

# CONTENTS

---

PREFACE		9
1.	WITH THE GRACE OF GOD	11
2.	VIOLENCE IN THE HOUSE	21
3.	HAPPY BIRTHDAY	28
4.	LIAR FOR HIRE	45
5.	NIGHT STALKERS	62
6.	NOT A LOVE STORY	75
7.	BETRAYED	91
8.	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION	109
9.	VIRGIN RAPISTS	126
10.	A MURDERER'S GENES	136
<i>References</i>		149
<i>Acknowledgements</i>		155
<i>About the Author</i>		157

## PREFACE

---

When I started working at Kings Cross Police Station in the centre of Sydney in the late 1980s, I knew it would be tough. I had seen it all before. I could have whined to my bosses about a second stint in the evil triangle between Darlinghurst, East Sydney and Kings Cross. But I didn't. I have never hidden from a challenge or dogged anything in my life. Otherwise you live a life of compromise, on your knees.

I realised that going back to work there was a challenge, and that's what I wanted. So I threw myself into it. I was a young detective, keen to get into a challenging career and with ambitions to see just how far I could go in the cops. Bitching about tough assignments would never look good on your resume, irrespective of the number of soft management courses one might do. Personally, my wife and I were planning a family, and had started thinking about our future. That future was dim if I had no career, so I charged hard at Kings Cross.

What I didn't realise until my second tour of Kings Cross was the deep level of utter entrenchment of police in criminal activities, especially in organised crime and drug dealing. This corrupt system

was highly cultivated and provided for organised pay-backs and set-ups for all of those outside the ambit of the protection of that corrupt system. The money available through drug dealing had devoured the oaths of office sworn by many of my Kings Cross colleagues.

As the extent of this criminal system unfolded before my eyes, I knew I had to do something about it.

My story and how I did this was long and painful, and ultimately ended when I left the force, feeling betrayed by the very people I had thought would protect me and back me up. I did have the satisfaction of seeing the notorious paedophile Dolly Dunn behind bars, and I did eventually get a chance to publicly state what I had seen and heard, with evidence. But none of that will ever take away the devastation to my career and family that I endured.

After I had written about this in my book *Dirty Work*, I realised that there was a lot more to tell than just my quest for justice. Along the way there were many criminals and police officers who I saw had something that marked them and their lives out forever. The criminal mind is self-obsessed and determined, and I realised that this trait knows no boundaries, professional or otherwise. It happens on both sides of the legal tracks.

This book is about the collection of people I came across who were intriguing in the way they were so self-destructive. People who held an obsession, a savage obsession, about something that they couldn't control.

## I. WITH THE GRACE OF GOD

---

Robert ‘Dolly’ Dunn began a 20-year jail sentence in 2001 for 24 sexual offences that occurred between 1985 and 1995. He was still being named in connection with offenders in 2009.

*‘One of Mark’s best mates at school was abused by Dolly Dunn. Nothing ever happened.’*

The hideousness of Robert ‘Dolly’ Dunn and his paedophile crimes had lacerated my nightmares for years after his eventual arrest and imprisonment, in which I had played a major part. I had toughed it out, establishing a wall around the revulsion and sickness I felt when I was an undercover detective and forced to listen to him detail his attacks on young boys.

I had tracked and hounded Dunn and the corrupt cops he was working with, led by the boss of Kings Cross police station, Larry Churchill, who had been bribing and manipulating to sell speed for him in Kings Cross. I had outed them and their drug trade, and

Dunn and his protectors had all gone to prison. I wrote all about this in great detail in my book *Dirty Work*.

When I was undercover, I had to endure hours of Dunn boasting about his activities, and I often felt guilty that my passive reactions must have given him some comfort, as if I agreed with him it was a good thing. I also wished I had managed to get out of him a list of the boys he had abused from his days as a teacher.

I mitigated these feelings of revulsion and guilt with the fact that I had sealed Dunn in a maximum security prison for life. From there his only exit was to the Glebe Morgue.

The ‘tough-as-old-bootstraps’ commissioner for corrective services in New South Wales, ‘Rotten’ Ron Woodham, was reported in 2008 as saying that Dolly was ‘unrepentant’ for his crimes.

Woodham was specific. Dunn would be serving his full sentence, —no early release on parole, and no release on compassionate grounds for any of the four life-threatening illnesses which he endured. When in July 2009 Dunn died in the prison hospital at Long Bay his demise was well received by all, to varying extents.

I awoke that cold winter morning to a flood of emails congratulating me. They were all the same: reports of Dunn’s demise, some cynical, some funny but none of them sad. I did not dance from the rooftops or drink celebratory champagne. For me Dunn’s death was like being released from a personal prison of ‘what if’.

Death was a cheap escape for him—something he had displayed considerable expertise in. As the days after Dunn’s death passed I realised the possibility of obtaining a list of Dunn’s unknown victims from him was gone forever. I commenced the only course

of action that I could take in the circumstances, I set about quite thoroughly concentrating on erasing Dunn and the hideousness of his existence from my mind.

But I was still questioning where Dunn's skills began for targeting and grooming the parents and then the boys, his abuse of the boys and his experimenting with drugs on them, his filming of his acts and then his swapping or discarding of the boys for a whole new series of rituals. All this had to have been developed at some point in the past; there must have been a 'jumping off' point for Dunn.

Despite the huge expenditure associated with the Police Royal Commission and criminal investigations stretching across the globe, in my opinion there had never been a concerted effort to background the life and times of this repugnant violent creature, Dunn, prior to his morphing into the hideous and almost cartoon villain character of Dolly.

I could never understand why such backgrounding had never occurred. What had we learned from the life of Dolly Dunn when we left him at the doors of his prison cell?

Dunn must have made mistakes early on; he must have left clues and tracks. If he did leave tracks as he learned his paedophile craft, were those tracks ever pursued or were they ignored?

The skills Dunn possessed were not the skills acquired casually or easily—they required learning, development and practice. I knew if I learned this information I would hold the keys to what had created this monster.

Dunn taught science at Marist Brothers College, Penshurst, between the mid-1970s and the early 1980s, after which he retired from the teaching profession. Why had he retired at 47? What