SON OF SAM

DO MUCH

NEXT FEW WEEKS

by HAROLD JAFFE
SON OF SAM
SON OF SAM

SCOUR THE DONUT SHOPS

Three Fictions by HAROLD JAFFE

Obscure Publications 2001
CONTENTS

SON OF SAM  1

LONELY HEARTS  21

KARLA FAYE  32
Dear Captain Mitch O'Reilly:

I am deeply hurt by you calling me a wemon hater. I am not. What I am is a monster. I am the Son of Sam. I am a little brat.

When old man Sam gets drunk he gets evil. He beats his family. But he don't beat off. No sir. And sometimes he ties me to the back of the house. Or locks me in the garage. It smells real bad in there, Captain Mitch. Sam loves to drink blood.

"Go out and kill," commands Father Sam.

Behind our house they have their eternal rest. Mostly young wemon, raped and slaughtered; blood drained—they're just bones now.
Papa Sam keeps me locked in the attic too. I can't get out but I look out the attic window and watch the world go by. And what a disgusting sight it is. It's absolutely repulsive, Captain Mitch.

Me—I am an outsider. I'm on a different wave length than the rest of you Robo Sapiens. I am a murderer that admits to being a murderer. You say you want to stop me, Captain Mitch. Well, then, you must kill me. Attention all precinct houses and donut shops: Shoot first and question later. Empty your semi-automatics and riot shotguns into the Son of Sam.

Papa Sam is real old, Captain Mitch. He needs some blood to preserve his youth. He has had too many heart attacks. Too many farty infarctions. "Ugh; me hoot. It hoits, sonny boy."

I miss my pretty wabbit most of all. She's resting in our ladies house. Imagine her
sweet floppy ears. Have you ever heard a wabbit shriek in pain, Captain Mitch? It would melt your hard cop's heart. But I will see her soon because I am the monster—Beelzebub, the chubby behemoth.

I love to hunt, Captain Mitch. Blood sports. Prowling the streets of our great boroughs. Excluding Staten Island of course. I am looking for meat. The wemon of Queens are the prettyest of all. It must be the water they drink. I live for the hunt, it's my life. Blood for the old man, Papa Sam.

Captain Mitch, I don't want to kill anymore. No sir. But a respectable churchgoer like you realizes that I must "honor thy father." What I want to do is make love to the world. For that I will need more of that sticky white stuff, it's gooey but it's good. I will pump iron and increase my consumption of donuts, like your guys in blue do; New York City's finest.
I don't belong on earth; Captain Mitch. Return me to the yahoos. To the human beans of this great city, I proclaim my love. And I want to wish you all a happy Easter. For I will rise to see that the yahoos and the fine wemon of these boroughs have a long and peaceful sleep. Once all the blood is washed off.

Ach. Old man Sam is wheezing and barking. Time for me to haul ass.

Bye for now.

SOS

Burly, handsome, the son, grandson, and great-grandson of NYC police officers, forty-three-year-old Captain Mitch O'Reilly headed Operation Omega, the city-wide task force whose sole charge was: Apprehend the loon that was cold-bloodedly murdering females in various parts of the city with a .44 handgun at point blank range.

The killer, Son of Sam, as he called himself, had previously written to the well-known newspaper report-bon vivant, Jimmy Breslin. But this was the first time he'd contacted the police.

Was the letter as wacko as it seemed? Or was it intricately coded? The killer was obviously compelled to display his high IQ.
“Donuts” came up several times. And women, deliberately misspelled as “wemon.” Also “yahoos” which evidently was a derogatory term used by Mets fans for the NY Yankees. Yahoos also appeared in his letter to Breslin, a rabid Yankee fan. *Robo Sapiens* was a pun of some kind, underlined to call attention to itself.

What about the rabbits with their floppy ears and pathetic shrieks? Doctor Myron C. Kessel, the police psychiatrist attached to the task force, interpreted the floppy ears as representing the killer’s lack of self-esteem, and especially his inability to get an erection in normal ways. He needed to kill desirable young females in order to consummate his desire for them, which he did through masturbation. The “pathetic shrieks” represented the killer’s agonizing impotence.

As far as the killer getting his orders from “father Sam,” that could very well be a red herring to throw the police off his trail.

What it boiled down to was one of two theories: Either the killer was a psycho pure and simple, or he was faking madness to implement his bloody vendetta against females.

*Dear Sam Carr:*

*I have asked you please and pretty please: Stop that dog of yours from howling all day and all night. Yet he continues to do so. I pleaded with you, Sam Carr. I told*
you how the barking and wheezing and howling was destroying my digestion and my family. How the barking and howling would make me scream, scream out begging for the noise to stop. It never stopped.

Now I know what kind of a human bean you are and what kind of a family you are. You are cruel and inconsiderate. You have no love for any other human beans. You're selfish, Mr. Sam Carr. My life is destroyed now. I have nothing to lose anymore. I can see that there shall be no peace in my life or my family's life while you are still alive and farting.

I have called out the names of the masters: John Wheaties, General Jack Cosmo, The Womb-Raider. Their verdict is unanimous: you are dead poo. I'll see you in hell, old Sam Carr.

Four days later, Carr heard a gunshot coming from the doghouse in his backyard where he discovered his beloved six-year-old black Labrador, Harvey, bleeding on his side.
on the ground. A heavy-set male wearing a yellow rain slicker and baseball cap was bounding away.

Harvey died in intensive care three-and-a-half hours later.

Carr reported the occurrence to the local Yonkers police and handed them the offending letter. The Yonkers police filed it under the category: low priority.

Dear Jake Cassara,

I'm sorry to hear about that fall you took from the roof of your house. And what happened to your groin. That's what you get from straddling the roof like it's a pony. It ain't a pony, Jake, it's just a freaking tract house, and you're a despicable couch potato.

Anyway, I just want to say I'm sorry. I'm sure it won't be long until you are on the mend. Please be careful next time since you're going to be confined for a very long time. You're going to be confined throughout all eternity, Jake. Where? Straight down and down, where the giant
Jake Cassara had not fallen off his roof. And aside from BPH (benign prostate hypertrophy), his groin was intact. Nor had he ever met Sam and Frances Carr. His wife’s name was Jean, not Jane. And he didn’t have any acquaintances among meat slaughterers.

He dialed 411 to get the Carr’s phone number from Information and phoned them; they agreed to meet that evening at the Magic Christian, a diner/bar in Yonkers.

The Carrs told the Cassaras about the menacing letter they’d received, and how their dog Harvey had been murdered. They strongly suspected an ex-tenant named Berkowitz.

Cassara’s twenty-seven-year-old son Jonah, a hairdresser, also in attendance, then made a crucial deduction. He remembered an odd duck named David Berkowitz who had briefly rented a room in their house in early 1976.

“He never came back for his two-hundred-dollar security deposit after he left,” Jonah, between bites of
Shrimp Scampi, reminded his dad. "And he was always bothered by Snowball."

Snowball was the Cassara's five-year-old schnauzer, a barking/yapping machine.

Jake Cassara and Sam Carr decided to deliver the letter to the Yonkers Police and convey their suspicions about David Berkowitz. Once again, the police filed the complaint as low priority.

Dear Dad:

I hope you are doing better than I am. You're basking in the sun down there in Miami Beach with your new old wife; I'm colder than a son of a beach in the northeast armpit of the Bronx. That's okay, dad, because the bleak, gloomy weather suits my mood. How would you feel if everyone hated you, if the young and pretty girls mocked and laughed at you even though you never did anything to them?

Why do these pretty girls and their slim boyfriends spit and curse at me, dad? Why do they force me to swerve and step in
Clearly the letter to his father was a plea for help. After writing it, David Berkowitz locked himself in his tiny apartment for five-and-a-half weeks, leaving only for Spam, Pepsi and the *Daily News*, listening to a.m. radio and masturbating. Not making his bed, not flushing the toilet.

Arguably, David’s stepfather, Nat, should not have left his son alone, but hindsight is always 20/20, and David was twenty-four years old and an army vet. Nat was heartbroken after Pearl, his wife of thirty-three years, had died of breast cancer. When he met the widow Sylvia at a “mix” sponsored by the Co-op City Temple, they discovered their mutual isolation, one thing led to another, and now Nat was remarried to Sylvia and living in a one bedroom condo in Miami Beach. Without David. That was one of the bride’s stipulations.

When David finally emerged from his self-imposed isolation it was nearly Xmas, time to kill. That’s what old man Sam’s voice was telling him. On December 29, 1975, at 8:15 p.m., David took a large serrated butcher knife and drove around the Bronx for hours looking for a young female to “slice and dice.” Old Sam would let him know when he found the right one.

As it turned out, David, using the butcher knife, assaulted three females on three different occasions and
bungled each one. Old Sam instructed him to switch to a large caliber handgun.

Dear Jimmy Breslin:

Greetings from the gutters of the Big A, and from the vermin that dwell in those gutters and feed on the dried blood that has coagulated in the cracks and crevices of those gutters.

Greetings from the gutters filled with dog poo, vomited sweet wine, piss, and blood. I greet you from the NYC sewers that swallow up these delicacies when they are washed away with sweater trucks piloted by yahoos.

You fat Irish sack of suds, I feel like I know you. You’re a beer drinker, right? A shot of Bushmills, a chase of beer. You sure as hell must be addled when you write about me, Breslin. I’m not a “psychotic fat nobody” as you said. When I turned my back on the boxing game, I
was one fight away from being a contender for the welterweight crown. Does that sound like a nobody, you fat hunk of snot? Would you be prepared to strip down and take me on, mano a mano? Can you still see your pecker over your tummy?

Listen carefully, you tub of barf. Because you didn't hear from me for a while doesn't mean I've given up my call. I am still here, a displaced spirit roaming the night, needing to appease Sam.

When I don't find a worthy subject, I return to a scene of an earlier murder and nose around, examining the remnants of bloodstains, police chalk-marks. I've gone to the funerals of some of my girls. And afterwards I've followed the attending cops to the bars or donut shops. Sometimes I've gone to a batting range to take a few swats.

You crave your suds, don't you, Breslin? Well, old Sam craves his blood, and he
won't let me stop killing until he gets his fill of the red stuff. Tell me, thick ass, what will you be drinking on the night of July 29, 1977? I know what I'll be drinking. Until then, I say goodbye, and don't forget about Bonnie Capra. She was a very sweet girl.

Thank you for sharing,
SOS

The *Daily News*, Breslin's newspaper, withheld a portion of the letter at the insistence of the police task force. The omitted portion read: "Here are some names to help your flabby ass get rolling: John Wheaties, Wicked King Wicker, General Jack Cosmo, and The Womb Raider, rapist and suffocator of young gals. Now go fish, Breslin."

The police intelligence unit was intensely researching and decoding those names.

Eighteen-year-old Bonnie Capra was Son of Sam's first victim a year ago, on July 29, 1976, a bubbly brunette gunned down in her canary-yellow Plymouth Duster where she sat alongside her friend, nineteen-year-old Cindi Palantonio, outside Bonnie's Fordham Road apartment (that's in the West Bronx) at 10:50 p.m. on a Tuesday. Sam used his trademark Charter Arms .44 Bulldog revolver, blasting the two friends at point blank range. Cindi, who was not hit head-on, recovered, though with only some of her wits intact.
With the anniversary of the first murder coming close, the city was in a panic.

By now the police knew they were dealing with a paranoid schizophrenic who considered himself possessed of demonic power, an isolated loner who had difficulty with relationships, especially with women.

Operation Omega, meanwhile, was growing in size and resources, and now contained more than two hundred detectives city wide. It was too big an operation to be in the hands of a captain, so Assistant Police Commissioner Timothy X. Hanifan was given the reins, with Captain Mitch O’Reilly as his deputy.

Dear Hanifan:

I hope you don't mind me referring to you by your surname. You're a big muck-a-muck by cop standards, right? You worked yourself up from foot patrol to one below top dog. And you didn't take any graft along the way. Well, you never got caught, anyway. You have a gut, a touch of arthritis, and your hearing ain't what it used to be, but you're not yet in yourdotage. If you nail Son of Sam, it could
mean finally rising to your highest level of incompetence: Police Commissioner.

Though I’m not an admirer of cops, I feel for you, Hanifan, with your fat gut, defective hearing, and sweeping ambition. I will tell you, then, that a SOS strike is imminent. It will happen on the anniversary of the first glorious murder, and will take place in the vested borough of Queens where the girls and wemon are soooo pretty.

I hope this anniversary murder will finally appease old Sam. To look at him, he’s a wasted old man, with farty breath, unappealing in the extreme. But what an appetite for blood! It rivals your appetite for power.

So that’s where it stands, Hanifan. You be ready on 7/29/77. If you don’t find me at the scene of the crime, scour the nearby donut shops and batting ranges. I used to play a little baseball, third base.
Struck out a bunch, but I still like to get my swats.

I don't want to murder any more, Hanifan. And without murder there ain't no reason to hang around this fucked-over planet. When your men in their Omega task force camo Swat suits spot me, have them shoot to kill. Blast my ass into the gutter, Commissioner. The raunchier the gutter the better.

Your comrade,
Son of Sam

Hanifan and his top aides closely analyzed the letter. Doctor Myron C. Kessel interpreted SOS's plea to be “blasted” in the gutter as an example of “a self-esteem lack, and very possibly a suicide wish.” That the last murder would occur in Queens, Dr. Kessel interpreted as a reference to the mother SOS never had. “His preference would be to elevate, even sanctify, females (Queens), but his degraded condition constrains him to kill them.”

Hanifan covered Queens like a cheap suit, with police sharpshooters on roofs and two plainclothes cops in every donut shop in the borough. The batting ranges were also patrolled.
Okay, Son of Sam, you murdering motherfucker. The Big Apple's finest are poised and ready. Let's get it on!

Right. Only SOS didn't strike on the anniversary date. He struck two days later, not in Queens but in the Gravesend section of Brooklyn. At one-forty a.m., vivacious twenty-year-old Heather-Lee Trammell and her vibrant young boyfriend Tony Demarco were spooning in the back of Demarco's dad's silver 1976 Chrysler New Yorker.

Tony had finally managed to undo Heather-Lee's bra strap when they were undone by Berkowitz. Heather-Lee shot once in the head, Tony twice in the face.

Thirty-eight hours later Heather-Lee Trammell was pronounced dead on the operating table. Tony Demarco survived the attack, but without his left eye and portions of his cheek and nose which had been shot away.

Meanwhile, in Yonkers: Responding to a call from a Craig Glassman about suspected arson at 35 Pine Street, Officer Rickerts and Civiello, recovered three bullets which had been tossed into a tire outside Glassman's door. Evidently the flames didn't get hot enough to set the bullets off.

Glassman, himself a deputy sheriff, interviewed by the police, suspected a tenant from an adjoining building who had been complaining about Glassman's barking golden retriever. The complainant's name was David Berkowitz.

When the rounds were analyzed, it was determined that they came from a Charter Arms .44 Bulldog revolver.

Instead of contacting the city-wide Omega Task Force, the Yonkers cops decided to cop the glory. They staked out Berkowitz's apartment, and at 7:42 p.m. on 8/10/77, a
heavyset man carrying a brown paperbag emerged from the apartment and opened the driving side door of a ’73 Ford Galaxy. As soon as he settled into the seat, Officer Civiello came from the rear of the car, put the barrel of his Colt .45 against the man’s skull and barked: “Freeze. Police.”

Civiello’s partner Rickerts had come around the other side with his Colt drawn.

The man inside the car turned slowly to Rickerts then Civiello. He smiled moronically.

“Now that we got you,” Civiello said, “Who have we got?”

Still grinning, the man said: “You’ve just won the lottery, brother cop. I am Son of Sam.”

David Berkowitz would plead guilty to the Son of Sam murders and be sentenced to 365 years in Attica.

9/5/86
Attica
Dear Pen Pal Dee-Dee,

Greetings from Death Row.

I’d say that that sweaty fat lady that’s giving you grief is living on overtime. Why right now her bloodstream may be filling with fatty cholesterol which could cause sudden death or stroke. If you’re
lucky she will drop dead right at your feet, sliding off the chair and plopping on the floor of the office, and leaving a large greasy stain. Dee-Dee, I know a lot about fat people. They've eaten themselves to madness and insanity. It's true, Dee-Dee. These gluttons become extremely jealous, self-conscious and finally paranoid, convinced that everyone is laughing at them (which is probably true). They are generally weak-minded, lack will power, self confidence, and are constipated, destructive and even sadistic. Here's what I'd recommend:

Obtain a brown paper lunch bag.
Get a huge hunk of hero bread.
Get plenty of meatballs.
Get plenty of tomato sauce.
Put meatballs and sauce on hero bread.
Secure a fat juicy pickle.
Cut a huge wedge of coconut custard pie.
Put hero, pickle and pie into a brown bag.
At lunchtime get a seat in front of fatso and pull out your hero, pickle, pie lunch. Ummmmmmmm!
Start chewing and watch her drool.
Watch her get dizzy.
Watch her eyes begin to pop out of their sockets.
See fatty run.
See her run out the door.
See her make tracks to Harvey’s Hero Haven.
See her bite into a meatball and peppers hero and die.
See fat Sadie dead and buried.
Here lay Fat Sadie whose heart quit at 479 pounds.

Write me again soon, Dee-Dee. I’m thinking of becoming a born-again.

Love,
Dave
Martha Beck was large, Ramon Fernandez was sleek. Martha, 41 (she said 35), was a mortician's assistant without rhythm. Ramon, 39 (he said 33), wore a hairpiece and was born to dance. That's an exaggeration; let's say he looked smooth and flashy on the dance floor, especially from a slight distance.

Martha was not utterly without grace. Given her size and the fact she lived and handled cadavers in Pensacola, Florida, she was light on her feet and smelled clean. To Ramon her lips smelled of strawberries, her red hair smelled freshly permed, and her pussy...her pussy was a bog. Peaty. Ramon like the smell of peat.

Martha would lick under Ramon's rubies (that's what she called them), and that musky-sexy smell was how he smelled all over, beneath his cologne. He wore Grito, by Almodovar. Yes, that Almodovar, he'd taken a sabbatical from movie making to establish his own line of fashion wear, which turned out to be fabulously successful. Maricón had the Midas touch.

Ramon wished he'd had the Midas touch. But that was when he was feeling sorry for himself. Shoot, bilking 47 widows and spinsters of their savings wasn't all that
shabby for a faded gigolo with a hairpiece, florid dance technique, tendency to migraines, and a big dick.

Ramon was born in Honolulu of Spanish parents. So he claimed. They could have been Puerto Rican or Salvadoran, Cuban or Dominican. He did live in Spain for a time, near Málaga, married there, fathered three daughters, whom he deserted after the divorce from his Catalan wife. He escaped to Canada during the Vietnam conflict, came back after the war and chilled in New Orleans, where he studied black magic and evidently got himself a mojo hand.

Somewhere along the way he decided he was irresistible to females.

Martha didn't mind washing and handling cadavers; truthfully, she liked it. What she didn't like were the smells of the toxic chemicals injected into the cadavers to stall decomposition. Plus her mortician boss was a dick. She managed to land another job for more money; assistant superintendent of a home for physically disabled children, also in Pensacola.

Martha preferred corpses to noisy, needy kids, but was prepared to bend.

From New Orleans Ramon followed his penis, so to speak, east into the Florida Panhandle. Living there was relatively cheap, unattached fems were plentiful, and the tropical climate was good for Ramon's hormones. He
loved to sunbathe nude, though not without his hairpiece. This was before chlorofluorocarbons.

After three failed marriages, Martha advertised in the Pensacola Tribune’s Lonely Hearts Club column, which just happened to be where cheetah Ramon stalked his wildebeests. Ramon contacted Martha and she invited him to call on her in her bungalow in Pensacola. They weren’t together fifteen minutes before she led him to her queensized bed to rut. Noisy passion. Martha did all of the dirty talking. For Martha it amounted to love at first thrust; she found him irresistible.

Ramon, with the hair-trigger hardon, found Martha surprisingly passionate for a very fat woman. And she didn’t smell funky like other obese humans who can’t get to all the holes and crevices to soap them thoroughly. Teaming up with a fat person was not on his agenda. Nonetheless, Ramon played his part and managed to introduce the question of money. Martha confided that she had amassed nearly thirty thousand dollars in savings, which was a strategic lie. She saw what he was up to and meant to cut him off at the pass.

They met and rutted the next night, after which Ramon “borrowed” $1,500. He stayed away for four days, driving to Mobile to cultivate a blue-haired widow in that fair city. When he returned Martha was waiting in his apartment. Literally. She’d persuaded the janitor to let her in. The triumphant look on her face preempted Ramon’s anger. She had read all of his letters from lovelorn females and
even gone through his cancelled checks. Given that incriminating data, even a stupid person could have figured out Ramon’s game, and Martha was the opposite of stupid.

Martha then made an offer that Ramon could not easily reject: They work as a team, she scour the lonelyhearts’ columns, they select the marks together. When Ramon called on the mark, she would travel with him disguised as his sister. Ramon didn’t like any of it and especially that last craziness. He felt the beginnings of a migraine. The thought of murdering her flitted through his pounding head. Except he wasn’t a murderer. He accepted her offer. The migraine abated. They rutted on Ramon’s king-sized bed.

The first mark they did ensemble was a twice-widowed, sixtyish human called Faye Klug who lived in Tallahassee. She had advertised in the lovelorn column of the Tallahassee Sentinel, Ramon had responded, phone calls ensued, and now a visit was arranged. Swarthy sleek Ramon and his capacious older sister “Marta,” wearing a black wig and “suntan” makeup, rented a Ford and drove east to Tallahassee, the tropical capital of the proud Sunshine state.

Gaunt and grey, wearing orthopedic shoes, the widow Klug appeared to like Ramon, but she clearly couldn’t abide Marta. The siblings put up in her small tract home, and for the sake of propriety the widow shared a bedroom with sister Marta. If Ramon were solo he would have seduced the widow to hasten the process. But Marta, who
proved to be fanatically jealous, insisted that Ramon not rut with any of the marks from then on. Less strong-willed than she, Ramon resentfully agreed. But sometime after two a.m. on the third night the widow Klug sneaked out of her bed and crept into the guest room and the bed of Ramon. They were a millimeter away from animal congress when a furious Marta burst in and hacked the widow to death with a cleaver she had providentially packed. The widow, on top (for the first time in her sensual life), bled all over the seducer Ramon.

Ramon bolted out of bed and into the bathroom dripping blood. He had never killed before and now he had a panic migraine. Marta tried to reason with him but he wouldn’t leave the bathroom. Marta returned to the bedroom and carried the dead widow into the kitchen. She held Faye upside down and drained her blood, or most of it, into the kitchen sink. Next she laid the thin, bloodless cadaver on the cutting board and butchered her.

It took seven trash bags (industrial sized) to dispose of Faye Klug. The widow’s orthopedic shoes, which had disgusted Marta, she deposed in the seventh bag. She transported the trash bags to the widow’s Oldsmobile in the garage. Then she thoroughly washed the bedding and floor. By the time she was finished there was no visible trace of the widow Klug. It was 5:15, nearly dawn. Ramon was still in the locked bathroom. Marta could hear his soft sobs through the door.
When Ramon finally emerged at 6:25, Marta was sipping coffee at the small table in the kitchen. He sat down next to her and she poured him a cup. Marta knew where the widow Klug had stashed her money, nearly $8,000. They snatched the money, locked up the house and left for Pensacola at 7:20 a.m., Marta driving the dead widow’s Olds, Ramon driving the rented Ford.

Neither said anything about the murder. Both knew they had crossed the line. Ramon secluded himself in his apartment nursing his migraine.

Five or six days later Ramon moved in with Marta. A few days after that, Marta uncovered an ad in the Panama City Pylon from a 28-year-old widow with a four-year-old daughter living in Panama City. The widow was called Delphine Dearborn, and Marta sensed she would have to be hawkeyed to assure that no sex transpired between her and Ramon. The photo the young widow subsequently sent confirmed Marta’s anxieties; Delphine was almost beautiful. Why then did she advertise in the lonelyhearts column? She was, she confided in her first letter, a born-again Christian who didn’t drink, smoke, fornicate, blah, blah. In Marta’s experience, pious Christians were the most corruptible.

Ramon and Marta boarded with Delphine in her stucco tract house just west of Panama City proper. While Ramon was courting the beautiful widow, Marta ingratiated herself into looking after Delphine’s four-year-old child, Rainelle. She slept in a cot in the child’s room. Ramon slept in the
guest room. As usual, Ramon worked fast, and on the third day he'd already gotten full disclosure re Delphine's savings.

The full disclosure can be attributed to what happened on the second evening. While they were all watching a musical variety show on television in the common room, Ramon got up and did his John Travolta- *Saturday Night Fever* routine. He was wearing his tight shorts and looked sexy. When the widow Delphine awoke the next a.m. she was in love with him. The faded gigolo recognized the change in her and knew he had made his conquest. Now he wanted nothing more than to bed the gorgeous Christian, but how to escape the eagle eye of severe sister Marta.

Providence intervened: Marta woke up with a terrible toothache on the morning of the fourth day, which meant that she would have to drive to a dentist in Panama City. Obviously she was reluctant to leave, even for a few hours. She tried to persuade Ramon to accompany her, but he begged off claiming he felt the onset of a migraine. Marta was in too much discomfort to argue.

Ramon and Delphine seized the moment to rut in Delphine’s double bed. Passionate, fiery even, the Christian was agile—almost acrobatic—which allowed Ramon to bust some moves he hadn’t done since his enforced fidelity to Marta.

Marta returned some two-and-a-half hours later one tooth poorer. Immediately, she went to the widow’s
bedroom and smelled the sex. Ramon of course would deny it. He and the widow Delphine were sitting on the small porch making small talk. Meanwhile Rainelle was pulling at her “nanny” Marta’s dress. She wanted attention. Before she knew what she was doing, Marta slapped the brat hard across the face.

Screaming blue murder, Rainelle ran onto the porch. The evil blood red splotch on her cheek told the tale, and the widow, clasping the wrist of the hysterical child, bounded into the house. Delphine ordered Marta to pack her clothes and leave her home. At once. After glaring at her, Marta went to her room. Ramon excused himself and followed her. In whispers they discussed their options. Ramon felt that in two or three more days he’d gain access to at least some of the widow’s savings. Clearly Marta had to leave, but not for home; she would hole up in Panama City, while Ramon continued to work his magic. With one condition, of course. No sex.

It was a condition Ramon had no intention of fulfilling. With the house locked against intruders (Marta), Ramon and the amorous Christian rutted long and often. The more they rutted, the more she seemed to crave it. In the dawn hours of the second night, after a marathon session of fornication, Ramon had a shower and retired to the guest room (they were sleeping apart in case Marta broke into the house at night and found them together).

Ramon had removed his hairpiece and was settling into bed when the fervid Delphine opened the door without
knocking and discovered him hairpiece-less. She was staring at him when Ramon, livid, hurdled out of bed and lunged for her throat. He throttled her on the spot. She fell down dead at his feet. He snatched his hairpiece, dressed, slid into the widow’s Buick Century and sped to Marta in Panama City.

Ramon and Marta returned to the house in the Century. The child was still asleep. Marta suffocated her with her pillow. Then the former mortician’s assistant drained the blood from both bodies and butchered them. The full-bodied widow and child took up eleven trash bags which Marta and Ramon squeezed into the Buick Century. All they got their hands on was $187 from the widow’s purse and from various drawers. If only Ramon had waited one more day. But he was irrationally, violently narcissistic about being caught without his hairpiece.

Did Marta know about the hairpiece?
Yes. She was the only other one.

Was Marta pleased that Ramon throttled the beautiful sex-crazed widow even without getting to her $$$?
I suspect you know the answer to that one.

The Delphine Dearborn misadventure drove them even closer together. Their rutting was more passionate than ever. Repentant now, and scared, Ramon rutted like an adolescent diving into his mother. Marta liked that; she felt more secure. But house guests and fish start to stink after the third day; the grifters got restless. Ten days after misfiring with Delphine and Rainelle, they found
themselves in Chattahoochee in the trailer home of a Creole widow named Prudence Lorena. Miss Prudence, going on seventy (she said 54), was part Chickasaw, African, Chinese, and Irish American. Like Ramon, she was dark complected and evidently saw at once that "Marta" was impersonating Ramon's sister.

Only Miss Prudence didn't let on that she saw. Either she was too smitten with Ramon to raise a fuss, or she was something of a grifter herself. For once, Marta turned her head and permitted Ramon to rut with the revolting old lady, if that's what he chose to do. Interestingly, Miss Prudence, though on the brittle side, knew how to rut, and Ramon mostly enjoyed it. The odder thing happened après lust; sharing a cigarette on their back in bed, Miss Prudence, appealing to his money-lust, tried to turn the gigolo against Marta. The old woman claimed she had access to $110,000 in savings, which she would share with Ramon if they murdered Marta and shacked up together.

Apparently Miss Prudence had gambled that even if Ramon turned down her offer and ratted to Marta, they wouldn't murder her without first getting to her money which was securely out of range. The prospect of murdering Marta and taking up with the old lady held no appeal for Ramon. Actually it gave him a headache. Marta saw he was preoccupied and grilled him. He ended up divulging what Miss Prudence had said.

What Marta and a partially reluctant Ramon decided was to murder the old whore never mind the shitty money.
The idea was for Marta to get to her when she slept, except that Miss Prudence was not a sleeping kind of old woman. On the fourth night Marta had a go at it anyway; the Creole was lying on her back in her narrow bed when the fat but light-footed murderess crept into the room and raised the cleaver. Prudence veered and Marta ended up grazing her. Then Prudence fought back like a wildcat and actually seemed to be getting the best of it, when Ramon came up behind and smashed her on the head with a heavy skillet. He had to hit her several more times to shut her down. She bled a lot for a skinny, crusty old lady. Butchered, she amounted to four industrial sized trash bags, the fourth only half-filled.

Marta and Ramon were back in Pensacola with nothing to show for it. Not only that, each of them, at about the same time, seemed to have lost all enthusiasm for the lonelyhearts scams. One morning ten or so days after their fruitless return, they awoke around 8:30 and rutted with their customary passion. While Marta was preparing the coffee, Ramon put on his hairpiece, took our his Smith & Wesson .38 Police Special, fitted a silencer onto it, went into the kitchen and shot Marta in the head from behind as she was standing at the stove. He dragged her body into the bedroom and laid it across the bed. Ramon couldn’t kiss her face because it was in fair part blown away. He kissed her upper arm. Then, patting the top of his hairpiece, he shot himself in the chest and collapsed on top of her.
Condemned killer Karla Faye Tucker learns today whether Texas parole officials believe she is a reformed female who should be spared execution.

If the Texas Board of Pardons and Paroles rules against the diminutive admitted killer of 2, and all other appeals are denied, she would become only the second female put to death in Texas since the Civil War.

The deliberating panel said its decision on Karla Faye Tucker's fate would be announced 32 hours before her scheduled execution tomorrow, by lethal injection, which, according to punishment experts, is the most humane method of execution currently available.

Karla Faye Tucker would be the first female executed in Texas since 1863 and only the second in the US since the Supreme Court permitted capital punishment to resume in 1976.

The 38-year-old former teen-age prostitute, drug abuser, biker slut, and rock band groupie received the death penalty for killing two people with a pickax in 1983.
The sovereign state of Texas adopted lethal injection as a means of execution in 1977. The electric chair had been employed in Texas from 1924 through 1976. Affectionately called Mr. Zap, it was the original model constructed from Galveston white oak in 1923. Condemned inmates were transported to the state penitentiary in Huntsville where they were forcibly introduced to Mr. Zap.

Karla Faye Tucker asked the 18-member parole board to recommend clemency to Governor George W. Bush, contending she is a reformed female who has found Jesus Christ and can serve as a resource and role model for other abused women if she is granted a life sentence without parole.

Ten board members must agree with her before the governor has the option of sparing her life. But even a single favorable vote would be highly unusual. Of the 23 males who sought clemency in 1997, none received a dissenting vote. Of course these were African American or Latino males, not a petite 100-pound Caucasian female with the face of a madonna.

Lethal injection consists of Sodium Thiopental, Pancuronium Bromide, and Potassium Chloride. The process averages 7 minutes, 13 seconds, and the cost per execution for the drugs is $86.08.
Karla Faye Tucker has an appeal pending before the US Supreme Court which argues that the commutation process in Texas is unconstitutional, lacking clear guidelines and adequate hearings. If her appeal is rejected, she would be the first Caucasian female with auburn hair weighing less than 163 pounds ever executed in the state of Texas.

A Bush spokeswoman said yesterday the governor would hold off on a decision in the case until the Supreme Court rules. The governor was at his family compound in Maine hunting pheasant with his father, George senior, the former president and architect of Desert Storm, and with his younger brother, Jeb, the governor of Florida and the president and CFO of the Florida Marlins baseball team.

Karla Faye Tucker, who would be the 147th Texas inmate executed since Charlie Brooks (black) in 1982, has admitted using a pickaxe to kill a 64-year-old Texarkana man named Moseby that she and a male accomplice robbed of 37 dollars and 14 cents. Tucker then killed the victim's 61-year-old wife to eliminate her as a witness.

Karla Faye Tucker delivered 36 blows to the female victim and 29 to the male. The forensic investigative unit calculated that a single blow would have been sufficient to kill each victim. Tucker was a 171 pound weightlifter with a tongue stud and multiple tattoos when she committed the murders.
Tucker's male accomplice, a full-blood American Indian of the Shoshone tribe, was on death row, awaiting execution by lethal injection, when he was stabbed to death in the shower by a fellow inmate in 1985 as he allegedly resisted being raped. The killer had fashioned his lethal weapon from a soup spoon smuggled out of the prison mess in his ponytail.

The assailant claimed that he merely wanted to massage the victim's prostate as he had done several times before, at the victim's request. Only this time the victim resisted violently and so the would-be prostate masseur killed him in self-defense.

The state of Texas executed its first inmate by electrocution on February 8, 1924. On the same date, five additional inmates were executed in the following order:
Chucky Reynolds (black) Red River County, murder.
Ewell Morris (black) Liberty County, kidnapping.
George Washington (black) Newton County, rape.
Mark Mathew (black) Tyler County, loitering.
Melvin Johnson (black) Liberty County, rape.
Joby Jefferson (black) Harris County, rape.

Karla Faye Tucker now claims she committed the grisly murders under the influence of drugs which were forced on her by her Shoshone Indian male accomplice, who, like her stepfather, when she was a child, sexually abused her. The Shoshone, named Jimmy Fast Horse, had coarse, shoulder-length black hair, a Fu Manchu mustache,
multiple homemade tattoos, and four self-administered finger and toe amputations.

Karla Faye Tucker claims also to have been gang-raped by Guns and Roses in her rock band groupie days. The news here, according to Karla Faye, is that Axl Rose and his self-styled baddies were either undersized or flaccid, or both, even with the coke, speed and lord-knows-what they were snorting, shooting and sticking up their butts.

Prison officials were bracing for several thousand news reporters and photographers traveling from as far away as Japan and Zimbabwe with the expectation of covering the first execution of a Caucasian female since 1984, when Velma Jean Barfield was put to death in Florida by electric chair. It malfunctioned; Barfield received 3rd-degree burns on her head and body and it took her 19-and-a-half minutes to be pronounced dead.

Photos of the burnt and bloody Velma Jean Barfield, along with the defective electric chair, called Old Sparky, recently surfaced on a commercial website called HotGore coming out of Houston. The webmaster claims that the grisly photos generated more than three million hits in ten days, which, if true, would be a record, according to an AOL spokesperson who declined to be identified.

Karla Faye Tucker, her attorneys, prosecutors, and the governor all insisted her gender should have no bearing on her case. But the tiny, doe-eyed, uncommonly telegenic,
computer-literate inmate, has drawn worldwide attention and garnered considerable sympathy, even admiration.

Especially after her highly successful appearance on Larry King Live, which attracted nearly twice as many viewers as the competing Houston Rockets-Chicago Bulls professional basketball game featuring Michael Jordan in his last appearance (in a Bulls uniform) in Houston.

Pope John Paul II initially saw Karla Faye Tucker while trolling through CNN News online. Now he has joined her widening chorus of admirers. In a fax to Texas governor Bush, the Polish-born pontiff asked for "a gesture of clemency which would help create a culture more favorable towards the respect for life," reported the Italian news agency ANSA, quoting Vatican sources.

Longtime Cuban strongman, Fidel Castro, has also voiced his opposition to "this senseless, brutal execution of a severely disadvantaged female whose future was foreclosed by capitalism at her birth," the Miami Herald reported, citing official Havana sources.

Two recent Internet polls have shown a narrow majority of Texans do not want Karla Faye Tucker executed, though most of those polled claimed not to care one way or the other, perhaps because of their preoccupation with the Houston Astros, who just captured the division title and are preparing to play the Los Angeles Dodgers, now owned by billionaire entertainment mogul Rupert Murdoch and the Fox family.
Women throughout the US and in several first world countries including Canada, Japan, the UK, France and Germany have rallied to Karla Faye Tucker’s defense.

Hotel rooms in Huntsville, a city of less than 30,000 about 80 miles north of Houston, were jacked up to 3 times their normal tariff—and they were at a premium. One hundred-eighty-three special telephone/fax lines set aside outside the prison for media organizations to purchase were gone in two-and-a-half days.

Karla Faye Tucker requested a final meal of a ripe banana, peaches and a tossed salad with bacon bits, with either ranch or Italian dressing. Ranch was her first choice.

Should her appeal be turned down and the execution take place, Karla Faye Tucker has stated that she would not, repeat: not, hold a grudge against the Texas Board of Pardons and Paroles or against Governor George W. Bush.

The US Supreme Court declared capital punishment “cruel and unusual” on June 29, 1972, at which time there were 45 men on death row in Texas and 11 in Texas county jails who had been condemned to death. The Governor of Texas commuted all of those sentences to life sentences and death row was cleared by March 1973.

But two months later the Texas Legislature, in plenary session, moved to revise the Texas Penal Code, and effective January 1, 1974, Texas courts began reassessing
the death penalty, despite the Supreme Court injunction. Under the new statute, the first man put to death was Leonel Herrera (Hispanic) on July 17, 1974.

Karla Faye Tucker requested that ten people view her death, because five is her lucky number and ten is five times two. She also requested that at least three of the viewers be born-again female Caucasians from her hometown of Texarkana.

*Fast forward:* Karla Faye Tucker’s appeal was, as anticipated, unanimously rejected; preparations were made for her execution.

When everyone was seated in the lethal execution chambers, the Warden asked Karla Faye whether she would like to make a final statement. Karla Faye replied: “I would like to say to the Mosebys that I am very, very sorry of depriving you of your mama and daddy. To Warden Taggett and Chaplain Jesse Turner, I thank you very, very much. You been so good to me. To my family and friends that has stuck by me, I love yawl from the bottom of my heart. I am going to be face to face with Jesus now. I will see all yawl when you get up there. I will be dressed in wat.”
HAROLD JAFFE is the author of seven fiction collections and three novels, including *False Positive* (forthcoming, 2002), *Sex for the Millennium* (1999), *Othello Blues* (1996), *Straight Razor* (1995), *Eros Anti-Eros* (1990), *Madonna and Other Spectacles* (1988), *Beasts* (1986), *Dos Indios* (1983), and *Mourning Crazy Horse* (1982). Jaffe’s fiction has appeared in numerous journals and has been anthologized in *Pushcart Prize*, *Best American Stories*, *Best of American Humor*, *Storming the Reality Studio*, *American Made*, *Avant Pop: Fiction for a Daydream Nation*, and *After Yesterday’s Crash*. His novels and stories have been translated into several languages, including German, Japanese, Spanish, French, and Czech. He has been the recipient of two NEA’s, a California Arts Council grant, a Rockefeller fellowship, a NY CAPS grant, and two Fulbrights, to India and to the Czech Republic. Jaffe is editor-in-chief of *Fiction International* and Professor of Creative Writing and Literature at San Diego State University.
Obscure Publications publishes chapbooks of twentieth century (and later) avant-garde literature with an emphasis on contemporary American authors.

OP authors include Eric Basso, Greg Boyd, Kirpal Gordon, Harold Jaffe, Stephen-Paul Martin, Harry Mathews, Raymond Queneau, Peter Ruric (Paul Cain), Robert Walser, Tom Whalen, and Dallas Wiebe.

Issues by Eric Basso, Stanley Chapman, Rikki Ducornet, Christopher Middleton, Georges Perec, Stefan and Franciszka Themerson, and Tom Whalen are forthcoming.
This edition is limited to 60 copies.

This is number 50.

[Signature]