

MAKE MY DAY

Hayduke's Best Revenge Techniques
for the Punks in your Life

By: George Hayduke

A Special Request

I get a whole lot of mail, all of which I answer myself. Most of the mail is fun, some of it is bonkers, while some of it comes from people with the personality of stale vomit. I try to respond to everyone who writes. But, if you don't include some valid return address, even if it's a mail drop, I can't write back to you. Some great folks write to me with great ideas or with sincere questions, but they don't let me know where I am to send a response. If you write to me and want me to respond personally, please give me a return address. Fair enough?

Some Thoughts on Revenge

Many times, talk-show folks ask me what type of bully it is most fun to bust. Dave Kingman, a former Major League baseball player with a minor-league mentality, comes to mind. Other than not talking to reporters, the best thing Kingman did was hit baseballs very far away from home plate. He was also a bit of a bully. One incident stands out.

In the summer of 1986, Kingman, then playing for Oakland, had a messenger deliver a dead rat to a reporter in the stadium press box. The animal was wrapped in tissue and in a pink box. A gift note with the package said, "My name is Sue." The reporter's name was Susan Fornoff.

Team managers fined Kingman \$3,500 and issued an apology to the reporter. They also warned Kingman that any further incidents involving the lady would get him fired, immediately.

Now, folks, that sort of behavior on Kingman's part is that of a boor and of a bully. It is the sort of behavior that needs to be repaid, other than by fines and official warnings. On the other hand, it is entirely possible that God, or whoever, had already Hayduked Kingman when he was born or created by giving him what passes for his mentality.

As Mark Twain tells the story of the missionary who was captured by cannibals, "They listened very carefully and thoughtfully to every word he said. Then, they ate him." The point is that you're not to let the fuse of your anger burn out before your bomb of revenge is detonated.

That's where we are, gentle reader. The shit is in position and the bad guys have to hide the fan before we hit the switch. I know you well enough to know that they're gonna be too late. Do you need a rationale for Haydukery? Your mark has done something rotten and you got blamed. He did the dirty work and you got stuck with the enema and want to do something about it. It can happen personally, nationally, or professionally. Remember the headlines a few years ago when the pious law folk in Florida shipped a notorious hooker to California and the law folks in the community in California retaliated by sending a very emotionally disturbed person back to that Florida town?

Revenge, like smoke, while very visible and easy to perceive, is a difficult concept to grasp. Ever grab hold of a handful of smoke? That's what can make revenge so difficult for unimaginative people, and there sure are a lot of folks in that category--the sheep and toadstools of society who need the protection of Hayduking.

With more than 220 million people in the United States, each one potentially bristling with hostility compounded by psychic booby traps and quivering with resentment, it's a marvel that we aren't at each other's throats more often. Perhaps part of it is that many

people who wish they were dangerous tigers are merely nervous monkeys who yammer at their enemies or toss excrement at them from the safety of high trees.

I hope that you got this book because you are just tired of the evil people and the bureaucratic bullies who are the fleabites in our lives. There is a Nicaraguan fable I heard while visiting there. One day a little skunk suddenly came face to face with a lion on a jungle trail. When the skunk saw the lion turn and flee he thought, "Hey, I am truly the king of the beasts." Then, sadly, the next animal he met on the trail was a very large, wild dog--with a bad cold. You want to be that bad-assed dog with the bad cold when you run across some bully who thinks he or she rules your life.

Perhaps the moral of that story is expressed in a Malayan proverb that says, "If a man does not wish to become the prey of the tiger, he does not take a walk in the jungle."

Some Philosophic Advice

I'm a bullybuster, here to help you exact revenge upon the pencil necks, jerks, geeks, institutions, corporations, bureaucrats, and other assorted assholes with black hearts or Styrofoam pellets for brains. I always practice the traditional Golden Rule, but sometimes have to substitute the Hayduke Rule: "Do unto others before they get unto you." I also recall some advice George B. Shaw gave someone. A classic curmudgeon, Shaw was always giving someone advice. He wrote, "Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same."

I recall back in high school when Dot Harpster had us read Shaw, I knew right then and there that here was a man I could admire. And, I do.

General Advice

Throughout this book I make universal reference to the "mark," which is a street label hung on the victim, male or female, of a scam or con or act of vengeance. In our case, the mark is a bully--anyone or anything--who has done something unpleasant, foul, or unforgivable to you, your family, your property, or your friends. Never think of a mark as the victim of dirty tricks. Think of the mark as a very deserving bully, a target for your revenge.

Before you study any of the specific sections of this book, read these next few vital paragraphs. They tell you how to prepare before going into action.

1. Prepare a plan.

Plan all details before you take action at all. Don't even ad-lib something from this book without a plan of exactly what you're going to do and how. If your campaign involves a series of actions, make a chronological chart, and then coordinate your efforts. Make a list of possible problems. Plan what you'll do if you get caught--depending upon who catches you. You must have every option, contingency, action, reaction, and evaluation planned in advance. Remember, time is usually on the side of the trickster. As Winston Churchill--who is one of my favorite heroes for many, many reasons--once said, "A lie gets halfway around the world before the truth even puts on its boots." Or, as that old Sicilian homily goes, "Revenge is a dish best served cold," which means don't strike while your ire is hot. Wait. Plan. Think. Learn.

2. Gather intelligence.

Do what a real intelligence operative would do and compile a file on your mark. How detailed and thorough you are depends upon your plans for the mark. For a simple get-even number, you obviously need less intelligence than if you're planning an involved, time-release campaign. Before you start spying, make a written list of all the important things you need to know about the target--be it a person, company, or institution.

3. Buy away from home.

Any supplies, materials, or services you need must be purchased away from where you live. Buy far in advance and pay in cash. Try to be as inconspicuous and colorless as possible. Don't talk unnecessarily with people. The best rule here is the spy's favorite--a good operative will get lost in a crowd of one. The idea is for people not to remember you.

4. Never tip your hand.

Don't get cocky, cute 'n clever, and start dropping hints about who's doing what to whom. I know that may sound stupid, but some would-be tricksters are gabby. Of course, in some of the cases this will not apply, e.g., unselling car customers at the dealership, or other tricks in which the scenario demands your personal involvement.

5. Never admit anything.

If accused, act shocked, hurt, outraged, or amused, whichever seems most appropriate.

Deny everything, unless, again, your plan involves overt personal involvement.

If you're working covert, stay that way. The only cool guy out of Watergate was G. Gordon Liddy; he kept his mouth shut.

6. Never apologize; it's a sign of weakness.

Normally, harassment of a citizen is a low-priority case with the police. The priority increases along with the mark's socioeconomic status in the community and with his or her political connections. If you are at war with a corporation, utility, or institution, that's a different ball game. They often have private security people, sometimes retired federal or state investigators. By habit, these people may not play according to the law. If you play dirty tricks upon a governmental body, prepare to have a case opened. But how hard it is followed depends upon a lot of factors. Understanding all this ahead of time is part of your intelligence planning before you get started.

The Eleven Commandments of Revenge

Thanks to my Apostle of Revenge, Dick Smegma, I humbly present for your perusal, belief, and adherence, the Eleven Commandments of Revenge. Stay faithful and you'll enjoy a lot of yucks without suffering the heartbreak of being caught.

1. Thou shalt neither trust nor confide in anyone!

If you do, that person could eventually betray you. Even if it is a relative or spouse, don't tell anybody what you are up to. Implicated accomplices are OK.

2. Thou shalt never use thine own telephone for revenge business!

Always use a public telephone or that of an unwitting mark so calls cannot be traced back to you or to someone who knows you.

3. Thou shalt not touch revenge documents with thy bare hands!

Bare hands leave fingerprints! Wear gloves.

4. Thou shalt become a garbage collector!

Once your victim places his trash outside his home/ office for pickup, it is legal for you to pick it up yourself. You can learn a lot about your victim by sifting through his old papers, etc. The pros do it all the time.

5. Thou shalt bide thy time before activating a revenge plot!

Give the victim time to forget about you and what he's done to wrong you. Getting even too soon makes it easier for him to discover who's doing it!

6. Thou shalt secure a "mail-drop" address in another city!

You don't want revenge mail being traced back to your residence/town, do you?

7. Thou shalt learn everything there is to learn about thy victim!

The best revenge schemes/plans are hatched by people who know their victims better than their victims know themselves.

8. Thou shalt pay cash all the time in a revenge plot!

Checks, money orders, etc., can be traced back to you. Cash cannot!

9. Thou shalt trade with merchants who have never heard of you!

Do business with people only once when involved in a revenge plot. Possibly wear a disguise so the people you are involved with have trouble identifying you in a legal confrontation.

10. Thou shalt never threaten thy intended victim!

Why warn your intended victim that you are going to get even? When bad things begin to happen to your victim, whether or not you caused them, your victim will remember your threat, and he'll set out to even the score with you.

11. Thou shalt not leave evidence lying around, however circumstantial.

If you are thought to be actively engaged in having fun at your mark's expense, the authorities may visit you. Thus, it would be prudent not to have any books by Hayduke or Chunder on your shelves at home or in the office.

Preliminary Advice

Jumping into these stunts without adequate intelligence, planning, preparation, and evaluation could land you in more trouble than a Christmas goose with constipation. As I have pointed out before, revenge is a stew best served cold.

Sitting over a couple of beers in Manhattan, I think it was about 1961 or 1962, Arthur Rickerby was explaining this concept to a Mr. Michael Hammer. "Too many people think the sudden kill is the perfect answer for revenge," Rickerby said. "Ah, no, my friend. It's the waiting." Michael always thought Mr. Rickerby had a mean streak a yard wide. Nonsense--he just understood the philosophy of revenge, such that anticipation is at least half of your victory.

There are other cautions of which you should be aware. For example, veteran trickster Chester the Spoon warns of prior problems with the authorities.

Chester says, "Haydukers must keep their records clean. Getting nailed for even a minor offense can create a police record and a traceable file. Don't take chances and don't do stupid things to attract the attention of the authorities."

To paraphrase the last President these United States had who was worthy of the title, John F. Kennedy, don't ask what your country can do for you. Instead, ask what it can do to you.

How to Use This Wonderful Book

I have arranged these subjects both by method and mark, listing them alphabetically. In addition to using the obvious subject headings, you can also do a cross-reference of your own. Or you can adapt a method listed for one mark for another mark or situation. Thus, these subjects become as versatile as your own imagination.

While this mix 'n match versatility is a standard item here, the personalized nasty touch is still the best. Another effective part of this business is the anticipation of further damage after your initial attack. This is grand psychological warfare.

AIDS

Having money means you can always say, "You lose," and mean it. That's why a friend of Dick Smegma's was able to afford a \$1000 payment to the family of a patient dying of AIDS in return for the victim making a sworn statement to a magistrate that his "many homosexual contacts" brought him "to Mr. John Mark."

It works. The state and federal health departments are notified. Many statements are made. Files are opened. And an investigation is begun. Can you see the bureaucratic spider ensnarling the mark in a crushing web?

Airports

It was a hot, tiresome night, and some of us had just finished an involved, lengthy flight from somewhere south of the United States, leaving one country under some duress as part of our return home. As a devoted advocate of carry-on, I never check luggage, so I was forced to wait as some of my compatriots milled in the sheep pens known as baggage claim.

That's when the idea slid into my mind like Walter Payton gliding smoothly in for a touchdown. You're honked at a particular airline. You dress in a generic airport employee uniform, complete with some sort of clip-on badge and clipboard. You stride with boss authority to the baggage-claim area of that airline.

Without looking at anyone, walk right to the center of the conveyer belt or carousel and start to pitch people's luggage off the belt and into a large, growing pile at the wall opening where the suitcases and boxes are coming out. Three things will happen:

The people/sheep will make some whiny, complaining noises.

The people/sheep will continue to watch you do it.

You will walk away while the people/sheep keep on whining, fumble through the pile, and look vaguely for some official to whom to complain.

Animals

Considering that in my long lifetime I have had more animal than human friends, it should not surprise you that I am generally on the side of the beasts, birds, et al. in their battles with humans. I give money to Greenpeace because I love whales. I once helped a friend plug up the plans of a Great White Hunter prior to his ending the life of an elephant that did not need to be killed. That's why I go out of my way to battle the Animal Rights extremists. The animals don't like them either, and since I know how to use explosives and the animals don't, well...

The idiots I refer to are those who harass--or worse--people who hunt intelligently on public or private ground, or those clowns who spray-painted the word Auschwitz on a safely and humanely run meat-packing plant.

When I read late in 1986 how a group had "liberated" some poor farmer's laying hens, calling them "prisoners of the oppressor," and themselves, "farm freedom fighters," I knew that the deep shit was in place and needed only my hand to turn on the fan.

I decided that Thanksgiving Day would be my "Holiday Holocaust" on these blithering fools. So, stealing an idea from my favorite radio newsman, Les Nessman of "WKRP in Cincinnati," I borrowed a friend's old Aeronca Champion, a great light aircraft, plus half a dozen spoiled turkey carcasses I had managed to liberate with the help of a friend in a poultry-packing plant. I froze the carcasses before beginning the mission. What a mission.

I found the home of the leader of the Animal Rights Commando Group, did some intelligence and observation, then ascertained he and his family would be around the hearth and table at 7:00 p.m. Thanksgiving evening.

At that time, a very, very slow-flying aircraft with no lights showing made two low passes over the mark's/target's house and six frozen bomblets roared down one hundred feet and smashed onto and, in one hit, through his house roof. The damage estimate was reported by a ground observer, then confirmed by the police report in a local newspaper. Later intelligence noted that the man dropped his activities with the local Animal Rights Commando Group late that November of 1986.

Of course, you realize that the preceding story was for entertain-ment purposes only and probably was not true. On the other hand, maybe it was true. But, as the beloved CIA always says, "We neither confirm nor deny, nor does..."

The Razor also used animals, well sort of, to get back at a jerk in his neighborhood who used to race up and down the street and make racing turns into his driveway. Neighbor complaints did no good. So, the Razor returned to grade school for his revenge.

"I used a large piece of cardboard to cut out the life-sized outline of a sitting cat," Razor says. "I painted the cat outline black. Next, using an X-ACTO knife, I cut out two eyeholes in the proper location and pasted very smooth, heavy-duty aluminum foil behind the eyeholes.

"I placed this cardboard cat in the mark's driveway just about dusk, as that was when he raced home from work. As he did have three live cats of his own, I was using percentages in my stunt. The jerk roared in as always and his car lights must have picked up our cardboard kitty about mid-turn.

"You never heard brakes hit and lock like that. And, because I had thoughtfully spread two quarts of light motor oil on the driveway, his braked turn became an instant skid. His car took out some hedges belonging to another neighbor."

Razor reports the effort cost the mark a lot of repair bucks and, from that time on, he drove a lot more slowly.

Answering Machines

Ray Heffer from Kansas City's back again, and he's fighting mad about answering machines. Ray had to get in touch with a business colleague who had a machine and refused to return his calls. That got Ray to thinking.

"I thought I'd help him out by getting him fewer calls," Ray explained. "So I found out how long of a message his machine would handle, then began to call him. When the beep went off, I would play a prerecorded, nonsense message of my own or I would just hold the telephone up to some idiotic radio preacher or raunchy rock station for the entire two-minute time.

"When the time was up, I'd repeat the entire process until I'd fill up his tape. Sure, it took some time, but I had a lot more of it than he did and my time is worth a lot less. I did this off and on for a week. He began to return all calls. I guess I did teach him a lesson in humility, courtesy, and time management."

Ray is always such a constructive-thinking gentleman.

Barfo is a splendid friend of close, long standing. A man with all the cheerful optimism of Ted Bundy, he has the ability to vomit upon command due to years of muscle conditioning. My buddy has put this ability to fine use responding to obnoxious answering machines.

Barfo prepares himself by consuming all sorts of confusing combinations of sustenance, then takes his portable telephone into his bathroom. He dials the mark's number and as soon as the little beep sounds, Barfo begins to vomit into his bathtub loudly, wetly, and noisily for about fifteen seconds. His telephone is inches from his mouth, pointed toward the tub. He then hangs up with no explanation.

Perhaps this is a talent you could practice at home, too, boys and girls.

Apartments

One of the first things I felt while reading the letter from Ms. K from N.J. was what a fine, gentle, and humane person she is. She is a kind, let-live lady who finally tired of turning all four cheeks to some barbaric dwellers in her apartment. No, they were not four-footed rats, but other renters. I won't bore you with all the slimy, disgusting things they did to upset her life. Instead, let's dwell on her reeducation program for these drippings from some recessive gene pool.

When they "borrowed" her laundry detergent, she began to refill her empty detergent jugs with strong bleach.

When a punk-teen loony roared his horrible car in the lot under her window (she had turned down his gross proposition), she put I kill cops bumper stickers on the rear deck of his ride. He was arrested half a block away by a cop who'd spotted the stickers from the road and was waiting.

When the super's assistant tried to corner her in a stairway, twice in one day, then shut off all the heat to her apartment in payback, she called a friend who worked for the Department of Motor Vehicles records division. Two moving priors and an outstanding warrant were "added" to his record. Ms. K from N.J. then removed the license plate from the back of his car. Nobody ever looks back there but police. They did.

This wonderful lady is living proof not to mess with nice people. The same theory was expressed by a wonderful man named Henry David Thoreau, who wrote in 1849, "Any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one."

Automobiles

One night, my friend Pcod Du-Ma decided to be a good Samaritan and give his friend Sydnor, who was wiped-out drunk, a lift home. Unhappily, Sydnor's stomach was very ungracious in his host's car, barfing madly to create a disgusting interior redecoration. This was not the first time that his friend had done un-nice things to Pcod and his automobile.

"It was nothing major, but I began with little things," Pcod reports. "For starters, I loosened the screw that fastens the windshield wipers to his car. Happily, he was tooling along on the New Jersey Turnpike in one of Jersey's rare rainstorms when he turned on the wipers. Wooosshhh...away they flew into the night."

The next stunt that Pcod did was also suggested by my old friend Schizoid Sam. He punctured a small hole in both sealed-beam headlights of his mark's car. This literally put the mark in the dark until the auto-parts store opened.

Another explosive surprise for your mark's automobile is suggested by Paul Buchholz, who relates how he had to get revenge on someone who messed up part of his life. Paul got some of those pull-string firecrackers, sometimes known as "burglar alarms," in a novelty store in Texas.

"I tied the entire pack to the A-frame of my mark's car and tied the ends of the pack to a long, monofilament fishing line, which I tied to a tree," Paul says. "I then covered the line with dirt and grass clippings to hide it.

"Another line, tied to a string of tin cans, was attached to the rear bumper and hidden. For good measure, I tied off two more pull-string firecrackers to the hood latches.

"The idea here is that the mark drove off and heard a clank, clank, kaaboom, clank, clank, and thought that his transmission had just fallen onto the road. He got out, and when he didn't see transmission parts on the road, lifted the lid to see what was wrong. He got two more kabooms."

Ahhh, thank you, Paul. Elmer Fusterpuck has some really glowing thoughts about revenge. He had some problems with young morons who also had driver's licenses and the ability to bother members of his family with cars. Elmer saw the light.

"I got some of that glow-in-the-dark paint and a small brush," explains Elmer, "and put some really crude messages on the roofs and rear decks of a few of the cars these cretins drove around our neighborhood. I also put some hilarious personal messages on the doors. Of course, during the day they couldn't see what I'd spelled out there.

"I basically used some of your ideas for messages from the other books; you know, the graffiti and bumper-sticker message ideas. I really thought it would be fun for the police to read what these jerks thought about them, which is what I put on the rear decks. There were some hefty fines for those boys."

Sometimes you really get fired when your uncaring neighbor cruises loudly into his driveway at 3:00 A.M., highbeams burning into your bedroom. Or, maybe you live next door to a camhead who likes to tune his exhaust amplifiers at midnight. Paul Buchholz, who used to be a stagehand, has a nice touch for your side of things.

"Headlights look smashing when you cover them with stage-lighting gels," Paul confides. "More permanent effects can be had with windshield tint. Of course, you know that any muted or colored headlights are illegal in all states. Maybe your mark won't notice this, if you use light gels or tints, before the police notice."

You know, that got me thinking. You could just tint or gel-paint the entire windshield while you're at it. But, wait, Paul has more ideas, and this one must have come from his stagehand days, as it concerns rigging.

Paul says that, a few times, deserving marks have had their cars rigged in very strange ways. For example, backstage backstabbers who have "pulled strings" to rig play parts or concert politics have been dealt with like so.

"Using thin line or wire, people have rigged the spark plugs in the mark's car so that they will pull out when said mark drives off. All you have to do is tie one end of the wire to the spark plug and the other end to some stationary object outside the vehicle. You have to use a stronger wire for hoses, but the principle is the same. So is the result--damn funny--if you think about the delay and frustration involved," Paul adds.

Susan "Ross" McCormick described riding with one coworker as a miserable start to a rotten day. She adds, "He was the sort of obnoxious jerk who'd tailgate a hearse and blow his horn when it hesitated at a stop sign. One day, I had had enough."

Susan used thin, plastic flagging to tie a container full of tin cans and bottle caps to the bottom of this jerk's car engine. Eventually, the engine heat melted the flagging, causing the cans and caps to fall noisily to the road below. She said her friend, who was riding with the mark, reported that he thought he'd lost the transmission, then was puzzled as to why a bunch of cans and caps were in his engine and who had placed them there.

Chef JoeAV, honcho of the Morrison Gang of Lakewood, Colorado, nearly neighbors of mine, once had a problem with a former friend who did a real rip-off number on the Chef. Playing it cool, Chef JoeAV set his menu for revenge well, cooking up a tastefully simple plan.

"I let things ride for a few weeks. Then, one night I crawled up to the witch's parked car," the Chef related. "She owned a VW Bug. All I was carrying was a piece of standard

typing paper. I opened the gas-tank lid and slid the paper right inside the pipe. That way, if I got caught, I could say I was going to leave her a note, thus the paper. I shoved that paper right down into the tank.

"About a week later, I heard her car was in the shop with some real carburetor gumming problems that cost a few bucks to put right. I didn't exactly leave her a note, but I think she got the message."

Then there was the night that The Razor and a few friends had a fine party, to the point where some guests probably ended up facedown on the floor. Nonetheless, there is no excuse for an ungracious drunk and they had one there.

"The guy was a loud, crude slob with a foul mouth and fighting-level temper," Razor says. "He trashed the place without cause, pushed some folks around and tried to start a fight. We finally got him packed home.

"At that same time, we caught his address. Next, we stopped at a hardware store for some insulated wire, duct tape, and spark plugs. My buddy and I felt like we were making a rerun from "Mission Impossible" doing this.

"That night, when the hung-over dude was asleep, we used a hand drill to put two holes into each twin tail pipe of his car. We glued a spark plug into each hole. We ran about eight feet of wire under the car, duct-taped in spots, to the engine's ignition wire. We soldered the other ends of the wire to the positive side of each spark plug.

"Next, we soldered two four-inch strips of wire to the negative sides of the plugs and grounded the other ends of that wire to the tail pipe."

Congratulations are due The Razor for creating a mobile flamethrower. As you know, a car doesn't burn all of the gasoline that passes through the engine. Quite a lot goes through the exhaust system of the car. Their obnoxious friend got a very fiery surprise when he started his car and drove off the next morning. Waaaaawooooomphhhhh!!!!

By the way, Brian Lee James advises that two or three small drops--no more--of hydraulic fluid in a mark's coffee will cause him or her to defecate far more frequently than the proverbial Christmas goose. I never knew geese to drink coffee, but, when it comes to spreading the effluvia around, they almost beat the politicians.

Now it's time for a correction. Thanks to Conan and Wombat, I've learned that Ping-Pong balls won't fit down the filler necks of unleaded gasoline tanks. Those small plastic balls shot from toy guns will, however, as will those soft, plastic "peanuts" used for packing. All will do the same job as the Ping-Pong ball.

While we're on the topic of gasoline tanks, let's thank Bill Sting for suggesting a use for that piece of old rubber hose you've had lying around ignored for years. Bill says to take

about a two-foot length of the hose and slide it down the gas-tank pipe, using a dowel rod to tamp it all the way down.

The hose will settle there, not able to move up into the fuel line, obviously. The hose will sit down there and expand in size, eventually closing off fuel flow. It won't happen all at once, thus it will cause the vehicle to sputter and misfire and do all sorts of other things normally associated with engine problems.

"The great part of this is the jerk will take his car to the shop and spend loads of bucks having his engine checked," Bill says. "It may take weeks and megabucks to find the problem."

Once, my old pal Raymundo G. had his car vandalized by an insane Nazi who was frothing because his former girlfriend had left him for Ray in a totally fair and aboveboard move. Being a nice guy, Ray didn't hit back right away. Vindex to the rescue. He suggests you wait to get to your mark's car, until it's safe to do so.

"Loosen up the lug nuts on the screws holding the tires on the vehicle. Put Loctite on the threads, then tighten the nuts down as tightly as possible.

"Next, file the hexed surfaces off the nuts so any wrench will slide off them. At this point, you can either flatten the tires yourself or wait for your revenge until the mark must remove the tires for whatever reason. It's impossible to do so."

Mary from Atlanta, who grew up in Philadelphia, also reported the same stunt, but added the refinement of using one of the new miracle glues to secure the trunk lock, barring access to tools, spare tires, etc. In a shorter version, Vindex says you can simply remove all of the lug nuts and throw them away. When the mark drives off, his car will make it about fifteen or twenty feet before the wheels begin to fall off.

Some Haydukers have suggested cutting or clogging the gas line in your mark's vehicle. Vindex once had to teach some manners to an over-priced, incompetent mechanic. He put a gentle crimp in the fuel line of the mechanic's own car with a common crimping tool. "Cutting it is unsubtle," Vindex explains. "Crimping impedes the flow of fuel and causes weird performance from the car, obviously."

Speaking of fuel, Dr. Deviant wants to add his several-cents' worth of valuable additives for an enemy's vehicle. He suggests putting lots of gelatin, soap, or flour into the gas tank to thicken the fuel mixture a whole lot.

Hmmm, one of the ways to create homemade napalm is to add Ivory soap flakes to gasoline. Oh well, Dr. Deviant knows what he's doing, happily.

Several people wrote or called to tell me that ordinary brake fluid--but not the silicon type--is an excellent finish remover for automobile paint. The most amusing letter came from Jennifer Blackham, who told me she always carries a squeeze bottle of the stuff so

she can strafe a mark's car as she walks or drives past. Jennifer also reported having verbal sex with Oral Roberts.

Both Jennifer and Bill Munze wrote to suggest using runny paint in the windshield-washing-fluid container, instead of paint remover. I like that--a nice, hot red or opaque black. Think of the mark's reaction at 55 mph. Bill also suggested the superglued-toothpick-in-the-ignition idea, noting how expensive a mechanic's house calls are.

Thanks to faithful reader Undercover of the Night, we have yet another fun thing to do to the tail pipe of your mark's car. Undercover says to fill a condom about threequarters full with talcum powder. Slip the rest of the rubber over the end of the tail pipe and tape it securely in place. The mark will start the car and drive off--for about a minute. The condom will, of course, explode with a very loud bang, sending talc smoke everywhere. If you prefer to do these pyrotechnics in other hues, substitute red, orange, and yellow clothing dye powder for the talc.

Back in another state, this big, high-school-hero quarterback was actually a pain in the ass to his teammates. So they asked the Red Baron and his team to pay the guy back for all of the asinine power games he was playing with his supposed buddies.

"He was diddling their girls, blaming them for his bad games, cheating on exams, telling coach that someone else brought pot on the team bus when it was him, stuff like that," the Baron explains.

"This jerk had only one other love besides pleasing himself--a mint 1973 Camaro. So one Friday night, while he was in the Big Game, we got some rolls of emergency casting material, similar to Ace bandage but made of gauze and dry plaster. Just add water and wrap 'em, and in about ten minutes you have instant rock.

"Six of us proceeded to wrap his Camaro in this stuff, and we wrapped it totally. It looked like a mummy. Then we tossed a lot of water on it and it soon became a very hard mother."

The mark's teammates convinced him that this had been a personal attack by students from a rival school, so he began a very personal and stupidly illegal vendetta that soon got him caught, netting him big-time problems with the law, the school, and his parents. But, as the Red Baron says, that is another story.

In another of his stories, Baron came up with an interesting James Bond gimmick that allows you to disable some mark's chase vehicle in transit. Here's how it works. You attach two 12-volt, DC electromagnets securely to the underbody of your own car behind the rear axle. Run wires from them to a toggle switch on your dashboard.

Turn on the switch and hold two handfuls of roofing nails or homemade OSS Tire Spikes under the magnets. Then, head for the road. When your mark is in pursuit, you simply

turn off the switch, and the magnets let the nails drop to the road and imbed into the tires of your mark's car.

Linda and Frank Moore are a fun couple with all the gentleness of a Black & Decker massage. They also needed to get back at a former ally who'd double-dealt them. We'll call their mark Paul W. Ass. Here's what happened after Frank and Linda learned that Paul was making up sexual adventure stories about the three of them.

"We found that fat peckerhead's car after we'd bought a length of heavy chain," Linda relates with relish. "We used that to chain the two front doors of his car together, hooking the links through the inside handles. You can also do it over the top of the car if the inside door handles are not suitable. Just loop the chain over the top of the car and in through a tiny crack in the windows, then padlock the ends together inside the car.

"I then hopped into the backseat and got out through the back door," Linda continues. "I pressed down the back-door locks before exiting the car. Result? Mr. Ass cannot move his car, cannot even get into it, without massive mechanical help."

Is this a grand auto trick? After I explained it to Uncle Gerry, a veteran car person, he allowed a long, steady, satisfying "luuurrrp" to escape through his nether lips, and said, "It's perfect--especially on a dark, stormy night."

Bars

Even though she was a young and still inexperienced cocktail waitress, Leann should have known that Sam and Nel were problem customers. When she rejected Sam's ugly, swinish attempt to hit on her, she learned the hard way how the raw power of \$\$\$\$ gave a forceful cockroach like Sam the clout to have her fired. Her gutless boss did just that, whining and whimpering under Sam's tyrannical tirade.

But the story ain't over 'til it's over, as old Danny Gusano liked to say. The restaurant where Leann had worked had promotional tickets printed to give to dining room patrons, offering them a free drink in the establishment's ritzy, glitzy bar. Consulting a friendly printer who disliked Sam's bullying as much as anyone else with any sensitivity in that town, Leann had a big batch of bogus tickets printed--dead ringers for the originals.

"I had friends pass them out all over town, in the scuzzy bars, flophouses, shopping malls--everywhere," she says with a loud laugh. "I made that bar the most popular place in the county."

"It took them two nights to figure out something was very wrong, and two more nights to get the word out that it was a fraud. None of it helped their business--or their reputation."

BB Guns

I know that the serious grown-ups will disagree with me, but BB guns were made for trickery. Chef JoeAV tells me that cleaning out the refrigerator used to be a drag, until he discovered new ammunition sources for his BB gun.

"I discovered wonderful mold and a new use for the cold cuts and other rotting things the mold grew on," the Chef says. "You let the stuff grow old, cold, and beautifully green. It works well on Spam, for instance. You make special modifications to a pump-model BB gun so you can fire the little beauties one at a time. These gooey projectiles are great for nailing second- and third-story windows at your mark's place. They are also easy to launch and hell to clean off."

Bill Collectors

Some do it because it's a job, others because they are pricks who like the legal way they can jam it to people. The sad thing for a friend of mine was that the collector in his case was someone he thought was a friend.

"He came to either collect three late payments on my car or else call in the repo guy," my friend said. "He knew I was out of work and needed the car for interviews; I mean, it wasn't like I wasn't trying. He smiled and patronized the hell out of me.

"I live about forty-five miles from the city," my friend explained. "So, on the way in to his office, I thought of a neat way to get back at this 'friend.' It was an odds game my high-school math teacher used to explain probability to us. I used that principle to beat this jerk out of some bucks."

It works like this: you explain to the mark it's a fun game to pass the time on a road trip. As my friend did, you explain to the mark that for the next twenty cars you meet coming toward you in an hour's time, you will give him or her even money that two of those cars will have the same last two digits in their license-plate numbers.

The mark will figure it's a harmless game, and even if he considers the odds, it will still seem to him as if they are in his favor by at least four-to-one. Wrong. Sucker bet. Check it out, math wizards. According to my friend, the odds are more like seven-to-one, the other way.

Body Wastes

You have to understand that the guy who compounded these tricks is not someone to invite to your parents' fiftieth wedding anniversary or to your virgin sister's eleventh birthday party. Mr. Undercover of the Night is a very serious trickster who probably would be heavily recruited by the CIA if he were not so honorable. Anyway, he has contributed some recipes or formulas for the special-effects creation of very realistic clones of certain body wastes, castoffs, excretions, etc. They follow:

Feces. Melt 2 Hershey's candy bars with almonds over a low fire, like a fondue. Mix in 4 ounces of Vaseline, 2 ounces of creamed corn, and then add enough mixture of the following to suit your odor detector: butyric acid, mercaptan, and skatole. Mold to suit your needs when you need a fecal look-alike.

Semen. If the real thing isn't available for your need, mix four parts mineral oil to one part flour and a half part of milk. Shake thoroughly.

Blood. Undercover says this is the formula special-effects people use for movie blood. Weigh 9.9 grams of methyl paraben in a cup, then add a half ounce of corn syrup. Beat to a smooth cream. Next, pour 3 3/4 teaspoons of red food coloring and 5 teaspoons of yellow food coloring into a pint of water. Measure out 7 pints of corn syrup into a two-gallon pail. Add 6 ounces of Kodak Photoflo solution to that mixture. Add all the other ingredients to the bucket. You now have about a gallon of very realistic-looking blood. Do not put this in your mouth!!! It is poisonous.

Vomit To make realistic-looking phony barf, mix one can of creamed corn with two equal amounts of water. Add some catsup and a dash of vinegar. Shake well and serve to your mark in whatever medium you choose.

Books

Allen, Steve. Curses. Los Angeles: J.P. Tarcher, Inc., 1973.

OK, so it's old and out of print. You might still find this treasured work in a used book shop or flea market some time. Buy it! It is a wonderful collection of curses and other evil mind things you can use to deal with marks who are superstitious, dumb or both. There are some real mind benders in here.

Jacoby, Susan. Wild Justice: The Evolution of Revenge. New York: Harper & Row, 1983.

This is a scholarly book--no kidding--which traces the history of people getting back at other people in a variety of ways. It's not a how-to book, but for the serious student of Hayduking I recommend it as a solid philosophic grounding in this discipline.

McCoy, Duke. How to Organize and Manage Your Own Religious Cult. Mason, MI: Loompanics Press, 1980.

This is a nifty and useful little booklet all full of excellent ideas for creating or destroying a cult, a religion, or both.

Next to Paladin Press (hell, yes, I'm biased) Mike Hoy at Loompanics has the world's neatest titles. And, when it comes to highly useful wackiness, I must be honest and put Loompanics as Number One. See Sources section for the address.

Bullies

Everyone's been hassled by a bully of some sort. The most common form is the schoolyard bully who likes to push around more timid creatures in front of crowds. There are many tactics for dealing with bullies; indeed, that is what almost all Haydukery is about. One method we will examine today is the personal experience of Dick Smegma.

Briefly, Dick had a problem with a school bully doing his thing to the smaller, more timid kids. Young Dick decided to fight back with his powerful brain. He went to a local office of the Epilepsy Society of America and explained he was a young actor researching for a part involving epileptic seizure. They loaned him videotapes showing seizures and he carefully practiced until he could do it perfectly.

"When I took back the tape, I did a run-through for the staff and got their approval of my 'method acting,'" Dick recalls. "I was now ready for the bully."

It was no trick for Dick to get the bully to hit him; all Dick did was stand up for some other kids being punched around. The bad guy punched Dick, who immediately fell and went into his act. The kids were petrified, except for one, who ran for the school nurse. Dick was carried gently to the nurse's office and a doctor was summoned. The bully, who had almost passed out from a fear that he'd killed Dick, was taken to the principal's office.

"This was serious stuff," says Dick. "Both sets of parents were called in. I made a miraculous recovery--even fooled the doctor. The bully got into big-time trouble, promised to reform, and begged me to forgive him. I did and he turned out to be a pretty nice kid."

Business Cards

Little Tommie Titmouse is correct, almost every semi-pompous geek of any gender has business cards these days. Every yuppie, dink, dork, and other pretender is anxious to give you an oily-voiced, "Here's my card; call me--we must do lunch."

Tommie remembers one such blowhard during a business meeting in which the guy was so obnoxious he could not be ignored. The man was ruining Tommie's own goals that day. As Tommie told me the story, I knew this jerk/mark was simply a slab of meat with a mouth and my friend had no choice but to act.

"I got a raunchy local tabloid and found some personal ads for swingers of all sexes who were looking for some dude to be their master," Tommie told me. "I had a printer pal run off copies of the jerk's business card and sent one with a nice note in response to each of the personal advertisements."

Some other distribution points for Mr. or Ms. Meat Slab's business card include biker bars, gay bars, or DEA field offices. You can also staple them to porn materials left in elementary school lunchrooms or in the dugouts at little league games, or send them along with voodoo threats to the president or your state governor.

Dick Smegma got sick of a local braggart making the usual tiresome ethnic and racial slurs and slams against friends of his, especially after one tirade by this man that AIDS was God's punishment of gays and that all fags should be hanged. Dick went to a friendly printer and had a number of business cards created in his braggart's/acquaintance's name, including home and office telephone and address.

The business cards noted that the mark was a "personally experienced" adviser and comforter for homosexuals and their mating and health problems. It mentioned he'd been in the role locally for twenty-three years. Dick placed a number of these cards on community bulletin boards, in biker-bar rest rooms, on the guidance bulletin board at local high schools, etc.

He didn't see much of the man for a while. When he did see the guy, the guy was really subdued. I wonder by whom?

Campers

You think summer camps for kids aren't a racket? Even after what Capt. Video has been telling us all of these years? I even read about a new camp for really rich kids. It has two mountains, one of which is inside in the event of rain. The Red Baron used to be a camp counselor, too, and he used Black Bart as his weapon to combat the evil kids.

Baron says most kids are pretty good, but that you sometimes run up against a dedicated troublemaker who insists upon being more than just a nuisance.

"He's the kind of kid who demonstrates the potential for starting a full riot," Baron says. Baron's ploy is to embarrass the kid in front of his peers and make him look like a fool. After the target kid has worn himself out from a day of being bad, active, and evil and has fallen asleep, Baron brings forth Black Bart.

"That's what I call my black, indelible, marking pen," Baron explains. "I wait until the mark has gone to sleep and is on his stomach. I go to his bunk, gently lift up the kid's shirt, and write embarrassing, incriminating, and highly personal insults on his back. "The kid doesn't know anything about it, usually, until we hit the swimming pool and he is confronted with laughter and ridicule. It's grand revenge."

Catalogs

You're a store owner. Some customers, usually people with the cheerful nature of a Charles Manson, come into your shop and tie up a lot of your time asking you all about a product or service. They then proceed to walk out and buy the same thing from a discount catalog. Sometimes they even have the testicles to bring it in to you for further explanation after buying it elsewhere. Dick Smegma has an answer.

Our Hawaiian Hooraher says to purchase a customized rubber stamp that says please send your free catalog to, followed by the mark's name, address, and telephone number. Next, buy about two hundred postcards. Then, purchase one of those magazines or books that lists companies offering catalogs and direct-mail lists. Address the front of each card to companies you select and imprint your rubber stamp on the reverse. Mail the cards.

Shortly, and for a long time after, your mark will be buried in an avalanche of catalogs. And, because these companies share mailing lists, you can be certain your fun will be multiplied many times over. As Dick adds, once you're in something like this, it is almost impossible to get out or off.

Chain Letters

After reading Dick Smegma's suggestion, I almost named this chapter chain-gang letters. Dick got stung by a businessperson who used the mails to injure people's finances. After the appropriate time and intelligence-gathering had elapsed, here is what Dick, our Hawaiian Hooraher, did.

He created a chain letter and sent a copy to a sampling of civic, religious, and political leaders, plus the usual fanatical loonies who froth at the mouth at the mere suggestion of the word sex. Here's what Dick's letter contained.

"Hi Swinger! We were given your name by some local friends as someone who would love to share in our Kiddie Porn chain letter. We've enclosed a censored-version sample picture of the kind of fan we have in mind. Since we've been told you also have some of the good stuff that our members want to see and use, all you have to do is send some prints of the real thing to the top name on the list. Then, retype this list, removing the top name, and add your own name and address to the bottom of the list.

"Quickly, your name will move to the top of the list, and then you will receive thousands of photos of young boys and girls in real juicy poses that'll make you really hot. Join in the fun...send your photos today to the top name on the list. Join us."

The letter was signed by some secondary mark, of course, and the list of names included a couple of names/addresses for other enemies of the good people. Dick enclosed a mildly censored, printed reproduction of a photo that was fairly ambiguous as to ages and activities. He then sent this letter to the folks mentioned earlier.

You can just about bet the entire farm that somebody on the mailing list will quickly contact the FBI, postal authorities, and local and state police, plus God, J. Edgar Hoover, et. al. You can also bet that your mark(s) are going to have a lot of explaining to do. Be cautious with this one--as I've warned you before, most feds have very little sense of humor.

Christmas

The Razor always believed in Christmas until someone in his neighborhood put in a duplex creche. He did have an Old Scrooge, though, in his neighborhood. You know the guy--always stole your baseball if it came near his yard, shot robins for walking on his grass, stuff like that. One thing this old nasty did love was to put Christmas lights on his outdoor trees. Here's how Razor helped make that old fart's Christmas a good bit brighter.

"I had a syringe and about four ounces of gasoline," Razor relates. "I went over to his place at night while he and his old lady were out shopping and while their outdoor lights were off.

"Being very careful not to break the light filaments, I gently injected every third colored light bulb with a tiny bit of gasoline. Then I left for an observation point up the block and waited for the guy to come home and turn on his Christmas lights."

It was, by all reports, a very spectacular sight. Even the fire department couldn't figure out exactly what had happened. If you ever know anyone who is going to try this, tell him to be very, very careful. Nobody wants an explosion while he is holding a syringe full of gasoline.

Coins

Other than keeping people employed, what use does the penny have in our world? The Sperminator points out that even most bubble gum from a machine now costs five cents, so what is a lonely penny to do? The Sperminator knows.

"Parking meters and other coin-activated machines are both color-blind and stupid," he advises. "Most can easily be conned into accepting a penny as a dime.

"How often have you been ripped off by a vending machine or short-timed by a parking meter and haven't felt like investing the time to get even right then?" the Sperminator asks. "Get even again and again, my way."

The Sperminator's answer gets you out of the mood for throwing away those previously useless pennies. Instead, take a penny and grind its edge against the sidewalk for a few moments. Grind it until you have a flat edge on the one-cent coin.

"Insert this ground-down penny into the dime slot of a meter or other machine flat edge down," says the Sperminator, "and push it all the way in with a key--the penny is a bit thicker than a dime and must be lightly forced through the slot opening. Turn the handle and you've got a dime's worth of whatever."

The Hayduke Good Seal of Approval laboratories have tested this suggestion with great satisfaction.

Computers

Scaife A. Bumwad is one of those creepy nerds who was harmlessly nice until he got a few bucks and a computer. Then he turned nasty, fancied himself quite the computerized comedy commando, and began to hack his associates and their files. As our Brit friends would say, "It was time for someone to hang his tripe up in the shop window."

The people who finally did the nasty to Bumwad were kind, gentle, family-oriented folks. That's why they had baby oil at home. To pay back old Bumwad, they simply poured a cup of that gentle, warm, smooth, and delightfully versatile baby oil into the ventilation holes at the top of his computer. They said it did some serious, big-time damage. They were able to get physical access to Bumwad's computer by having an unknown accomplice lure him out of the room. The hit was made without credit.

Col. von Hoff must enjoy Julie Andrews and her music, as he always starts his letters to me with, "Now, here are a few of my favorite things." The good Colonel has been waging a victorious campaign against some monstrous computer mark. His after-action report notes that the only casualty on his side was a single paper clip.

"That's all it cost me to put that swine's computer down," chortles the Colonel. "I stuck the steel clip on the cartridge port of the man's PC in such a way that the steel end of the clip touched the metal bands leading to the computer's works. The clip conducted unwanted voltage through the bands and in about ten minutes his computer was trailing smoke like a shot-down MiG-25."

Col. von Hoff also tells us how to foul up some nasty's computer disk drive by putting Karo syrup on the disk where it can't be seen. You squirt the syrup into the small hole near the large circle in the disk's middle. He says to be sure you fill both sides. "It gums up the read/write heads badly and nothing works, or else it works in a bizarre fashion," the Colonel claims with his knowing wink of victory.

Speaking of Julie Andrews, which I had been, wasn't she just wonderful in the films 10 and S.O.B.? Now that was a Julie Andrews I could love...she showed talent and gorgeous attributes I certainly never knew she had. Sigh.

Contractors

Most everyone has been financially sodomized by a contractor who does the job--well, most of it anyway--takes your money, and promises to come back to complete the finishing touches or to repair something that didn't hold. The key to this is that the bum has your money and, thus, you don't have his attention anymore.

Help is on the way from Cynthia of Marietta--Don Thomas country, by the way--who had a landscape contractor really make a mockery of his job with the disaster he did on her lawn.

"My husband was in the Air Force in Vietnam, and he told me our yard looked like a miniature version of the countryside after a B-52 raid," Cynthia said. "You know the rest. Mr. Contractor wouldn't give us the time or return our calls. He ignored us, until we decided to help him advertise.

"We got huge signs printed cheaply at a local copy shop, saying Landscaping By --, using the mark's name, of course. We drove around and found abandoned sharecropper hovels and other examples of housing blight and erected the signs in front of them. Mr. Contractor came out and finished our job within two days. He then asked us to take down the signs. 'What signs?' I responded."

Credit Cards

In some of the other books I showed you some ways to use your mark's credit cards. I've had a lot of questions from readers about how to obtain your mark's credit-card numbers. Here's how HoloPhax Phreaker gets those numbers for his nefarious payback schemes.

"I follow my mark around on shopping sprees until the mark uses the credit card," HoloPhax says. "I watch the clerk put the carbons in the waste can. I wait until the proper moment and lift out those carbons, thus getting a copy of the numbers. From then on, it's a piece of cake."

Curses

The grand thing about curses, especially if they sound ancient, is that a lot of dummies will get bent out of shape about them, because they still believe that superstitious nonsense. Who are we to educate them? Following are some good generic curses I have picked up for your use, abuse, and adaptation.

One of the best ways to use these curses is with a touch of voodoo or other theatrics, i.e., make the mark's worst netherworld nightmares of superstition come true. Sound like fun? Read on. Here are the curses you can use:

May a hot, searing pain strike your bowels moments before they explode.

May the day you were born be erased from the calendar.

Both large and small pieces should fall off your body.

May the curse of Mary Malone and her nine blind, illegitimate children chase you so far over the hills of damnation that Jesus Christ Himself can't find you with a telescope.

May your doomsday curse be delivered by the Antichrist's child who stutters.

You are cursed that when you fall asleep, you will dream that you are awake forever.

You will be eating a large bun with raisins...and the raisins will fly away out of your mouth as giant flies.

Dead Bodies

Col. Noman is the kind of guy who'd donate blood--his mother's. A former employee of the American Consular Liaison Service, the good colonel asks the charming question, "Have you ever wanted to get rid of a dead body without attracting attention or driving over to Jersey to add it to that state's own environmental beautification system?"

Col. Noman says to rent or steal a wheelchair. What the hell, is the owner gonna chase you? Place the body in the chair and strap it in. Go to a movie house that is a bit out of the way and buy two tickets. As you enter the theater, carry on a monologue with the body about what a great flick you two are about to see.

You position your "friend," then announce you're going out to get you both some popcorn and drinks. You leave and never turn back. Most ticket takers are minimum-wage folks and only look at tickets, not faces. The colonel says he has used this stunt in the service of our great nation.

Decency

This section is dedicated to the National Federation of Decency, Citizens for Decency Through Law, and other froth-at-the-mouth groups of assholes who want to sodomize the First Amendment by sticking their unwanted "noes" into our lives. One way of dealing with these dickbrains is the creative thought of my old Idaho buddy, Mick, who gets his mail at the Lantern bar. His idea is not only funny, it is devastating to these prissy pissants.

"If I'm in a town where these horrible freedom suckers have an office, I will be sure to make a personal visit," Mick says. "I come in quietly, smile sweetly at the person there, and say in my calm, intelligent style, 'Pardon me (sir or madam), I'm not from town here--actually I'm just passing through--but I really need some help and I saw your office.'"

"They get all attentive, so I continue. 'For the past hour or so I've been pulling furiously upon my penis and I think I've injured it. Would you have a look and make sure that I've not damaged my member seriously?' I then begin to unzip my fly, always maintaining that sweet, Jesus-freak smile."

Mick says at this point, hysteria sets in because these Decency dungs either have never seen genitalia or do not have any of their own. They don't know what to do except to faint, bluster, call the authorities, or begin praying.

"I tell them 'Have a nice day...get laid today,' smile, and leave," Mick adds.

Then there was the friend of former newspaper reporter Betty Johnson who went into public school teaching to make a decent salary. As a good teacher should, she passed along a lesson a friend of hers taught to a deserved mark.

"This holier-than-everybody lady was a real pain in the bum for all," Betty explained. "She censored and censored everyone and everything. My friend went to a nearby community that had one of these active book-burner groups and got word to the group's leader that this lady actually owned controlling interest in adult bookshops in our town.

"As most of these lunatics never let facts get in the way of their madness, they never bothered to verify this matter and began to picket the lady's home," Betty continued. "My friend had some of his scruffy friends join 'in support' for this moral issue and, in the process, neighbors' lawns and flowers were trampled and neighbors' protests were abused. Eggs were thrown, but my friend's support group faded just before the local law arrived."

Betty says the local police were not impressed with the credentials of the original protest group, with their actions, words, or philosophy. They were fined and told to "stay at home!"

Disinformation

Disinformation is wonderful stuff. Americans learned about it in 1965 when U.S. journalists reported on the Soviet practice of desinformatsiya, which means planting false stories with reporters. What's all the fuss? Governments, corporations, and institutions have been doing this for years. It's called public relations. Anyway, it's a tactic you could put to fun use.

One way to do this is to write a seemingly harmless news story about your mark. Before you try this, make certain you know how to write a news story. Some suggestions:

Your mark has won a contest--a trip for two to Hawaii, for example.

Your mark is starting a new business, e.g., a local taxi service. That will start lots of calls to the mark's home.

Your mark is adopting a child. Think of the racial/ethnic bigots whose help you can enlist here.

Disinformation can take other forms, too. Consider that old favorite, gossip. Slipping a few well-placed lies to the office gossip, while hardly high-tech media, is still very effective. Compromising postal cards with sexual messages and hints of same can be sent to your mark from exotic places.

Dogs & Cats

Not surprisingly, the Bull is mightier than the dog, especially when the canine culprit's hobby seemed to be garbage-can tipping, followed by a rowdy game of scatter-the-contents. Bull put the lid on this fun. He placed a large sheet of thin steel on the ground where the garbage can stood. He then positioned several bricks so the metal garbage can would sit solidly on them. The idea is not to have the cans and the steel sheet touching. Bull finishes the tale.

"I then soldered one end of a stripped piece of lamp cord to the sheet of steel and hooked the other end of the cord to a car battery. For power, I suppose you could also use some device like a cattle prod...high voltage, but low amps, so you don't waste some innocent trash collector.

"Anyway, the nasty mutt comes into your yard for his nightly game of toss-the-trash," Bull explains. "He stands on the steel sheet, then places his front paws on the can, completing the circuit and learning something, unforgettably, you hope, about electricity."

Actually, as The Weasel points out, dogs do have their good sides. For example, doggy dump, a canine by-product, is very useful for getting back at someone you love to hate. The Weasel once had a very bad experience eating at a cousin's place. He complained, and their next dinner was even worse, on purpose. That's when The Weasel learned that dried doggy dump can be powdered very easily and substituted for pepper at the mark's table. He also reports it makes a nice additive to coffee mixes.

The Razor likes kitties, except when his neighbor's cat used Razor's screen door for a scratching post and his porch for a dump box. The neighbor refused to pay for a new screen or to keep the cat at home.

"I have a friend we'll call Chucklefart," Razor says, "and he had some of those liquid neofluorescent lights, the kind advertised on TV. We caught the cat when it came to crap on my porch and while I held it, Chucklefart cut off the end of the little light and poured the contents of the light onto the cat's back."

The kitty ran home and scrambled all over the neighbor's yard howling and chasing its tail. The neighbor came out and was shocked to see his fancy, registered-lineage kitty with a large glow-in-the-dark streak down its back.

The cat stayed in its own yard after that illuminating evening.

Our sharp friend has another stunt to use on a mark with a pet. The Razor says to kidnap the beast, feeding it and caring for it as if it were your own pet.

Soon, your mark will run ads in the local papers and on the radio about the missing pet. At this point, obtain the most mangled piece of roadkill you can find that vaguely fits the missing pet's description. Place these remains in a box, include an anonymous note of explanation, and leave it at your mark's front door some night.

The note should say something to the effect that you hit/shot/found Fluffy, or whatever the pet's name was, and you are returning what's left back home. Then, after two or three days, release the actual pet into the mark's yard or home.

Sometimes you get the idea that The Razor is a nasty sort of person. Not really...just don't mess with him.

Drugs

Once upon a time, there was this local law-enforcement officer who was so very arrogant, with so little reason to be so. But, like all bullies, he was always sure he was right. While his own personal drug of choice was alcohol, he was convinced that he was on a Mission from God to rid his jurisdiction of all illegal drugs. So he set upon a very costly, wasteful, and useless campaign to make a bust and put the evidentiary white powder upon the table, then summoned forth his minions of the media, the local small-town reporters, who ohhh'd and awed. The Street People laughed.

Finally, one Street People person said, "We need to teach this fat smart ass a lesson." A green-thumb lady planted some marijuana seeds in the courthouse planter, just outside the man's office. They grew. The state police were called. Another fun lady planted some of the magic-bean seeds in the flower beds of the man's own lawn. They grew. The state police were called.

"For that last one, we also notified the local reporters," Street Person reported. "But this is a small town, and they weren't allowed to show up. Still, the gossip damage was complete."

Finally, using state sunshine and open-records laws, other Street People documented the massive \$\$\$\$ waste this massive-ego'd buffoon had thrown away on his drug hunts.

His opponent in the election hit hard on that issue, plus the lawman's embarrassment of pot discovered growing at his own home and office.

Result: New elected official and much happiness in the land.

In the event you need some ersatz marijuana, Stean Parks, Jr., a fine Texas gentleman, reports that burning a tea bag gives off an odor which duplicates that of pot exactly. He is certain you could use that information. On the other hand, Stean, it might cause some of the folks to try smoking tea.

With the political hysteria over drug abuse being cheerled by those treacherous buffoons in the White House, nobody is allowed even to laugh at drugs anymore. Of course, the dipsomaniacal denizens of the White House would never give up their drug of choice, good old alcohol...but, I digress. Just like the swine-flu scare of the Ford years, old Ronnie has his drug crusade.

May I suggest flour as an alternative drug of choice? May I suggest Dick Smegma's idea for using flour? Thank you. If you have access to your mark's wallet or purse, remove a one-dollar bill. Roll it up tight; hold it awhile. Unroll it, then sprinkle some flour on it. Shake off the excess. Repeat all steps. Replace the dusted dollar in the mark's possession.

Report your mark anonymously to the local narcs, saying you just saw the mark snort coke through a rolled-up dollar bill at a party. Now, wait merrily for the fun to happen. It's great for laughs if you can pull off the entire stunt at a party, especially if the mark is hosting same.

Getting along to fun drugs for a moment, my friend Syd Coglioni, graduate professor of pharmacology at the Cignetti Academy of Steroid Sciences, is running tests on an interesting discovery. Called Clornipramine, it is an antidepressant that has a most interesting side effect of causing strong sexual urges among all patients, and even climaxes among a few patients when they yawn while taking the drug. Seriously, Dr. Coglioni told me that some reaction within the drug and the patients' chemical/mental systems causes the sexual urges each time the subject yawns. He plans to either isolate the cause of this side effect for possible exploration or determine if an extraction or recombining might be possible. In the meantime, have any of you amateur pharmacologists heard of Clomipramine?

Another genuine aphrodisiac, yohimbine, continues to get recognition and endorsement from the medical experts. Three researchers from Stanford University now state without equivocation that yohimbine is the real thing.

They do add, though, that there are other medications and things with which yohimbine does not mix, including antidepressants and some alcoholic drinks. For the time being, yohimbine may be freely purchased through the mail and at health-food stores. It probably won't be too long until our Moral Leader in Washington finds out that people are having fun with recreational sex and that will be the end of good old yohimbine.

My friend Trash, who calls himself one of the Nasty Brothers, was remembering some of the good old fun of the sixties, back when he was an innocent, long-haired hippie working with some crimson-necked hillbillies in Alabama.

"These old country boys used to steal my bagged lunch all the time," Trash says. "They loved pulling pranks on the dumb hippie. It was okay so long as it was in fun, but some of those dumb pukes had a mean streak, plus I didn't appreciate having my good lunch missing. So. .."

What our hirsute hero did was drop a four-way hit of Orange Sunshine (aka acid) into the mayonnaise used on his sandwich. Sure enough, his lunch was stolen by one of the peckerheads, a guy whose job was running a welding torch.

"A bit after lunch, this dude comes running out of the shed with his eyes wild, babbling how the sparks from the torch were changing colors and flowing all over his body," Trash recalls. "Then he started to laugh and said he was going skinny-dipping with the boss's wife. He got a little crazed after that, so the foreman, who was no fool, saw he was stoned and had a couple other guys take him home.

"Nobody said anything about anything or anyone, but I think those guys knew I'd done something. Me? I never let on about anything. Didn't have my lunch stolen anymore, though."

Drunks

In last year's black-tongue ceremony, I forgot to present the Adman, Heal Thyself Award to that wonderful advertising person who won a Clio award, the advertising business's honor for creativity, for his ad on behalf of MADD, Mothers Against Drunk Drivers. He was arrested that same night for driving under the influence after celebrating his award.

Dwellings

You wake up thinking that your water bed is broken, until you suddenly remember you don't have a water bed. It's your cheap landlord who won't fix your plumbing leak. Or say he does come in to fix something that broke and ends up making your home look like a tribe of red-assed monkeys just ran a full-contact scrimmage through the place. Mr. Closet Skeleton has a simple, no-frills cure that works all the time.

"Go to a nursery or large garden shop and buy some blood meal," Mr. Contact says. "Then, get into the attic of your mark's home, or have a colleague whom he will never see again do it. Punch some small holes in the air conditioning/heating ducts, then funnel the blood meal into the holes and carefully seal them up again."

Mr. Skeleton says to do this to all of the air ducts in the house or apartment. He characterizes the result in two loud, clearly understood words: devastatingly foul! I find it kind of pleasing, actually. It reminds me of the mark whose car horn goes off "accidentally" and remains stuck as he is following a band of Hell's Angels on the freeway.

Then there is our U.S. Army paratrooper from Ft. Bragg who passes along a little ditty cooked up by his brother, a pal, and himself when they needed to pay back a rotten neighbor. After some recreational vegetables were burned, they came up with this winner.

You make certain your mark is home, but that a nearby neighbor is not. You call the local police, or have an out-of-town pal do it, and tell them you are the neighbor. Identify yourself by his name.

You explain to these protectors of the peace and law that you were asked to keep an eye on the mark's home as he is away, which, of course, he isn't. Further, you tell the officers that you saw someone break into the house and it looked like he was carrying a shotgun or rifle.

In the incident described by the paratrooper, not only did the beat police show up, so did a tactical unit. The mark had a lot of explaining to do, and at the conclusion everyone was highly urinated off at everyone else...except for our three friends, who were laughing their posteriors off.

Elevators

One of Mr. Shafter's favorite funnies happened after a large business operation messed up his personal life, details of which will not be repeated here. Because of their corporate incompetence, he was having his ups and downs and decided to share the feeling with his tormentors.

"I got on their fancy elevator and went up three floors," says Mr. Shafter, "hitting the stop switch just before the car got to the third floor. The elevator had a locking stop-safety switch, so when I forced open the door, that switch stopped and held the car automatically, freezing it in place.

"The outer doors, the ones installed at each floor, have an inside latch, so I lifted that and opened the outside doors. I climbed up and out of the elevator, about one foot's distance, to the next floor. Then, I closed the inside, elevator-car doors and the outside doors. I left by the stairs and returned a week later to do the same thing."

According to Mr. Shafter, this procedure will trap the elevator between floors and it will stay there until an electrician comes to repair the circuits at a cost of about \$150 per pop.

Explosives

It's always easy to get commercial boom-boom stuff, or to make your own from the dozens of helpful chemistry books available. Sometimes, when it isn't feasible to use commercial stuff, you might want to try this improvised formula, which uses easy-to-find materials to create the boom. It is the recipe of a South African miner called van Niekerk, and here it is:

One hundred pounds of ammonium nitrate fertilizer
Six pints of fuel oil
Two pounds of coal dust

Grind the fertilizer fine--no lumps--and add the fine coal dust. Slowly pour in the oil to make the mixture pliable. Stuff it into the canister, tube, bomb, or whatever. Please be careful of spark explosion, i.e., use plastic or wooden materials. You will need a fuse or detonator to explode this stuff, which van Niekerk tells me is a bit less powerful than 40 percent blasting gelignite.

Meanwhile, a resident of Anaconda, Montana, got tired of being ripped off by burglars and decided to get even with the next thug who broke, entered, and stole. This resident wired two sticks of dynamite and a detonator cap to the off/on switch of a Hoover upright vacuum cleaner, hiding the surprise in the dust bag. Within the week, someone stole his cleaner. So far, no booming news from Montana. Or, could it be that the thief was really after the dynamite and blasting cap, which is he secretly using to--but, that would be telling. Let it be a surprise, to whomever.

As a nice substitute tip, you can use Pyrodex in place of black powder with the same results. This product is available from most gun shops that sell the real stuff, too.

A very cheap, easy-to-make, recreational explosive comes from the creative mind of Mr. Undercover of the Night, a mysterious contributor to Haydukery. Fun fireworks may be made by simply mixing together four ounces of saltpeter, two ounces of sulfur, and three ounces of white sugar. Put them in a paper bag of the type in which people carry lunches. Light the bag on fire or toss it into an existing fire, perhaps in your mark's fireplace or grill. The result is a beautiful white flare, smoke, and some small explosions.

Fireplaces

Happiness for me; New Englanders do read my books. I heard from several people about the way some Vermont honesty-first folks paid back one of their own who was doing rotten to the clean image they enjoy. The sticky mess about pride came up when some maple syrup producers learned that one of their own was cheating by adding corn syrup and other commercial sugars to his product without telling the customers.

By thinning the purity of his product, he was fattening the dishonesty of his wallet--a no-no for these proud folks, who found their own way to get back. One of them told me about it.

"I can't say we used your methods, George; it was just something we came up with ourselves," Seth Brundlefly relates. "But it worked and your other friends are welcome to use it, too."

They waited until Farmer Cheat left his home for a few hours. They climbed up on his roof, and carefully and solidly secured a very strong garbage bag over his chimney. They put another one over the original for extra coverage. You must remember that this was done in early March, when the fireplace is a widely used household appliance in that part of America.

"It took only twenty minutes for the smoke from his first fire to back up so much in the house that his family came out, stumbling and coughing," Seth reports. They called the fire department, which took about five minutes to locate and clear the problem.

"By then, of course, the house was doomed to smell like the inside of a campfire for a long time," Seth says. "One of the other guys sent the mark a copy of the record 'On Top Of Old Smokey,' taped to one of his syrup cans, with the words '100% pure' underlined. He got the idea and cleaned up his business operations."

Food

Debbie Mae Gloxinia is a sweet, gentle girl, quiet as a field-mouse fart. She works for a tyrant boss in Cradle Cap, N.D., and was always being ordered to go to the nearby fast-food place to get snacks for this corpulent witch of a lady boss. She had to spend her own money because all the boss carried were one-hundred-dollar bills. Boss promised to repay worker, but never did--that kind of crap. Finally, sweet Debbie Mae had enough and got back at the cheapskate boss.

"I took her food into the women's room at the restaurant so I could have a little privacy," Debbie Mae relates, "opened up that sesame-seed bun, and blew my nose into the patty, pickles, and cheese, creating my own special sauce for her. I had a head cold, so it was not a skimpy helping.

"The sandwich was rewrapped and delivered. I had to leave the office so I wouldn't burst out laughing when my human bliffet of a boss ate that special hambooger I made for her."

Frogs

Frogs are generally neat, if noisy, little guys who do nobody any harm. Yet, some folks enjoy eating their legs. Brian Janes really enjoyed the sport of frog-gigging and the delight, to him, of a feast of frog legs. He also had a use for the leftovers from cleaning the frogs for dinner, in the true sense of "waste not, want not."

"We had a dickhead politician in our town who was always hassling my brothers and me because he didn't like our folks," Brian related to me. "A couple times we cooked frog leftovers in a sun-powered, improvised oven, aka the jerk's mailbox."

"Frog leftovers are a really smelly mess at best. When you allow these guts and bodies to roast for several hours of summer-sun heat here in the Deep South, well, it can be so bad, the entire mailbox will have to be replaced."

Garbage Cans

Two fun people offered the use of these jumbo-sized, thirty-two- and forty-gallon garbage cans sold in K-Marts all over the land. Mr. Michigan Rock had a nasty neighbor who allowed his swimming-pool overflow to race through Rock's property, eroding gullies the depth of junior Grand Canyons. All of Rock's requests and polite pleading fell upon rude ears.

"My final response was a rather simple one," Rock says. "I got three of those plastic, monster-sized cans. I filled one with water from his hose after propping it against his front door. I did the same thing at his back door, only with two cans--my reason why in a moment.

"I rang his front-door bell and made a lot of noise giggling and running toward the alley in back of his place...after I heard him open the door and heard the water from the first can splash like crazy. I knew this guy would run out of his back door, because there's a large fence between us and he figured I was some wimpy neighborhood kid and he'd catch me.

"His back door opens directly onto the stairs to his nicely furnished living room on a lower level. It sounded like the Master Tidal Wave when those eighty gallons of water broke down his carpeted stairs and into his pile-carpeted room. I easily raced around the block, grabbed a few beers at a neighborhood bar to kill time, then strolled quietly home."

Safe with his bar-buddy alibi, Rock tsked-tsked his neighbor's charges. Anyway, the jerk got the point, Rock guesses, as he put in a proper drainage line.

The second idea came from J. Bronson Gridlay, who knew a grumpy, reactionary coworker who was cruel to his own pets as well as those in the neighborhood. Bronson figured since this creep didn't like live, happy animals, he would fix him up with some of the other kinds.

"I'd read your other books and knew about roadkill," Bronson says. "So I began to make a collection, keeping them in one of those large, plastic, garbage cans with a lid. I supplemented this by getting some goopy leavings from a nearby slaughterhouse and chicken-preparation business. It took me four days, so this stuff was beyond ripe.

"That evening, with a friend's help, we got the filled can up on the roof just above his front door. I knew he was watching "Monday Night Football," so we were safe enough. We got the thing balanced with a pulley rope and block of wood to hold it, then fastened it to his front door by way of a pulley.

"My pal hid our tools and found a hiding place where we could watch. I rang the creep's doorbell, then ran like hell for our hiding place."

Bronson says you cannot imagine the sound and impact of forty gallons of dead, rotting, animal flesh hitting on and around this cruel mark. He was knocked to his knees by the sheer mass of it, Bronson told me.

"The guy missed two days of work and we learned he had to have professional cleaning services work on his porch and vestibule. It was probably more fun than it was worth."

Zyklon B. Zombie, who says he used to be a garbageman, says you can set your mark's garbage on fire with some assistance from diesel fuel. Burning garbage smells great. I agree--I recall that odor from my army days. We used to call it the chow hall. Zombie says most companies will refuse to take burned or burning garbage, too, so you get a double load from that stunt.

Zombie also says rooting through the trash of a medical center is a good way to acquire some helpful tools of Haydukery. For instance, you can often find syringes which can be planted on marks or their property prior to a police check. I wonder if you could ever find body parts that way? It's just a thought.

Gossips

Anonymous--now there's an original alias--once worked with a gossipy old witch in an office. She was the type of person who would make up things if she couldn't find the real dirt, i.e., sort of a corporate supermarket tabloid. Anonymous found out this bag was writing letters anonymously (hmmm), to the spouses and parents of coworkers, containing criticism, lies, hate, and crap like that. It was time for Anonymous to become a man of letters and that is just what he did.

"I wrote a really personal, tear-squeezing letter 'from' this office gossip. It was a real confessional, saying that the reason she gossiped was because her life was so boring and empty and that she envied the younger folks, etc. I resisted the temptation to make it really hokey...I kept it realistic. But, man was it a pathetic thing."

Next, Anonymous made fifty "original" letters on a word processor (no copy machine on this one). He then addressed fifty envelopes to the preachers at obnoxious fundamentalist churches, university crisis centers, psychic consultants, counselors, civic do-gooders, etc. One "signed" letter was mailed to each.

The kicker in this was that the last line of "her" letter read "I've never been deeply religious, but I am begging for your help now, before I do something drastic." Of course, the letters carried her return name/address. Anonymous even sent one to a fake church address so the post office would return it to her and she would get a preview of the shitstorm about to happen to her.

Anonymous also had a few friends call this woman, saying they had gotten copies of her letter on the windshields of their cars at local shopping centers. They reported she was hysterical by this time from all of the attention.

You know, maybe there is some other good in all of this, in addition to curing a gossip. This situation also gives our fundamental religionistas a shot at a convert for their hand-clappin', foot-washin' brand of canvas 'n' television salvation. Praise the Lord and pass me your paycheck, brother!

Graffiti

Graffiti can be so useful. The U.S. could even use graffiti as a tool of foreign policy. Face it, thousands of crudely creative American adolescents, given their inbred bigotry, could thoroughly desecrate every hallowed edifice in an entire nation of fanatical American-haters. All we'd have to do is airlift them over there.

If you're tired of the graffiti in your own neighborhood, and you live in a city that is blessed with various turf gangs, you can thank Col. Noman for a solution.

"If you live in the neighborhood of the Jets, say, you spray paint the name of their worst rival gang all over the place, everywhere," the colonel says. "Then, you sneak into that rival gang's territory and write Jets everywhere. You can also write awful things about the gangs, their sisters, and their mothers--especially their mothers."

It is Col. Noman's plan that the two gangs will get irritated at each other, rumble, and wipe out each other. By the way, Col. Noman advises you very strongly not to get caught doing your forged graffiti in this instance.

Graves

Once upon a time, there was a nasty, but decidedly high-tech schoolteacher who used a cattle prod on her discipline cases instead of the traditional paddle. After a nasty turn with a certain student who is now a U.S. Army paratrooper, the student complained about the harsh punishment. She said she would see him dead in hell before she'd apologize or stop the punishment.

That evening, our friend found a gravestone that someone had carelessly abandoned somewhere along the road. By the most amazing coincidence, the name on the stone was exactly the same as the teacher's.

"She had a very common first and last name, but, boy, you couldn't beat that coincidence," our paratrooper explained. "A friend and I got a floral wreath, the whole works, and that night planted the gravestone on her lawn with the wreath. Oh, did I tell you? We picked a weekend we knew she'd be out of town and did this on a Friday. I guess the old broad really got upset. We were in the clear, though, because we had been fishing with three friends that weekend. Yup!"

Groups

Trash is a good dude, one with all the sophistication of a warthog wearing a top hat. When it comes to rotten tricks played on deserving nasties, he's a winner. He had a group of people--an organization of bigoted bullies, actually--to which he wanted to do mean things--and he did. His is a simple scam. What you do is create and publish a new set of regulations for the organization and see that these rules get into the wrong hands.

"Let's just say, for example," Trash says, "you want to do in a group of nosy no-goods, some bad bikers, some nasty rednecks, or the Man himself."

Make the regulations seem realistic and make them flirt with the edge of illegality. But, as Trash says, you have to make this look real to seem real, i.e., no silliness, no exaggeration, and no satire.

"What you want to accomplish is to make these people look as if they have something to hide from the law or the owners of your local society," Trash explains. "If you want to hassle some bully cops, for example, you should 'create' a special little Discipline Squad or extralegal vigilante group and write some guidelines and responsibilities. Then, make sure some anticop city councilman gets a copy of the rules, and give a copy to the chief...you starting to get the drift here?"

The basic strategy will work for you against any organization or individual, or people whom you want to make into an organization. A friend of mine did this to a very corrupt man in her office when she could use no other recourse to stop his sexual harassment. She "promoted" him to being the Mr. Big of a local chain-letter operation. Thoughtfully, she also informed the local postal inspectors of her tormentor's new enterprise. In another case, I know a certain hog slop of a sheriff in Pennsylvania who was listed "accidentally" as a behind-the-scenes founder and funder of a kiddie-porn photo club. What a deserving mark he will continue to be, according to my friend there, who was harassed out of a legitimate business because he wouldn't play the county lawman's political games.

Hair Dryers

I want to thank one of my kinder friends, a gentle soul who won't even suspect this stunt is being used here until he reads about it. His name is Jay John, and while he is a very funny man on his own, good enough to be a professional in show business, I fear I am a bad influence. I digress...

Jay's idea is to load up a hair dryer with a supply of talcum powder, sneezing powder, CS gas, or anthrax spores, depending upon your degree of nastiness. You place the load of additive next to the exit holes of the dryer.

Jay says this one has been field-tested with grand success. He also noted that you could experiment with the same concept in room fans and air conditioners.

Hats

Boomer Hasty from Homer City kept his hat on all the time, indoors, outdoors, at dinnertime, in the office--the man had no class and no family members or coworkers helped him decide otherwise. The situation looked far from hatless, until Joe from Phoenix decided to emulate Miss Manners. As Boomer always wore a mesh baseball cap, it was easy and inexpensive for Joe to purchase several duplicate caps of the same style and color. The only deviation was in size. Joe bought progressively smaller versions.

"The only time he took off his hat was for bed," Joe says. "So I got his wife to help me by switching caps with him on a progressive basis. Meantime, we guys at the office commented how tight his hats looked. Within two weeks we had Boomer convinced his head was swelling because he wore his hat all the time," Joe related.

The happy ending is that Boomer finally caught on, woke up to his impolite habit and doffed his behavior, much to the relief of all concerned.

Hospitals

It was great to hear from Chuck Hunt because not only is he even older than I am, but he has a cutting sense of justice. Many years ago, a young man did some rotten evil to Chuck's daughter. Chuck was a hospital corpsman at the time and had the wonderful luck to see this villain enter sick bay for elective surgery--in this case, an adult circumcision.

"A friend of mine was the operating room corpsman for this procedure," Chuck says. "He was supposed to see that the patient got procaine as a local anesthetic.

"Somehow, another friend in the dispensary switched some supplies around and sterile water was substituted for the procaine. In this procedure, after the member is deadened to feeling by the local, the doctor attaches a rather nasty, clamping hemostat to the top side of the foreskin."

Chuck describes the patient's response to the hemostat as "instant, full-body levitation with excruciating motivation and a high degree of uncontrolled, continued, vocal expression." Witnesses say the patient came down from his levitation in full running posture, hemostat still dangling from his member as he emitted very loud, inhuman sounds. The operating-room staff took five minutes to catch and subdue the man. A successful procedure was then instituted, although there were some complications from bruising, followed by a longer-than-normal recovery time.

Chuck considers the case closed.

Insults

These are the quicky cuts, the verbal slices, doing the dozens, the on-the-spot retorts that go as the fast food of Haydukery. As always, these are best delivered loudly and in front of an audience of public, friends, family, etc. I am certain the content of these verbal zingers will suggest an appropriate audience, time, and target.

"My God, you look amazingly fit and tight for someone who's had so many abortions."

"You can't get an erection that way, either?"

"Do you really have an on-deck circle painted on your bedroom floor?"

"You got fired because you wouldn't suck what?"

"Oh wow, your parents really bought an SAT test for you?"

Nemo impune lacesit (no one provokes me with impunity).

Insurance

Consider the basic premise behind life insurance, which is that it is a bet between you and the life insurance company as to how long you're going to live, with the financial odds heavily on their side of the wager. Did you ever see an insurance company hard up for money? Ahh, I thought not. Anyway, that premise, and your least favorite insurance company, can be used to terrify your major mark. Here's how.

Buy lots of that machine-sold life insurance for your mark. Use those vending machines in airports or shopping malls, but never buy from a human, or even from an insurance-company salesperson.

This limited-term insurance is quite cheap and you can play a lot of neat secondary gags on the mark by choice of beneficiaries, e.g., girlfriends, mistresses, lotharios (for a female mark), the mark's children, business partners, etc. You'll get the idea across.

It could also be fun to combine this with one of the other stunts, such as the one in which you make it seem as if someone is out to maim or murder the mark.

There are also ways to get your mark in trouble with his/her insurance company. Vindex had a jerk once steal his car, road it around, then abandon and burn it. He knew who did it, but couldn't prove it to the local policia. The badass just laughed at him. Vindex knew he'd get legal or moral repayment about the same time as the Pope became a male stripper.

"I got even with his car, using your old moth-ball-in-the-fuel-tank bit," Vindex says. "It trashed his car, but because he worked in a high-powered dealership, he was able to con the factory into giving him a new engine, convincing them the old one was bad. He probably thought it was, too.

"After a short wait, I poured sugar into the fuel system of the new engine and it sure enough ruined that one, too. Here's where the kicker takes hold. He raised hell about a second bad engine. Suspicious, the factory people checked it over, and as sugar is detectable, found that evidence of tampering.

"At that point, they turned the entire case over to their insurance company and his as 'tampering and vandalism with intent to defraud.' The surprise was great, because his outrage at being persecuted was genuine. The problem for him was that he was such a slime, nobody wanted to believe his story of sabotage."

Vindex says this stunt probably made the kid start to shake every time he heard the term "penalty premium." Vindex did this to an automobile. I bet it would work with a boat, freezer, or anything mechanical that's insured.

IRS

The average American taxpayer reminds me of that poor, woe-is-me dog who's failed to understand why his master just stepped on his tail. If you're tired of being screwed by the IRS every April, but are afraid to lie, cheat, and steal like the rich folk do, Mr. Rapee offers a harmless, but effective protest idea for you.

"When you fill out your 1040 form, put a comma after your last name and write in the word Rapee after that comma," Mr. Rapee says. "Chances are your name will get entered in the master computer that way and all your tax letters and labels will include that line after your name. Every time someone sees that on mail addressed to you, you've made your point."

You could do the same thing on your local and state taxes, too. Someone in the tax office may ask you about it at this level, though. No problem, it's not illegal.

Next up is a very simple and very legal way to harass the IRS, and for this we can thank a really nice guy named Neal, a practicing attorney who also runs a great talk show in Atlanta. He says you simply run a magnet over the small computer-scan numerical codes imprinted on your checks to erase their magnetic power. When your check is cleared by the IRS computers, they will not be able to "read" the codes. Thus, the process is stopped and an inhuman will have to attend to the problem. Nobody will blame you for this malfunction. I mean, whoever heard of checks that look perfectly normal not clearing the IRS computer? I like it because it's simple and hardly illegal. Think of the nuisance value.

You can also use this stunt when paying any check to anyone who uses a computer to read and record your payment. It always causes the system to go down, which reminds me of a funny story I must share with you some time.

Jocks

Like many other Sports Factories (nee academic universities), the University of Mississippi, through its booster clubs (a.k.a. jock sniffers), set up special hot lines so fans could call and find out which star athletes had signed up to play for pay at Ole Miss. The numbers were to be published in the school newspaper.

Happily, a prankster at The Daily Mississippian not only altered the hot-line numbers, but, with the help of some other unknown colleagues, managed to have all jock-line calls switched to sexually explicit, personal-service phone lines. The next best part was that at least two area newspapers copied the bogus telephone numbers from the school newspaper.

Meanwhile, at S.W. Jerk University of Pennsylvania, the president took his cues and orders from the athletic director, who decreed that all athletic supporters who gave megabucks to the Big-Time sports program would get free university activity cards. These contributors were local car dealers, employees of S.W. Jerk's bank, local coal magnates, and other land rapists who were interested in sniffing the jocks of the hired mercenaries who came to play ball at the school and cause problems for the local citizens and police.

These activity cards gave the sports contributors access to the university's activities and facilities...free use of the gym, pool, concerts, films, parking, sports events, cocktail parties, and on and on.

The University's Director of Conscience, Dr. R.W. Tomas, eventually had enough. An ethical, intellectual, man of honor, he decided that if these privileged jock sniffers got special treatment, so should others. So, he tripled the number of activity cards printed, and started handing them out to town drunks, bikers, KKK members, Panthers, Communists, Democrats, and other social undesirables.

Stay tuned.

Keys

Sometimes friends and neighbors will loan you the keys to their homes, cars, freezers, offices, etc., so that you may do some favor or errand for them. Dick Smegma thinks you should take the precaution of getting a duplicate made for each key immediately.

"You never know when some friend or neighbor will turn on you and do something awful to you," says Dick. "If you have taken the precaution of getting your own duplicate key made to something valuable belonging to that former friend...well, I just feel it is prudent preparation."

Dick went on to relate how a former friend caused him to be fired from a job, without cause, but over some silly, personal feud. Dick had keys to the guy's apartment and paid him back.

"I roundabout had a friend give him tickets to a concert," Dick explains. "While he was out, I got into his place. The highlights of my revenge included using a bulk eraser to wipe out his audio- and videotapes, including an extensive and expensive porn collection. I also put his large collection of record albums, minus jackets, in his oven and set it for time bake at 350 degrees. I did other things, too."

Something else Dick did was set up an airtight alibi with friends. When the mark made nasty threats, Dick had his very nasty attorney file a defamation suit. The frustrated mark withdrew charges and stewed in his paranoia.

As a postscript, Dick reveals that (1) he never loans his keys to anyone, and (2) all of his keys are stamped with a Do not duplicate message.

Perhaps the store employees who royally screwed over David Green should not have done so. Either that, or they should have heeded Smegma's advice about keys. David returned a lamp to a store, because it was not satisfactory. The clerk had told him he could return it. The manager, however, refused to return money or give credit, decreeing that the sale was final. After twenty minutes of futile argument, David and his lamp left. David picks up the story.

"Before I left, I made a mental note of the types of locks on the store's doors. Later, I checked out the back-door lock, too. Then I had a locksmith friend give me a key blank that would fit, but not open, each of the locks I identified."

He went back to the store, put Superglue on each key and inserted one into each lock. He then hacksawed the large end off each key flush with the lock. The store manager had to call a locksmith of his own to undo the damage and was an hour late in opening that morning.

Sometimes locks can be put to the most simple uses, as The P.T.B. from Connecticut informs us. He had a mean, nasty neighbor who used to shoot BB guns at the kids near his place. There must be someone like that in every neighborhood, every generation. Anyway, The P.T.B. waited until the malevolent marksman went out one day, then locked the man out of his own home by simply pushing the locking button on the outer door while holding it open. He then shut it, locking the man out, as the man had no key for the outer storm door. He adds that he wished he'd gone into the house and turned on all the faucets before locking the door behind him. Oh well, next lifetime.

Landscaping

Little Jimmy's been doing her homework, coming up with a nice refinement on the bit of mowing or poisoning dirty words on your mark's lawn. Little Jimmy says to wait until the mark's on vacation or away for a few days, then go to work.

"This works only if your mark has a hedge," Little Jimmy says. "You trim the thick bushes of the hedge into lewd, obnoxious, and obscene shapes, words, or entire sentences."

Done properly, Little Jimmy explains, you can spell short, directive sentences, design erect penii, or just carve out short, sweet old Anglo-Saxon expletives.

Latinland

Having spent a great deal of time in that area of the Third World known generically as Latinland, I have always noted the strong interest in political campaigns among the citizenry. Their election paraphernalia includes highly visible and highly volatile campaign posters. If you know Central American political science, you know they have a lot of candidates who are alienated from the mainstream of civilized, orderly thought, i.e., revolutionary. That's the theoretical set-up; here comes the sting.

Once, several of us were in Latinland with a really loudmouthed blowhard who was easily Son of Ugly American. He is the kind of jerk who'd stand in Siberia in a driving snowstorm, warming his hands over a steaming, fresh, yak turd and bitching about Communism ruining the climate. Nobody in our group wanted to be anywhere with him. Finally, Aunt Nancy came up with an idea.

"On each street corner, radical, opposition-party candidates had put dozens of political posters on walls, trees, and utility poles," she recounts. "All featured candidate photos, inflammatory slogans, and dire promises.

"We took a copy of his photograph to a printer in a nearby town and had our jerk's head superimposed with the candidate's body on the poster, added some antigovernment slander, used our man's name, and had about two hundred run off. The printer was glad for the business, paid for in U.S. green.

"Next, we paid some kids to put up the new posters all over the village. We didn't care who got at our jerk first, the federales or the revolutionaries. It was a small village and reaction was quite swift."

The blowhard was brought in for questions and was, to put it mildly, upset. He called the American embassy in the capital. The staffers there treated the entire episode with the usual detachment. After all, the embassy people have to live there!

Aunt Nancy says he was released after a couple of hours when the police realized "someone" had pulled a very deserved prank on the man. Playing along, the very wise police chief gave the gross gringo a very stern warning. The episode ruined the rest of the mark's vacation, but added greatly to that of the rest of us.

For the record, this episode happened in Latinland, but the same concept is useful wherever an authoritarian regime rules and elections are violent, dishonest, or both. Police states are great places to use this stunt.

Light Bulbs

As a less-destructive alternative to sabotaging light bulbs with nasty substances or turning them into illuminating Claymores, try the milder version suggested by Paul Buchholz. Paul's pyromaniacal recipe says to roll a screw-in flashbulb in glue, then in a deep dish of flash powder. Allow to dry, then replace the regular light bulbs with these doctored flashbulbs.

"This works great for one of those jerks who's always turning on the white light when you're working in a darkroom--and thinks it's funny," Paul adds.

Paul has also played funster with desk lamps. He says to take the bulb, usually inverted, out of the desk lamp. Turn off the power. Repeat: Turn off the power! Now, select a fifteen-amp fuse and carefully break away the glass on the top of this fuse.

Fill the fuse with flash powder and tape to secure. Replace the bulb with that doctored fuse. Make certain the desk-lamp switch is in the off position, and turn the power back on. Wait for results. See mark wet drawers--and we don't mean those of the desk.

Magnets

As readers of my previous tomes already know, various types of magnets can cause various types of treachery, e.g., bulk erasing of audio- and video-tapes, diskettes, etc. Our friend, The Razor, has listed some additional uses for these destructive fellows.

"A well-placed magnet will cause all sorts of distortion on a videotape and all kinds of frustration for its owner, your mark," The Razor says. "About ten seconds of a good magnet will make a blank space in any videotape. Pieces of magnet left in a video machine, tape player, or the tape cartridge itself will result in real mayhem."

The Razor also suggests that a strong magnet can cause considerable damage to a TV set's picture tube.

"If you place an industrial magnet, a really strong one, on a TV set for about five minutes, it will cause a black spot the size of the magnet to appear permanently on the screen," the Razor says. "The picture will distort and look as if it's being sucked into that black hole. It's a neat-looking bit of video havoc..."

The Razor says that the set must be turned on for the damage to be permanent.

Mail

Thanks to the fun mind of Dick Smegma, you now have something else to do with your mark's liberated garbage. Dick thinks you should donate it to a state highway, especially if your state has draconian littering laws.

You need to be sure that the mark's garbage contains magazines and other mail with his name and address clearly printed on the labels. Personal mail will help, too. You need a good-sized bag of his toss-out. And, that's what you do next.

"Doing about 30 to 40 mph, you dump this bag of the mark's garbage out on the state highway," Dick says. "A few moments later, you call the state police unit in that area--as a good citizen--and report this 'horrible littering.' Then, you give a fair description of the mark's car and maybe a partial license. If the mark's car has any sort of really standout feature, mention that."

Obviously, an investigation will be opened, and, unless the mark can come up with a truly airtight alibi, he will be fined for littering. In some states, that fine can be a real wallet-buster.

Another wonderful suggestion for used mail comes to us from Mat Giggi in Phoenix, who claims he has saved postage costs for years by keeping various envelopes that personal mail came in, addressed to him. Mat would insert his responses to people's letters, seal them back up thoroughly as if they had not been opened or tampered with, and mark on the front, Delivery refused, return to sender. The new letter would be returned to the sender, saving Mat postage and new envelopes. Mat claims to have done this to save trees that would be needed to create paper for more envelopes and stamps. Mat also hates the federal government and the USPS. The USPS advised me this scam is illegal. So what?

Unsolicited mailings (aka junk mail) should also be illegal. I especially detest the mailings from pressure groups bugging me to send them money. The do-gooder groups aren't too bad; it's mostly the religious and political plundering that gets to me. Paco McGruff, our postal watchdog, shows how to take the bite out of these rascals.

"It's basically your old switcheroo tactic," Paco explains. "Only I try to match pressure-group mailings with counterclaim materials. For example, if I get a \$\$\$\$ request from Contras for Kick-ass Peace, I stuff their messages in the postage-paid envelope for Save the Sandinistas Foundation, whose material goes into the Contra envelope."

Paco says he also tries to order things for various pressure groups, using someone else's Send no money, mail this card today mailer. He always sends for free literature from pressure groups in the name of someone or some group that will hate the contents.

Dick Smegma's back again with an idea for using those "plastic bubble" envelopes so popular today as crush-proof mailers. He finds a brand which is waterproof (by testing it, how do you think he found out?) and uses it to mail things which are basically liquid, and not very pleasant, to people who aren't either. Use your imagination on the contents of the mailers, as my getting too graphic ruins my editor's lunch for weeks on end. A couple of tips: Pre-address the envelope before putting the contents inside. Put stamps on it yourself and mail from a postal box. Be careful of fingerprints, too.

The neat extra to this is that a lot of people reach inside packages without really looking first. Think about that while I take my editor to lunch.

If you have a lot of marks who need to be civilized, try the chain-letter scam championed by The P.T.B. You create a realistic-reading type of chain letter promising huge sums of \$\$\$\$ to people who participate. You want to get clear evidence in there about the money so the postal inspectors will be able to apply the laws covering mail fraud, solicitation, etc.

Postal inspectors, you ask? Sure. Here's what you do, according to The P.T.B. Use your myriad marks as the people to list on the chain letter, complete with addresses. Then, duplicate forty or fifty copies and circulate them, making certain that copies somehow get leaked to those aforementioned postal inspectors, in addition to local cops, feds, reporters, etc.

If I may add a suggestion, a perfect time to do this is when there is an actual chain-letter scam/operation being investigated in your area. You simply plug your marks into whatever form/plan is being investigated and maybe your marks will be rolled up with the real bunco artists when the police do their busts.

Mannequins

Sometimes the vivid imagination of a guilt-ridden mark sets the scene for some wonderfully tasteless revenge. Brent Jeffries had a bully who used to terrorize him when he was a kid. To get even a few years later, Brent took a store mannequin to the bully's bedroom window one night, placed an old axe in its hand, and raised the arm. He called the police, acting in a panic, and gave them the bully's name and address, claiming to be that person. Next, just as the police were turning the corner, he tossed a rock through the guy's window, just next to the mannequin. Brent ran like hell, laughing all the way.

"You can do other things with these helpful little friends (mannequins)," Brent adds. "For instance, if you need to get back at your girlfriend, put one of these guys, armed with a huge knife, in her shower stall."

Mass Transportation

Most local systems do a good job with their buses, trains, and so forth. Some do not. Some seem almost to have citizen irritation as one of their employee training courses. Several folks I've talked with on radio shows and a couple of regular readers have made suggestions that go beyond the realm of normality and civility. Those, of course, are the ones you'd expect to find here.

The one mentioned most is to become more obnoxious than the system itself. Following is a magnificent scenario I have created from the suggestions of three splendid citizens of our wonderful world: Mr. Undercover of the Night, Bruno Sicherheitsdienst, and Anton Schwatzen-Luft.

You dress up in your worst Goodwill suit after several days of no bath or shave. You must not brush your teeth, and you should eat the same types of smelly, ethnic foods consumed by Sgt. Belker on the TV show "Hill Street Blues." In this role, you board the targeted vehicle of the transit company you wish to injure. You sit next to people who look stuffy or unfriendly. You act very weird. Stare and slobber, then pick your nose and pretend to eat your findings after a long, detailed examination. Offer to share your treasures with your traveling companion. Repeat this each day for a week or so.

Eventually, the driver will get complaints and will pass them along. Most drivers will refuse to "get involved" directly, so don't worry about that. Keep it up. Pick on new riders as well as the old faithfuls. Soon, the company will be hit by even more complaints. You can help this process along by going to the local newspaper, after you've cleaned up your act, as an indignant citizen who's complained about this awful whacko who rides your bus. Hint at a possible cover-up by the mass-transit people.

In closing, it does work. We tried it.

Meeselings

Trying to talk logic, liberty, and personal freedom with the new breed of religious zealots infesting the country today is about as much fun as picking fly shit out of pepper on a very dark day. If you live in a town with an adult book/video store, you have probably seen these pests picketing, protesting, and bothering customers. These sexually repressed bigots are always putting their "noes" into someone else's business.

Ms. Ima Voyeur cums along with a fun stunt to turn the tables on these sordid little rodents, whom I've named "Meeselings" after their legal hero, Attorney General Edwin Meese.

Ms. Voyeur says to rent a large, black limo, the kind with the black or reflective windows. Have a friend drive it slowly in front of the picketed shop and stop. Another friend is sitting in the backseat with the window down just enough that the Meeselings can see a pair of sunglasses covering the face that's looking out at them.

The store manager, or someone posing as the store manager, runs up to the limo and starts to talk to the person in the back. He should turn and point to several of the demonstrators, being sure to point out the leaders. Have your friend in the limo point a 35mm camera out the window and start to take pictures. A motorized drive on the camera would be a good touch, also. The camera must be a professional-quality model, of course. If any of the yahoos approaches the vehicle, your friend shuts the window and the limo drives off. The Meeselings are left to worry about who was taking their pictures. The "manager" can add to this paranoia with some verbal assistance as to who or what the limo meant.

Bill Talley of Denver is director of a group of atheistic alcoholics in Denver and freely admits he despises Edwin Meese--as if he didn't have lots of company. Talley's folks, American Atheist Addiction Recovery Groups (AAARG), have instituted all sorts of delightful Haydukery in Meese's name. They began in 1986 with a national contest to determine a winner in the "Most Original Sin Contest," with the aim being to embarrass Ed Meese by sending him a videotape of the winning entry.

Meroxious Dimmeldumbs

This is the name, less or less, given by Dick Smegma to a person who will not take anyone's word for anything involving numbers. As Dick says, this is the kid who counts the candle on his first birthday cake, "just to be sure." You know these dimbulbs as adults, those who check and recheck the restaurant bill four or five times, re-add the grocery items to see if the cash register cheated them after they've had the clerk already do it once, and so on. Meanwhile, you're in the nonmoving cash-register line behind them. Yawn.

Dick says he met one of them who actually counted toilet-paper rolls to see if each contained two hundred sheets. I wonder if that was before, after, or during use? Anyway, Dick has some fun ways to get back at them for the miserly misery they cause.

"I get back at these dimmeldumbs by giving them five-hundred-piece jigsaw puzzles with one or two pieces missing as gifts, or paying them an owed bill with \$120 in pennies, or giving them a Rubik's cube, which contains forty-three billion combinations of potential madness for them."

I'm sure you get Dick's idea.

Motels

Mr. Shafter was once demoted in his motel maintenance job because his supervisor was covering up for his dope-eating girlfriend by blaming Shafter for some screwups. To square the deal, Mr. Shafter decided to ice the motel's reputation. Let him share his frigid formula for revenge.

"I waited until Mr. Supervisor and his shack job were on duty and befouled the ice machines at the motel," Mr. Shafter says. "In one of them, I buried some ripe roadkill in a shallow, icy grave, about one bucket-scoop away from discovery by a guest.

"In the other machine, I filled an ice bucket with dog ca-ca, opened the hatch, and sprinkled the feces liberally over the top of the ice. On the upstairs deck, I introduced a bucket full of deceased crawdads, roaches, and mice as a topping for the ice machine's contents. I repeated all of the above in the other two units for the motel."

Mr. Supervisor was forced to fire his girlfriend, and then he was fired following a mysterious note to management "from an anonymous guest" reporting the pair fornicating in the pool area. Mr. Shafter was promoted to supervisor.

Mothers

Like other dangerous weapons, mothers can be used to exact revenge upon the marks of this grand world. The first wonderful idea comes to us from one of my heartiest fans, a man who is a close, warm, personal friend of my publisher. I speak, of course, of the wonderful Bob Greene of Chicago Tribune and Esquire fame.

I know, you think that this Bob Greene's a wimp. You wouldn't think that if you really knew him. Underneath that silly, sissy facade of Alan Alda sensitivity is a closet Howie Long (a fearsome pro footballer).

Anyway, Bob has this great revenge tactic using the mark's mother. Here's how it works. The mark gets a letter sent to his address and last name, but to another person. This works great if the mark lives in an apartment. The letter says something like:

Dear Bobbie,
You used to be such a loving, compassionate son, so warm and kind to your parents. Now, with Dad gone, it breaks my heart to live without your love. Where did I fail you as a mother?

When you promised to visit or even just call, I had no idea you wouldn't keep your word. It's been almost five years, son. Why haven't you called or written? I keep sending you my letters in hopes you'll come to see your old, sick mom. I need you son; I'm not well. I love you so much, my only son, and my heart breaks with your silence.

The letter goes on, of course, with the same pathos and despair, begging the son to contact her. The gag is that the letter is addressed to the mark's last name and proper address, but the letter starts out using a first name other than the mark's. The hook is that the mark will think the letter is for someone else with the same last name. He will be mystified and, it is hoped, feel sorrow and guilt that he cannot do anything about getting the letter to the real addressee. With some modification, this will easily work for a female mark. The secret is to use this on a mark who is prone to guilt, paranoia, and emotional overload. As Tom Robbins said, "It's never too late to have a happy childhood."

Music

Mr. Michigan Rock had a friend who used to bug him with silly, little, schoolboy pranks from which Haydukers arise. Our man Rock is true to the test. He got several of those asinine music-maker greeting cards and removed the musical accessory. He then hid them around the friend's room and office. Being very small, they are easy to hide, annoying as all get out, and impossible to find. The pal declared a unilateral truce.

In a similar sense, Dan from Chilton has a brother who used to drive Dan bonkers by playing the same audio cassette over and over, as in constantly. Dan asked, begged, and ordered the kid to play something else. Naturally, the brother thought the annoyance factor was great, so he only increased the frequency of his one-tape playlist.

Dan's response was to put a bit of adhesive tape over the two holes in the cassette designed to prevent accidental overrecording.

"This was to be no accident," Dan says. "I recorded some really obnoxious stuff, like 101 Strings and Barry Manilow, right over my brother's stuff. I then took off the adhesive tape and returned his cassette to his box."

Dan reports that after the initial shock, explosion, and parental orders to "buy and replace your brother's tape," the kid got the idea and they had no more problems.

Napalm

This subject first came to my attention when I overheard some of the Old Boys Network down in the secret subbasement of the Reagan White House talking over their Christmas gift plans for the National Press Club. Thanks to The Schizo, a loyal pal from Kaaawa, Hawaii, this wonderful product can now be yours to share with your friends and loved ones, or to use to turn the neighborhood slime balls into crispy critters.

Mix a pint or so of gasoline with a gallon of rubber cement. You may wish to add some soap chips for flavor. Mix to suit your own taste after experimentation.

Caution: Playing with this type of fire makes grown-ups very nervous. The disadvantage is that you can get burned. On the plus side, you know how to make workable, useful napalm. How now, Dow?

Newspapers

Two friends must share credit for this masterful way of getting even with newspapers, those businesses that buy ink by the barrel and always get the last word. Not anymore, thanks to Dick Smegma and Mavis Ballpeen, whose ancestors, by the way, invented the hammer of the same name.

Anyway, if your mark happens to be the morning newspaper in your town, this is a lot of fun for you, not for them. Most morning newspapers are loaded into those coin-operated vending machines between 3:00 and 5:00 a.m. You can learn the delivery time by a simple stakeout.

Here are two things you can do. After the delivery people have filled a machine, wait until they leave. Put your coin or slug in the slot (be careful of fingerprints) and open the door. Now, take the entire stack of newspapers. You can give them away free, sell them at a grand profit, or deep-six them down a sewer.

The second suggestion is much more creative. Obtain a goodly supply of porn, which you have already rubberstamped in large letters to say Special advertising supplement to the your town press. Insert a copy of the stamped porn into each newspaper in your stack. Return them to the vending machines for other citizens to discover.

According to Dick, a guy did this in Texas and the results were quite dramatic. It would be helpful, Mavis adds, if you use kiddie or animal porn.

Paint

An artsy person, Brian Lee James urges all serious Haydukers to carry a small bottle of paint stripper with them when in action. He says you never know what you'll need for revenge and that a good spray bottle of paint stripper is worth its weight in running paint from some mark's something or other.

Andy Cove, a nice kid from Pittsburgh, liked my ideas for creative bumper stickers and wants to carry it a bit further. Andy says to keep the same messages, such as Maim police, Eat babies, or Kill Cubans, but cut them out in the form of large, cardboard stencils.

"You take your stencil and a can of fluorescent spray paint and put the message on your mark's car, house, or apartment door. Or, you can spray this on the side of your mark's boss's house, and leave the mark's business card at the scene."

Andy also explained how much fun this could be in minority neighborhoods, and how different messages and symbols--for example, KKK or a swastika--can be utilized. As he says, the combinations and possibilities are endless.

"Bumper stickers are great fun, " Andy adds, "but these giant stencils say the same thing, only in a big, bright, DayGlo fashion."

Paint Guns

According to its hypists, survival games are the hottest adult sport in the free world, leaving even Edwin Meese wondering what happened to recreational sex, or even spectator sex. Never mind how, because it's not important, but the hardware for these games, CO2 paint guns, make wonderful instruments for having your way with your mark, your mark's car or home, and other paint-vulnerable targets. These delightful guns, which fire brightly colored, .68-caliber paint pellets accurately up to one hundred feet using standard 12-gram CO2 cartridges, will really splatter your mark/target. Some of these guns are rapid-fire repeaters with 10- to 20-shot capacity. Check your local sporting-goods store or gun shop, or the myriad mail-order outfits.

Arm your imagination. Take your paint gun and stalk your mark. It's open season.

Parking Spaces

In Minneapolis, residents post illegal No Parking signs to keep nonresidents from parking cars in front of local residences. In Pittsburgh, they put aluminum lawn furniture in front of their homes to "reserve" that parking spot. In Philadelphia, if you park in someone else's private spot you might end up at the bottom of the Schuylkill River.

Elaine Veits of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch mentioned these parking-space wars in her newspaper column musings, along with how folks in that lovely city fight off strangers who dare park in front of local dwellings. But it was the method of the Gorch brothers, who own the Messy Stool Bar in Salmon, Idaho, that tickled my fancy.

Tector and Lyle Gorch run a professional bar in Salmon--that is, they cater to the hardcore professional drinkers who strap themselves in for a full day of bending the elbow each and every day. These are serious drinkers who consider a mere fifth of liquor to be only a punitive measure.

"Yeah, but what rips our skivvies is when some uncustomer parks out in front of our place so the regulars can't park here," says Tector, a large hunk of meat with eyes, who tends bar during the morning shift. His brother, Lyle, adds, "But, we got 'em back after those Mad Mothers Who Hate Drunks started to park our place full so the regulars couldn't get in."

The boys figured it was perfectly legal for them to water their lawn, and they did so when the Mad Mothers came to park their cars in protest.

"The temperature was about ten degrees in Salmon that morning," Lyle says, "so my hose-holding hand was kind of unsteady." As a result, the Mad-mother-mobiles were coated with a solid rock of inch-thick ice.

"They should not oughtta park where we was waterin' our lawn!" Tector added. Although it may be true that the Brothers Gorch are growing down and not up, lest you think of them as totally irresponsible louts, consider their ban on drunken drivers. "We don't let anybody drive if they're drunk," the boys say. "You might say we put the quart before the hearse."

Parties

You know how snotty Yuppies can get, and, sometimes in their pupa stage, they are even worse. Once, my friend Lisa gave a party. Because the pre-yupettes didn't include her in their group, they passed the word to avoid Lisa's party. She had a lot of "regrets" to invitations and just plain no-shows.

Now, Lisa is not one to let such nonsense pass without retort. Here is what she did to the pre-yups.

"I had a very, very large friend of mine arrive unannounced at their next bash. He was dressed in a very silly Easter Bunny suit, plus he had strapped on a very large, oversized, black dildo.

"David ran wildly through the amazed crowd, goosing women with the dildo and making exaggerated masturbation motions over the food table. He got up on the table and dunked his great dildo in the punch bowl, then squatted over the food layout and released a pound of black olives from the backside of his costume (fake giant bunny droppings, get it?). He exited quickly.

Sometimes, you just don't like people for reasons other than that they give nasty parties. Perhaps you could hold this against them at some other time. Nicole, a nice young lady from Pennsylvania, says it is easy to either have an adult friend do this or imitate an adult voice yourself (that could be a fun stunt in itself) and report the mark's party to the local police.

"You want to be sure to include all the buzz words that upset police," Nicole says, "stuff like drugs, teenybopper sex, orgies, older guys, mixed-racial sex, loud cars, bullying the aged neighbors--things like that.

"Be sure you use a pay telephone, of course, then go back to the party and watch what happens. Be cool, though. It's also fun to do this to some straight adults who are having a sedate dinner party."

As a refinement on this tactic, check back in the section titled Drugs. There is a real gasser in there.

Brent Jeffries used to live near a partying type of guy who hosted riots that broke the Richter Scale. Brent had a lock on a simple method to discourage this activity from reoccurring.

"I noted that he always had long lines of cars parked in front of his place, my place, and those of half the neighborhood," Brent relates. "A couple of us went to the junkyard and

got a lot of rusty old chains and some cheap padlocks. We simply chained the loud party guests' cars together, bumper to bumper, and locked the chains."

Loud, obnoxious parties are frequent villains which become marks in the land of Haydukery. Brian Janes tells a unique story of a neighbor who was sound-terrorizing the neighborhood at 3:00 a.m., then had the balls to tell a justifiably complaining Brian, "It's too bad you can't sleep through my party, because we're not about to quiet down for you. You've got a shitty attitude."

Diagnosed as such, Brian thought of an appropriate response. He adjourned to his water closet and proceeded to live up to his attitude, only he was carefully collecting the resultant dumplings on paper plates.

"I proceeded out to C-4 cars of his guests and deposited some of my personal attitudes in their cars," Brian says. "That way, when the drunks piled out of his place to their cars, along about 5:00 A.M., they were greeted by piles already in the cars.

"Me? I was long gone to work. My brother said Neighbor came over to complain, but my brother played innocent. He told Neighbor I had gone in to work early because of the party noise and that he'd just gotten off night shift, which was true. The dumb-ass neighbor bought it...and didn't hold any more loud parties."

The Weasel had enough of being the constant fall guy for Yuppie put-down jokes at parties. He got back at one especially snotty hostess by surreptitiously entering the dining room while the others were still in the main room. He carefully used Superglue to permanently attach her stemware to the table. "I was just trying to help ensure that guests didn't knock the glasses off the table," The Weasel says seriously.

Within three minutes of her guests sitting down, the hostess had lost ten expensive pieces of stemware, their bases stuck firmly to the table, the rest of the useless glass held in embarrassed guests' hands.

Phonograph Records

Electric Lisa had a despicable roommate named Billi Prepuce, a truly foul woman. Lisa told me that Billi was the kind of girl who'd look at home living in a dumpster. Every day, Lisa feared the Board of Health would seal their room. Worse, Lisa said that Billi simply borrowed Lisa's clothes rather than wash her own, which just piled up like great, rotting sacks of smelly, locker-room mess.

The key to the attack came when Billi had some friends over and played loud punk music while Lisa was trying to write a paper.

"I told her that playing records that loud would warp the vinyl," Lisa said. "She was stupid enough to believe me, but only laughed at me and kept playing them."

That night, Lisa took a tiny file borrowed from the tool department at the store where she worked and gently enlarged the center hole of each of Billi's records. Lisa did other things, too, and they will be covered in the appropriate section.

Politicians

Sometimes, the politician you need to pay back also happens to be a law-enforcement type. This was the case for Brian Janes, who was hassled by a slob of a deputy lawman whose generic name in the community was Deputy Lardass. Brian came up with some arresting ways to punish this bully-boy lawman.

"At election time, we got some of Deputy Lardass's campaign signs, cut out his large, ugly picture, and glued it to some new posters we'd made up. The new posters looked just like the originals in layout and design, but surely not in wording.

"We included claims about Lardass, like his love for molesting young boys, butt-bumping with sheep, and dope orgies with mental patients at the county facility.

"We put a couple outside the courthouse, one near the pay phone on Main Street, another outside the local diner where 'everyone' had morning coffee. Nobody noticed for a few hours, then laughter and shock ran up and down Main Street. Boy, was that fat asshole mad. But, of course, nobody had seen anything or knew anything.

Good grief, gentle reader, you look like the face of America the day that Nixon announced he was trying for a third term. You don't approve of getting even with unjust protectors of the law? It's a good thing Brian did, because Lardass lost his job.

Pornography

Most civilized countries do not regard recreational sex as puritanically evil as do the uptight, upright, fundamentalists of America. That's why pornography can be used against them and any other mark of your choice. For our first selection from the Psalm of St. Porno, you either have to be in Europe or have a friend there do this for you.

Locate some kiddie porn--as I recall, this is fairly easy to do in Denmark, Holland, Sweden, or Switzerland--and purchase some very graphic examples. Then, using a rental typewriter, address a label to your mark back in the States. Use the return address in the host country of someone whom you do not like much, either. Take the parcel to the nearest large post office and send it via airmail.

To add to the fun, include a letter written with the same typewriter in semi-poor English. Here is a suggested letter you might consider

Dear Mr./Ms. Mark:

Thanking you for your recent order for our happy sexual activity photos and videos. We are being sorry but the ones with the title "Willie and His Horny Mother" is not anymore in stock and cannot be sold. We are making a new film of a 9 year old girl, her 11 year old brother and their 30 year old mother and her 40 year old girlfriend. You will like it.

We are sending the rest of your order soon and, yes, as you asked we will tell you when we are making a video about little boys and golden showers, also large dogs and little girls. We have sent you with this letter a bank draft refund in American funds for \$10 (or whatever) for the items we not sending now. We are honored with you as a steady and busy customer. It is nice to know you have your own films and models, too, but we are not able to buy any from you as we take all of our pictures here in (Country Name).

Sincerely,
Pete Pedophile

As you may know, U.S. Customs people inspect almost all parcels that come from known kiddie-porn centers. Just thinking of the resulting investigation of your mark's package makes me start to laugh already. If you are chuckling, too, then wave a hand of thanks toward Dick Smegma...it's all his idea. Caution: Be certain you include no fingerprints on anything you send on this stunt.

Portable Grenade Launcher

Here's an idea from The Razor that cuts a break for the bow-and-arrow fans. Recall the scene from the flick Rambo, where its star supposedly used explosive arrows to blow up the bad guys and their vehicles? Well, gang, now you can be the first kid on your block to have that fun, too.

First, remove the ferrule from an aluminum arrow and fill the arrow with FFFF-grade black powder. Glue a shot-shell primer into that hole where the ferrule normally goes. Next, glue a standard BB on top of that primer. You, your bow, and your newly modified arrow are ready for some really explosive action.

But, remember, use big-time caution.

"These babies are really dangerous and will go off if you nudge that BB too hard," the Razor warns. "Be very careful! Give yourself plenty of distance when you test it. The explosion will blow bits of aluminum all over the place."

Posters

Nothing is blacker than the sins and secrets of a politician. And, as Mr. Reagan said to the White House chef, "Isn't it, ahhh, time we plugged those leaks?"

Speaking of vegetables, this stunt is perfect for political posters, but will work well for any sort of sign you wish to put up anywhere. It comes to us courtesy of Ron from NYC, who says he learned it during the days of "Reform Politics of the Sixties." Ron has a great sense of humor.

"A poster or paper soaked in Pet milk and then smoothed down so that no air bubbles remain when you put it up is virtually removable-proof," Ron says. "Some of the posters we put up in contested elections against the Establishment were still there five years after the elections, and in good shape."

Are elections and politicians really scum? Ho, ho--does Howdy Doody have a wooden ass?

Prisons

A warden of Alcatraz once defined his prison many years ago as a hostelry where the guest is always wrong. As we know today, even when the "guest" is right, he's wrong. Which brings me to a letter from Little Dick Birch who's serving time in Reagan State Prison, USA.

"I got back at a guy who was doing some petty shakedown on me," Little Dick writes, "by using one of your ideas I read before going inside. I got a friend outside to subscribe to some foul fag magazines in the name of this con who was bothering me and used the warden's address. Paid for it with a money order."

Little Dick (his choice of name) says the "offender" was brought in twice for questions and spent the rest of the week wondering who, among his many enemies in the block and yard, had gotten him in deep trouble with the warden. It seems Mrs. Warden opened the first mailing.

The second item is a request. Several folks on the inside have written to ask how to get my books delivered to them, as prison officials censor their mail and confiscate the books. If any reader has an answer, I'd be pleased to hear from you and to pass along your ideas to about six people who are waiting to hear. Thanks.

Put-Downs

I really got a lot of new suggestions for this category from the last book. Here are two favorites from Paul Buchholz, who testifies from experience that a really loud, "Hey! Quit looking at my dick, you (creep/slut)!" will redden faces in public.

Paul passes along another that he credits to Don Rickles, one of my real favorite folk, who uses it on friends who are known for their sexual proclivity. You look him or her in the eye and exclaim loudly, "My god, what have you been eating, fish?"

Quotes

"A closed mouth catches no feet, and today is yesterday's tomorrow."

--The Razor

"The time is always right to do what is right."

--Martin Luther King, Jr.

"Of course, I'm a great housekeeper. Every time I leave a man, I keep his house."

--Zsa Zsa Gabor

"Take calculated risks. That is better than being rash."

--Gen. George S. Patton, Jr.

"Gee, I don't even know where the federal court house is."

--Dale Berra

"Some people are so mean they'll smile at you in front while they're kicking you in the belly from behind."

--Berurier

"War and inflation always raise a crop of stinkers and a lot of them have settled in California."

--Lew Archer

"A rotten reputation is far better than a black belt in karate."

--Sr. Tomas

"A truth that's told with bad intent beats all the lies you can invent."

--William Blake

"At first, I thought it was just lovely while Uncle David was away. But then, I realized it was really just civilized."

--Aunt Nancy, to Gen and Bert

"Any man more right than his neighbors constitutes a majority of one."

--Henry David Thoreau

"In waking the tiger, use a long stick."

--Mao Tse-tung

"No shit, I just drank what?"

--Socrates, to John Harris

"It's not PMS, I'm always bitchy."

--Nora Ephron to Ellen Goodman, at Tip O'Neill's retirement dinner

Radioactivity

If you want to witness public officials and the media conducting a real orchestra of verbal thunderstorms, heed the delightfully simple advice of Lance Link on how to use chemistry of all sorts to create classic Haydukery. Our national, well-earned paranoia about toxic dumps, unsafe transport, careless waste spills, and an uncaring national administration makes this work like a charm.

Lance says you can tailor this to your specific mark, needs, and/or locale. The generic basics you need are one or more fifty-five-gallon drums filled with dyed or otherwise colored water. The drums should be painted bright orange and festooned with standard Radioactive Material stickers, easily available from a friendly printer.

"Place your primary mark's name/address on the shipper's label and the secondary mark's name on the receiver's label," Lance adds. "Make sure your drum or drums are loaded on a truck and then drive to the area you wish to 'contaminate.' You simply make sure the drums 'fall' off the truck where and when you want them to.

"The next step is to drive off. Stir up the locals by calling the local radio station and newspaper to report the incident as a 'witness.' Don't call the cops--they record calls. Local media outlets rarely do."

The reaction to this stunt is best left to your imagination. The one time I saw it successfully done, however, it got regional TV coverage, four newspapers--including a metro daily--sent reporters, and several state officials showed up to bluster about the need for increased safety. When some real safety experts arrived and did their tests, the hoax was exposed--but not to the public.

Some additional suggestions from Lance Link:

If you have a third mark, you can paint his/her/its name on the truck and make certain the locals see it, or the trucking company can be the primary mark.

Potassium nitrate can be added to the water in the drum just before the "spill" for some additional fun and sparks.

It is always good to have this "spill" near some appropriate facility, such as an elementary school, public water supply, home for elderly people, ethnic neighborhood, TV station, ritzy neighborhood, or federal facility.

Make sure that "victims" send fake hospital bills to both marks. Have one or more people sue the marks for mental anguish; so much the better if real people can be conned into this.

Months later, pose as a federal inspector and call the primary and secondary mark to ascertain if they have stopped shipping radioactive substances. Refer to the "spill" by a case number as if it were still an active investigation. Keep this frustration-maker alive for a year or more.

Reporters

I have heard from several newsies that reporters read my books to stay ahead of their harassers and to learn ways to get back at them privately. One former journalist, Betty Johnson from Texas, told me how much help these books of mine have been against the pencil necks, bigots, and other trashy types who usually try to bully reporters. I always like to hear from journalists, even those with no sense of humor who feel I belong in a prison or mental ward.

And, bully for you, Betty Johnson, I bet your new job is a real undertaking.

Restaurants

Before becoming a very good teacher some years ago, Schizoid Sam worked at a greasy-spoon restaurant to earn money for college. He said part of his education at the eatery was to learn to deal with swilling pigs, a.k.a., customers. As anyone who has worked for a restaurant will tell you, there is an entire spectrum of customer types, ranging from nice folks to beyond swilling pigs. Sam says he always tried to get even with those who were the pigs and beyond.

"When I had access to the salad containers, I always kept a double inventory of egg and tuna salads. One container would be fresh--the other would be a salmonella colony in residence, just waiting to share itself with the swilling pigs to whom I served it. Another simple payback is to sprinkle some sugar on the pig's meat sandwiches."

As many former waiters and waitri--who are now called serving persons, which always brings a smirk to my aged face--have told me, rats are fairly common around many restaurants. One of my funnier readers, Herbie Schmertz, from Oil Spill, Texas, had some real gripes with the people who owned the big-name restaurant where he worked, ranging from sexual abuse to cheating him on hours.

"I was an amateur photographer and used this to help my campaign of serving up a menu full of trouble for these people at the restaurant," Herbie told me.

"I got some yucky, close-up photos of rats eating garbage. I made some of these into composite photos showing the back door of the mark's restaurant with the name shown very plainly. A friend who worked in a commercial darkroom ran my order privately and printed me about fifty postcard-type photos showing the rats and the restaurant. I wish I still had some to show you, George."

Not to worry, Herbie, you did the best thing with them, which was to send them to new people coming into town and to old customers telling them "we" (the rats and the owners) missed these people because they added so much to the atmosphere.

The owners got a lot of complaints about the insults and some folks vowed never to return. The owner was both furious and mystified. According to Herbie, the owner thought one of his business rivals was behind this scheme.

Then there was my experience. It was the most horrible restaurant I had ever been in. Sitting down to eat leftovers from a gynecologist's examining table would be more pleasant than even walking in the door of this dump. But, after hearing my friends' complaints about not only the place, but the rotten attitude of the management there, duty overcame concerns about my own health and taste. More about what I did in the next book...

All those restaurants, all that food. When you think about it there are too many restaurants and there is too much food. We have a surplus of both. Maybe our farmers should just forget about growing food and grow dope instead.

All of the horridness in restaurants is surely not on the customer's side of the serving line, as any former hash slinger will attest. One former waitress told me that an obnoxious, drunken customer once snarled at her, "Hey, airhead, what do you have to do to get a glass of water in this dump?"

"Why don't you set yourself on fire, sir?" she replied.

Roadkill

I had known of furry curry and other roadkill recipes from reading Easyriders, plus hanging around LTC Mac and his magic menagerie of tasty runovers, as opposed to leftovers. Anyhow, Richard Marcou wishes to remind you that he has now published his personal recipe file as How to Cook Road Kill published by Quarrington Marketing, Winnipeg, Canada.

Some of his dieter's damaged delights include Bumper Bambi Fondue, Rear-Ended Ragout, Kitty Creole, Bow Wow Chow, and Freeway Fricassee. He even has a section on starting a formerly-fast food franchise known as the Road Kill Cafe. I think he could also start a community service program for senior citizens and call it Meals Under Wheels.

All State Susan doesn't like people who are cruel to animals and once used a spare roadkill to do something about it. She knew a dirtbag who liked to poach deer. It wasn't that this bozo needed the meat for his family. Nope, he was just a killer and a rack hunter. He carried a hacksaw, in fact, for removal of the victim's antlers. Susan sawed him off at the knees, though.

"I spotted a very freshly dead deer, only recently struck and killed by a truck," Susan says. "I dumped the body in my truck and headed by back road to my place. I knew the guy used a .30-06 for his poaching, so I used mine to put two rounds into that dead deer." Next, Susan did some rough-gutting, tossed the deer back into her truck, and headed toward her poacher/mark's home, knowing he was at work.

"I hung that deer corpse in his backyard, just like he'd shot it, cleaned it, and left it," Susan continues. "I then called both the area game warden and the state police. I heard through the local barvine that my old mark paid a fine for poaching...he just wasn't able to convince the heat that he hadn't done it, given his reputation and all," Susan says, with a loud chortle.

Satellite TV

Before some major U.S. corporations, such as Time Inc., decided to get really greedy, dish owners--i.e., folk who own satellite receiver antennas--had a nice, uncomplicated TV-viewing habit. Mostly rural folks who live miles from the nearest cable company, they invested one thousand to three thousand dollars in a dish antenna that receives TV signals directly from satellites. It was a nice, gentle way of life.

Then, HBO, an avaricious arm of Time Inc., decided these folks should pay for that privilege of watching HBO, the same as cable companies had to pay for the programs. The company scrambled its signal and told the little citizens they would have to buy decoders (cost: four hundred dollars each) and pay monthly fees (twenty-five dollars) like cable companies. Of course, the cable companies pay only about one dollar per month per subscriber.

Therein began a mighty, unreported war that was ripe for the covert action of Haydukery. Enter John MacDougall, whose nom de guerre was Capt. Midnight. On 27 April 1986, he broke in on an HBO telecast with a declaration of war from furious satellite owners whose pleas were being ignored by pragmatic congressmen who get large campaign contributions from large companies like Time Inc.

By overriding the HBO signal with his own message, Capt. Midnight showed how utterly vulnerable the entire satellite business is to hackers, pranksters, and spies. Note my use of the present tense. Despite what the uptight creeps who own the satellites tell you via their own controlled news media, that extreme vulnerability is still there. And they deserve every watt of disruption we freedom-lovers can slam onto the greedy bastards.

Any semicompetent electronics buff can put together a device capable of rudimentary or sophisticated jamming or signal override, as Capt. Midnight did. If this interests you, there are many books to tell you how and many places to buy the equipment. For a quick explanation, go to your local library's periodicals room and get the October 1986 issue of Mother Jones magazine. Turn to page 49 of that magazine and you'll find an entire page of do-it-yourself instructions, free and easy to understand. Make a photocopy of that page. Do not rip it out!

Schools

Everyone has a favorite story about a jock or jockess getting special treatment from his or her school. One of my favorites comes from The Red Baron, who said one ball player's dad was influential enough to get some specially revised grades so his son would be eligible for sports. This did not sit well with the nonathletic students, but, as always, school officials are athletic supporters, so the evil forces won.

The Red Baron and his patrol helped turn the battle, though. They felt that, because the school had sold out on an ethical question, they should help the school really sell out. So, they sold the school.

"The first thing we did was place a classified ad in the local newspaper for Saturday morning," The Red Baron says. "It announced that the school building and grounds were for sale. We did that late Friday. Then, Friday night, we 'located and liberated' about nine hundred of those metallic For Sale signs that realtors use and stuck them all over the school grounds--I mean, all over."

The ad hit early Saturday morning and so did half the town, driving out to check out all the fuss about the ad in the paper and the news the local radio station had on about the school being for sale. A traffic jam developed and police, realtors, and school officials were furious with everyone and each other.

"Nobody knew who placed the signs or called the story in to the local radio station," says Baron. "They did know who placed the newspaper ad, though, as the assistant principal's name was on the bill." (See Teachers section.)

There was so much fuss in the newspapers about all of this that the kid was forced to quit the team, the principal was reprimanded by the school board for allowing grades to be changed, and everyone was angry with the prickly, but befuddled, assistant principal. The students were pretty happy, though, that justice had finally won.

Seat Cushions

Kansas City Ray used to work with a real nasty woman, describing her as a subhuman bliffet who nosed into everyone's business and spread nasty rumors about all. Ray told me she was a real pain in the ass. He decided to make that description literal.

Most office chairs have a padded seat cushion, and Ms. Nasty's was no exception. Ray got a four-inch piece of coat hanger and sharpened the ends on a whetstone. He shoved the spike down into the center of her chair's seat cushion until it bottomed.

"Only about half an inch of that little harpoon showed up in the oatmeal pattern of her cushion," Ray explained. "It surely did the job. When Ms. Pain-In-The-Ass plopped her considerable poundage down on that point, I bet people thirty miles away heard the scream."

Ray says he just kept on working and never looked up. He also said the woman got a tetanus shot and a new chair, which she did not sit on for several days.

Sex Dolls

Your mark has to really deserve this, and The Weasel says that his did. So, without apology, here goes. Your mark is going to be dining at a really elegant restaurant and you know about this in advance. You need the help of a friend--a really stacked, sleazy/sexy chickie if the mark's a guy. If the mark's a woman, then get a sexy guy to help you. Or, if it is more rotten to do so, reverse the sex roles.

Your assistant walks into the restaurant carrying one of the cheaper and grosser-looking sex dolls and sits it down in the seat beside your mark. Then, your friend says something like this, in a loud voice: "Here, you forgot your date, you cheap jerk (or jerkess). You can't even have sex with a real person anymore, you perverted freak. Enjoy getting it on with this--that's all you're good for anymore, you pathetic, sad sack of shit."

Of course, it's obnoxious and tasteless. It's also very effective. Right, Weasel?

Shampoo

As any college, military-service, summer-job, or camp veteran will tell you, shampoo thieves abound in these environments. The Red Baron had an answer for these lazy folks who nicked his shampoo rather than buy their own. He filled a mostly empty, plastic shampoo bottle with Nair, which is a hair remover.

"I left the loaded shampoo bottle in the shower room and went on my way," Baron says. "Sure enough, some lightfingered louse swiped my 'shampoo' and took off with it. I'm not sure who the thief was, but the resident of room 214 in our dorm suddenly had to go home for a 'personal medical problem.'"

Sharks

About the only thing that smells worse than an uninvited houseguest on the third day is spoiled fish. If you ever have need of it, here is some interesting information from our Canadian correspondent, Dr. Deviant. According to the doctor, spoiled shark meat is absolutely the worst-smelling substance in nature's kingdom. He says it is ten times worse than any other dead-fish smell, plus it also has an odor that seems as if you've added ammonia to the original.

Dr. Deviant is so sure this information will be useful to you that he adds that you can buy shark meat in most specialty meat and seafood shops. He also says you are welcome for this useful information.

Shaving Cream

I'm not sure when you might be able to use this, but it seems like far too wonderful of an idea not to share with you, considering how nicely it was shared with me by that sweet soul in Phoenix. It's called a Shaving Cream Bomb and it really works.

After you've located and stalked your mark/target, you shake up a can of foamy shaving cream...shake it really well. Then you turn the can around and use a church-key can opener to puncture a hole in the bottom of the can. Point that homemade nozzle at the mark and stand out of the way--it'll look like a jet stream of foam flying out of your hand.

Showers

When I was doing a real fun talk show on KFYI in Phoenix, I learned that a lot of folks have used my gimmick of putting various substances and additives in the space where the shower head hooks into the water supply. I also learned from my host on that show that if you put bouillon cubes up there they will last for two or three showers and continue to rain down "muddy" water upon the showeree below.

Sleazies

The useful thing about the word sleazy is that it can be used as a noun or an adjective. It can refer to people or things. For example, I remember well how upset Aleta Kay was when her supervisor pulled some low, sexist crap on her at work. Instead of cursing that sleazy SOB in her drink, she did what I expected--when the going got tough, she went shopping.

"I went to a really low-life porn shop, somewhere called 'Uncle Eddie's'--or something like that--in our city," Aleta told me. "I found some sleazy sex magazines, the really cheap kinds printed on newsprint, and ran some classified ads."

She ran ads offering Free Kinky Sex, mentioning the mark's wife and preteen daughter, then used her mark's name and his business telephone. She paid cash and waited two months for results.

"He came in and told me that he knew what I'd done, but that he couldn't prove it," Aleta said. "He also told me he had been wrong and would straighten out his act if I would desist with the ads. I gave him my sweet smile and offered my handshake. I said nothing. No problems since that day."

A grand combination of New Yorkers--The Poison Pen and Zyklon Zombie--had a hassle with a jerk named Andy, who had insulted the widow of a friend who had been killed in an "accident" in the DMZ in Korea while on guard duty.

"Man, we got scumbag pictures of this slime and had them printed on posters, signs, and even T-shirts. We used a nasty nickname that he hated. That stuff was all over the neighborhood. He was wild about it, really honked off. He didn't know who was hassling him."

And then there was Paco, who didn't like some things that were going on in his neighborhood. Paco's neighborhood was unlike Mr. Roger's neighborhood.

"It's the kind of neighborhood where guys sleep in their own puke cause it's warmer than the pavement--a bad place," he told me. Paco also said a lot of bad street slime hung around hassling old folks and stealing anything worth more than they were.

"Some great guys I know went to a discount store and bought a medium-priced suitcase," Paco said. "Next, they went out to a place in the boonies where one guy knew an old codger named Giggi who could give them a live rattlesnake. They put the snake in the suitcase."

"The guys drove back to the neighborhood, where they were strangers, and let one man out, carrying the suitcase, at the bus station. Naturally, they did this when the street slime were hanging around the bus station looking to score petty theft.

"Our boy set his suitcase down, took two steps forward to look at bus schedules and wooosshhh, easier than a maggot going through a rotten pear, one of the faster street slime grabbed the bag and jumped into his gang's stolen car to take off with the dude's suitcase.

"My pals had seen all of this from a side street and began a loose tail on the slime's car," Paco continued. "It went about half a block, when suddenly it stopped with a loud screech. All doors ripped open and three guys hauled ass out of there and ran like the real law was after them. My pals went back and picked up their friend, then got the suitcase very carefully. The snake seemed to have disappeared by then, as had the bad guys. But, the story was all over the street and those slimes lost big face. Meanwhile, my pals were back out of town again."

Molly from NYC wrote to share some advice about flashers, folk who feel the need to expose themselves to males and females. Molly suggested a kind of gentle response in which the victim of a flasher shouts in a loud, clear voice: "Yo! Look here, everyone, this (man/woman) is exposing him/herself--look!!"

OK, Molly, fair enough. But let's see if we can use this further, increasing the operational efficiency of this ploy. Suppose you have a mark whom you'd like to have people think is a flasher. Why not have a friend of the opposite sex, or the same sex, for that matter, set up a situation in public where your accomplice can shout the message while pointing at the by-now-flustered mark.

Waldo from Missouri had a problem in his job as a certified medical aide at a nursing home. His problem was a three-hundred-pound witch who hated him and spread lies about him all over the place.

"I really wanted to go out with one of the nurses, but the Fat Slob told her I was gay, married, and a doper," Waldo recalled. "All this because I refused to go out with the behemoth. She really bad-mouthed me.

"Each night I set up my tape recorder in a drawer in the nursing room where my friend and Jumbo hung out, hoping to get the fat lady on tape saying gross, crude things. After three nights I had her talking about lesbians, drunks, weird sex stuff, drinking, and how rotten the old patients were.

"I am an audio freak, so I took the tapes home--after recovering my recorder, of course--and did some cool cutting and editing. I ended up with a six-minute monologue with this fat slug saying all sorts of things about her own lesbian activities with patients, getting drunk with patients, performing fellatio on a corpse, using drugs, and so on. It was quite an artistic job of cutting and editing."

Waldo made dubs of this tape and sent one to the fat lady's folks, to the nursing supervisor, and the director of the home itself. The week that horror and confusion assaulted the lady villain's life was a wonderful week for Waldo. She resigned in disgrace and left the area.

Postscript: Waldo and the other nurse are now dating happily and steadily.

Slobs

Although he has a highly sophisticated twist to revenge, Roland is proof that not all Rolands are generic nerds. He works night shift in a large factory. One night, he put a metal tray at the side of a hot/cold drinking fountain for the convenience of his fellow workers. The next evening, he discovered a day-shift jerk had destroyed the tray for no reason.

"A day later I put one of my spare roll-aways (a rolling toolbox) beside the fountain so people could help keep the area neat," Roland explains. "Sure enough, some day-shift jerk moved it fifty feet away. I put it back. Jerk moved it. Jerk was trying to intimidate me, I guess."

Instead of being intimidated, Roland had a brainy idea. He put the roll-away back and, at quitting time, put a large cardboard sign on it that read Move Me. The day jerk moved the cart.

"I had now turned the game around, but this fool didn't realize that," Roland says. "I proceeded to 'order' my unknown slave for the next week, while he or she obediently followed the moving orders on my signs.

"My new signs read Move Me Again; Push Me Over There, Slave; Move Me Now, Slave; You Didn't Move Me, Jerk. After another week, my poor jerk gave up. The cart stayed where it was. My final sign said I Won, Jerk."

Classic, Roland, classic. I like it.

I also like Susan "Ross" McCormick, not because she is the only female member on a construction crew out in Tempe, near some good old pals of mine, but because she knew how to deal with some of her lippy coworkers who went a bit beyond joking one day. Let's have Susan tell it.

"We stopped at a small Ma & Pa store at the end of the workday and I offered to buy the beer for our four-person crew, including my mark, the loud-mouthed crew chief," she explains. "As I stood at the counter, I slipped a jalapeno pepper from the 'make your own nachos' display and rubbed that hot pepper all over the rim of the bottle I was going to give the chief.

"In the truck, I gave each guy his beer and kept my own. It took the old mark about fifteen seconds to blink his eyes and start wheezing. He asked each of us about the condition of our lips. We all just looked at him as if he were nuts. He muttered for about three more miles, kept drinking, and kept licking his lips.

"Finally, I couldn't hold back the laughter anymore," Susan says. "I explained the gag. I got a lot more respect after that."

I haven't decided if this next mark deserves to be with the slobs. It seems, for him, the title ought to be spelled with an n, not the usual l in the word. Anyway, Brian Lee James grew up as a kid around an old man in his neighborhood who made apple cider. He was a reclusive bastard, according to Brian. One year, when the old man was getting lots older, he told the kids in the neighborhood that if they helped pick the apples, they could have a big share of the cider.

"The old man lied to us," Brian reports. "We picked the apples, but he kissed off his end of it. He told us kids to keep off his land, and that he did that to get back at us for what we'd done to him before. He should have known better!"

According to Brian, every kid--even the teacher's pets--and some adults snuck into that mean old man's yard that night, went up to the back porch, and pissed into his cider storage barrel.

The fallout was fabulous, involving police, innocent kids with alibis, and even more vindictive adults. The police got the message quickly and left.

Slop Jars

It's an old story that probably gave rise to putting your mark's picture on a toilet seat, or, perhaps, making your mark's face a toilet seat. Anyway, it's credited to one of William Randolph Hearst's sons, probably Bill, Jr.--it could not have been Patty's father, heaven forbid. Anyway, when young Hearst was away at college, he was always having such a dandy time that he forgot to study. He kept flunking out and daddy's bucks kept buying him back in. This led to many fights with faculty members, whose individual ethics were far higher than those of the collective administration. Some things never change.

One year, for Christmas, young Hearst decided to give each one of his teachers a personalized present. Each received a handsomely painted slop jar, a.k.a. thunder mug, with the teacher's name hand-lettered on the side. Upon peering into the vessel, each recipient also saw his official school photograph staring back from where it was laminated at the bottom of the mug.

If you younger readers do not know what a slop jar or thunder mug is, go ask your grandfather or a favorite old uncle. It's a neat trick. I wish they still made these delightful products. For this anecdote I wish to thank Ms. Hilda, who told me the story at Bruno's one evening. Capt. Media suggested that I include it in this book in hopes that you could make modern use of this historic tale.

Smokers

I don't smoke. I don't care if you do, as long as I don't have to share that foul air that smoking produces. Many people feel the same way. The Schizo dated someone who used to blow cigarette smoke in his face just to urinate him off. Schizo had an answer.

"Simple enough," Schizo says. "I put a pinch of saltpeter and a pinch of sugar in the end of each of her cigarettes, then covered it with tamped tobacco. I'll tell you, this smoker had lots of smoke--lots of smoke. I had lots of last laughs."

Another good buddy, Jonah 009, offers a bit of overkill for his least favorite smoker. It seems one friend used to wake Jonah by burning him with the tip of his cigar--nothing big, just a quick touch.

"I really didn't like that at all," Jonah says. "I tried to explain that to him, but he was a smart ass who knew it all. So I figured I'd get back twice as good. I got one of those small ladyfinger firecrackers and inserted it into the middle portion of one of his cigars I had hollowed out.

"He smoked that stogie down for about thirty seconds when wooom, the darned thing blew up in his face--leaving tobacco, firecracker paper, everything all over the place. His face was a bit sooty, too."

Jonah also reported that the friend actually had a toilet-related accident in his trousers, at the time of the cigar explosion, and that he stopped his burning-Jonah jokes.

Snoring

His snoring begged to be revenged. It was loud and made a noise like heaps of large fish being flung against a stone wall from a great distance.

I recall an associate from my days as one of Uncle Sam's khaki-clad nephews. This guy was a medal winner when it came to assaulting the sack. Could he snore! He snored away like a sky full of four-engined bombers.

Our revenge was simple. One evening we picked up his bed and transported it and him out of the barracks and into the street of another company where the unsmiling MPs found him. Another time, we tape-recorded his stentorian salvos and played them over the company loudspeakers at full amplification, at 4:00 the next morning.

As our mark's reputation preceded him throughout the unit, he was blamed--officially and otherwise--for "his" prank. He got into a great deal of trouble, was transferred to another unit, and we snickered a lot in the nighttime quiet of our barracks.

Sources

Listing these sources is not indicative of my endorsement of them, the people, products, or services, unless otherwise noted as such. I suggest you shop around and ask for information. Often there are several sources listed for the same items or services, at varied prices. Some will sell and ship all products, others will not. It's best to ask questions first.

Alcan Wholesalers, Inc., P.O. Box 2187, Bellingham, WA 98227

Looking through their catalog is like visiting your military unit's old supply room, as they stock all sorts of military and security products. They're good folk to deal with, too.

Archie McPhee & Co., P.O. Box 30852, Seattle, WA 98103 These folk seem to be a neat group of funsters, who sell things like rubber rats, ants, roaches, snails, and fish. They sell other very lifelike replicas which straights buy for fishing lures. We know a far better use for their products.

Aztec International, Ltd., 1256-E Oakbrook Drive, Norcross, GA 30093

If you need some very real pyrotechnics and accessories, write for their catalog (\$2). They sell colorful alarms, simulators, exploding devices...all that fun stuff.

CEP, Inc., P.O. Box 865, Boulder, CO 80306

A few whiles ago these guys published a neat book entitled Ninja 1990, which was billed as winning through the use of super technology. Written by two real experts in the nasty field of "this and that," Lee Lapin and Scott French, this manual is well worth the cost. It tells you how to build the best in offensive and defensive technology, then how to use it. This book gets the big Five-Star rating in the Hayduke library.

Eden Press, P.O. Box 8410, Fountain Valley, CA 92728, (714) 556-2023

Seller of excellent books on subjects useful to us fun folk, Eden Press sells books on ID change, how to find and lose people, privacy, disguises, Haydukery, and all sorts of personal and business opportunity. Get their nifty free catalog.

Executive Protection Products, Inc., 1834 First Street, Suite 1, Napa, CA 94559

Any outfit that sells Razor Ribbon barbed wire means business--my kind of business. These folk have all sorts of defense, electronic, and other gadgets of the snoop 'n poop trade. They're real, they're legit. These are not toys they sell. But they are useful.

Funny Side Up, 425 Stump Road, North Wales, PA 19454

Laughter may be great medicine, but this catalog is an overdose of zany, ill, tasteless, and very useful items for someone who wants to have grand fun or revenge at someone else's expense.

Jeff Nightbyrd, 507 Trinity, Austin, TX 78701 Jeff sells a clean-urine sample product.

Kalan, Inc., P.O. Box 12527, Philadelphia, PA 19151

If you are looking for special-mission envelopes and letterheads, these guys will either print your own custom order, or you can choose from their stock. They offer such items as Farter's Anonymous, Gay Rights Newsletter, AIDS (or Herpes) Test Results, Aunt Peg's Bondage catalog, etc. They have a wide range of printed items available, all of it very interesting to me, too.

Lindsay Publications, P.O. Box 12, Bradley, IL 60915

Old gadgets and old ideas are sometimes better than our brave new plastic world. Lindsay reprints old technical publications that show you how to easily recreate, build and use artifacts and machinery from the past. They have how-to booklets on engines, machines, weapons, electronics, chemistry, and much more. Their catalog alone is a valuable resource. It sells for a buck.

A Little to the Right, P.O. Box 603, Reistertown, CO 21136

A neat name for a neat place that sells T-shirts, paramilitary supplies, etc. They sell huge smoke candles, grenades, Stunguns, CS gas guns, dye markers, flare pistols, etc. Good prices, too.

Northern Sun Merchandising, 2736 Lyndale Avenue,
South, Minneapolis, MN 55408

If you're looking for a single source to get things which will irritate the living hell out of any faithful rightist reactionary, you've found the place. Everything from books to tapes to pictures, clothing and encouragement. These folks are OK and they're correct.

The #1 Drug Sampler Kit, c/o Common Cents, 2124 Kittredge Avenue, Suite 202,
Berkeley, CA 94704

They sell a kit for sending your urine sample directly to the Reagans for testing.

Nu Muze Produx, P.O. Box 6 100, Boston, MA 02114

They list this as the mailing address of the Power Boot Society, which is the name for distance-measured, competitive projectile vomiting. Considering how often you stumble across vomit use in this business, this could be a beneficial association for you.

Paladin Press, P.O. Box 1307, Boulder, CO 80306

Paladin's the top publisher for the kind of book you need to plan the perfect revenge. A publisher of the Hayduke library of revenge masterpieces, Paladin shows you how to protect your right to live, and how to make or get the tools to do it right.

Phoenix Systems, Inc., P.O. Box 3339, Evergreen, CO 80439

Another paramilitary supply house, these folks carry some arcane items, Vietnam-era booby-trap kits, etc. They have the real thing, though; it isn't for the kiddies, the wimpies, or the squeamish.

Piddle to the President, 1455A Market Street, #124, San Francisco, CA 94103
These folks peddle a comedy kit for sending your piddle directly to Mr. & Mrs. Reagan.

Safe in Sane, P.O. Box 9429, Spokane, WA 99209
Dozens of peel 'n stick graffiti make this a best buy for wall befoulers who don't have the time, tools, or creativity to do their own. These guys sell you sixty strange, routine, and sicko instant-graffiti stickers for \$4.49 ppd.

Seton Name-Plate Corp., P.O. Drawer FE-1331, New Haven, CT 06505
It's a fabulous shopping center for all your sign needs, ranging from stickers to traffic control signs you need to mark some mark's life or environment. Although most of their customers are civic ones, i.e., towns, counties, large companies, etc., I am sure you'll find a way to use the products.

Universal Electronics, 15015 Ventura Blvd, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403
All I have to do is mention a very small sampling of their goods and you'll have the idea that this is one of the finest sources there is for Hayduking finery: laser pistols, bug detectors, tesla coils, tracking units, night sights, invisible-pain-field generators, de-scramblers, voice transmitters, and on and on. Their items are real, not toys.

USI Corp., P.O. Box T-2052, Melbourne, FL 39202 If miniature spookery at less than Bondian prices does it for you, these folk sell a lot of miniature electronic listening/recording/transceiving gadgets.

Walter Drake & Sons, 66 Drake Building, Colorado Springs, CO 80940 This is one of the neater catalogs of those little and oddball gadget booklets usually addressed to the lady of the house. They also sell all sorts of custom printing, forms, chemicals, paints, and "decorating" devices and products so useful people like us. I'd never be without my copy.

Stores

Nancy Jean is a cautious consumer who always wants to help the mercantile system. Once, when a store mistakenly allowed her to purchase shoddy merchandise, she gave them several opportunities to take back the damaged goods and refund her money.

Instead, they gave her a ration of the nasties. That is too bad, because, as all of her friends would tell you, this wonderful lady is the personification of sweetness.

"They made me just a bit cranky, which isn't at all like me, says Nancy Jean. "Now, my sister, who is cranky, thought if this store wasn't going to give its customers fair value voluntarily, then, as my good Christian deed, I should help them to do so."

Nancy Jean began to give other customers extra premiums with their purchases. She said she felt "sort of like the people who package Cracker Jack." Eh?

"I began to take some things into that nasty store and put those things into products," she says with a gentle smile.

Some examples of premiums that found themselves inserted in with the store's products included the following:

A cow's skull was placed in a suitcase.

Bits of vegetable material, which some folks might consider an illegal drug to be smoked, were taped inside carefully slit record albums for teenies to find.

Those portraits of TV stars always found in picture frames were replaced with action photos of porn stars.

Pieces of food--potato cuttings, tomato seeds, etc.--were scattered around food processors.

Gross and obscene tapes were placed in floor-sample stereo units and boom boxes.

Several human fingers, bought from a relative in the medical field, were included with meat slicers.

Popcorn machines carried photos of burn victims, while Nancy Jean put pictures of nuclear-burn patients in with the microwave ovens.

By now, I am sure that even our slowest reader has caught on to the drill here.

In another instance, a chap named Culo Salchichon was selling stereo equipment from his home. The problem was that some of it was not his originally and that which was, well--let's listen to Our Hero tell the story.

"This scuzz was selling hot merchandise and seconds he'd buy from liquidators," Our Hero says. "But, first, he'd tell people to come to my shop--I run a quality sound shop--to get a demonstration and ask me questions. They were to get me to set up a package, then ask for my price. They'd say thanks, then go give Mr. Salchichon my specs and their business. He undercut my prices by dealing in hot merch and by dealing with shaky liquidators.

"The customers would pay him," Our Hero continues. "Sometimes the stuff would go bad. He gave no service and no warranty, so the cheapies wanted me to provide that service for them. He started to sell cameras this way, too. The cops had no interest in this sort of thing, nor did the Chamber of Commerce. So, I went to a printing company. They were glad to help me."

Our Hero got business letterhead and envelopes printed for the bad guy. He printed some advertising fliers for him and scattered them all over the city. It cost him two hundred dollars to do this.

"Great investment, too," Our Hero explains, "because I wrote a letter to the state revenue people and the IRS, signed Mr. Salchichon's name, and asked for a visit so I could get 'my' taxes straightened out before year's end. You can imagine that slime's reaction when the tax people showed up. Not only was he out of business by their decree, he owed a lot of back taxes, plus he had people showing up at his place and calling for prices from all the fliers and letterhead I scattered 'for' him."

Andy Cove had a friend who was always telling racial and ethnic jokes. You know the type of guy, always nudging you in the ribs and joking about hebes, polacks, bunnies, micks, etc. He has all the class of urine-soaked socks. He also complained about the usual stereotypes of customer who came to his store. The guy was also a rabid, America-first patriot and fundamental Christian. Andy hated him like he would an infected nose hair. "I got some signs printed to post in his store," Andy says. "These were small, index-card signs with adhesive backing and I was able to post them in his window and in his customer changing rooms.

"It took him several days to notice the odd mood changes in his customers and why several people started into his store, then quickly walked out and away," Andy explained. Andy's little signs said: If your skin is darker or your religion different than mine, do not shop in my store! The owner's name was forged beneath the message.

Street Preachers

Usually, these folks are basically harmless and good for some light entertainment. I remember Rev. Jed and his covey of virginal Ken and Barbie dolls who used to visit the nearby campus to save all the drunkards and whores who matriculated there. So, don't hurt these comedians.

That's basically Dick Smegma's approach. He enjoys the humor and the fact that these street preachers make great straight men.

"I will follow along behind one as he preaches, pushing a broom briskly," Dick says. "He usually stops and asks what I am doing, as the crowd starts to laugh. I respond, 'Please continue, preacherman--you say it and I sweep it away. We're both moving the same product--bullshit.'"

You can also have fun with the preacher's mind, if he has one. Most of these Bible Bangers have no sense of humor, so that part is easy. Ask him, "Does God have a penis?" Or, you might ask him if Jesus was circumcised, and, if so, who did it.

Dick Smegma was more pragmatic. One day he simply walked through the crowd with his hat out, "collecting money for God." Dick says he made out well, got \$27 from the crowd. He spent it on food and drink--a very wise man.

On the other hand, fellow author Barney Vincelette's family was plagued by one of the dictatorial pulpit pounders, a real mugger of morals and freedom. This jackal in clerical clothing was also always hitting up poor people for money, telling them they were buying their way into His favor.

"I hated the man," Barney told me. "He stood for everything religion should not stand for, but often does...greed, corruption, and bigotry."

In addition to this man's TV audience, he also had a lovely tax-exempt mansion and personal church. He always parked his own Lincoln Continental there for Sunday service. This car had a vanity license plate: MY LORD.

"I had his ass," Barney recalled.

Barney went to one of our variety sources (see Sources section) and got a custom license plate made to look much like the state's own real plates. Barney then switched license plates on the leecher/preacher's Lincoln, throwing away the real plate.

"There that big, shiny mother sat that Sunday morning," said Barney. "I made the switch before the faithful sheep showed up to get shorn and flocked by this shyster. Every one of

those folks had to drive by that shaman's car and, from the talk I heard later, everyone saw that new license plate."

The message on that plate: I'D RATHER BE FUCKING.

These Wildmon, Falwell, Robertson types...the Jackals of Jesus who profane His name...remind me of the old adage that sometimes the shit we neither see nor smell is that in which we're standing. That reminds me of Oral Roberts and his great \$\$\$\$ scam of 1987, when he told his followers that God was holding Oral's life hostage. Remember? Oral said his followers had to pay him eight million dollars or God would "call Oral home." And, as you know, he got the money.

Anyway, if Oral Roberts is worth eight million dollars to God as a hostage, how much do you think She'd ask for Vanna White? Just wondering.

On the other hand, if you're shopping for the perfect present to give your favorite Jesus Junkie, Mr. Undercover of the Night suggests you send him or her two books he highly recommends. One is The Satanic Bible and the other is Satanic Rituals. Both were written by Anton LaVey and should be available at a local bookshop. You can combine this gift with a letter or card from your imagination's favorite devil-lovers association or covenant.

You can tell your mark that demons from hell will get his/her family unless an immediate conversion to devil worship follows the thorough reading of each book. Or, you can cheerfully thank the mark for ordering these books. Or, you can tell the mark they are a gift from his parents, church, family, etc.

Students

This will come to you with as much shock as celibacy would have come to Jack Kennedy...teachers read my books. Yup, our wardens of the classroom actually read my books and write me fun letters. Not too hard to believe is that they often feel like victims of abuse from their own inmates. Teachers sometimes need to know how to strike back at the kids who attack and abuse them.

You remember Schizoid Sam from previous books. This gentle soul is, in real life, a teacher who has experienced both the pride and the pits of public school teaching. He wants to pass along some ideas he has gotten from his own experiences and those of other teachers.

He offers an initial caveat, though, insisting you reserve your stunts for the small minority of swine who really go all out to ruin your day, life, or profession.

"Don't mistake youthful pranks for true bullying," Sam says. "Identify the real hard cases and go get 'em."

One of his ideas that works well, if you have another teacher you would like to have as a secondary mark, is to declare your student mark absent on your secondary mark's records. You can do much the same thing with a grade book, as Sam says most teachers keep initial grades in pencil. He suggests changing a grade or two in the secondary mark's book for the student mark. This will usually create problems for both of them.

One of Sam's friends had a student who was downright nasty and did things like cut tires and toss paint on teachers' cars. Sam's philosophy from his years as a teacher is that "anus students usually come from anus parents...very simple genetics, I guess."

Sam's friend, the teacher, had another friend pose as a health-clinic official to call Mr. and Mrs. Anus (6:00 p.m. is a great time) to inform them that their little son or daughter Anus had tested positive for herpes or gonorrhea (keep it street simple).

In another instance--when the Anus Parents were very pious, right-wing, anti-sex fanatics, and their Anus offspring was a real Hitler Youth addict who spied on teachers' private lives--the teacher's friend posed as a pharmacist and called the Anus home to inform them that their Anus Offspring's condoms, pills, foam, or whatever was ready to be picked up.

Roland Dopwelter is a nice guy who attracts lady losers the way little Billy Renquist attracted older, gay men back when he was a kid. Roland got into this competitive hassle with a chippie named Sally Broadclay, who was meaner than a three-day hangover with

dry heaves. She used to devil him in classes, get him in trouble, hide other kids' goods in his locker, stuff like that. It finally got to Roland.

"What finally clinched my fighting back was when she laughed at me getting chewed out in class for something one of her punk friends had done," Roland recalls. "And, man, she had a laugh like a fart squealing off a wooden chair. Here's what I did.

"We had a speech class where the teacher, Mr. Brundlefly, had each of us make up a quick question which he would have us exchange with each other. Then, each student had to give a four-minute, serious talk about the question with only about one minute of planning time before the fact. I mean, you talked right then, in class. Best of all, Brownnose Sally always went first.

"I worked it out with a friend who handled the question distribution so my questions would be given to Sally each day we did this," Roland continues. "I am sure you can imagine my triumph."

Some of Roland's questions Sally was forced to respond to in front of the class included the following:

What was it like to lose your virginity--to another girl?

What did your father tell you about his masturbation?

What training is required for a career in sodomy?

Why don't you believe in wearing underwear?

What is your favorite method of cheating on tests?

John the Snake was the victim of bullies while attending a technical high school in Connecticut. Not being big physically, he became big nastily. For example, when one of the goons broke his shop project, John secreted some expensive shop tools in the goon's book bag in his locker (he picked the lock, whaddaya think?). An anonymous call to the office tipped officials to the "theft."

Back when Mark Baylor was a mere undergraduate, he got very annoyed when a certain coed copied his test answers, then bragged that she had seduced the prof to get the good grades she did. As Mark said, "This broad was great in mouth to ear combat."

One night before a major final exam, Mark borrowed a large ladder from the university grounds keeper's storage barn and quietly set it up outside the second-floor window of the dorm in which the wandering-eyed coed lived. He then tiptoed off to a nearby pay telephone.

"I called both the local police and the campus version and told them there was a drunk guy loose in that particular dorm and that he was looking for that particular girl--I gave them her name--because she owed him money on a drug deal and was going to trade him sex for it that night."

Mark said they roused the entire floor of that dorm and did a room-by-room check for the guy, all the while blaming that particular coed. They took her in for questions about narcotics, also. All in all, it was a good night for Mark and his markess. He added that a friend of his got back at some drunks who broke up his apartment that night by reporting to the state drug gestapo that there was a crack house operating at such 'n such an address...which just happened to be the home of the parents of the ringleader of the nasty drunks.

In another incident, one of Mark's friends was busted for having underage ladies imbibing alcohol at a private party. The guy was turned in by several frat rats who were jealous that their little sweeties were going to the private party instead of to their splendid fraternity event. They called the police and got the Mark's friend's party busted.

"Justice prevailed, though, in many ways," Mark recalled. "We called the academic dean about three weeks later and set up an appointment with him to discuss a very serious matter regarding academic dishonesty."

What Mark and his friend did was get another friend from out of town to go in and pose as a member of the fraternity in question. He told the dean that there was a major cheating ring in the frat house and named its leader, who also happened to be the rat who got the private party busted.

"We told him that they stole tests on a regular basis and bought answer sheets from student secretaries, etc.," Mark said. "We told him right where the ringleader kept the files, too.

After the "informant" left, campus officials raided the frat house and found some incriminating exams and other evidence, including copies of notes from frat members to sorority girls who worked as student secretaries. Drugs were promised for test answers.

"They found the stuff because we put it there during a sneaky entry job one evening when the brothers were all drunk in their party room," Mark said. "Nobody was more surprised with the evidence than the jerk we wanted to get even with."

I joined Mark in laughing.

Sweeties

Aside from a few ideas with especially nasty nuances, most of the students in the previous category were more ethereal than they were earthy. Well, maybe more than a few, but that's not my point. My point is that Elizabeth of Russia, one of humanity's hornier harridans, displayed none of the subtle, suave, and totally civilized ways of dealing with wayward lovers that I bring to you.

According to Cesare Lombroso, a famed criminologist not to be confused with a former Major League catcher, Elizabeth of Russia once punished an errant lover for his unfaithfulness by forcing him at death's point to marry a very ugly, misshapen dwarf. The couple was imprisoned in a room made of ice with a bed made of ice. The commode and the bidet were also ice.

Lombroso writes that the couple was forced to do all sorts of kinky sexual things to each other, with only a thin blanket over their ice bed. In the morning, Elizabeth brought her court to the room to present the couple with a bouquet of dead weeds. She then banished them to Siberia after cutting off their ears to help them avoid frostbite.

What an actress to follow. In fact, what is to follow is so very tame that you might wish to...oh well, I'll leave those judgments to you.

She looked just like Yogi Berra would wearing mascara, piled-on lipstick, and a spray-painted dress--same build, face, age, and IQ. The problem is that she had been dating my friend, who was chapter president of the local Wimps of America Club. He loved her, while she believed in spreading the word of the day, legs, for anyone and anything. She was breaking my pal's heart. To help him out I used the fact that this horrendous woman lived at home with her conservative family to his advantage.

She had a nosy younger sister who checked everything Sis did. On a visit to their house, I managed to slip a condom partly filled with mayo into Sis's purse. Natch, kid sister found it and blabbed. Strike one on Yogi.

Next, I ran some classified ads begging people in the community to join "me" in the battle to legalize anal sex. I used her name and telephone number. Whiff two, Yogi.

For the Big K, I had a female friend get our markess deeply involved in a lesbian rights group in a nearby city, all without her knowledge--until it was too late. By then, with my friend as her surrogate, our Yogi had been chosen as an officer and her sisters were coming to visit her home at "her" invitation so she could 'come out of the closet' with her parents present.

Three strikes and you're out, Yogi.

On talk shows, one of the most frequent questions I get is how to spot danger signals in a relationship. To get professional guidance, I asked Dr. Hippalito Pena, a noted marriage counselor, for advice. He gave me this short list of Danger Signs to look for. I pass them along to you.

According to Dr. Pena, your relationship's in trouble when your sweetie:

Has a brass rivet in his/her nose.

Carries an unlicensed firearm and it's a mini-Uzi.

Is not the person pictured on his/her driver's license.

Brings Mace or a rape whistle to your bed.

Loudly and continuously breaks wind while dining with your parents or while in bed with you.

Tells you that s/he has a metal plate in his/her head but won't explain why.

Has purchased a life-size, inflatable sex doll and keeps it in your bedroom with no explanation.

Forgets your name during introductions.

Gargles drinks noisily at important social occasions.

Sorry, I sometimes get carried away. And that's exactly what happened to Priscilla Goodbody when she was jilted by her former Mr. Wonderful. She was almost carried away by hospital people, when she realized that making herself ill with worry over this jerk was no answer to being dumped just short of the altar.

"It was literally the day of our wedding," Priscilla says, "and we did have a ceremony planned, small as it was. He called me to say he had to have more time to think. It seems he'd been rather taken with a young lady at work, kind of a last fling. The fling seemed to toss out our wedding plans."

As it turns out, I actually saw the wedding-wrecking wench in person, as I am a friend of the ex-bride's family. The slut had all the charm and looks of a used urinal in a late-night bus station. But, I digress...

Stung, Priscilla waited until Mr. Right passed this fancy, all the while refusing his telephone calls and visits. Then, about six months later, when she learned he was dating someone else, she acted.

"I did the whole home-wedding bit. He lived at home still, so I ordered several hundred folding chairs, some tents, booze, and food to be delivered for a noon wedding at the house address. His parents were no better than he was, really, so I had no guilt there. A friend of mine was their neighbor, my deep-cover spy, and she said it was hilarious-- Mom, Dad, and my Ex out there bitching with delivery to people.

Priscilla's kicker is that she did this to Mr. Ex four times within a fourteen-month period, each time he got a new girlfriend. Of course, nothing could ever be pinned on her as she was always on holiday or on a business trip when these happened. How? She had another friend reach out and touch Mr. Ex for her. Neat job.

Mr. Closet Skeleton is nobody for an ex-sweetie to hassle, because like his namesake, he comes back to haunt people who do him wrong. Witness this. His ex-mother-in-law did a lot of verbal damage to his reputation and was the cause of his marriage breaking up-- which turned out to be an expensive split. He got even.

"My former mother-in-law was a mean, forty-five-year-old bag," says Closet, "a ditzzy broad who looks better with her bra on backward. Through another relative, who liked me, I got some of the hag's panties, a nightie with her name on it, and some of her business cards. I added a couple of condoms, some Polaroids of a really hung guy, and a little squeeze bottle of baby oil and scattered the whole mess on her office couch one day when she was out of town. I was able to get in and out of her office before anyone was there, as I have a key, unknown to Ma Ex.

"I found out that her secretary was upset enough to report the finding to Mr. Boss, who also happens to be Ma Ex's husband. I guess the shouting lasted off and on all day."

Another of Closet's ideas involves going to a greeting-card shop and buying a bunch of those cutesy/lusty cards or postcards that say Last night was great, let's do it again and again soon! He has friends in several cities sign and mail these cards to the markess, usually knowing her travel itinerary. It always goes over well with current lovers and/ or spouse.

Meanwhile, Neal from Atlanta shared what a friend of his did to his soon-to-be-ex wife during a very nasty divorce proceeding. During their happier days, he had taken a number of very explicit photos of a very nude Mrs. Sweetie in very active sexual poses in which she was literally enjoying herself very much. He had a supply of prints of an especially active and highly stimulating photo made. He then proceeded with this supply of pictorial pruriency to the large parking lot of the company which employed the former lust of his life and put one picture under the windshield wipers of each and every vehicle there. He denied doing this when accused later, of course, and instructed his lawyer to question the woman about her own immorality--where she posed for the pictures and for whom. I can just see the smug Mrs. Ex striding into the parking lot and seeing her photos spread all over the place. It would be enough to give her a heart attack.

If you're planning on getting married, you may wish to think about the advice from Squatso, from Homer City, who says, "Before you rush off to the altar, check out a couple of pawn shops to see how many hocked wedding and engagement rings they have for sale. Think about it!"

In dealing with sweeties, remember this basic rule, which I think I heard when Jeane Kirkpatrick was campaigning to be president of the U.S.: "If it flies, floats, fornicates, or feeds," she said, "it's probably cheaper to rent than own."

Swimming Pools

Mr. Shafter has tried to live his life in the most laid-back and peaceful way possible. A gentle man, he has been driven to the brink of Haydukery by Mr & Mrs. Asshole, their kids, and their company. He has agreed to share some ideas with us.

"If your mark has a swimming pool--and so many of the deserving marks of this world seem to own that status symbol--you can simply come by in the dark of night, toss a large paper bag full of detergent over the ubiquitous wire fence, and walk off.

"It's a very low-risk attack and there is just no way a less-than-commercial filter system is going to expel that mess from the water."

Mr. Shafter adds that if you want a high-suds attack, lift up the little round cover from over the leaf basket and dump your detergent in there. It's called the skimmer. Soon, the lovely, happy, little suds will come bubbling out from the water jets, as the skimmer is the area where the pump sucks the dirty water from the pool to 'clean,' heat, and recycle it. Isn't that grand?

He adds that you can substitute sand or motor oil as an additive to the skimmer area. Either will create a clogged mess that's very difficult to clean.

Our helpful contributor also tells us how excessive amounts of muriatic acid, a swimming-pool maintenance product, can eventually erode the workings of everything from the pipes to the heater and maybe even etch the surface of the pool. The stuff is cheap and easy to obtain and use, plus it's powerful. Mr. Shafter adds that if heavily enough used, the acid might also erode the mark's noisy marklings, a.k.a. children.

Tailgaters

Late in 1987, Harper's Magazine reported a survey that showed 11 percent of Americans asked said the wheel is the greatest invention ever, while 10 percent said the automobile is the greatest. On the other hand, nobody likes a tailgater, so why do these loathsome creatures exist?

The Red Baron dealt with tailgaters by installing a toggle switch on his dashboard and wiring it to the back-up lights. Then, he installed quartz halogen lamps as back-up lights. The next time one of these fools blasted him with high beams, Baron blasted back with the halogens.

Talk Shows

Ron sounded unhappy. A sportsman, he'd just spent an hour on a local radio talk show trying to explain why rational, lawful, intelligent adults like to collect and shoot guns and have no plans to murder their neighbors, shoot up the local mall, or rob the nearest gas station.

"George, I couldn't say anything positive--all the hostess wanted to talk about was shooting Bambi, allowing Rambo loose in our cities and other nonsense like that. I tried to do it her way, but, she was too smooth and she controls the radio station," he complained.

Happily, there are ways to make the local Terrible Talkshow Bully choke on his/her own public airways. For what is about to follow, please thank the following civil libertarians: J. Bronson Gridlay, Peter Cooper, Peter Shields, Delores Binotto, Bruno Sicherheitsdienst, Frank Worbs, Dick Smegma, and Frank Comma.

You need to get on a locally produced radio talk show, where you can say just about anything but truly nasty words that offend the pious blockheads who now rule Middle-American Mentality. Pick your station and your time. The best advice is to aim for the Great Unwashed Liberal Host who wants to take an open-minded look at the issues. Hee, hee, hee (the sound of evil chortling).

You get on the air by feigning some inane topic. Sound very reasonable and very urbane when you talk. But, don't be stuffy. Then, when things are rolling along with about fifteen seconds of vacuous chitchat, start your message, as follows:

"Really, (mention hostess/host's first name), we should talk about (choose one: gay, child, priest, leper, nun) sexual rights. I don't want to preach, but you...well, your audience ought to hear this. It's clean, honest, and I think they'll be surprised to learn how decent this is. (Do you think curiosity is aroused here? Ho, ho, ho.)

"Just want you to know I've been living with a _ (fill in from choices above) for the past eight months now and it's been wonderful for both of us. It's all honest, open, sexual expression, with none of the lying or violence that most of your so-called straight audience lives with..."

At this point, you go on and describe your sex life with a nun, eleven-year-old boy/girl, priest, leper, Democrat, or some other object sure to shock the audience down to the root of its collective antenna.

Who cares if the host/hostess cuts you off? Who cares if you're insulted by other callers? You've made your point and possibly caused the station to lose control of the show's

content for at least a bit of time. If they let you stay on the air, you can also challenge listeners:

"Listen, dork breath, if your mental-midget mind can't handle this, complain to the FCC or call the putz who owns the station--we (note the we) don't care."

Isn't being on talk-show radio fun?

Dick Smegma adds an extra touch to this. He says to use the name of a secondary mark when you're on the air. And, if the host/hostess is really off the ball, try to slip that second mark's home telephone number in with a challenge, such as, "If you don't like, what I'm saying, call me later and let's talk!"

You'd be surprised how many radio shows would allow all that on the air. We know.

Teachers

If Sterling Sphincter says the guy is a bad teacher, then I go along with the judgment because Sterling is senior correspondent for the Special Reporting Facility, a governmental subagency. Sterling had this buffoon as a college prof, and the man was a loser from the first sight.

"He dressed in clothes right off the rack of the K-Mart Budget Bin and his suits looked as if he kept them balled up under his pillow all night. His voice had all the variety and excitement of the sound of a mouse pissing in cotton. His mind? Let's just say it was looser than a macaroni fart."

This was how Sterling describes this professor in a charitable way.

"He always piled on the quizzes," Sterling continues, "asking stupid questions with ambiguous answers which he'd always mark wrong. We used his own exams to get him back."

Sterling says that he and some pals each smuggled in four or five blue books apiece under the names of real, imagined, and former students, then slipped these already-completed blue books into the prof's pile of legitimate exams from the present test.

"He rarely changed his exam questions, just the order, so this could screw him up pretty badly," Sterling says. "One of his pals in the same department, a guy who also thought this mark was a fool, told us the guy bitched and complained about his mind slipping...that he couldn't match some exams with student names in his grade book. It was minor harassment, but funny."

The Red Baron related a story about an assistant principal at his high school, another loser, as these minions of middle-level mediocrity so often are in the public-school system. The Baron says the guy barely graduated from one of the local diploma mills and that his lack of command of the English language was pathetic.

"His one ability was being able to bully students and to punish the wrong person for something that happened. His answer to logic and reason when a student rightfully pleaded innocent was sarcasm and detention hours," says the Red Baron.

One night, the Baron and a friend got into the crawl space above the assistant's office and carefully removed a ceiling tile. Then the Baron covered his bare foot with dust from the ceiling, and had his pal lower him from the false ceiling so that he could firmly plant the bare footprint smack in the middle of the assistant's clean desk. The two students then left.

"He ranted all over school about someone breaking in his office and had the janitor change his door locks," Baron says. "No problem. We repeated our entrance of the evening before, only this time I coated my bare foot with black ink and put an indelible footprint in the middle of his clean desktop.

"I cleaned my foot off with gasoline in case he called a bare-foot inspection. This time, though, he had school security in to investigate. They found nothing, and the assistant about went bonkers. He slacked off with his gestapo tactics, so we retired the Phantom Phootprinter, too."

Telephones

Before his present job success, the Black Ferret of Detroit was a switchboard operator for the local electric company. He used to take all the abuse from unhappy customers, because executives were always at meetings or just stepping out of the office on some emergency or another.

"Some of these people were real first-rate pains in the ass, but I found a way to get them back at each other using my switchboard," Ferret says. "I'd tie them into each other's telephone lines by dialing all but one digit of each jerk's number, then tie the two together.

"That way, Jerk A's phone would ring at the same time Jerk B's phone was ringing. Each would answer and confusion would be the order of the day. I would repeatedly do this, usually when I was on the midnight-until-dawn shift. I had a list of a dozen or so jerks and jerkesses with whom I would play this musical-phones game."

The HoloPhax Phreaker had an acquaintance who used to call and bug him all the time. Polite requests for not calling late at night or during dinner were ignored. The Phreaker decided to get the creep some other phone phriends.

"I called the local telephone company and pretended to be my mark," says HoloPhax. "I requested telephone books from Upper Volta, Tacoland, and other exotic areas. I told the service rep I was a businessman who had sales accounts in those areas. I also told her that I was aware the books cost twenty-five dollars each, but that my company would reimburse me."

In about three weeks the books and the bill will arrive at your puzzled mark's place. Another of Phreaker's stunts involving the phone company is to order all sorts of extra services for his mark, such as call forwarding, call waiting, three-way calling, cellular service, etc. As Phreaker notes, your mark pays and you laugh.

"You can also call the service rep and have your mark's telephone number changed and unlisted. You have to give the rep a good story about annoying calls, a divorce, whatever. Be prepared to get a call to verify. But, a little preplanning will handle that."

"If your mark doesn't get enough phone calls, as that jerk who kept calling me complained about, you can help there, too," says Phreaker. "I got a couple of accomplices to help me distract the manager of a discount store away from his office. I quickly got his phone and dialed the telephone company and requested that calls to this number be forwarded to 'my' other telephone."

The deal here is to convince the service rep that you are the manager and are legitimately asking for a call forwarding, then you give your mark's number. That way the mark will get a hundred to several hundred calls a day until things get straightened out.

I know this will work well because I did it to a nasty mark once myself.

Finally, Phreaker suggests that you can give your mark the gift of foreign calls, too. He says to go to a pay phone or a neutral phone, like from some other mark's office, and place a call to China, the USSR, Thailand, or some other truly long-distance location.

Tell the operator that you are the mark and that your home phone number is (give her the mark's number).

The idea here is to do this at 10:00 p.m. your time so that when the operator tells you that she'll have to call you back in three or four hours, you can say "Fine, no problem." That way, the mark gets this odd overseas call booked to the USSR, China, or wherever.

Dick Smegma calls in with one of his typically wonderful stunts: "I had this person who did me in on a business deal using his telephone to cheat me," he says. "He had an unlisted number so I couldn't get to him directly.

"In Hawaii, our GTE Hawaiian Tel has a non-published notifier service for people with unlisted numbers. Basically, the company acts as an answering service, charging \$1.25 per month and \$.75 per message. I managed to set up my mark with this service without his knowledge and leave one hundred messages for him from one hundred different pay phones, all within two days. Can you imagine his surprise?"

What really surprises me is that anyone would be stupid enough to screw around with Dick at all.

Jeff from Phoenix is a practical joker at heart, and a good one. He told me that he got mildly perturbed at a member of his family abusing telephone time.

"She almost wore the damn thing out, and it seemed that I could never get a call in," he says.

Jeff has a friend who sounds sincere and convincing, so he had this friend call the family member and tell her that he was from the telephone company. Then, he gave her the following instructions:

"We're going to be blowing the dust out of the telephone lines this afternoon, madam...to get rid of the static. That's caused by dust in the lines, you know. What I want you to do is to tie a plastic bag over the receiver of each telephone in your house and not use the telephones until four this afternoon."

The lady did exactly as she was told. Jeff came home and saw three unused telephones with their handsets carefully and tightly wrapped in plastic bags. The lady explained the situation in all seriousness.

"I barely made it to the bathroom before wetting my pants I was laughing so hard," Jeff reported.

V.P. Kowalski also uses the telephone to be certain his marks receive a burned ear-well, sort of. For gentle relief of mark tension, V.P. places instant, self-tanning, tan cream on the earpiece of the target's telephone. He applies the cream so it spreads without showing. He likes this easy, gentle stunt because it gives the mark a brown ear and, it is hoped, a case of the red ass.

Our buddy Ray from Kansas City used to get really irked at a jerk who called him at very inconvenient times to talk and talk and talk about things of very little value.

"The guy was boring," Ray says, "had a lot of time on his hands, nothing on his mind, and wanted to share it all with me." So, Ray decided to pull telephonic reveille with the guy. As Ray works odd hours, he would call the guy in the middle of the night and hang up. Whoa...it's not that old, simple, grade-school prank. Hear Ray out on this one.

Ray says to hold your phone in one hand and keep the index finger of your other hand over the hook. The very instant you hear the click that means someone is picking up the other phone, instantly break the connection with your index finger.

"You can do this and drive someone nuts from local or long distance," Ray says, "and you can't be traced, computer-caught, or billed for it. The key is to do it quickly and correctly.

"Practice makes you faster and more coordinated, so practice on some jerk, as I did with this idiot who bugged me. If you do it as I describe, you can even do long-distance reveille on people without getting billed. But, do not ever stay on the line and never, ever say anything. That's when Ma Bell and her nasty computer cops will catch you."

Listen to Ray--I do.

Tire Spikes

One of the most useful toys to come from the black box of evil toys developed by the OSS in WW II was the Tire Spike, a piece of one-eighth-inch-thick steel cut into the form of a four-pointed star. The star is three inches in diameter and its points are alternately bent up and down at a 45-degree angle. Scattered on a roadway, the spikes will puncture vehicle tires.

With the appropriate raw material and hand tools, you can easily create your own tire spikes.

Toilet Paper

This is fairly sophomoric, but as your mark may be sophomoric, it could be quite appropriate. According to Rohok Bap, you use toilet paper, a.k.a. bathroom stationery, to send your mark a missive. The message in this case, according to Bap, is what is usually found on used toilet paper, i.e., excrement. Or, if you are less organically inclined, you can use a look-alike substitute like peanut butter.

To protect the olfactory senses of postal workers, according to our USPS adviser, Paco McCutcheon, insert the effluviated missive in a plastic bag before placing it in an envelope and mailing same.

Uncle Gerald and Rusty really have the red ass for public cans that look and smell like a maggot's garbage-disposal system. After attempting, like the gentlemen they are, to get the manager to practice proper pooper hygiene, they resort to a simple method that compounds the problem by piling up the mess until the malingering management is wiped away by the effluvia of complaint.

"Uncle Gerald and I make it a point to visit any foul fartitorium several times a day where we simply remove the rolls of toilet paper found there," Rusty relates.

"Most folks who visit a toilet just sit down and do their business automatically by the numbers (#1 and #2), without looking to see if there is bathroom stationery present. Imagine their chagrin when they don't find any t.p. in the stall. That chagrin turns to anger, which they direct at the management."

Both Rusty and Uncle Gerald told me they are equal opportunity Haydukers in that they operate in both male and female bathrooms. "No sexism in our toilet patrols," they echoed. I did ask them what their secondary victims, the stalled patrons, did during the t.p.-less emergency. "Beats the shit out of me!" Uncle Gerald replied.

Goodness, I hope those potty patrons carry an extra Kleenex or snot rag, or at least have some spare material at the end of their shirts or blouses.

Mr. Sam Benjo, a Japanese reader, told me he'd heard of the legendary Roll Patrol years before, but I never met these chaps myself until The Red Baron told me about them. They were twelve classmates who used to avenge wrongs done to their friends and colleagues. One of the most stupendous was the result of a wealthy lawyer's son who had blackmailed a team member into doing homework for him in return for Dad's help on a legal matter. When time for payoff for homework came, Dad, of course, threw the young man out of his office while Son sneered.

Each member of the Red Baron's team contributed twenty dollars toward the purchase of a massive amount of toilet paper, eighteen cases of ninety-six rolls per case, to be exact. The team took the paper to the lawyer's home one night and, working very quietly, draped the stuff all over.

"We had toilet paper everywhere," The Red Baron explained. "It was decorating every tree on their two-acre lot, every vehicle--and we'd even gift-wrapped the guy's house with it. We carpeted the lawn with the stuff as far as it would go, and 1,728 rolls of toilet paper will roll over a lot of terrain.

"It took us five hours to do the job and when we were finishing, a light fog was just settling in, sealing that potty paper to everything. It made the local paper and TV news."

Toilets

At one time, Paul Buchholz knew someone who had a very rich landlord who got that way by being drastically cheap with repairs to tenant homes. In this landlord's mansion were many throne rooms--the kind with porcelain thrones. Here is where this friend of Paul's got even for the landlord refusing to correct basic plumbing faults.

"He got some Snap Pops and Cracker Balls, modest contact-explosive devices, and placed them under the bumpers of all the toilet seats in the landlord/mark's fancy home. He had a friend do it, posing as a handyman helping set up for a party."

When a guest came in and sat down on the potty seat--bang!

To add to this, another of the friends was working the party and was able to replace exploded poppers twice more. Mr. Mark was furious and totally embarrassed, because many of his guests were laughing at him.

Toothpaste

Both Dr. Goodtooth and Dr. Fatfingers will approve of this, because it concerns proper dental hygiene. I bet many of you have a friend, spouse, souse, lover, pet, or whatever who shares your toothpaste, even though you may not want him to do so. Am I right? Here is a gentle way to restrain him from this habit, which probably frosts Miss Manner's G-spot to no end.

Poke many sharp and tiny holes in the toothpaste tube so that when the perpetrator does the evil deed, the hand that offends you will be smeared with gooky toothpaste. Simple, but cute. You may thank three different people who suggested this: Ms. Toothfairy, The Dental Commando, and Paul Buchholz.

You remember Electric Lisa and her gross roomie, Billi, from a few pages back? Billi also used Lisa's toothpaste. Lisa forced the issue by hiding hers, so Billi bought her own. Next, Lisa used Billi's toothbrush to clean under the toilet-bowl rim.

"It's not so much that anything yucky showed on the brush, it's all the little germs that I knew were on it," Lisa says. "Plus, the idea just amused me very much. You had to know just how awful Billi was."

United Nations

A few months ago, I was a talk-show guest on a New York radio station. One of the callers had a very real gripe about the United Nations not paying a services bill they owed him. He said it would cost more in money and time to go to court to collect than it would to just forget the bill. I gave him some very pragmatic and, I thought, humorous advice on how to get his satisfaction, along with his money. Now that I've had a bit more time to think about it, I have some other suggestions on getting even with the U.N.

Using spray paint and/or pre-forged signs, you quickly convert regular office doors into the portals to "new" offices. Examples of new-office signing include: Office of Asian Child Molestation; Middle-Eastern Buggery Center; USSR Vomitorium; and Latin Flea Removal Facility. Another fun twist would be to infiltrate some drug-crazed friends into the building and have them dress as delegates/visitors from other lands, then let them terrorize the tourists and regular dwellers of the U.N. building. Drug-hopped bikers would be well cast in that role.

While directed at the U.N. building in these pages, these same tactics could easily be accomplished in a domestic building--government or private.

Urine

Andy Cove has a friend who hates animals and goes out of his way to shoot at them with BB guns and to purposefully create roadkill by targeting them with his car. Andy likes animals; witness his volunteer work in an animal hospital. He's made a valuable discovery.

"I found out that cat urine smells very vile, especially if it dries out, then is activated with hot water. Man, it is bigtime vile!!"

Here's how Andy got back at the bad-guy animal-hater. He made a cat-piss collector by mounting a wide pan under the kitty commode he has in his home. Andy has five kittens trained to pee in that box. Their urine flows through a layer of sand and drips into the pan.

"I let the pee dry into a tartar of solid urine, then removed it from the pan. I took a bunch of that cat-urine tartar to my mark's place when I went for a visit. I put some of it in his tea kettle and some into his steam humidifier," Andy reports.

He left before the delayed-action bomb was activated by the introduction of hot water into the vehicles of vileness.

"Imagine if you had enough cat-urine tartar to put in a mark's washing machine, dishwasher, or car radiator?" Andy muses.

Speaking of urine, in 1985, 1,190 gallons of American urine were tested for illegal drugs. In 1986, that total rose to 5,400 gallons of suspect urine. The Hayduke response to any government or industry bozo who insults me by asking for a urine sample is going to be giving him or her the sample right then and there, on the spot and all over every part of that bozo, or bozoette, that Mr. Johnson and I can reach.

Some other folks have the same idea. Jeff Nightbyrd is marketing a powder, which when mixed with warm water, produces a substance-free specimen.

"I am not promoting drug use, I am defending privacy," Jeff proclaims.

Another defender of our dwindling freedoms is Bob Shireman, who calls himself a "consumer advocate." Bob has created a "Piddle for the President Kit." The idea is to send your real urine sample directly for drug testing to the Big Dope himself. The kit includes a sterile urine-specimen cup, a corrugated mailer addressed to Ron and Nancy, you-know-where, plus instructions for use and mailing.

A competitor is Howard Solovei, who, with Mike Oliver, is marketing a similar kit called "The #1 Drug Sampler." These guys include a bumper sticker saying: REAGAN: WHAT'S URINALYSIS? and a postcard that reads: Dear Mr. Reagan, Pee is for Privacy.

I called the White House main number to see if the First Family was awash with unsolicited urine samples. A clearly unamused secretary replied, "That is a private matter." I told her I thought that government business was public, not private. She offered to switch my call to the Secret Service. I told her I had bothered them enough already.

She hung up.

The contact information for all of these services is in the Sources section.

USPS

The twist to this story is that Buffy works for the Post Office. Because he was such a sharp employee who came up with plans and ideas that saved time and money, he was not popular with anyone connected to the postal budget, i.e., anyone in management or labor. Cool Poppa Bill tells it best.

"They screwed old Buffy more ways than a whom hopes in a lifetime. He got 'em back, bless him. He started to alter the Collection Times hours listed on postal boxes around the city. He went around with an indelible felt marker and changed times at key boxes."

Poppa Bill suggests you add times to the collection list, in hopes of really messing up someone who will then make a complaint. He says to use odd times, rather than even hours, such as making the mail-pickup time 3:15, not 3:00.

"If the last listed real pickup time is 4:20, then you can list 6:45 or something like that. The end result is that people will get screwed and eventually this will come back to haunt the USPS," he adds.

A person who really hates the USPS offered another suggestion, but I'd watch the old paws on this one, not to mention ye olde ass. But, please let him explain.

"I got tired of the post office losing my mail and damaging it. I found a mailbox near a corporate area and staked it out for a week. The customers were the business robots who fed the corporate machine.

"I got some mild acid (use your imagination or else previous books) and poured it into the mouth of that mailbox. Do you realize how tightly they seal the seams of those collection boxes? My secondary marks lost a lot, as did the USPS."

Vending Machines

It isn't that my pal Paco tries to have a good time, it just seems to happen. Like the time he told me about getting up the next morning to put on the clothes he'd worn home from a party the night before, only to find there weren't any.

Later, at work, Paco said he was ripped off for the 728th time by the office vending machine. The delivery guy for the vending company was a loser, according to Paco, who said, "He's the kind of bozo who'd call the Suicide Prevention hot line and get put on hold."

The vending-company bosses refused to replace the machines and started to blame the office workers for screwing them. That's when Paco decided to make their charge come true.

"I got a spray bottle, filled it with salt water and brought it to work," he says. "I carefully sprayed the water into the coin slots of the vending machines. It not only shorted the circuits, it also eventually corroded everything else."

Paco adds that the best part is that his management told the vendors to take a hike with their machines, as they were going with a more efficient and friendly competitor.

Video Rentals

This one is quick and dirty. It comes from several people, all with the same basic, wicked idea. You have a nosy, nasty mark who minds your own business. Go to a video rental shop and rent several silly kiddy tapes. Or, rent some music video tape. Do so in your mark's name, using cash, of course. At home, either tape over the kiddy/music videotapes with hard-core porn, or substitute copies of hard-core porn for the kiddy tapes. The idea is to return the porn tapes in kiddy-tape boxes.

Aha--the next renter who takes home those kiddy/music videotapes is going to be in for a real surprise. When the shop is contacted by the irate renter or the renter's irate parents, the management will consult their records. Guess whose name and address they will find?

Voice

There are many ways of disguising your voice, some of which I have described in earlier volumes. One of the newer ideas comes from old friend Little Tommie Titmouse who says a football mouth guard will change the shape of your mouth and thus distort your voice. That's very useful if you need to make telephone calls to lines on which the authorities have placed recording equipment.

"I tested it first," Tommie says, "when the Pentagon instituted that stupid toll-free CALL SPY hot line in 1987 when the crap hit the news about the Marine guards getting laid by Soviet spies at the U.S. embassy in Moscow. What a bunch of stupidity."

I agree. I got a lot of mail from military friends and readers about how they used the hot line in one form or another. The end result was a great deal of embarrassment to the U.S. government at home and abroad, a great deal of taxpayer expense, many marks hassled, a great deal of time and energy wasted, and no spies caught.

Vomit

I really don't know why vomit has such a bad rap. It's neat stuff and people shouldn't bad-mouth it. A friend recently said of his wife, "She's so cheap, she'd smoke someone else's cigar butt that she'd picked out of a pile of leper vomit." Damn it, that's not fair. Vomit's good stuff.

Let's list some fine things for which vomit is useful in our lives, shall we?

Make a high-quality tape recording of you or someone vomiting. Do this with gusto and get real, rich, gushing vomitus, not just sickly retching or the absolutely wimpy dry heaves. You may use this recording on your own answering machine, dub it onto someone else's machine, or play it over the school PA system.

Vomit may be saved in tightly sealed plastic bags and used as an additive, salad dressing, room or car freshener, or home decoration.

You may give vomit as a gift, either fresh, frozen, or wrapped. Despite those silly denials by the authorities, vomit surely is mailable and UPS-able, if wrapped suitably.

Vomit placed in pint-sized Tupperware containers, then frozen, might really fool someone who was expecting soup. You need to choose the large-chunked variety of vomit for this to work best.

If you are good at maintaining your composure and staying in character, you can include a regurgitory display of leaking vomitus while engaging in your normal daily activities. For example, you might include passive vomiting in your casual conversation, i.e., letting a small stream or flow slip out of your mouth with your words. This test of your ability to control the flow and power of your vomiting will amaze and impress parents, teachers, lovers, spouses, friends, clergy, and others.

As you can see, vomit belongs. Enjoy it.

Water Fountains

John Noi the Child was annoyed by bullies and other assorted jerks until he became John Noi the Prankster, who got back at some of his jock tormentors by coating the water supply mouth of the locker-room drinking fountain with liquid soap. The results were most upsetting to the systems of the bad guys, of course. Ever the nice guy, John suggests you not apply too much soap for fear the marks get too sick. Right, John.

Weapons

Some of the hard-core gun goons have not taken kindly to my stunts that involve the advertising and offer of sale of firearms and other destructive devices. I refer here to those who feel guns are sacred and beyond satire or use other than shooting or talking about shooting. That's what prompted me to listen to an old and dear friend, Dr. Abdoul Salmonella, who suggested something he'd learned from an international weapons consultant, Catheter Callous.

Abdoul says to obtain a Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, & Firearms federal sales/transfer Form 3 or Form 5 and fill it out using your mark's name and address as the Transferor (seller) and some secondary mark as the Transferee (buyer). You list the type of firearm being sold as a thermonuclear device, make up serial numbers, list 25 kiloton as the caliber, then fill in the rest of the numbers as pure ad-lib.

The next step is to send the form to BATF as instructed, and wait for the fun to happen, in the form of a visit from federal agents to your two marks. It should take about ten days for some dazed clerk to swallow her gum and get an investigation started.

Why is this an amusing stunt? Usually, federal gun dealers don't deal in thermonuclear devices, just small arms. If you don't wish to be so exotic, settle for transferring a Bradley Fighting Vehicle, tank, or armored personnel carrier.

Weddings

According to that new youth decency group, Young Fascists for an Abstinent America, church weddings have almost surpassed bingo and frothing at the mouth against erotica as a favorite pastime at houses of religion these days. The Blade used this knowledge to get back at a punk who had wronged him two years before.

"The little bastard really messed up my life and I let him stew for two years before getting back at him at his wedding," The Blade recalls. "I was out of town, of course, but I got the wife half of a pair of good friends from another town to help me out.

"She was in her eighth month of pregnancy and went to the wedding. When the preacher said, 'Does anyone here have any reason these people should not be married?,' my very large lady friend stood up and bellowed, 'That sneaky little rat had his way with me and now I'm carrying his bastard child.'"

The Blade said she then approached the bride with tears in her eyes and begged her to call off the wedding because the groom was a jerk and a cheating rat. The parents of each were very fundamentalist in their religion and, as you can imagine, were not even remotely understanding.

"In the confusion and bickering, my pregnant friend just waddled off to her car and drove away."

Windows

Ever had a Peeping Tom you wished you could turn into a Peepless Tomb? Ever have a nosy neighbor who frosts your personal life? Relax, let George handle it. Hardware and home specialty stores now sell adhesive-backed, no-peek window frosting so you can provide decorative privacy to your own windows. How much imagination does it take to figure out that you can also use this stuff on that nasty mark's windows, too? None--that was a rhetorical question.

The stuff is fairly inexpensive and all you have to do is peel 'n stick. The stuff I saw is weatherproofed for outside/ inside use and the guarantee said it would withstand northern seasonal changes for three years.

Zymurgy

Not only is this the last word listed in my dictionary, it also is the name given to the branch of chemistry of fermentation, i.e., brewing, I've been known to quaff a few cold ones from time to time. Anyway, my last words today are to ask you to please write to me and share your stunts, pranks, successes, or needs. I am always happy to hear from you and I do answer my own mail, all by myself. If you give me a return address when you write to me, you'll hear from me. And, if your idea is new, funny, or nasty, even, it will probably appear in a future book.

I am:

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