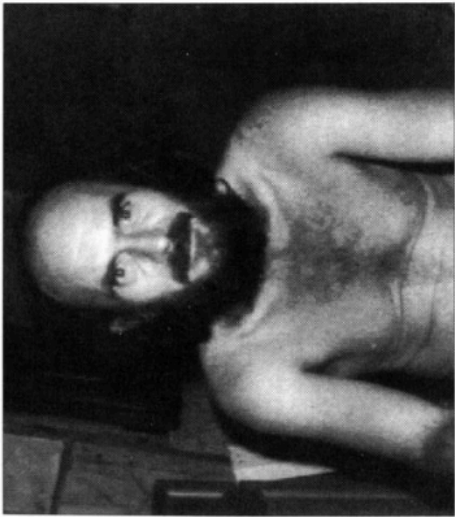


HOWLING IN HELL

Foaming at the mouth with MAD DOG MACKENNA (incarcerated hitman, racketeer and sex industry executive) by GERARD JOHN SCHAEFER



As an author and imprisoned literary personality I've had the unique opportunity to chat murder and mayhem with some of the most notorious criminals in the history of the State of Florida...there was a time when I was tight with Judge Joe Peel, who taught me about the rampant police and judicial corruption in South Florida; Jack "Murph the Surf" Murphy, who was sent to Florida State Prison for sending two screaming young girls to a watery grave in the shark infested waters of Whiskey Creek; Ted Bundy, whose reign of terror as a murderous sex ghoul ended with a surge of 3000 volts of electricity...but not before Ted had revealed to me his horrifying secrets of necrophilia and bloody murder; Otis Toole, the most malignant serial killer-cannibal alive in the world today and a full member of "The Hands of Death" Satanic cult, where young men and women are routinely sacrificed to the devil in Hell. These are all human monsters whose criminal exploits go beyond human understanding into the realm of the insane. Recently I've seen serial killer Danny Rolling, known as "The Butcher of Gainsville" dragged in chains into the prison psycho-ward for specialised attention called "crisis stabilisation"...a fancy euphemism for a torture session at the hands of prison torturers disguised as "doctors". Doctors of what? Don't ask.

Florida State Prison has a well deserved reputation as being the most repressive prison in America and is considered by human rights organisations to be the most gruesome prison facility in the Western industrialised nations...nor are women exempted from the horrors of the death cells. Florida's most noted murderers — serial killer Aileen Wuornos (The Damsel of Death); Judy Buenoano (The Black Widow); Dee Dee Hunt (The Harlot from Hell) — are just three of the condemned beauties who are scheduled for electrocution in the small, stinking execution chamber next to the women's death cells. There is no escaping the grim destiny awaiting these condemned lovelies. Even at this very moment they await the warrant that will send them to their doom of being burned to death with electricity. The chair is ready, the ugly oiled leather straps are prepared to restrain the soft flesh; shaved and dispersed, the ladies will roost on the death chair. Their brains will boil, their eyeballs will be literally blown out of their sockets and their urine will turn to a foul stream as they fry for their sins against the all-powerful and all-corpulent State.

Greater sinners will escape Stato judgement and perhaps the most illustrious of those who follow the bloody path of unholy wickedness is former mafia hit man, white slaver and notorious whoremaster Kenneth "Mad Dog" Mackenna, a racketeer so dangerous and elusive that lawmen once dubbed him "The Florida Fox".

Mad Dog Mackenna, a one man crime wave, descended on tropical Florida from icy Chicago during the 1950s, and until his capture by a police task force in 1988 wrote his legacy in human blood from the satanic island of No Name Key in Monroe County

the steamy fleshpots of the port of Jacksonville. Mad Dog Mackenna now resides at Florida State Prison serving a mandatory 150 year sentence for white slavery. Police experts are still attempting to dismantle Mackenna's 30 year empire of crime; based for the most part on prostitution, narcotics and gambling. Still known today as Florida's "Godfather of Lust", Mackenna is much feared amongst the convict rank and file. The "Mad Dog" has never allowed a media interview and only allowed this writer to interview him after reading KILLER FICTION, a book Mackenna regards as the most accurate portrayal of modern crime and punishment that he has ever read...and now let me introduce you to America's most infamous white slaver, Kenneth "Mad Dog" Mackenna.

G. J. Schaefer: Mad Dog, you are one of the most feared criminal personalities at Florida's State Prison. Tell us how you began your rideable life of crime.

Mad Dog: I had a very bad home life. My mother was a hooker. I never had a father. My mother worked out of our small apartment on Chicago's South Side so I got a sex education as a child and was on the streets at all hours. The Irish mob on the South Side started me out running policy slips, the numbers game they call it. Down here it's Bolita. The cops never hit on no kid in those days. I ran policy until I was maybe 16, then they put me to work running a string of horses. I was a whoremaster by the time I was 21. My momma was real proud of me. I learned a lot about vice there on the Southside but then the area started to turn black and there was racial war over mob territories. The whole neighbourhood was just going to Hell; it wasn't safe to walk the streets at night. There I was, a hot shot boyo of 21...I'd already killed six men in gang shootouts and executed nine street hookers who were bogarting the territory of the girls in my string and things were only getting worse. I decided to move to Florida and that's what I did.

GJS: You're telling us that you had killed 15 people by the time you were 21 and (then) moved to Florida. Here you're planning on retiring at an early age or what?

MD: The killings were just routine business, nothing out of the ordinary. It's not like today where some nutcase grabs people off the streets and slices them up for dinner. Business is business. I'm a criminal, not some weirdo like this Dahmer character. I came down to Florida to do business; that was in 1958. I did my business in Miami, Hollywood, Fort Lauderdale, all along the Gold Coast. In those days I was a smart Mick kid with street smarts and all my hair I had a pot of money to invest in semi-legit business enterprises and the Florida Gold Coast was neutral territory with regards to organised crime families. The Mafia controlled most of the crime action back then. It was all very orderly. Florida in the South was an open territory; the rest of the State was run by Santo Trafficante's crime syndicate. Santo licensed out the various rackets, paid off the cops and kept everything orderly.

I came to Miami in 1958 with a stripper. Her name was Candy Sweet. I put her to work shaking her tail in a club out on the Tamiami trail; by that Winter I had her working "on call" along Miami Beach. She worked the Jewish trade and those Jewboys all love a cute bimbo with big boobs. I was making money with Candy. We lived fine...some beach time in the morning, the ponies at Hialeah or Gulfstream in the afternoon, then Candy had her tricks lined up in the evening and I'd see what was cooking in the clubs. Candy would call in when she made her quota and we'd hit some late night spots.

GJS: What is this thing about this Candy girl "making her quota"?

MD: I can tell you've never run a string of whores! You assign a certain amount of money that a girl has to earn each day. Candy had to bring me five hundred dollars a day. Thirty five hundred a week. That was during the peak tourist season, of course! It was less during the off-season...three hundred a day then.

GJS: What if a girl should come up light on her quota?

MD: The way that works is like this...she comes home light then you just beat the living shit out of her. I was pretty handy with my fists; I'd fought Golden Gloves in Chicago, so I'd work over a whore like she was a speed bag, bruise her up real good. Girls with an attitude, I'd touch them up with a wire coathanger. A coathanger across a bare back will straighten a whore up fast. The best control method is heroin. I'd keep my girls wired on heroin; when you put the hooker on heroin she's easy to control. A junkie whore is easy to control because she gets to the point where she thinks of nothing but the needle and she'll do anything to get that fix.

There does come a point where it's time to move on to new ventures and it's also true that a junkie whore is a boring creature to have hanging around. The treats and ass is certainly decorative but these girls often see and hear too much, when that problem came around the matter could be corrected with what we called a "hot" needle. The junkie would die happy and the cops wrote up an overdose death and the medical examiner would rule death by misadventure or accident. Everybody was happy. The system worked.

GJS: That's a cold hearted way to view a dedicated working girl, Mad Dog, don't you believe it's wrong to treat a young hooker with such a cruel, murderous indifference?

MD: You miss the point. I was a businessman. I provided the customer with a beautiful, exciting quality piece of ass at a good rate which back in 1959 was one hundred dollars an hour. The customer never worried about disease, blackmail, robbery, violence or any other problem a whore might bring with her. The whore didn't worry about running into some nutcase who might leave her laying in a Motel with a stocking knotted around her throat instead of the usual twenty dollar tip. I took good care of my women and there's not a whore on the streets today who will tell you that a five trick quota is unreasonable. My girls didn't even have to walk the street, it was all call work from hotels; which I was able to organise because I was connected with the Chicago mob. You see, everything was excellently organised. The average citizen was shielded from all these things, the doings of the mob was largely invisible. You have real problems today, crime is out of control.

GJS: That's a curious statement coming from a man of your evil reputation. How was it you came to be called "Mad Dog"?

MD: That moniker came to me late in life. Ten years ago I was hired to execute Caesar and Patty Vitale who were involved in a million dollar drug scam. I drove out to their fancy digs in an expensive bedroom community West of Fort Lauderdale and when Caesar came to the door I put a dozen slugs into the fat bastard; then I ran down his cutie pie wife, Patty, and put about another dozen bullets into her. I worked them over with a knife, then I slit their throats. As a final gesture of contempt I pulled down Patty's pants so she'd be mooning the coppers. She was wearing black panties. I left her bare assed, face down in her own bloody mess. I snapped a few photos to verify the hit, so it was due to Patty Vitale that I got the "Mad Dog" handle.

Caesar Vitale had a partner, Mike Papa, and Mike was told to make good on the scammed cash or he and his fancy wife, Carla, would get what Caesar and Patty got. Mike Papa was connected with the Luchese Syndicate; in fact it was Mike's uncle, Vinnie Papa, who was the brains behind the \$60 million dollar "French Connection" heroin heist in New York City. The South Americans felt that Mike could get up the money from the Luchese Syndicate but he either couldn't do it or he didn't care; so about six months after I blasted the Vitales I flew up to New York, drove out to Queens and executed Mike and Carla Papa. She was a very good looking broad but she was considerably pregnant. Maybe 7 months gone. Some hitters won't kill pregnant women. Me, I don't mind, but I charge extra. Girls just ain't saucer eyed, she couldn't believe I was gonna put her down. She was raised thinking that the Mafia doesn't shoot women like herself; that's generally true but the contract was paid for by Colombians and they have no problems about shooting women. I got paid to do a job and I did it well. I don't think that's dishonourable. I executed thieves who knew the penalty when they swindled the cash. Now they call me "Mad Dog" but it's a term of respect. Vincent Code was given the same moniker, so I'm in good company.

GJS: You speak very openly about these murders, aren't you concerned that the cops might make a case on you?

MD: The cops are not concerned about what underground people do to one another. I can assure you that the cops are well aware that Caesar and Patty Vitale and Mike and Carla Papa were crime partners who were scamming other criminals. The cops are not so dumb that they don't understand exactly why Patty Vitale was rubbed out along with her husband but they do recognise that Syndicate people live within a system of laws that have capital penalties for serious code violators, and that these matters are handled by professional mob executioners, and it's accomplished without danger to innocent citizens. Matters such as these do not worry the police union. They understand what it's all about and file it away under Organised Crime Action.

GJS: Mad Dog, you are most notorious in local law enforcement circles as a producer and distributor of illegal sex films. You've been linked to both Satanic and child pornography rings operating out of Florida. Can you give us some insights into the kiddie porn scene?

MD: Yes, it's true that I handled a good deal of kiddie porn, we'd refer to it as KP on the streets. I was one of the primary contacts for the Florida child pornographer Mervyn Cross, who, like Hitchcock, always managed to get himself into the picture.

GJS: Wasn't Mervyn Cross the fellow who used his own daughter in his porn productions?

MD: Yes, that's the gent. He was sent to prison here in Florida for performing acts of incestuous sodomy with his daughter Sarah, which were all recorded on film and are available on the underground mail order market. Sarah was not only the star of many of Cross's films but his main skill as well. She'd recruit other young girls to perform in Cross sex epics. She was Daddy's little girl and a delicious blonde nigger. She earned hundreds of thousands of dollars before the law took them to task for their crimes. I handled the East coast distribution and Robert Lodge handled things out on the West coast. He went to prison as well, we all did. I was the very last member of that group to fall into a jail cell but everyone made a bundle of money.

GJS: That's other noteworthy porn were you handling? Cross is certainly well known to KP collectors around the world for his father/daughter sex play but did handling Cross's work open any previously closed doors for you?

MD: Cross did refer me to other kiddie porn producers. I was handling the material put on the market by Dean Cason over in Tampa and all the material coming out of the Dot Burns agency. Dot Burns was running a recruitment operation and funneling selected girls into child sex and porn modelling work. Big money tricks. You've probably seen the film called AGENCY GIRLS. All those girls worked for Dot Burns. Dot was a marvellously talented procurer. She did a lot of recruitment for Cross's operation even after Cross went to prison. Cross ran an international kiddie porn syndicate. The man was an organisational genius. His original work is very pricey today.

Dean Cason's work is regarded as very high class kiddie porn. I sold thousands of his Little Girl Lust photo packs during the early 80s. Cason was getting referrals from Dot Burns. The girls would do their thing joyrid making over at his private studio and we'd be raking in cash with both hands about 90 days later. Everyone got a cut of the pie, we all made a small fortune. Cason still does some very private stuff but it's all on the sly. The laws on the books at present are simply too severe to justify the risk.

GJS: Did you have any opportunity to interact with these kiddie porn starters? What will you tell us about that?

MD: Yes, I knew many of the kiddie porn starters who lived on the West coast of Florida. The girls were well known to those of us who were in the porn trade and the girls were also well known to the police. The local cops were well paid to ignore the entire operation. The child porn starters I knew personally were all sharp little vikens who enjoyed their work. The seven princesses who were the top money earners in the Little Girl Lust series were Kristy Clark, Katrina Davenport, Kelly Gauding, Tammy Haynes, Michelle Bewend and the Steamer sisters, Rachel and Cheryl. These girls were all recruited out of the Dot Burns organisation and were funnelled through Cason who did the primary nud work with them. This was classic kiddie porn dealing with sexual awakenings; an understated masturbation theme. Cason did brilliant photo studies of innocence on the cusp of being destroyed; it was Cason's skill with the camera that made the difference. The studies almost qualified as artistic but for the heterosexual paedophile the "Luge L" series was a must have for any serious collector; that material sold better than the hardcore stuff I also distributed.

GJS: What else do you regard as hardcore material, Mad Dog?

MD: There is a big market for sexual violence today. I was handling both adult and kid snuff as early as adult and kid scat. My best selling scat was produced by Frank and Leahy Escobena in Miami. I'll be very candid; that material is for the kinky set.

GJS: Can you tell us how "Julie Snuff" is produced?

MD: Yes, I can, but I don't want to get into it. I don't approve of people who victimise children. I distributed kiddie snuff strictly for the money. The money was great. I'd say that I pulled down a hundred grand each distributing SNAME FEAST and GATOR BAIT TEN. Those were the last twoggles that I handled.

GJS: Those films came out of South America don't they?

MD: Yes, Amazonia somewhere. I don't see why anyone would shell out big bucks to watch a twenty foot anaconda snake eat a 10 year old girl. That's sick. Sicker yet is seeing ten young girls ripped apart by huge starving alligators, girls are for screwing; all that bloody violence is perverted.

GJS: I'd like to believe you but what about those two young girls, the Oatley sisters, the police found bound and gagged in the trunk of your car? The police say they were to be used as human sacrifices at Snake Island or No Name Key. How do you explain those girls away, Mad Dog?

MD: Well, I am indeed a white slaver. I bought those two girls from Paula Oatley. I paid her in crack cocaine. I sold the girls to the Snake Island cultists and what they would do to them was none of my business. I never asked those cultists why they needed girls. They paid me cash to procure young meat and that's what I did. Those girls were a commodity, same as chickens and pigs.

GJS: I've heard Otis Toole say that he tried to sell you some prime young pussy and you turned him down flat. Is there any truth to that or is Toole spinning one of his fantastic yarns?

MD: Yeah, that's true. But that was a long time ago. Oh, it must've been in 1960. I was in Jacksonville on business, looking over a warehouse I thought I might purchase out in Springfield. Toole came rolling up and tried to sell me a young woman. He had her tussled up like a piggle going to market. She was in the trunk of his car. I don't purchase kidnap victims. She was a cute item. Early 20s, brown hair, a little on the chubby side. Toole told me she was a short club reject. She was wearing a Hairy Davidson too shirt and blue jeans shorts that were pie soaked. She'd been in the trunk awhile. That was a long time ago, probably the first part of February, 1960. Toole told me he grabbed her because she looked tasty. I didn't know back then that Toole was a cannibal. Toole showed me her ID, from her purse or wallet. The name was Robertson, I think. Toole would squeeze her thigh or arm and smack his lips