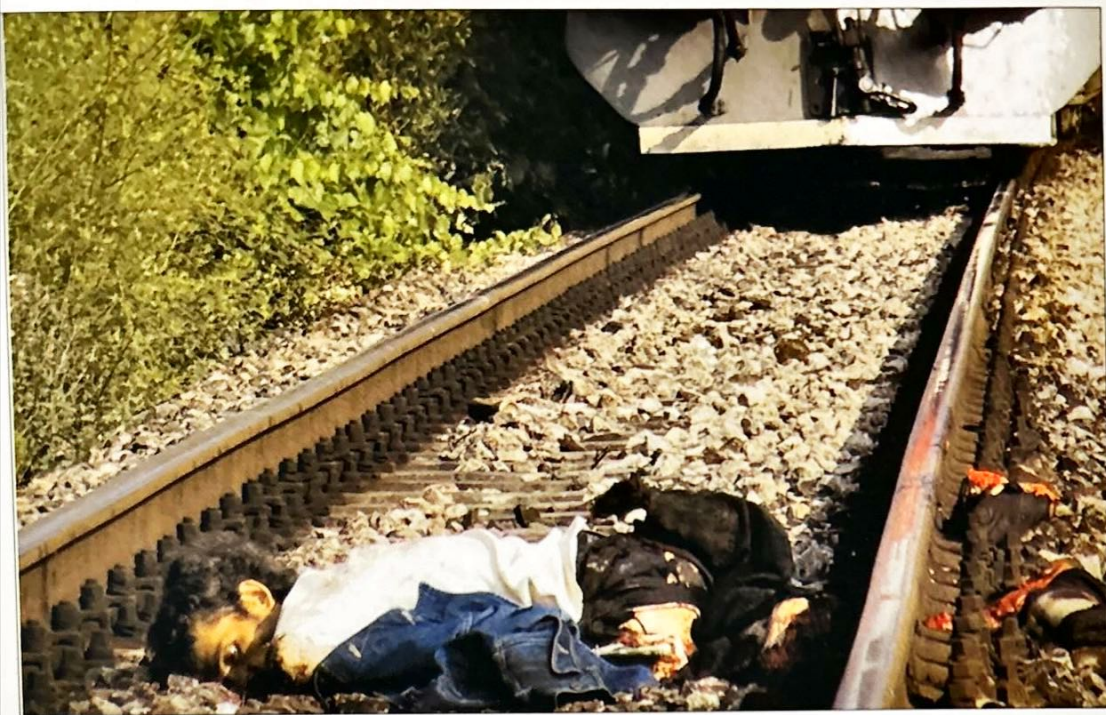
Glen Rogers denied the murders, but he was convicted on July 11, 1997, of murdering Tina Marie Cribbs. Two years later, he was convicted for the murder of Sandra Gallagher. In both cases, he received the death penalty. Presently, he is imprisoned at Union Correctional Institution in Raiford, Florida, awaiting appeals.



*After several suicide attempts a drunken man jumped in front of the train.*

*The victim died because of heavy blood loss - both hands and feet got cut off. The victim's wife reported that her husband could no longer handle their the poverty.*





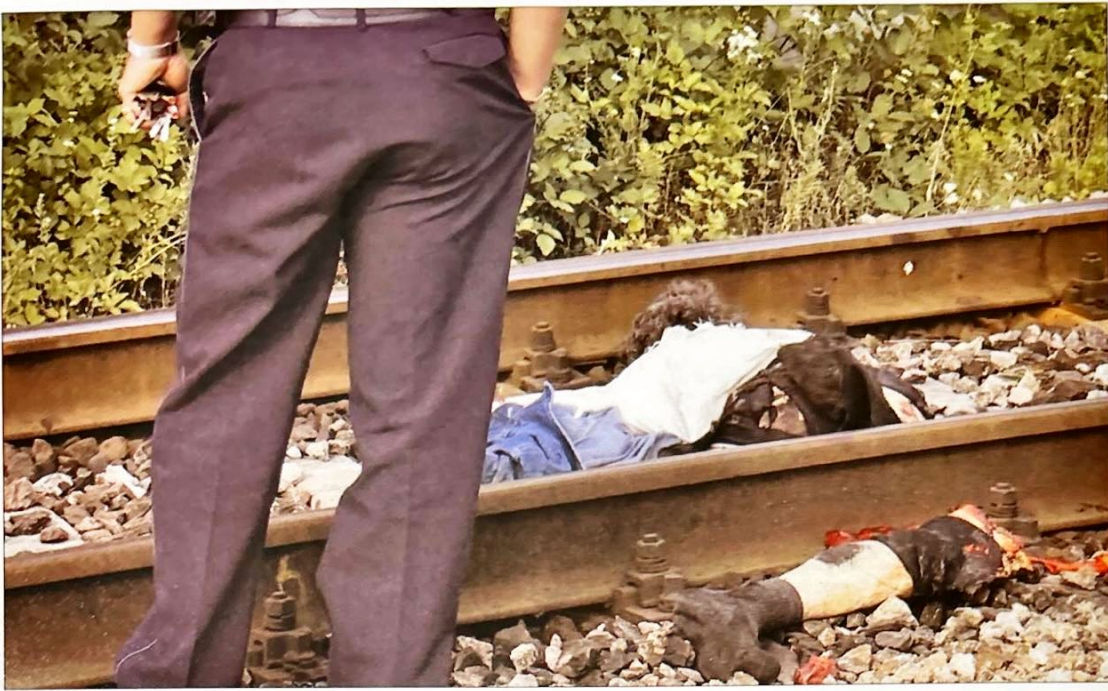
Continued from page  
19





*Continued from page  
20*



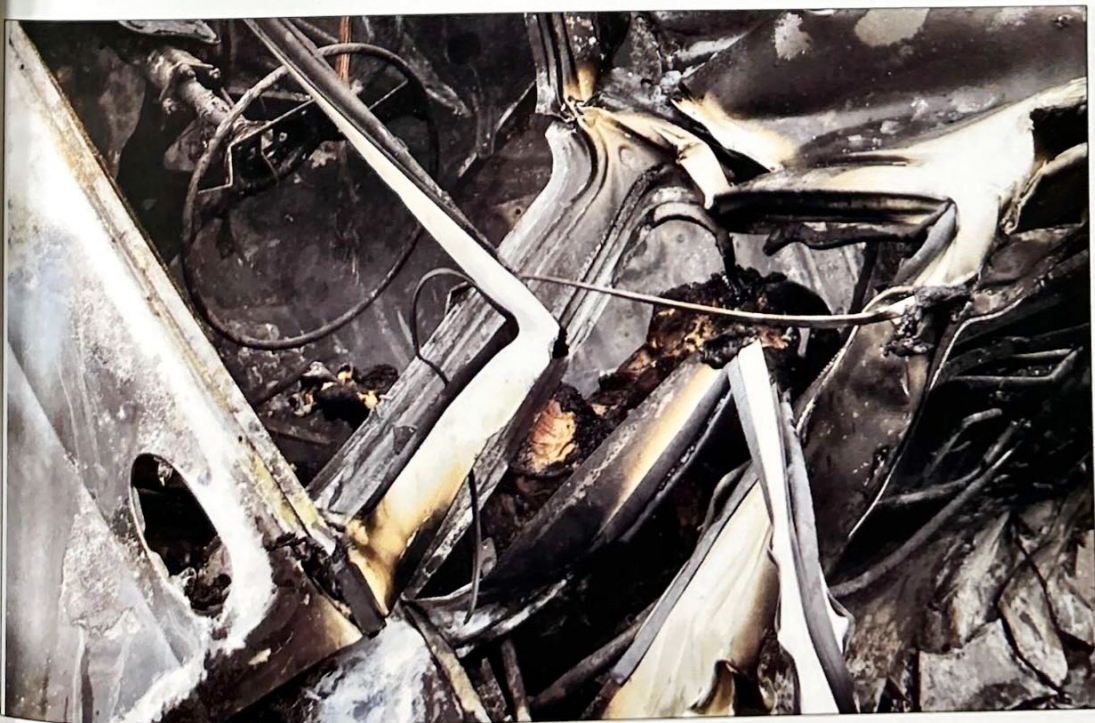


*Continued from page  
21*





*A young couple was trapped inside their burning car while on the way to their honeymoon destination. A fault in the car's wiring was to blame for the blaze.*





*Continued from page  
23*





Continued from page  
24





*Continued from page  
25*





*Continued from page  
26*



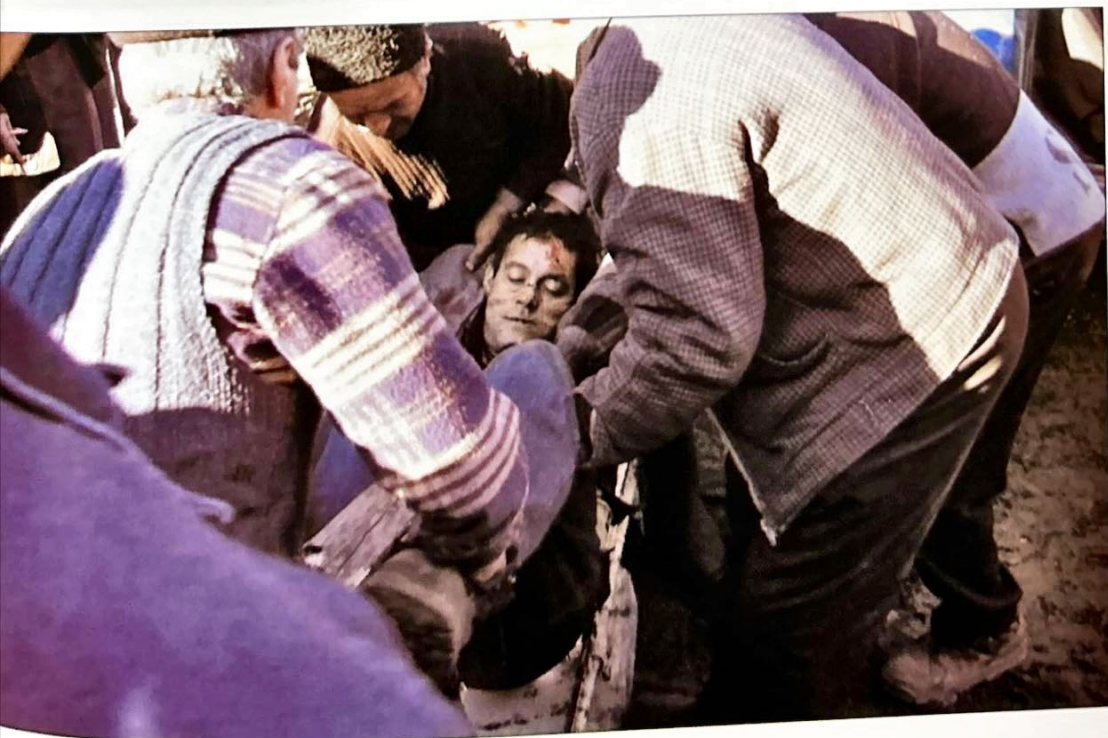


*The fatal result of a drunken driver's head-on collision with another vehicle; the driver of the other car was killed, his wife and child injured. The victim was trying to protect his child when he realized a piece of wood was breaking through the glass, his wife told police.*





*Continued from  
page 28*





Continued from page  
29





Continued from page  
30





Two brothers crash into train. This incident happened approximately 200 feet from their house. They were going home early because their mother had been hospitalised and they wanted to tell the rest of the family the bad news. In their haste, the brothers failed to notice the train. This accident left five kids without a father and two wives without husbands. Despite the car being pushed 350 feet, both bodies remained inside the vehicle.





Continued from page  
32





*Continued from page  
33*





Continued from page  
34



# A Sample of Daily Ogrish.com Feedback

## 1. Sick Mother Fucker

---

hi there, i'm sure you get loads of emails like this but, you really are a sick mopther fucker!! i dont know if you are british yourself but as a brit myself i am really appauled at the fact you have poor Kenneth Bigleys (god rest his soul) beheading video, i was forcerd to watch it by a friend of mine as he didnt tell me what it was but when i realised who it was who was viciously having their head sawn off i threw up, i couldnt sleep that night and i beat the shit out of the cunt who made me watch it.

And now he tells me you have Margret Hassans shooting, well if that is true you have to be the sickest people in the world. Dont get me wrong tho, i'm a 16 year old female doin a filmstudies course and there is nothin i enjoy more than some good top quality violence like resevoir dogs, or some mad japanese violence. and i can even sit infron of my compuer and have a good laugh lookin at rotten.com but you people dont seem to realise that there is a war going on, and at the end of this (if there ever is an end all thanks to wanker bush) thousands of innocent iraqi's, americans and brits will be dead. AND YOUR HERE SHOWING IT ALL!! its discusting and i hope you cant sleep at night. i just wish it was illegal so i could call the police and get you shut down.

WHY CANT U BE LIKE THE REST OF PPL ON THE INTERNET AND JUST SHOW PARIS HILTON PORN!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

## 2. Videos Help to Convey the Reality and Brutality of War:

---

*Dear Sir or Madam:*

I want to thank you for the information that you provide through your website. Personally, I feel that the major news networks should have aired at least one of the beheadings that you have on your site. If I were a family member of one of the murdered individuals I would want everyone to know how sadistic these villains are. When the first individual was murdered and the news media began stating that he was tortured because of a beheading, I couldn't understand how a beheading was "torture." Like most people in the civilized world, I was imaging a guillotine or a swift strike with a machete. I never imagined that someone would literally "saw" off a head! Had it not been for your site, I would still be confused.

Recently, I was looking at your site and saw a report concerning the arrest of individuals whom had sent your company pictures of the Madrid train bombing. I found it rather difficult to interpret the article at first, but managed to do so after a few re-readings. Basically, I believe it is a problem with the translation program, but just in case there is another cause I did want to mention to you in the event that you are unaware of this issue.

Please continue providing information to everyone about the occurrences worldwide. Speaking for myself and my family, it made us aware of the savagery that is ongoing against America and her allies. Thank you once again.

## 3. Thank You for the Unbiased Reality of Margaret Hassan and War:

---

I was searching the web for the Margaret Hassan video, and came across your website. I really only looked at the links concerning her and the Iraqi Troop execution, at which point my stomach churned and I left the site.

I think it's important that you have these videos where people can see them. The media really doesn't announce full graphic details, which is a good thing because most people should never have to see that. But it makes the whole situation, what's happening half way around the world, very VERY real. It's not just a news story, it's a human life, it's real. I also appreciate that you're not shoving an opinion in my face, you're merely displaying videos and allowing me to form my own opinion.

Although I probably won't come back to your site, simply because I can't stomach that sort of video and will probably have nightmares about it, thank you for providing me with the opportunity to make that decision on my own. So, thank you.

## 4. You are Abusing Freedom of Speech

---

yes, i understand that the First Amendent is what it is to be human, but free speech says nothing about its pedagogical benefits. isn't that a better way to govern ourselves?

i believe that giving me the choice to decide certainly does not protect the First Amendent from being abused. We must ask ourselves are we abusive by providing these beheading videos on a website and then in turn, we the users of the internet watching them? I say an absolutely and unequivocally YES. FREE should never preclude decorum. Therefore, while the law of the land may imply that Ogrish and its users' behavior is appropriate and acceptable; the law of the pedagogy may suggest otherwise.

Sometimes there is a fine line between "free" and unrighteousness, and in other times a quantum leap. People are free to do what ever they choose to do but the qestion is what is it can they choose? if they choose to join a terrorist group and behead another human being then they abused there freedom and made a quantum leap and thus, are punished. But if people start an internet company such as Ogish and show the world such beheadings then they may have abused there freedom but the diminutive leap blurs the perception of legality versus illegality.

Someday, we may begin to quantify appropriate and inappropriate behavior to remove the opacity lens on appropriate and inappropriate behavior and protect those such as the families of the hostages who were beheaded.

Shame on you and shame on me for watching. But i think it is time to restore my respect.

## 5. Beheadings Aren't Wrong; They're Just Fighting Back:

i'm sorry to say this, but the grim truth is that these iraqi militants are only acting in the interest of their country that we invaded. we americans would go to extreme lengths to kill anyone who invades this country too. i see the war in iraq going on for a decade or more. we can't just step into another country, invade it and expect its people to just put down their weapons and obey us. not a muslim arab country like iraq. thousands of more americans will die in this conflict, and my prediction is that american soldiers will be captured and beheaded too. i'm not on their side, i'm just talking as true as i can. how would you feel if a foreign country invaded america? everyone would go to great strides to kill them all off and get them out of here. how do you think the iraqi people feel after we invaded them?

## 6. Sad State of Affairs:

Dear madam, sir,  
I'm a Dutch man of 44 years old. Since a couple of weeks I'm sick at home and not capable to work cause of a bowel disease. So now I've plenty of time to surf on the internet. That's how I came on your site. It made me curious and more and more I watched the several movie clips.

Especially the clips about terrorism and the beheading videos made me very, very sad and almost depressed. I feel it in my stomic and whole body. It's really discusting. How come that people, human being (so me, you, us) do those terrible things to each other?! I don't understand! What is happening with us and in the world? I feel ashamed that I don't see the world news every day on television, news paper, or internet. I also live my own live, with my own family, wife and children, almost forgetting what is really happening around us.

Just wanted to say this and hoping this kind of violence will stop one day. God help us!!!

## 7. Beheading Video Point of View Changed After Viewing One:

Before I ever watched a video of a beheading (only watched one - dont need to watch another) I thought it was disrespectful to the families of the victims. My morbid curiosity (as usual) took over and I watched one on your site. After watching it, despite how horrible and shocking it was, I totally changed my view. The mainstream media sugarcoats war and terrorism. Anyone who sees these vids would know the real truth. A beheading isnt a couple quick chops with a sharp sword. It's the most real image of war I have ever seen. It's pure reality! I think everyone should see this, if they did, maybe in the future pointless and unfounded wars like the war on Iraq would never even happen.

Thanks for opening my eyes.

## 8. Clean Up Forum Discussions:

I only joined ogrish.com when a friend told me about the site. I'm not a gore-hound, but curiosity got the better of me and made me look at the preview video. Frankly I was disturbed and horrified. But what was more horrifying and disturbing to me was some of the content on the discussion forum. And that is really why I joined the site in the end, to try to maybe light a candle in people's heads, and make them think 'outside the accepted norm'.

The hatred some of the contributors have for each other was very disheartening. Ignorance piled on top of hatred and led by bigotry. Still others seemed to find the be-heading videos as amusing, and joked about it. Now I am not for one second suggesting I have all or even any of the answers, but I will say this - None of the situation in Iraq or the world generally does humanity any credit. Not the actions of the coalition forces, not the actions of the insurgents, none of it. To watch someone having their head cut off in such a horrible fashion was truly awful to me, but to then see contributors saying that he deserved it, and that more Westerners would deserve the same was worse. No-one deserves to die like that. And then another contributor made the claim that this type of killing was all the Muslim radicals were capable of, a bound un-armed and drugged man was hardly a brave kill! And yet what that contributor fails to remember is that it isn't a brave act to drop a bomb on a village from 30,000 feet and declare the human casualties as 'Collateral damage'. And we in the West have been guilty of this for years. Iraq was bombed almost daily for the ten years preceeding the last Gulf War.

A true Muslim, a true Christian, and a true human being can surely see that this is all wrong. I dont believe in a God, but I do believe in doing no harm to others, respect and tolerance for beliefs other than my own, and fairness. Basic humanity to all is not a controversial belief. Hence the be-heading of anyone is horrible, but is it that much worse than dropping a bomb on Baghdad and blowing both arms off an 11-year old boy and killing his entire family? The truth is both are wrong.

I hope this gets accepted as a strain to be put on the board for discussion. I hope I can just maybe start a few people to think outside their accepted positions. The world is spiralling rapidly to a new dark age, and unless we try to understand and accept others, we are all in serious trouble. There will of course always be extremists on each side who will not budge from their point of view. All we can do is defeat them by our argument, and our numbers. Please, if you do read this, try to think just a bit. The people dying in these situations are other people's brothers, sons, husbands, lovers, friends. We have all got to share just a few years on this small planet, and the injustices perpetrated by both sides are going to damn us all.

## 9. I know why, but how?

How is it you can post these things and not kill yourselves in a fit of depression each and every day? At least with a trauma surgeon, you can always wish it all way under the guise of helping people ease their suffering. But this? This blatant, graphic depiction of suffering in every form? How do you do that? Because man, I tell you, seeing that pig slaughter video... just gives me one more reason out of 108,969,030 to hate mankind. Senseless destruction and depravity intermixed with the high pitched cackling, hyena-like laughter of some homo (sapient) that considers himself civilized. I'm not trying to criticize. Just trying to understand. By the way, I'm free for pro-bono writing work. You just let me know.

## 10. The Atrocities of Bush's War:

I think the service that you guys provide is very well sought after and needed. Well, maybe not all of it, but it wakes people the fk up to what is really happening in the world. People walk around blinded and ignorant to the fact that our lives are not as picture perfect as they'd like to believe. To them ignorance is bliss and they don't want to know the realities of every day life. I had the opportunity to show your site to a group of young republicans voting for Bush in this upcoming election. My point was to show them that Iraq is not well, it's never going to be well, and that people are uselessly being slaughtered for what Bush would call WMD or what intelligent Americans know as "Oil." After showing these people the videos of Eugene Armstrong and Jack Hensley being beheaded there was not a sound in the room. I think the audio on the videos really got them. I was sickened to the point of almost puking when I saw those videos with audio but I also believe that these are videos that people need to see. The looks on their faces where those of enlightenment and utter shock. None of them had any idea of what it's really like over there, or for that matter what it sounds like to listen to someone have their head cut off by a semi-sharp object. It's not a fast death. Eugene Armstrong was still screaming, and gurgling almost until the point his ENTIRE head was removed. It sounded like cattle being slaughtered. Needless to say out of the eleven people sitting in that room, ten of them are now voting for Kerry. I have you to thank. Thank you so much for making people sit up and pay some fking attention to the atrocities that Bush has made possible. My fiancé is fighting in Iraq right now for the next year and a half, he's been over there once already, and people have no idea the fear that you live with every day until they themselves have to say goodbye to someone they love who quite possibly could have their heads cut off before you ever see them again. All because of Bush's money and power hungry agenda. He doesn't care about 9-11 or Bin Ladin he cares about envading Iraq for oil. Anyway before I keep blabbing. Thanks again for stepping up and doing what the "media" should be doing. The American public should know what's really going on and not the half-asses, sugar caked, version of what the government wants you to believe. You're the best!

## 11. Where are the Positive Videos/News of Islam?

Where are your healing and forgiving videos?

Please, we are very puzzled and confused of why you aren't showing such "positive" images. Please explain these actions.

We feel very sorry for those who can cause so much harm and pain throughout the world; who take life for the wrong reasons; who are using Islam in a wrong, inappropriate manner, especially if they can't bring the same, equal amount of life back in existence; and, again, they are doing all of this in the name of Allah. And yes, we will feel very sorry for you, and your workers, if you can't show the innate abilities we have honed and use for the best of humanity...which have been given to us by Him.

Again, do you agree?

We will be very disappointed if you have not made a way to equal the evil and false teaching you are showing on your web site.

Please let us know what you think and please explain where we can find your forgiving videos as we cannot find them on the web link you are showing the evil, as explained.

Peace unto you kind Sir,

Tangent "The counter to the opposite of extremes based on hate, ignorance and wrongful pursuits...for I am the Bringer of Peace and Healer of Life for all those living throughout the World."

## 12. An Educational Site:

Dear Ogrish.com

I have just taken the opportunity to see for myself, the diabolical scenes involving the beheading of Jack Hensley and Eugene Armstrong.

By no means am I a thrill-seeker, nor am I amused by what I saw.

On the other hand, I feel that it is important that if we are ever to create a world where peace is truly possible and long-lasting, that the people of this world finally realise the shear and unacceptable truth of what is occurring around us.

I feel that the somewhat unusual service that you offer, is educational and (as it should be), shocking.

I honestly hope that people view your site and some of the material which is available on it - and find themselves shocked and disgusted by it.

Maybe in this way, the people of this world will finally and categorically put an end to the type of horrific events that we have all had the misfortune of hearing, seeing and reading about in past and recent times.

I feel however, that it is important that your site \*not\* be seen to glorify the site's content, but rather, be seen to present the information in a sterile and impartial format.

Thank you for the service that you offer.

## 13. The Real Teachings of Islam:

hi,

well i am just speechless after watching the video of American citizen armstrong beheading. this whole is is brutal and shocking, and this kind of acts should be stopped by the militants of islamic jihad because that not what islam teaches us. people who really follow islam knows what our Prophet (PBUH) has instructed that we should treat people with respect regardless of their beliefs. just a short message for those militants in iraq, STOP KILLING THE INNOCENT PEOPLE because they have nothing to do with whats happening in Iraq or any other muslim country.

if these people really are muslim and they want to fight for their religion, they should kill the soldiers that are killing innocent ppl in Iraq or palestine. but don't disgrace all muslims by killing these innocent people who have come their for work and are helping in rebuilding of prosper Iraq.

may god keep everyone safe, so their families don't have to go through what these innocent men and women family went through.

## 14. To the Wife of Ken Bigley:

To the wife of the last prisoner, I have been searching for a way on the internet to tell you how truly sorry I am about what has happened. I don't know if you will even get this. I woke up last night, or this morning, about 4am and absolutely could not sleep thinking about this horrible thing that has happened. My lame "I am sorry" is not nearly enough. But I am so sorry. I am very much beside myself with grief from this horrible, horrible situation, I wish you the best of everything, and I just wish I could do something to stop this madness, just stop the meaningless madness. Best of everything to you.

## 15. Ogrish.com Needs a Makeover:

You provide a really important service. It's sad and horrifying stuff, but it's one of the few places to see what really happens to people, particularly in times of war. You really should clean up the fratboy aspects so that your site can be taken more seriously. Lose the porn and the forums with the idiotic commentaries, give the site a proper makeover. You really don't need it.

## 16. Is Mankind Going Backwards?

out of my own bad judgement I began to play a beheading video.....this stuff is so very very sad for anyone to see and so awful for the families to realize that the horror of their loved ones death is being played over and over. I lost a son just 2 years ago and hope for all of mankind to seek peace and only that which is out of love for eachother. I sincerely hope and pray that the terrible acts done can end once and for all. Mankind seems to be taking steps backwards to be so savage.

## 17. Unreal

I have seen most of the stuff on your site without having to pay a membership. I started watching because I wanted to know more about what was going on over in Iraq. I just wanted to say that the disconcern for human life that certain people have is absolutely unreal. I didn't realize, as I believe most Americans don't realize, how insane and cruel life in the middle east can be for our soldiers and citizens trying to help the country of Iraq. I think that if a larger majority of Americans viewed some of the cruel things on this website, that we wouldn't tolerate anymore of the insane actions of the insurgents and might even possibly get serious about pulling out of that hell hole. Thanks for unbiased and unedited broadcasting, I think.

## 18. "Life Respect Site"

Hi...

First of all, sorry for my english.. Nothing to say, but ogrish.com is the best "Life Respect Site" i've ever seen. The motto "Can you handle Life?" teach us how to respect life, teach us what "death" is all about, the consequence of wars, drugs, accidents etc. Your site teach us to understand and more respect for our life and safety. Youngster in all over the world should see this site and try to understand whats car speed is all about, drugs, gangster stuff, murder, etc. For me...understanding death means respecting life (our life) :) If I have my own personal website, and i'll promote this site to anyone...indeed. Big Salut.

## 19. Good Work

hi..

whether or not it is morally correct to view such things.. or not.. and whatever side of the battle we may lie... i think Ogrish.com has done an excellent job in providing these clips and info. in general to the general public. I take my hat off to u guys... (\*yes hat.. not head!)

## 20. Hi (suggestion)

Hi, After seeing the first beheading video of Nick Berg I can't bear to watch the rest. I was wondering if you could just post some still images (of the beheadings) that way weak people like myself can see something. Thanks. Awesome Site, my dad actually introduced me to this site!

## 21. USA Footage?

I notice that most of your site contains images from overseas .. why are there no horrific images of 9/11 ... i'm sure there would be lots out there... were there no cameras in new york on that day?? I find your site interesting .. yet gruesome ... you met your purpose but don't only show the restof the world ... i'm sure there is loads of graphic horrors going on in the good ol usa .. have the guts to show that also cheers

## 22. Personal Note from an embalmer

I've been an embalmer for twenty years and I get so tired of seeing humans in the kind of condition that you have posted on your site...I wish every day that I never had to put another human being back together again...why would you post photos of people dying, being beheaded, and being murdered on a website for everyone to see? What if your father or mother were beheaded and someone posted their death on camera for everyone to see...would that make you comfortable...you are showing folks at a time when no one should ever see unless they are involved as I am in the funeral business or at war...ogrish.com is an awful awful website...WHY? I do it so others don't have to...after twenty years of death...I wish I didn't have to!



Suicide by high-power rifle in driver's seat