

# The Andrea Mims Story: "Rape of an Angel"

## Part 8

My mom was constantly reminding me that I was lucky if anyone ever wanted me now that I was used. She did take us in her home but I never heard the end of it. She wanted me married but I was not allowed to date. I was busy raising my sons, paying bills, and just being constantly tired. I had no time for anything else. And since I was not to take a job standing because my insides were healing from all the beatings and births, and I had only completed the 9th Grade, my income tax return looked like a grocery list.

I was trying and finally started doing well when a reporter hit the side of my car head on, putting me out of work for months. Then, while filming a B Movie I was thrown off the horse "Rebel," and suffered a fractured back and neck. Finally, I agreed to become a call girl rather than live on the streets with my sons. I was finally dating! I had read all Harold Robbins' books to learn about men and a lot of my dreams did come true through these "pay dates."

I was terrified to get married, but at the age of 30, I married for the second time. I had every reason to be nervous. We were both Gemini's and he was on the cusp of Taurus. We were not compatible. I met him when we set a trap to find out who was stealing our newspapers. We had a very rocky-road relationship and the only way to end it was to get married. He thought he was going to receive the money from the horse accident settlement. I should have at least made him earn it! The marriage only lasted 3 days when he stole from me, lied to me, and wanted me to get rid of my sons. They were the only good things in my life. I filed for divorce.

I ended up with \$13,000 from the horse accident, and all my hospital & doctor bills were paid. Two attorneys ended up with over \$100,000 each. They did this behind my back...a back I have suffered and have had to live with along with neck problems that have persisted off and on since 1968. Right now, I have to use a cane, but hope when I get out it's not too late to get the help I need and be able to live a normal life without the cane.

I married for a third time to a young Jordanian student. He had cousins in countries that he was afraid he'd be forced to fight against. This touched my heart and I figured "What's the big deal?" We were together for 2 1/2 years. We became very good friends and he was there to oversee my young teenage sons while I worked. He eventually married his childhood sweetheart from Jordan, and although they recently divorced, I still hear from him from time to time. I'm sad that he found it necessary to return to Jordan to get help raising his children. He was doing quite well as a hotel concierge at the Beverly Hills Bonaventure until recently.

My fourth marriage was fast and furious. He was fast and I was furious! I'd made another mistake. He was a con man and I already had one asshole in my pants. I didn't need another one! He even introduced me to his gay lover. All he wanted was my house and car and anything else he could get. In a very short time, he ran up a lot of bills, was very abusive verbally and physically. The worst thing about history repeating itself was each time the price went up and I was the one paying. I had to threaten him to get him out. He took my car and I was broke. I got an annulment.

At this point in my life I was feeling lousy and worthless. It was like my brain was this wonderful thing but mine stopped working the moment I woke up every day. I felt deep down that I was shallow. Was I really just a stupid whore? I was consistent, and felt just as bad as when I was a kid. Here I was, living up to my mother's expectations.

I had married the wrong man. But, then the right one, Elliot Zanuck, had died of a heart attack about a week after I had married Dereck, my 4th husband. Maybe if I had married Elliot, from New York, he would not have died. I went to Elliot's funeral. I was devastated and realized that I had loved Elliot.

Out of sheer despair and loneliness I married for the 5th time. I should have given up after the first time, but I was a glutton for punishment. This man, Robert Sand, was consoling, caring, loving, and a good friend, as well as a father, mother, and boyfriend all in one. He helped lighten my soul by listening and holding me. He talked me into selling my home and moving in with him. If I'd had any sense, I shoulda-woulda not moved back with him after the first time he got weird and injured me by tackling me to the floor. But NO! Not me! I didn't just go back to this abuser, I married him and gave him almost all my life's savings to put down on our home in Rancho Mirage.

I thought everything was wonderful. How did I know? I didn't know what love was. I thought love was when the man was possessive, jealous, and obsessed with me! I was wrong, but that's easy for me to say now! Since I didn't

think much of myself or even like myself much, I decided I was going to make up for all the mistakes and mess of my past. I was going to be the best wife and companion. I'd care for him and do whatever he wanted me to do.

I often saw Bob Sand walking around without any help. But, once he saw me observing him, he'd need my immediate assistance, & then would fall on top of me and think it was funny. But, he did get to have a "special" event one evening at Herb & Betty Hawkins' (our neighbors) home. He did this act of setting up walking and then back to the chair, flopping awkwardly down like he was an invalid who took his very first steps. Everyone was so amazed except me! I had to keep from laughing and wondered if he was also trying not to laugh. He would have been a good actor. He used the wheelchair for sympathy. He just didn't want to do anything. He preferred to be waited on and pushed around. He could always walk on his own.

I wanted him to try crawling but he refused. Then, I suggested he swim every day. He said he was not buoyant, so I thought I could hold him and he could kick and move his arms. I was afraid to be alone with him in the pool as he would hold me under and think it was funny when he'd finally let me up. He hurt me too many times when I walked with him by throwing himself on top of me. He just wanted to sit, be waited on, and watch TV. I watched him play his "I'm so awkward and crippled, help me do everything" game for others. We both knew he was faking his infirmities. I kept trying to find the reason, but all I could do was guess. That's all I can do now.

I thought he loved me and no one else ever did. I didn't even know if I deserved to be loved. I must have thought it was being abused and used. He used a wheelchair he didn't need. He probably didn't need me either, but I was his toy to use for his own short-term gratification. Did he want to die? What did he think I was going to do? Why didn't I get out when I started feeling like something was going to happen. I loved my life and kept thinking that by talking to him he would come to realize what he was doing and that he would change for me. I was wrong again. He did make promises, which is typical of an abuser, but he didn't keep them for very long.

I had been raped and almost killed before, and I was suffering from what happened and all the other times I had been raped and abused. Sex was becoming a thing of pain...like fire.

But no, I was not giving up. I even married for the 6th time. I kept telling Joe Mims I was having a difficult time, especially with sex. "Be slow, let me come to you," I kept telling him. He kept saying he had enough love for both of us. Then, the straw that broke the camel's back was when a man (Richard Cordine) I had never met, a pen pal, lied about something I said to the Assistant DA, James Stafford Hawkins.

The pain intensified to the point I had to be put in a place called "Capistrano by the Sea." That was a waste. Every time I tried to talk about rape, reliving them, I was cut off. "Where are your scars?" they'd ask me. I wanted to scream "INSIDE, YOU JERK!" But, I stuffed it! The pain got worse.

I loved Joe but he had no patience. Even a sermon at Church was once set up between Joe and the preacher for my benefit. It was all about how a wife was supposed to submit to her husband. More pain! And, because of a head injury, I never realized what happened the night Bob Sand was killed. I truly believed myself innocent, and that the people who had done it (I realize that it was in my mind), were continuing to return and attack me. I feared for my life, and would not have intentionally harmed a hair on anyone's head.

If I had been killed that night, Bob Sand would have gotten away with it. I was devastated and missed him. My world had been turned upside down. I kept reliving the rapes and abuses of my past. I believed they were continuing to happen.

I was in PAIN and wanted to make Joe happy. He wanted sex but it hurt me to be touched when it was sexual. "Let me heal, Joe. Let me come to you." He persisted so I made some Margarita's and took pain pills. The sex still hurt. I was rigid. I drank more and took more pills. I had a nervous breakdown trying to have sex with a man I loved and wanted to be able to make love to.

Did Richard's poison lying telephone call to the DA cause me to go insane? Too much pain to deal with. Why didn't Joe listen to me and give me time to heal? I would have gone to him when I was ready. I was trying to have sex with him and attacked him. Why did he take me to a deserted area? I thought I was OK and then I started seeing shadows from my past. The rapes. The rapists! The pain! I fought back by swinging a hammer. I dropped it on Joe's back, picked it up, and in a fury, was swinging and hit Joe. Thank God he was OK! There was blood from head wounds but he was not hurt badly.

After Bob was killed, not murdered, I carried weapons for protection. Joe knew this and wanted sex when I was rigid and could hardly talk. Was he only thinking with his penis? I was really thankful I did not hurt him seriously, but I was arrested and he annulled our marriage. I wanted to die. I kept telling my attorney I wasn't making it, I wanted a doctor who could really help me through this and that I was being raped. I didn't want to leave Capistrano by the Sea even though they weren't helping me either.

It took Joe getting married again to realize he still loved me and could never stop loving me. He realized what had happened and was angry that my attorney, my doctor, and my investigator had contacted Jim Hawkins, who had in turn lied to him to convince him to file charges and annul our marriage. It broke his heart, and even though I was angry with him, I still loved him.

Joe visited me for the first year while I was in prison. He helped me to start healing and our relationship healed too. Just minutes before we were to be re-married he had a fatal heart attack. It has taken me many years to get over him and the way he died. I still hurt when I think about him.

Joe kept telling me how sorry he was for allowing them to talk him into turning me in. He would cry and hold me, saying "My God, what did I do? You are innocent. How can you ever forgive me?" I kept telling him I loved him and had forgiven him. He had forgiven me for hitting him. He realized what I was enduring.

In my heart I knew I must have killed Bob. I recalled fighting for my life. At first, I thought I was fighting for OUR lives. The pictures Joe claimed he had and was going to show me on our first "conjugal" visit were never found or were destroyed. The blow to my head caused a concussion. Much of what happened the night of May 13th, 1981, I know I will never remember for sure, but I take full responsibility for what did happen. I did my best to recall as much as I could and testify truthfully in court, but my attorney undermined my testimony by refusing to cross-examine perjured prosecution witnesses. Rick has told me he has explained it all in the story he wrote, and he's been sending me parts of it little by little.

What I do know is that I've been incarcerated for close to 17 years, and I'm fighting to be free. It seems as if I've been locked up for so long that my entire life prior to prison is like a dream I once had. I have been doing everything I could to heal and to adjust. I have made the best of this time I can possibly do. I have a good record.

And I have met a wonderful man and this is right. I have a chance for some real happiness. For love, and to be with a man who really understands me. I know that every time I look into his eyes. We have loved each other going on 8 years. We did have 2 years of "flu" (conjugal) visits. Flu visits are "family living unit" visits. He gave me time and space, and I have healed thanks to two wonderful men: Joe and Rick.

I feel totally blessed to have Rick as my husband. He has even put up this great web site to see if we can get support for our cause. We need help so I can be home where I belong, with Rick. We have so much we want to do and so many things we want to accomplish together. We have goals and dreams.

That old saying, you can't teach an old dog new tricks. I am learning all kinds of new tricks! I am learning what love is and loving in a healthy way. I'm learning that I can heal and I'm healing. I am adjusting to what my new life with Rick will be like. I've learned forgiveness and trust.

I think back and wonder if part of the reason I had such a life was because of a chemical imbalance or PMS. I suffered severely from the latter. Now I am post-menstrual and don't have those problems anymore.

If there was anything at all I could have done to prevent what happened that put me in prison I would have done it. I thought everything was going to work out. I thought I was happy and had no idea that day I was washing our cars that an incident was soon to happen. I have had to live with that sadness every day of my life since it happened. I have paid the price ten times over, plus a little. And, on top of that, to lose Joe Mims too! So senseless. Another poison telephone call to the prison that day...only who made that call?

And then, how the counselor at the institution told me he died. "What was his name?" was shouted until I realized what she was saying. Then, another counselor said I should count my lucky stars that he didn't have a heart attack and die while on a flu visit. I would have been blamed. All I could think of was if whoever that was who made that poison phone call telling CIW not to allow us to re-marry had not made the call, Joe Mims would still be alive. And, it chills me to think that very person may stumble across this web site and read these words! But, blame Andrea if possible! Call it the "Andrea's fault line." Somehow it does help to write about it. And time does heal wounds. I

never want any institution to tell me one of my loved ones died. My younger son spared me that when my mother died, and notified me before the institution could.

There was a whole lot more to my life than just getting married seven times. I always kept a nice home, loved to cook and shop. I worked lots of different types of jobs. I worked different types of jobs, traveled and tried to be a good mother. I've had lots of acquaintances, some famous, including names you would recognize. All that now seems unreal because of being incarcerated so long. I have been productive up until I re-injured my neck and lower back. Now, all I do is rest, walk, stretch, sleep, eat, and write. I keep in touch with the outside world through reading, listening to the radio, especially Art Bell, and watching TV. I am lucky I am still walking, although with a cane.

There are still the everyday problems of dealing with other inmates and surviving. I've learned how to stay away from trouble. I follow the rules and keep a good and positive attitude no matter what. I got all my anger out years ago when I was able to run, lift weights, and play tennis. I've been to hundreds of group therapy sessions and even had some one-on-one counseling. I've O.D'd on psyche groups, though. I have changed a lot for the better but I'm probably never going to be perfect. I never want to stop growing.

Maybe one day I'll write a book, get my Bachelor's degree (I only need a few more units), and paint. Maybe I'll be able to be home and view my own web site soon, and even learn to work on it! Maybe I can teach or help other women. Maybe I could even help men who rape and abuse women. When I was on Geraldo, I asked a man who had admitted to sexually abusing women if he knew in advance who he could abuse. When he said "yes," I had a great follow-up question for him, along with some advice, but good ol' [old] Geraldo went to a commercial break and I never got my chance.

Rick has this hunch that I will be home with him soon. I sure hope it's not just an idea because he thinks he may be wrong. We are both thinking positive. We will be living below our yearnings, but we will have each other for many years, growing and sharing. Lately, Rick's been looking into retiring in Belize. I could use a white sand beach and some tropical sunshine! He is terrified of heights, so he's not going to take me skiing, which is a shame, since he lives near the best ski resorts in the country...but he's promised to teach me to scuba dive!

I probably won't be seeing much of my children for awhile. It's that old saying about money not being everything in life, but it does help keep you in touch with your children. And, somewhere out there, I have a 3rd son who was put up for adoption in 1961. That's another story for another time, but I hope to find him when I'm free.

I hope what I've had to say helps you to understand more about me. I wasn't just a prostitute like the prosecution wanted the jury to believe, and what they still want you to believe. Actually, being a call girl was a good experience for me. I was always successful, and the men made me feel like I was beautiful and special. I have many regrets in my life, but don't look for any apologies for my stint as a call girl, because I offer none. It was mostly other jobs I had little confidence or lost it for. I sure tried hard, though.

I really hope someday that my life's experience can help others. I feel I have a lot to say, and that this is only the tip of the iceberg.

Sleep well tonight. I love you all.

Teach Me How Again

Teach me how again.

There will be new streets

To walk down.

Along new Highways and Byways,

Lights and Sights I've never seen before.

Teach me how again...with love!

## Reflections on Being a Call Girl

By Andrea Mims

At birth we are symbiotically bonded to our mothers. We are, "we" before we are "I." We need to love and grow, but we need boundaries. We need the boundaries of our finitude. I attempted to make it on my own but being both mother and father to my children, to me, was being "nobody." None of us are so strong that we do not need love, intimacy, and dialogue in communication. I tried to make it on my own with my sons until I had the horse accident.

I never had a pimp, and didn't care about money. I became a call girl because I couldn't pay the rent, care for my sons, make my car payment, and could not hold a steady, hourly job because of my neck and spinal injury. Being a call-girl enabled me to pick the days I felt better for working. Most girls do it because it's an easy way of life, and a lot of money.

I had some definitions for the different types of "prostitutes," and the manner in which they worked that I thought I'd share with you.

"Kept Woman": Set up and taken care of by one man.

"Party Girl": Goes out with men she scores, one man per evening only. A party girl will often be a young struggling model or actress.

"Call Girl": Sets up her own appointments. She is often also referred to as "hustler," or "hooker."

The "Prostitute," or "Whore," is the "Street Walker."

The "House Girl," works within a bordello, or house of prostitution, such as is the case in Nevada. Her earnings are split with the house, and often with cab or limo drivers who bring customers to the house.

I had been rejected by my father and so was probably never able to develop a relationship with an adult male. I had no role model. I'm fortunate that I never became involved with madams or pimps, and the only man who ever helped me was my family doctor, a dear 80-year-old man who arranged for my first date with a U.S. Senator. Dr. Houston, if he is alive today, is a spry young 110-year-old!

I kept all the money I ever earned for myself and my sons, and was able to provide them with a beautiful home in the Hollywood Hills, and, for a time, an excellent private school. My Oedipal feelings may have been fulfilled by men desiring me and willing to pay for me, making me feel valued and desired. Becoming a call girl, though, made it too easy to make good money even after I was well enough to go back to work, so I rarely tried. I had no confidence nor self-respect, and I had lack of recent job experience. In any case, I lacked the discipline of everyday work. I also felt I had no rights, so I didn't bother to fight for them.

My mother always compared me with other people and they were always, in her eyes, better than me. She was very frustrating to deal with because I could never please her. She sometimes compared me with others in letters she mailed me right up until the time she died.

I was never allowed to make decisions for myself, because I was too "stupid." I was constantly reminded by her that I looked stupid. About the only thing she ever admitted to valuing me for was when I played the piano for her, but that was rare. But, she never praised me as a person, never just for me alone. Being appreciated for such an external superficial factor made me feel very deprived and neglected, as if I had never existed. I only was on this Earth for what I could do outside myself. I needed close warmth and never got it from my mother or father. They just weren't capable of it. Yet, when I think back on what they told me of their lives, they never had it in their childhoods either. I can't hold it against them.

But, because of my upbringing, I never felt men were really interested in me, but only what they could get from me; sex or money. My dad's favorite song was "Tumbling Tumbleweed," and I guess he was just a' tumbling along with the Tumbling Tumbleweed! And, as I wrote that sentence, the thought just occurred to me that I never knew my mother's favorite song. I don't even know if she liked any songs!

I've had lots of time to reflect in prison, and I have asked myself some questions over the years.

Was I afraid that if men found me intelligent and attractive that my mother would be angry with me? My mother began calling me a "whore," from the time I was 11 years old because of the way men smiled at me. Was I trying to live up to her expectations? Did she set me up to fail because she felt that she had failed in life? When she called me names because she wanted me to be good in her eyes, is it possible I was trying to get back at her and spite her by becoming a call girl, and sticking with that profession long after my immediate need had passed?

When I married Joe Mims, I didn't want the physical. I wanted Joe to love me for myself. I told him I did not want to have sex. I realized that this would be a very difficult point of view for Joe to appreciate. I explained it over and over to him, but he either didn't listen, or he didn't understand, so I forced myself to have sex with him when I wasn't ready.

I was sure I was raped the night Bob Sand was killed, probably because of what I have come to understand must have been a "screen" memory, a false memory that your unconscious mind tricks you into believing as real, in order to shield you from a truth that is too horrible to contemplate. Whatever the reality was, it was real to me at the time, and it had left me with some serious scars. This made sex with Joe very painful, and the more demanding he became, the more painful it became. I was starving emotionally and needed time, healing, and closure.

Before I became a call girl at the age of 29, I had not been with many men. I had been raped by more men than I had consensual sex with. There was one man with whom I had a very good sexual experience, but I found out later it was because he thought I was a young, inexperienced teenager. When he found out I was 24 years old at the time, and had two children, he was disappointed and lost interest in me. But, he was a male model, and did encourage me to attempt my first photo-shoots. Too bad he was a pedophile, but thank God I found out before he had a chance to meet my sons!

I've heard it said that prostitutes are victims of unresolved bisexual conflicts and that their flight into sexual intimacies with many men is rationalized through the profit motive. This is evidence of their fear of their own repressed homosexual desires. They may seek the affection of both sexes because they may have been deprived of healthy adult affection from one or both parents as a child.

The rejection from my mother was probably because she herself was an inadequate individual, immature, and unable to give me the love I needed. Being a call girl was giving me father substitutes and helping me to compensate for what my mother and father had denied me. It seems that sex was not the important part of these relationships to me. It was being nurtured, fed, and being taken care of. It was very hard for me to develop emotionally and become self-sufficient; an independent human being.

When I was injured in the horse accident I was suffering intense feelings of isolation and worthlessness. By choosing this profession, or it choosing me, I was offered the hope of halting my self-deterioration. But, it also made my inner conflicts more intense and self-destructive.

The girl who is tied to her family with bonds of love and affection rarely becomes a call girl or prostitute. I probably did it partly to punish myself and my parents. I couldn't have thought much of myself and I felt I could not have been successful at any enriching kind of work. I had allowed myself to be set up. I blame no one but myself. Women in much worse positions than I ever was rarely become call girls.

But, you know what? I could have turned to drugs or alcohol, and I never did that. I needed to survive, and I did the best I knew how for myself and my sons. And, usually, I did OK.

Without boundaries, one has no protection. I have learned boundaries. We have to have them or we self-destruct.

What Do I Believe?

Death makes me realize how deeply I have internalized the agnosticism I preach in all my books. I consider dogmatic belief and dogmatic denial very childish forms of conceit in a world of infinitely whirling complexity. None of us can see enough from one corner of space-time to know "all" about the rest of space-time. --

Robert Anton Wilson

## ABOUT TIME

by Mike Mullin; Coaching Quest Strategies; One of Many Peaceful Warriors

1. Seize the eternal moment - NOW is!
2. The past is gone -- drop it.
3. The future is not here -- don't worry about it. The best predictor of our future is how well we manage each of our present moments.
4. In each moment we are free to choose differently.
5. Consider the possibility that everything; the past, the present, and the future, are all happening in the NOW.
6. Because we have chosen to experience ourselves in this physical universe, we have agreed to time in order that we could have a reference of our experience.
7. In Truth, time does not exist.
8. If there is no time, then we are eternal beings.
9. If we are eternal beings then we can afford infinite patience with ourselves and others.
10. Infinite patience brings perfection to our present moments, which is all there is!

## ABOUT CRITICISM

by Steve Goodier & Life Support Systems

Former U. S. President John F. Kennedy received endless advice and criticism from the media concerning how he should run the country. Much of it he took good-naturedly. In fact, he often used a favorite story in response to the media's comments about how they thought he could do a better job.

He told about a legendary baseball player who always played flawlessly. He consistently hit when at bat and was never thrown out at first. When on base he never failed to score. As a fielder, he never dropped a ball and he threw with unerring accuracy. He ran swiftly and played gracefully. In fact, he would have been one of the all-time greats except for one thing -- no one could ever persuade him to put down his beer and hot-dog and come out of the press box to play!

Most of us can empathize, for we all have people in our lives who criticize and second-guess. They are quick to point out flaws and quicker yet to offer advice.

When it comes to receiving criticism, I believe it helps to remember first that not all criticism is invalid. Wisdom listens for the kernel of truth and saves it for future growth.

But when criticism seems unfair, I believe it helps to remember the hawk. When attacked by crows, it does not counterattack. Instead, the hawk soars higher and higher in ever widening circles until the pests leave it alone.

When there is nothing to learn from criticism, can you rise above it and soar?

This is a page I've been mulling over in my mind for some time. As of today's date, which is May 16th, 1999, Andrea's case is yet to be decided by a Federal Judge. But, this page is about my beliefs, and I believe the long delay in the announcement is actually a good sign, because the Judge is probably taking us very seriously. I've got to believe that. Because, this is our last and best chance. If the answer from the Judge is "no", then it's most likely that Andrea will never be free, and that we will never be together. We cannot realistically hope for parole.

But, in another respect, I have to defer to Robert Anton Wilson, quoted above. Wilson taught me long ago to believe nothing...not even that the sun will rise in the East tomorrow. Belief is for the brain-dead, for as soon as one expresses belief, he is proclaiming he is unable or unwilling to absorb new information. And, so, when I say anywhere on this web site that I "believe" a thing, you should take it to mean that I consider that thing more likely true than not. For, while I have no beliefs, I do have leanings and suspicions. I can only give you approximate degrees of probability. Some of what I allege in these pages, I can fairly well document, such as the lies of Bob Dunn. Other things, such as the corruption of Chuck Stafford, I can only hint at with some very suspicious circumstantial evidence.

What I have written of here is largely based on 7 years of investigation and interviews. I wish I could talk to Joe Mims. He knew something, and told many people of it. And, as I write of this, I realize that I may have led the reader to feel that I believe Andrea to be totally innocent...not just by reason of self-defense, but that I may believe that her original story of intruders to be true.

So, let me make this very clear: I believe Andrea killed Bob Sand in what was most likely justifiable homicide. I believe that she would be dead if she had not been faster, for only one person was going to come out of the bedroom alive the night of May 13th, 1981. The end result of the struggle of that night was that speed triumphed over strength. And, I believe that had Bob Sand emerged the victor in the battle, he would never have been charged in Andrea's death. It is very possible that he had murdered a prostitute several years before he met Andrea, and paid dearly to have it covered up. It is also likely that he was an aficionado of "snuff" pornography. This was from a man who claimed to be a former servant of Sand's named "Tibor," a Hungarian Immigrant. He came forward and offered to give evidence, and it's well documented in the defense file. Whether he was lying or not will never be known, because he's probably deceased now, and his last name was never given. No one associated with Sand claims to know who he was. What I can prove is that Stafford refused to even allow his investigator to make the phone calls to try to substantiate Tibor's story.

I feel it is very likely that Sand molested his daughter when she was very young. Nothing else can explain her intense fear of allowing him to visit with her daughter, who was his granddaughter. But, I do not wish to in any way demean Sylvia. She did not oppose Andrea's release at her parole hearing, and it seems that she is willing to put this behind her. Sylvia, if you ever read this, feel free to contact me. Andrea will never attempt to contact you when she is free, but if you would like to meet with her and talk all this out, there is a very good organization that stands ready to mediate between you and Andrea, so that you can both begin to heal. Closure can never be found in retribution...it can only be found in forgiveness.

Yet, there is a very slight possibility that Andrea did not kill Sand. Andrea suffered an enormous head injury that night, probably at the hands of Sand. But, her 3 hours in and out of consciousness, combined with a severe concussion could easily have created amnesia, and screen memory. We will never know.

Sand had mob connections to be sure. And Rancho Mirage was a mob construction project, under heavy investigation right around the time he was killed. We know that he refused to pay a \$25,000 finder's fee he owed for his introduction to Andrea something she was unaware of at the time. And, it's also true that some of the scenarios involving other individuals Andrea remembers as fantasies, may well have been paid "orgies" involving several other individuals he would invite into the home. Perhaps one or more of them did decide to kill him, leaving Andrea to take the blame.

Joe Mims had pictures of other individuals, and he believed these pictures proved Andrea's innocence. I believe they were simply pictures of Sand's staged orgies. And, I believe these orgies pushed Andrea past the breaking point to where she could, for a brief period, no longer distinguish fact from fantasy. She begged Sand to end the "games," and I believe that he decided to kill her once she was of no use to him. He almost succeeded but for her speed.

Andrea on the stand spoke of one occasion where Bob tied her up under the premise that he wished to photograph her in bondage. Once the bonds were secured, he invited an unknown individual (probably the groundskeeper at the "Springs") to sodomize her while he masturbated. Had he never done another evil thing to Andrea, as far as I am concerned, he deserved to die for that! However, I believe that many of the scenarios Andrea remembers as acted-out fantasies, were other real events...atrocities Bob Sand perpetrated on my wife.

I believe in reincarnation, and if I am correct, Bob Sand's next life will be as an abused woman.



I believe that Jim Hawkins conspired with Chuck Stafford, his cousin, to sell Andrea down the river. It is possible that Stafford may have agreed to see Andrea convicted of 1st Degree Murder, then to fight for the insanity plea, giving both prosecution and defense a win, but it is obvious he despised his client and I feel his botching of the defense to be intentional. And, I believe that his handing of the case to the prosecution on a silver platter is what led to his being hired only 2 years later as a prosecutor.

I believe that Bob Dunn had no knowledge of any deal between Stafford and Hawkins, and may have been somewhat miffed during the trial at Stafford's poor defense of his client. In fact, he told Aram Saroyan "I did my job, but Chuck did not do his. Had Andrea kept her original attorney, Gary Scherotter, the results would have been far different." I do believe Dunn now knows more than he's saying, but only in retrospect. And, he does not wish to see the conviction that made his career go down in flames.

But, the DA's office may have a very difficult time re-trying Andrea in the event of a reversal. Only last week, in the Tyisha Miller case, his boss, Grover Trask, dropped the charges against 4 police officers who fired 19 bullets into a young girl's body while she was fumbling for a gun, believing she was being attacked by marauders. Trask termed the killing and "irrational overkill," but excusable due to the officers' "unreasonable fear." Well, excuse me, but how can 4 big burly men be excused for an irrational overkill for filling a young girl's body with bullets, but a terrified woman who strikes out in a frenzy with a 3 inch paring knife cannot at least be guilty of the lesser crime of manslaughter?

Currently, our "insta-poll" registers 133 believing Andrea totally innocent by reason of self-defense, 46 believing she's guilty of manslaughter and should be freed with time served, and 17 thinking she's guilty of murder as charged. That always blows my mind, but I've learned not to be offended. But, of those 17, I wish just one of them would

HYPERLINK "<mailto:rickndrea@powernet.net>"

e-mail me and let me know the reason they feel the way they do. Perhaps there's a question I could answer, or some other explanation I could give. But, please remember, not all killings are murder. Very soon, I plan to post the complete jury instructions with the descriptions of the 5 possible verdicts and allow you to decide based on the evidence I have given, along with the possible sentences in order to make the punishment truly fit the crime. (Update: I have now posted those instructions, and the early poll shows no one actually believes Andrea guilty of murder, as defined by law. Be sure to visit the Jury Instructions page!)

I'll add more to this page as thoughts occur to me, but one final "belief:" I believe the current "tough on crime" craze, removal of any pretense at rehabilitation, and the "No Parole, No Exceptions" policy followed by the Pete Wilson parole board, and continued by Gray Davis to be a money issue. The public has been lied to through slick advertising, and slanted news reporting by the right-wing, and stampeded into believing they are being terrorized by mad pizza thieves who deserve a life of imprisonment and torture. It's all about money. Prisons are big business, and an endless source of free slave labor, allowable under the 13th Amendment to the constitution. Is it any wonder that even

HYPERLINK "<http://www.pollyklaas.org/>"

Mark Klass (father of Polly Klass)

has openly condemned "3 Strikes" in it's current construct.

I believe that the justice system can be reformed, but if it cannot, it must be utterly destroyed. After all, you can't build a new building on a spot occupied by an older decrepit building. I'm working on some real solutions, such as the "Fully Informed Jury." I'll expand on this as I go.

I believe that we need to give up our right to vote for judges and district attorneys. They must be appointed based on excellence. I'm not sure what bodies would handle appointing and promoting them, but they must be entirely removed from the political process if we are ever to have fairness. When a defendant's life is at stake, nothing short of perfection will ever be acceptable.

Andrea's conviction was based largely on the testimony of a man Andrea had never met named "Richard." Across the country, more and more convictions that had been based on the testimony of jailhouse witnesses are being overturned.

Typically, if you are arrested on suspicion of a major crime, such as murder, you will be held for some time in a county jail awaiting trial, or possibly bail. A District Attorney will send in an investigator to interview others who may have been in the jail with you. Usually, they will seek out individuals awaiting trial for smaller crimes, such as burglary or drug-dealing. If they can find someone who will testify that you confessed to them that you had committed the crime,(it doesn't matter whether their testimony is truthful) they will be offered a reduction, or a total dropping of the charges against them. The incentive to lie is great.

Unfortunately, juries will usually believe this testimony, especially if you are represented by a Public Defender with no investigative resources, or who refuses to impeach and expose perjurious testimony. In Andrea's case, Richard had not been in jail with her, but was an acquaintance she had corresponded with for several years. Angry with her for breaking off communication with him, he contacted the DA's Office in Riverside, California (Indio Branch), and offered to give false testimony against Andrea. For this false testimony, he demanded and received the favor of having a male lover transferred from a prison in Southern Nevada to his cell in Northern Nevada. The deal was handled across state lines.

Charles Stafford, Andrea's corrupt or inept public defender refused to investigate Richard. Had he done so, he would have discovered other examples of documented perjury he had committed in earlier murder trials, also for small favors from prosecutors. He would also have discovered that Richard had a financial interest with his lover that could only be pursued once they were reunited. While this case varied from the usual "jailhouse witness" scenario, the principle and effect were the same.

I would propose that jailhouse hearsay testimony be barred from all trials, unless such testimony also lead to recovery of material evidence. For example, if a jailhouse witness told an investigator the location of a murder weapon that the defendant had confided to him or her, such testimony might prove credible, and therefore be admissible. In all other cases, it should be prohibited.

And, once again, we've got to equalize funds allocated for prosecutors and public defenders, including investigative funding. And, we've got to totally prohibit Public Defenders from being hired by District Attorney's Offices.

I am married to a woman in prison for life. I've also had a brother murdered. And, I believe that it's actually more painful to have a loved-one in prison than to have a loved one murdered. We are all crime victims, but until we eliminate retribution from our justice system, we'll be a nation, and a world, of hateful petty individuals. I believe the concept of "punishment" should end at the moment the judge pronounces a sentence fitting the crime. From that moment on, we begin the rebuilding and healing process.

I believe that in a true justice system, we could quickly begin massive decarceration. We could reduce prison populations by up to 50% overnight, and ultimately by 90 to 95% through Restorative Justice

and a very pro-active Compassion In Action!

Check back on this page often as my thoughts evolve!

I welcome your suggestions! Also, if you have any comments, either contact me directly or leave a message.

Victims of Violent Crime

By Rick Jackson

As I have mentioned on other pages, I am not just the spouse of a falsely convicted murderer. I am also the brother of a murder victim. And, so in the area of victims rights, I feel I have a rather unique perspective.

On another web site, an opportunist who represents himself as a victims rights advocate, chided an elderly man who had fought for years to win parole for his daughter. All the man wanted was to see his daughter walk out the prison

gates before he died. She had...has...been locked up for over 30 years, for a murder she had been brainwashed and convinced to participate in by a much older Svengali-like character.

This so-called crime victim's advocate maintained on his site that while he could understand the elderly man's pain, his pain was nothing compared to the pain of the distant relatives of the murder victim who were still grieving after 30 years.

When my brother was killed, and his killers never caught (although I was pretty certain who they were at the time), I thought it was the end of the world. The guy was strange, reclusive, but intelligent beyond words. The stories and poetry he used to write even at age 15 and 16 would send his teachers away shaking their heads.

Bryan enlisted in the Army upon graduation from High School, mostly just for a chance to get away and experience the world. He excelled at it, and was rapidly promoted to Specialist-5 at the age of 19. Trained in meteorology, after a few early assignments, he was sent to Vietnam in 1971, shortly after I had left Naval Service. His letters, even from 'Nam, remained cheerful, and he rarely talked about anything other than the beauty of the Vietnamese Rainforest, and the great beaches. He did complain when he was sent to a small firebase, and was flooded out by the monsoon rains. But, he took great pride in teaching Vietnamese Civilians to man the complex equipment.

In 1972, he returned from Vietnam without a scratch, claiming he didn't know what the big deal was about the violence. He'd heard bombs exploding in the distance a few times, but claimed he'd never felt his life had ever been in any danger. He said if the war ever ended, he'd like to return to the country as a tourist. He brought back some beautiful pictures of jungle greenery, flowers, beaches, and young guys taking pretty girls to isolated swimming holes in the jungle, skinny-dipping. I'll try to find a few pictures from that time and post them.

After Vietnam, he was transferred to Ft. Carson, near Colorado Springs, Colorado. He finished out his period of service there, and after a brief return to civilian life, he decided he missed his friends in Colorado, and re-enlisted for the bonus money and a guarantee of 3 more years in Colorado.

He invested part of his reenlistment bonus in a mining concern that he later found out was fraudulent. He became so agitated that he went AWOL from the Army so he could investigate the person selling the mining stock. And, I believe that is what got him killed. His body was found in the dead of winter, badly beaten, and thrown off a hiking trail near Pike's Peak.

Shortly after his death, Bryan's Army records and medals were forwarded to my mother. Included in his citations were a bronze rifle and a purple heart for his service in Vietnam. But wait! Bryan always said he was never in any danger, and he returned without a scratch on his body.

However, according to his records, the fire base he had been on had been over-run by Viet-Cong, and Bryan had been decorated for heroism. He'd been wounded, but apparently had successfully saved many American and Vietnamese lives. For some reason, he had chosen to never tell anyone about it when he got home. If he were still alive, I'm convinced we'd never have known about it.

The pain was great, but with time it faded. I believe in reincarnation, and I believe he has returned to this planet. In fact, I believe I know where he lives now. But, I could be wrong, so I'd never say anything to the person in who's body I feel he now resides.

In 1994, I married Andrea, after having pledged to try to free her two years before. For a time, we were allowed conjugal (family) visits, but I soon learned not only the corruption of the justice system, but the utter exploitation of crime victims, encouraged not to forgive, or to find closure, but to nourish hate and vengeance. This hatred feeds the Prison/Industrial complex, and enriches the California Prison Guards' Union. Prison Profiteers co-opted the victims rights groups to front for them as shills.

Every year, these victims/exploiters would come back for another pound of flesh. Each year, we'd loose a little something. We can no longer spend precious weekends together, my wife is forced to keep her hair short, and most educational opportunities have been eliminated. Because, despite the "ex-post facto" provisions of the constitution, the courts and politicians seem to think it's perfectly alright to increase punishments long after a crime has been committed and sentence has been passed.

My wife was only guilty of killing a depraved maniac...her ex-husband...who was trying to kill her. She was the victim of a corrupt public defender named Charles Stafford, and a bloodthirsty fundamentalist prosecutor named Bob Dunn, bent on enforcing blood atonement, as demanded by his religion.

Unlike when my brother was murdered without warning, I have to watch my wife murdered day by day, a little more of her spirit taken from her by a system that knows only hate. Families of prisoners are denied any voice in policy-making, and many who engage in any sort of activism will find their loved-ones treated as hostages, often punished on fabricated disciplinary charges. Many are killed or tortured.

You can recover from the death of a loved-one. The pain eases with time. But, having a wife in prison, knowing she is not guilty of what she was convicted of, will slowly drive the very best man insane. The pain only grows as the courts drag on, and the parole board will not even allow you to appear to speak on behalf of your loved-one. In my case, I was barred from attending, and even indirectly referred to as a potential future victim. (See the Transcript of Andrea's Parole Hearing.)

And so, it is my contention that families of the incarcerated, especially those incarcerated for life, actually suffer equally to, or possibly worse than, the families of murder victims. I asked my 77-year-old mother the other day an interesting question: If she could bring Bryan back to life, but the trade-off would be that he would spend his life in prison, would she do it?

Her answer? "Oh no, Bryan in prison? He was too free...he's much better where he is."

Some of you who read this may be survivors, or have family members who were murdered. Would you bring them back to life if it meant they would be incarcerated in today's gulags, perhaps tortured, beaten, and subjected to homosexual rape, or in the case of women, subjected to sexual harassment or rape by prison guards? Would you really want to see your loved-one in prison-issue garb, only able to visit once a month or so, in a crowded noisy visiting room...barely able to hold hands, and maybe hug once very briefly upon leaving? Could you stand by and watch while your loved-one is denied medical or dental care, feeling helpless as their health deteriorated over an easily treatable malady? Could you control your rage as letters to the prison authorities over the mistreatment of your wife be answered with a polite form letter that said absolutely nothing, and ended with the phrase, "and so, I trust this addresses your concerns?"

Many in prison might have been murder victims, but like my wife, were able to get the upper-hand and defend themselves, only to be convicted of murder themselves. CCPOA lobbyist Kelly Rudiger (director of the Doris Tate Crime Victims' Bureau also) constantly speaks of her younger brother who was killed, but might have ended up in prison had he killed his attacker. California, like most states, rarely recognizes the right to legitimate self-defense.

So, I'd like to post a simple poll. Imagine you have had a loved one murdered, and are given the opportunity to bring them back to life...but they must then live out their life in prison. Will you do it?

I do not believe Andrea to be guilty of any crime. But, even if she is guilty of something, it's not murder, and she's been in prison far too long already. So, I'd ask those of you who may visit this site, and who may identify with victims of violent crime, to remember that we are all victims. Let's work together for resolution and restorative justice. Don't sell out to the forces of hate. Together, we can find real solutions to violent crime. Get involved with a real crime victims advocacy group involved in restorative justice, such as "C.E.R.J."

Lastly, if you have some previous awareness of Andrea's case, or if you are related to Robert Sand, I'd ask you to refrain from pressing the District Attorney for a new trial should Andrea's conviction be reversed. She and I and her children have suffered far more than you...or at least equal to you. Remember, I've been in both situations, so I know.

While Andrea's chances for release through the courts are now slim to none, the parole board is beginning to look at cases of battered women's syndrome. To date, (March, 2001) only one woman has been released in 2 years, but Andrea has been scheduled for a special hearing to take place within the next few months.

Since the opinions I express on this page have no doubt been controversial, I'd invite you to e-mail me any comments you may have.