

NECROPHILIA

THE LOVE THAT CANNOT SPEAK ITS NAME (ESPECIALLY IF YOU'RE THE DEAD ONE)

"Every man to his own tastes. Mine is to corpses."

—French necrophile Henri Blot, quoted during a court hearing

"I enjoy the cold sensation against the warmth of my own flesh....I've always been physically repulsed by the heat of another living body."

—Female necrophile Leilah Wendell

WHY WOULD ANYONE FUCK A CORPSE? Exactly how bored and lonely are you? You can't go on MySpace? There aren't any singles dances where you live? You can't go to charm school or have your teeth fixed? Can anyone possibly be THAT hard-up?

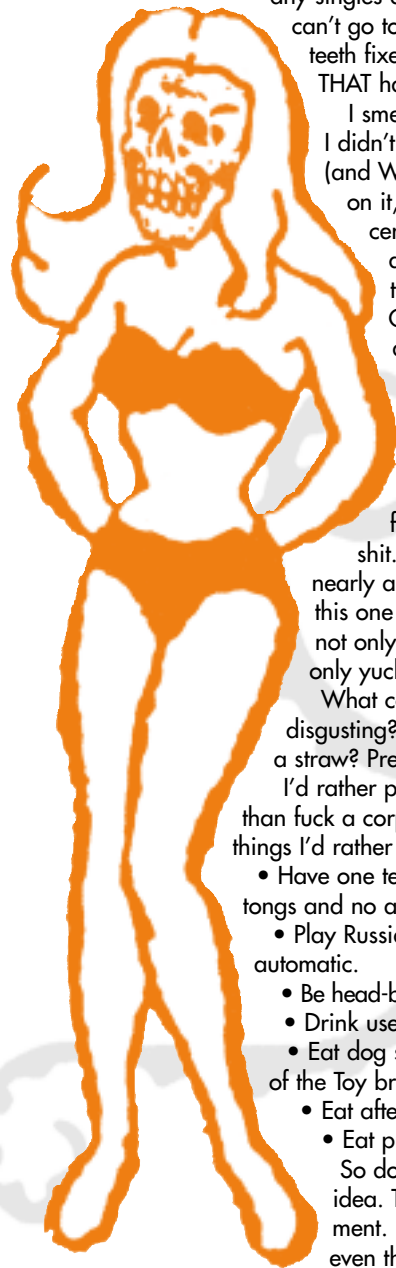
I smelled a dead body once, and I didn't exactly get a boner. I can't (and WON'T) quite put my finger on it, but for me, people lose a certain luster when they're dead. Dead people really let their looks go. For me, the Choir Invisible doesn't hold quite the same appeal as, say, the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders.

This is sick fucking shit. Some fucked-up, sickening shit. Some sickeningly, fucked-up-edly, shitty fucking shit. I can see the appeal of nearly all perversions and kinks, but this one I don't get. Not at all. It's not only gross, it's yucky. And not only yucky—it's disgusting.

What could possibly be more disgusting? Slurping diarrhea with a straw? Prenatal baby-rape? I'd rather poop into my own mouth than fuck a corpse. Here are some other things I'd rather do than fuck a corpse:

- Have one testicle removed with ice tongs and no anesthesia.
- Play Russian roulette with a semi-automatic.
- Be head-butted in the balls by a dwarf.
- Drink used-tampon tea.
- Eat dog shit (as long as it's from one of the Toy breeds).
- Eat afterbirth.
- Eat pussy.

So don't go getting the wrong idea. This is NOT an endorsement. I'm offended that you would even think that.



REFERENCES TO NECROPHILIA ABOUND in pop culture, but I fucking hate pop culture—it's been proven to cause retardation—so I won't mention any of those. You wanna go fry the dozen brain cells you have left by watching some more of those faggy Goth monster movies? I won't get in your way.

Although disgusting (did I mention that it was yucky?), necrophilia has been with us as long as there have been dead bodies. In ancient Egypt, according to the Greek historian Herodotus, noble families would wait three or four days before turning a recently deceased family member—especially if the bitch was a hottie—over to embalmers. "These precautions are taken," Herodotus wrote, "because it is feared the embalmers will violate the corpse." Primitive cultures, most of whom we've blessedly annihilated, tended to be fond of rubbing their genitals up against skulls and jacking off with human bones. They thought it was a way of communing with dead souls and/or absorbing their sexual energy. Such cultures were very, very stupid, which is why I said it's a blessing that we slaughtered them.

TRUE NECROPHILIA—as opposed to the club kids who slap on corpse paint and black eyeliner—is apparently so rare that there exists scant medical literature on the topic. The most comprehensive report appears to be a 1989 paper released by Dr. Jonathan Rosman and Dr. Phillip Resnick that covers 122 case studies. They concluded that nine in ten necrophiles were male, and, of course, almost always white. Four out of five were heteros. Seven out of ten had above-average intelligence. Half exhibited no discernible personality disorders, with a meager 11% being deemed psychotic. They FUCK DEAD PEOPLE, for Christ's sake. What exactly does one have to do these days to be classified as psychotic?

Rosman and Resnick (I think they might be Jews) wrote that necrophiles view their prey as spiritually pure and incapable of rejecting them—or of even resisting them. They tend to suffer from abysmally low self-esteem (DUH!) and are usually terrified of being spurned by women. They often turn an overwhelming fear of death into a desire for it. They are invariably control freaks, and people are much easier to control once they stop breathing.

Unsurprisingly, nearly three-fifths of the subjects in their study were employed at places which provided them with easy access to dead bodies.

DAN (NOT HIS REAL NAME, DUMMY) is in his late 40s and toiled for 15 years as an embalmer in central California. He estimates that in the year 2000 alone, he embalmed 1,000 bodies. Dan was eventually fired for refusing to sign a contract agreeing never to talk with the press if he were to witness an act of necrophilia at his mortuary.

Dan says he finds necrophiles loathsome, but he also condemns the death industry's unwillingness to acknowledge that there's a problem. He recalls a mortuary meat-wagon driver named Mike, whom he describes as 6'4", 350 pounds, and "pear-shaped." He says Mike "doesn't have a mental editor—he's the type of guy who'll look in your eyes and say, 'I'd really like to fuck your daughter.'"

"There was an [car] accident case, a girl of 14 years who was pretty bad—a lot of stitching and a lot of work to get her ready for an open-casket funeral," Dan says. "So Mike comes in and he's

gawking for a while, and finally he says, 'Nice!' And at first, I thought he was talking about my work. So he said, 'No, I'd DO her, man!' And I said, 'Get the fuck out of here.' I found out later that Mike would touch the vaginas of dead women. I told my bosses, but they didn't want word to get out—they felt that by ignoring it, it wouldn't exist.

"A few weeks after that, somebody went into the Cold Room, and Mike had his pants down, but he pulled them right up. It was a 70-year-old woman in there. We went to the main boss about it. He finally called everyone in, and Mike was gone. We found out through sources that Mike had been given two years' pay to leave and shut his mouth. They made him sign a pledge not to ever go to the media about it. They tried to make me sign it, too. I refused to sign it, and I was let go, too. The follow-up is that one of the fired guys showed up one day and told me that Mike had a little 'accident.' My friend had beaten him down with a beer bottle."

AND YET, GOD BLESS AMERICA, there exist small, smelly, revolutionary pockets out there where a freedom-loving attitude of "Die and Let Live" reigns supreme...where the "struggle" to "pork the bones" is cloaked in PC catchphrases such as "alternative lifestyle"...where living people commune with other living people about their attraction to dead people...where severely fucked-up humans strain with every fiber of their still-living flesh to convince the world (and themselves) that they aren't severely fucked-up.

"It is the grandest wish, that our necrophilic sensuality will one day be freely expressed and practiced, without fear of legal consequences, social ostracism or persecution from haughty, false moralists!" bellows a haughtily moralistic scribe who calls himself "MichiganGhoul" on a website dubbed "The NecroErotic—Necrophilia Online." He lists several "Necrophilic Principles" which read like a corpse-fucker's Bill of Rights. Among these are the God-given "right to engage in [our] orgasmic release of choice as do 'normal' couples." Anyone who opposes—or even questions—such orgasmic release is labeled a "necrophobe." On the flip side, he boldly asserts that cadavers have absolutely no rights whatsoever. The webmaster also features a proud pantheon of necrophilic pioneers as if he was a young black man and Jeffrey Dahmer was Marcus Garvey.

"There are many differences between screwing a live and a dead person which one needs to be aware of," cautions the author of a web page called "Necrophilia for Boneheads." He does make one cogent point which was first brought to my attention years ago when reading about British serial killer Dennis Nilsen: It's not as if the carcass suffers or even has the merest idea of what's being done to it. "Firstly, a corpse will never tell you to get off of it if you're being a bit rough and it will never complain no matter what kinky sexual practices you use it for...If you want a great blowjob then lubricate your partner's mouth, lock it to your preferred width, insert and go for it."

"Westgate Necromantic" is a website curated by a female diddler of the deceased who claims that—forget it. I've had enough. These people are too sick.



ONCE YOU DIE, IT'S REALLY TIME TO LAY OFF THE

SEX. Let this stand as a living will—I want to be cremated and have my ashes fill the pepper shakers of Denny's restaurants nationwide. But if my final wishes aren't met and I'm spiked up on formaldehyde and stuffed in a pine box, don't try poking anything in my ass, because...well...I truly wouldn't be able to resist.



KING NECRO

CARL TANZLER, 1877–1952

Skull-fuckers are a dime a dozen. To capture *this* scribe's interest, you have to dazzle me with something beyond corpse-cunnilingus. Been there, done *that*. In historical annals clogged with blandly interchangeable carcass-copulators, one nutty old man floats high above the putrefied heap. Anyone can just dig up a cadaver and make whoopie with it, yet it takes a man of rare pathological devotion to climb the craggy cliffs of Mount Weirdo and cop the coveted crown of King Necro.

That man is CARL TANZLER, a Carl Jung-looking German radiologist who formed what may be politely termed an unhealthy attachment with one of his patients. During his youth in Europe, he claimed to have been repeatedly visited by a female ancestor's ghost who showed him visions of his one true love, a raven-haired, dark-skinned filly. After relocating to Key West, Florida, land of Key Lime Pie and unburned homosexuals, Tanzler's medical practice brought him in contact with a 20-year-old tubercular Cuban hotsy-totsy named Maria Elena Milagro De Hoyos—33 years his junior—whom he instantly pegged as his dream woman. His love was apparently unrequited, which didn't dissuade him from smothering the girl with trinkets, baubles, and endlessly lovey-dovey doodads.

Despite Tanzler's diligent attempts to cure his *inamorata's* TB, she succumbed to the illness within a year, at which point the party *really* started for the quacky doctor. (It's easier to pretend they love you when they're dead.) Tanzler paid for both the girl's funeral and an above-ground mausoleum which he visited almost daily for a year and a half. He even equipped the mausoleum with a telephone in order to conduct "conversations" with her during those unbearable moments when he couldn't be by her side.

One spring night in 1933, his separation anxiety grew too strong, and he plucked the dead girl's corpse from the mausoleum, toting it through the cemetery in a toy wagon en route to his small Key West home.

He strung the girl's bones together with piano wire, replaced her decomposed eyeballs with glass orbs, fitted her with a wig made entirely of her hair, crammed rags within her chest cavity, replaced her skin with wax-coated silk, dressed her in a bridal gown, and fitted her vagina with a paper tube, ostensibly for fucking. He adorned her in stockings and jewelry, repeatedly doused her with perfumes and preservatives, covered her face with a death mask, and placed her in his bed. Such shenanigans went on for seven years until a suspicious relative of De Hoyos made a surprise visit to Tanzler's home. Since Florida had no law forbidding necrophilia, he was charged with grave-robbing, but the charges were dropped because the Statute of Limitations had expired.

Tanzler relocated to central Florida and continued to sell postcards depicting his beloved.