

Silence of the Lambs

Your name is Clarice Starling, and last night amidst kudos and applause, you became the youngest and most honored graduate of the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia. Over the course of the last week your name has become a household word synonymous in American minds with the best and brightest in law enforcement heroism. Not a mean feat, considering that today is officially your first day on the job as an FBI agent.

After all, from the time you were a small child growing up in the poverty of the Appalachian outback, you've always been fascinated by the workings of the criminal mind. Shedding your white trash roots, you studied extensively at the best schools, becoming an avid scholar of criminology, with an emphasis on the psychology of psychopaths. In your senior year, you attended a captivating seminar put on by Jack Crawford, leading expert and Director of the FBI's Department of Behavioral Science, and since then your life has never been the same. Lured by career opportunities in this Department, you applied with the Bureau, undergoing six months of rigorous physical training and forensics classes. Meanwhile, a rash of gruesome murders was taking place throughout the Mid-Atlantic states, all committed by an unidentified maniac the public nicknamed Buffalo Bill. Agent Crawford, taking a special interest in your background, invited you to work on the case while you were still a trainee. Through your investigative skills and persistence, and in one of the most highly publicized collars of recent memory, you singlehandedly apprehended this dangerous psychopath, just in time to save one of his hostages from certain death.

Well, almost single-handedly. Strangely enough, your investigation relied heavily upon information provided to you by another psychopath, Dr. Hannibal "The Cannibal" Lecter, reknowned psychiatrist, criminal genius, and then resident of the Baltimore Hospital for the Criminally Insane. Dr. Lecter, himself imprisoned for a bloody trail of cannibalistic murders, had once treated Buffalo Bill as a patient, and knew better than anyone else the machinations of this psychokiller's twisted mind. Speaking through erudite riddles and cryptic hints, Lecter ultimately led you directly to Bill's macabre hideaway.

But then Lecter had his own designs Betraying the rapport of trust you both had struck, he persuaded Chilton to have him transferred to a more comfortable, less secure facility, where one night he escaped from custody in a breakout that only a genius' mind could hatch, killing and

maiming two police officers and a paramedic in the process. Since then, Dr. Lecter's been at large, and authorities are clueless as to his whereabouts. But with Buffalo Bill in custody, things have been pretty quiet.

Until this morning. While driving home hung over from last night's festivities, a radio broadcast rivets your attention . . .

1. The news flash leads you to the track,
Where veteran officers are taken aback,
By a mutilated body without hands and feet,
Drive PCH south to Narbonne street,
The bulletin provides you with the crime's location,
More specific facts you find by invitation,
For Dr. Lecter wants to have you for lunch,
Hopefully not as the meal, but to share a hunch,
So to find your culinary rendezvous,
Study the menu through and through.

2. To play back your informative dinner date,
To Lindsey's on PCH you should migrate,
And chant your rhyme about pets of yore,
Who in the barn found fates of gore,
Ask dear John to play your tape,
Your case then will be in much better shape.
The "bony" street reminds you of work,
But your duty you cannot shirk,
You're mortified by the acts of that goon,
But if you're Lucky, you'll catch up soon,
After you've watched your conversation,
Speed off to your next destination,
South past where the Allies embarked,
To a parallel space where cars are parked,
Access it by a right at a New England state,
And then a quick left just through the gate,
Follow this lane to its natural end,
And to your mentor's advice you should then tend,
Arachnophobes should best beware,
Should they stumble into this lair.

3. Hannibal said he'd give you a hand,
In this macabre cave now you understand,
With your brilliant forensic expertise,
Upon the victim's prints you seize,
The Bureau's computer gets a make,
The results make you do an double-take,
For Chilton's the one to whom they belonged,
At his hospital many patients he wronged,
A lunatic named Dahmer suffered such abuse,
And this Milwaukee psychopath is now on the loose,
After his arrest for mutilating seventeen men,
He just escaped from a maximum security pen,
He was last seen hanging outside a bar,
Waiting for male specimens to dismember and jar,

Your cryptic note you should now fold,
And the location will be foretold,
Head now on an oceanbound beat,
Straight down on Gaffey to 9th street,
A left will take you to the Ports O'Call,
The fun begins at the south of this mall.

4. You've arrived to see, a few days late,
How ten young men met their fate,
You find a few heads floating in formaldehyde,
And an electric chainsaw to show how they died,
Among the dissected portions of a would-be lover,
'Tis Dahmer's own remains that you discover,
His carcass is not much of a feast for the flies,
A remorseful suicide the cops surmise,
But the answer you can't postpone,
Thankfully Hannibal's thrown you a bone,
This brief history you should now peruse,
To the indicated address you should then cruise,
For in a new city with a Long name,
Another serial killer new victims does maim,
A new spate of killings has happened there,
The deaths occurred in a dentist's chair,
Was it Dr. Happy Tooth with his drill,
That lured young children to the kill?
Atlanta's nightmare was hard to swallow,
A similar m.o. you must now follow,
Head up Harbor and across the Bridge,
Later a left to this place of sacrilege.
The price of admission is not required,
If you're only looking to be inspired.

5. To no avail was Happy's flight,
An avenging angel caught him in the night,
And skinned every inch of his carapace,
One might say that Happy lost face,
You feel inadequate as an investigator,
Has Lecter now become a traitor?
For these vigilante killings smack of coincidence,
But now a new hunt you must commence,
For young women are being slain at a place of learning,
Its name on a colorful placard is burning,
Your mass murderer you thought was gassed,
But Lecter's genius Ted Bundy surpassed,
He paid his guards to fake his demise,
More sorority girls he'll now brutalize,
Just up the street and across from the station,
Fill in Happy's place of graduation.
And behind this obstetrician's sign,
Is the symbol that you must find.

6. Campus police cordoned off the scene,
For this new carnage is quite obscene,

- Pledges were raped, their skulls were crushed,
At the sight of the teethmarks the coroner blushed,
For Bundy's trademark is all around,
But what's this male body that's now been found?
Even indestructible Bundy met his maker,
And his missing tongue does puzzle the undertaker,
Sounds like it's time for a meeting with Lecter,
To the 405 South you now should vector,
For at the Academy of the FBI,
In your locker you'll find his reply,
On one of three posts at Quantico,
Your combination you once did stow.
7. Like Sherlock Homes and Moriarty,
Lecter's gone to meet his rival party,
To the death they'll probably duel,
And serial killings the winner shall rule,
In the first group of stones upon the right,
On the loser's identity you should alight,
For in this place where ghosts do bark,
The victor's name will not be stark,
A nearby marker will reveal who's dead,
For a fitting eulogy just look ahead.
8. Beach down to PCH and go left,
And for some time you'll be bereft,
Of morbidicious delicacies that to date,
Have been the bread and butter of your fate,
When you enter a busy new **p**ort,
To your superiority you should resort,
And then visit your instinct to a main entrance,
To a place that lends Richard Specter remembrance,
It has an excellent rear view of the bay,
To this place of suffering **g** you should not delay.
9. You know pursuing Lecter could lead you astray,
For him turnabout would be fair play,
Crawford told you not to let him get close,
But about your background you were quite verbose,
While fighting against him on the dock,
Of your life you must now take stock,
With a beastly voice Hannibal gives you a scare,
In your death struggle he does declare,
That days ago your family he kidnapped,
And ensnared them in a barn which he booby trapped,

And like lambs to the slaughter they will go,
For in minutes the time bomb will blow,
Your life for theirs is what Lecter wants,
Now with his approaching mouth he taunts,
Is your life worth this sacrifice?
Hannibal's lips move towards you like a vise,
Selfless devotion is not that exciting,
When faced with a French kiss that can be so biting,
So you kick him in the groin and throw him into the spray,
Where its rumored that schools of Piranhas do prey,
By two telescopes that veer north,
To a fishing line you sally forth,
To haul up any remaining information,
About your family's secret location.

LITTLE CLUES

1. Cassette tape "Newsflash"

(FBI music) . . . " We interrupt normal programming to bring you a special bulletin. "

(female voice) " Good morning, this is Cookie Roberts, with NPR's All Things Digested. In a late-breaking story, the peace and serenity of the quiet town of Lomita, Kansas, was shattered this morning by the discovery of the mutilated remains of the body of a young male on the tracks of the Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad in what is suspected to be the third in a string of homicides that have recently ravaged the Midwest in the past week. We now turn to I>M> Hungry, standing by at the scene . . ."

(male voice) " Cookie, what I am seeing here today at the railroad crossing at 250th and Woodward far surpasses in gruesome horror any crime scene I have reported on to date. Why, here still tied to the railroad tracks are the barely recognizable body parts . . . excuse me, Cookie . . . (sound of upchucking and a toilet flushing) . . . Yes, Cookie, according to qualified sources, a young man was apparently tied down to the railroad tracks by an unknown assailant minutes before he was . . . quartered by an oncoming train. Unable to avoid the resulting carnage, the conductor was last seen running westward toward Narbonne street with a crazed look in his eye, singing the refrain to "Midnight Train to Georgia." According to qualified sources in the Lomita Police Dept., homicide detectives have confirmed a pattern of similar railroad killings last week and the probable genesis of yet another serial killer at large. In a bizarre twist, in each case the appendages of the fated victim were not recovered, even after close

inspection of the human flesh still attached to the wheels of the railroad cars . . . Well, Cookie, it's time for my lunch break. Back to you for now. This is I.M. Hungry, in Lomita, Kansas. . .

(sound of Cookie's voice) Thank you, I.M. That was our morning report for All Things Digested. And now, back to our scheduled programming . . . (sound of upchucking and flushing toilet).

Invitation

2. Videotape of Dinner

H: Good day, my dear Clarice . . . or I should say, Agent Starling. I believe Congratulations are in order for a job well done.

C: Thank you, Dr. Lecter, but a good deal of the credit in apprehending Buffalo Bill belongs to you.

H: But come in, come in. I assume you followed my instructions? No police, microphones, squads of inept SWAT officers perched on the roof ready to pounce?

C: No, Dr. Lecter, I wouldn't think of violating your trust. Crawford doesn't know I'm here.

H: And you are here my child, just because . . . you, shall we say, require a bit of guidance?

C: The railroad killer has us baffled. Three separate mutilations. Appendages missing, victims unidentifiable.

H: Yes, of course, without hands, one has no prints. To know a killer, one must know the victim. Interesting you answered my dinner invitation, considering my own history of social aberrance.

C: Dr. Lecter, you should turn yourself in. You can get help. They'll eventually catch up with you, especially with the deaths of Pembry and Boyle, two federal officers. They won't stop 'til they . .

H: (cutting her off) :

Help? They'll put me behind a glass wall like a caged animal, a circus freak for ignorant prison guards and a gawking public that fails to understand that deviance is the inevitable byproduct of criminal genius. I wanted a window, but warden Chilton insisted on infecting my life with the daily televised diatribes of evangelists at high volume.

C: Where is Chilton? He disappeared without a trace.

H: (smiling) Oh, Agent Starling, why don't you sit down. I have a wonderful feast prepared. (looking at bottle) C: Oh, you shouldn't have.gone to any trouble.

H:Nothing like breaded pancreas served with a good bottle of Madeira wine. Please, sit. No trouble at all.

I just threw a few leftovers together with a little fresh meat, and presto, a five course meal deign of the most refined French palates. It's amazing how the softbreads from my Philharmonic Orchestra dinner have kept so well after all these years. Please you must try my Pate de Raspail. How do you like it?

C: (tasting it, and then upchucks into napkin)

H: What, cat got your tongue? A tough FBI trainee like you? Come now, my poor patient Raspail would be quite insulted! Or perhaps a Buffalo Bill wing would be more to your liking. . . I've made some absolutely sumptuous Marsala sauce for the Miggs casserole - though you may find the meat a bit gamey and unsophisticated.

C: Oh, Dr. Lecter, how could you? This is disgusting!

H: Like the slaughter of lambs my dear, nature must take its course . . .

C: Dr. Lecter, how can I find the railroad killer? I feel we have little time. I've prepared a list of questions. . .

H:Clarice, you know I don't do surveys!

C:Well, tell me then if this killer's m.o. rings any bells. Why tie the victims to railroad tracks? He's hit three Midwestern states all on consecutive Saturdays. Crawford's relying on me to get this guy.

H: Oh yes, Crawford. What else is he getting from you Clarice? Does he sneak into your office after 5 o'clock, pants unzipped and hump you like a dog before going home to that vegetative wife of his? Miggs would have admired his style.

C: Please, Dr. Lecter. Tell me something about this killer.

H: Very well. I remember a patient I once had. Years ago. He came for a visit under an alias - his parents had been brutally killed when their car became wedged on the tracks in front of an oncoming train. his anger was directed at society in general. He expressed a desire to get even with persons who took advantage of him by subjecting them to a similar fate.

C: But why on train tracks?

H: Elementary my dear. He could not actively wield the lethal weapon that kills - to directly, with his own hands squeeze or stab or cut the life out of a living person screaming in terror. Tying to a traintrack accomplish3e4s the same result - but without the emotional trauma. And second - amputation of various limbs obstructs identification of the victims. Are you sure you won't taste my minestrone?

C: (shaking head in revulsion)

H: Agent Starling - our man did say he enjoyed hunting in the forests directly north of Harbor Lake. He used to flag himself a path from the parking lane adjacent to the coastal highway that led some distance into the dark woods. Good luck, Agent Starling. Watch out for the poison ivy.

C; Thank you, Dr. Lecter!

H: Oh . . . and Clarice . . .

C: What, Doctor>

H: Don't come after me. And I won't come after you.

3. Folding picture of boat - Whiskey Joe's from White Meat
and Brewskey - Jodie's Beautiful Eyes

4. In bone in raft

People article indicating 445 long Beach Blvd.

5. On dentist's chair:

An hour late and a dollar short,
Eight kids lost at last report,
Each to the death chair unsuspecting was strapped,
'Twas more than their molars the dentist capped,
Without warning he left in flight,
On a local bus he did alight,
But left a letter to his old shrink,
That near the door will provide a link.

Inside bus door

Oct. 31, 1978

Dear Dr. Lecter,

I've been meaning to write to you for some time about why I've missed the last ten or so group therapy sessions. I know you've been more than patient with me and I've certainly benefitted from the last few years of treatment, in particular the electroshock treatments which you so enjoyed administering.

But I really think my paranoid schizophrenia is finally under control, thanks to your expert guidance. Without your help, I'd still be working for CalTrans plugging away with that monotonous power drill. I know I can do so much more. You've taught me to face my demons, and this is why I've decided to move on. I've even been thinking of enrolling in dental school, where I can put my skills to much better use.

But B.R.A.T., that secret organization of spoiled children, has been stalking me again, trying to sabotage my plans to spread the word across this land about the need for real discipline in raising kids. Their agents have infiltrated a number of places in the city, disguised in a number of forms, watching me for an opportune time to pounce and reprogram my brain. I

know that they are following me, for I can hear their little footsteps and irritating tantrums in the aisles of supermarkets. As you know, indulgence of children is the seed of all evil, and I have it on good authority that brattiness is the single cause of the MidEast crisis, the onslaught of crime in the streets, the economic recession we are all facing, and the failed coup in Moscow. The Brats put their parents up to stealing from our U.S. budget to pay for their sports cars, their drugs and those expensive Nintendo games, with which they hatch further plots to control adult decision-making.

Momma would turn over in her grave if she could see this conspiracy now. If I hadn't impaled her with that pitchfork she'd have been a great partner

to work with. I should've known why Momma would so often whip me senseless with that bullwhip and lock me up in the outhouse for days. Now I understand. Every once in a while you have to sandpaper a young Brat's ass and pour a healthy dose of acid on it to instill some righteous discipline in him.

Well, thanks for teaching me not to get mad, but even. Please say goodbye to Ted and Richard - they were great therapy buddies. Richard did worry me though, always putting his hands on my knee while in session, and staring at me with that intense and hungry look of his. Ol' Ted I'm sure will do fine. He too seems to understand the concept of punishment.

I agree with him that women today are becoming sirens of sin in our world. If I were Ted I'd start with that group of hussies that hangs out at those white sculptures on E. Campus Drive.

Very truly yours,
Happy Tooth

6. At CSULB in V sculpture

A business card was left, how desperately random!
To the indicated exit and south you go in tandem,
An Edinger left will lead you near,
A familiar institution to which you veer,
At lot 26 you should then park,
And to your training ground soon embark,
With some exercise you will find your code,
Academy locker 130 it will help you unload.

7. In locker 130

My dear Clarice you might be shocked,
Our foundation of trust I fear I've rocked,
For while you were following broadcast news,
'Twas I who left these macabre clues,
You're still no match with your textbook sense,
For a genius like me with my arrogance,
These serial killers you could not catch,
Not before their lives I did dispatch,
Years ago my services they all required,
But my group therapy apparently backfired,
Not because I produced their immorality,
But because their murders lacked quality,
For mutilation is an art,
Particularly when extracting a human heart,
And drilling can be so terribly uncouth,
If practiced upon resistant youth,
Their notoriety is such a sham,
For none could cook worth a damn,
And Dahmer and Bundy mixed business and pleasure,
Sex with their victims they did so treasure,
But the real truth I cannot hide,
It's competition I can't abide,
For upon my territory they did encroach.
And my record fame they did approach,
I'm afraid there's a fourth patient on the loose,
Who put ropes and chains to interesting use,
His sodomized victims were found on the Beach,
And not the one that's meant in ordinary speech,
At 19542 you'll be in reach,
My dear student for your help I beseech,
For Specter's brilliance is equal to mine,
From my throne I might have to resign.

8. At fence in front of Hannibal tomb

To all who may be concerned,
New serial killer leadership I have just earned,
Hannibal and I fought to the bitter end,
To the fires of Hell Lecter I did send,
To my chains his scalpel was no defense,
Or to my masochistic competence,
For my dildos no one can defy,
At least he died with a smile in his eye,
Now my prudish little FBI rookie,
I must now go to fetch some nookie,
And sexual torture would not be complete,
Without the devices of a hospital suite,
For clamps and electric beds are grate,
For patients to lethally masturbate,
I'll take the path less travelled by,
Bereaved crowds who've come to cry,
A stony trail leads to a sidedoor,
And it's there that I shall plan my gore,
I'll be beyond your reach in my cage,
Unless a magnet you can engage.

9. In grate on stony path at Hoag Hospital

You found the killer in his hideaway,
Before any patient he could slay,
While you catch him plotting a fatal erection,
You come across Lecter's resurrection,
For no paroled Specter is this man,
His genuine flesh face came off in your hand,
To reveal Hannibal's beady eyes,
Faking his death comes as no surprise,
'Twas not just his glory that he did cherish,
But causing innocent lives to suffer and perish,
It started with Chilton, his nemesis,
And diversity became his metamorphosis,
He became the serial killer imitator,
To mistaken theories the cops did cater,
You catch him in the act, his identity betray,
From your clutches he gets away,
Down Newport Blvd. where it meets the sea,
To the nearest place for fishing Hannibal does flee,
On this bridge across the sand,

Is where you'll make your last stand.

10. In skeleton

Now a heroine once again,
You'll save your family at 1810,
'Tis on the Oceanfront, Clarice,
At the top unit C you'll find some peace.