

The Andrea Mims Story: "Rape of an Angel"

Part 3

Out of the Bloody Moon, came the face of Wes Denike, the man who'd raped and impregnated her, and held her captive for two years of beatings and torture. Wings grew out of the face, and the face swooped down and circled her. "I'm coming for you, fat-lip," Wes mocked! "You're a whore," he chortled! The winged Wesley grew talons, and dove down toward her to strike. More pain!

Andrea quickly opened her purse and reached for the knife. "Oh shit... bread knife," she cried. She threw the inadequate knife at Wesley-bird as hard as she could. It went right through his face and split it in two...the knife sailing out into the desert, now lost to her.

A new demon emerged, circling with Wes. As it took shape, she saw Phil Green emerge, on the wings of a demon...Phil, who romanced her, then demanded she give her children to their father, Wesley, and turn tricks for him the night after they were married, beat her up when she refused. Andrea looked back in her purse, and pulled out the small hammer. "Why didn't I listen to Joe and carry the gun?" she asked herself. A snake crawled through the desert and slithered up her naked body. As it moved for her heart, she saw the head of Richard, the prison snitch who had betrayed her. She brushed off the snake, and slammed its ugly head with the hammer. Wasn't there something in Genesis that seemed appropriate right now? "At last a woman shall crush its head," she thought. Joe would be so proud of her! But, all the rapists were appearing, and the pain was unbearable!

A new demon emerged from the moon, and quickly took the form of Derek ("Derelict") Conte, riding on a flying yellow Fiat...her stolen little car! She swung wildly with the hammer, but managed to catch something. Conte splattered, but reformed along with Robert Sand. Sand flew around screeching "You killed me, you whore!" She cried back at him, "No, I didn't kill you...your play friends killed you, raped me, and left me to take the blame!" But, as if on cue, Manuel, the gardener from the Springs complex, and who had been spying on her...probably even now, flew out of the moon on wings. Three wild hogs emerged from the sage bushes and began to bite and gnaw at her side. How long could she fight them? Their faces were those of two of the investigating police, and Betty Jo Crane, a nosey neighbor who had been talking to the Assistant DA. More pain!

Finally, the moon itself began to descend from the sky. It was coming straight at her. It slowly changed shape again, and she could see it was becoming the worst of all the monsters! It was moving in for the kill, and she had only seconds to live. As it came closer, she saw it was now a winged James Stafford Hawkins, the malevolent prosecutor who had sworn to destroy her. Hawkins' jaws were wide open, with sharp fangs dripping saliva. She could smell the putrescence on the creature's breath. Her strength nearly gone, she drew the hammer back one last time to strike a feeble blow before she was killed.

A hand grabbed her wrist.

It was Joe! Thank God! He'd escaped the kidnapers and had returned to rescue her. But, they'd hurt him! His head was bleeding. Even together, they might not escape the demons, but at least they'd go down fighting together! "Joe, you've got to help me knock them out!" she begged him!

"Knock who out? Andrea, what are you doing? You hurt me!"

"Monsters, Joe The Rapists! We've got to knock them out!"

Suddenly, shock hit her. And, as she saw the blood running down Joe's face, the rapists dissipated. Joe put on a baseball cap he'd brought with him to cover his minor wounds. The moon was back in its place, looking as normal as ever. There was only Joe and the hammer in her hand. She released her grip on it, and Joe took it away. It looked as if she'd caught him at least three times with...thank God...glancing blows.

" Joe, Give me back the hammer. I'm going to hit myself in the face with the claw end of the hammer and kill myself. "
"No, you're not. I don't want you to die, and I don't want to die either!"

"But, what's the use," Andrea sobbed. "I'm going to prison, or worse. Nobody will understand this. I just want to die." In shock and pain, Andrea still did not fully realize she had hit Joe.

Joe had promised Andrea that if she were convicted, he'd be standing behind her with a gun and put a bullet through her head, then take his own life. Would he still do this for her? She doubted it.

Joe drove Andrea back to the house, gave Andrea sleeping pills, and let her go to sleep for the night. He cleaned himself up, but could not sleep.

In the morning, he left to talk to her attorney, Gary Scherotter. With Gary, was his investigator, Joe Jones, and Dr. Michael Leitmann. Jones & Leitmann began urging Joe to press charges against Andrea for his protection. Gary didn't know how to handle it, but advised Joe to get her into a mental institution. He called the prosecutor, Hawkins, to take the report. They went out to the desert and found the knife in the bushes. Hawkins convinced Joe that Andrea probably meant to stab him to death once she'd rendered him helpless with the hammer.

Then, over the next few hours, Hawkins broke down Joe's resolve. Joe would later tell everyone that Hawkins had convinced him that if he'd annul his marriage, and press charges, that Andrea would never spend a day in jail, but would be immediately be taken to a state mental hospital, where she'd be treated and made well. Whether it is true that Hawkins lied to Joe, or whether Joe himself lied to everyone long after the fact in order to make himself look better is something we can never know or prove.

Once treated, Joe would be free to re-marry her, but if he stayed married now, treatment would cost millions of dollars that Joe just didn't have.

At home, Andrea awoke not knowing what had happened the night before. She panicked when she saw the bloody pillow case where Joe had tried to lay down. Had he gone to work? Yes, he'd left a note on the refrigerator, but when she tried to call him to ask him what had happened, she could not reach him. Then, she heard her own voice in her mind...but it was the voice she'd had as a child. "Andrea, it was just last night, why can't you remember," the voice asked. Suddenly, it all came flying back. She'd assaulted Joe with the hammer. She was filled with shame. She thought back to when they'd returned home from the desert. He had told her she'd hit him and had asked her if she loved him. She'd said "yes," but felt so confused.

She called and left a message on Dr. Leitmann's answering machine. She was going to kill herself. She left a long last letter for Joe, then took an overdose of sleeping pills. Leitmann got the message in time, and called for an ambulance.

Andrea was taken to the hospital comatose. When she awoke, she was informed that her bail was revoked, and new attempted murder charges were being filed. The minister from the "Free Evangelical" Church came to visit her. She expected something comforting from him, but all he told her was "First you think of an act. Then, you complete the act." He walked out of the room leaving her more confused and in pain than ever.

She was thrown into the back of a van, shackled to the floor lying on her side, and transported to the county jail in Indio six weeks later, where she was beaten, forcibly injected with combinations of drugs like Lithium and Thorazine, and thrown naked into an observation cell, with a sign over the window that read "Nude Inmate Mims." When the male inmates tried to peek, Andrea was told not to stand or move around so as not to excite them. She was kept in the cell for days at a time, often with no food, blankets, or even a bunk to lie on. She was not even allowed toilet paper, and had no way to wipe her privates after urinating and defecating.

Eventually, Andrea was taken back to the hospital, jaundiced, and near death from Hepatitis B. Apparently, the jail nurses were injecting her with used needles to save expenses. It's an absolute miracle she never contracted HIV or tuberculosis. Jailers in Indio would often tease her, sometimes giving her cold food, other times neglecting to feed her for days, and at other times putting live insects, or even once a dead mouse in her food. But, if she was taken out to confer with her doctor or her attorney, the jailers would afterwards intentionally bring a hot cooked gourmet meal to her from a local restaurant, and loudly announce to the other inmates that this is what they, too, could get if they would cooperate and snitch! Because of this, Andrea, who had no experience with jail or prison life, would often be beaten up by other inmates.

When Joe learned that Andrea had been taken to jail despite Hawkins' promises, he flew into a rage, demanded she be released, and the charges he'd filed dropped. Hawkins refused, but apparently a deal was worked out to release Andrea on bail again so Joe wouldn't go to the press.

At this point, there's a huge gap in defense notes that are missing. They pick up 4 months later, and Andrea was never released. I don't know how the deal was killed, and Andrea doesn't remember it, other than constantly having been told she was "going to Patton State Hospital."

Andrea spent the next few weeks in the lock-up section of Riverside General Hospital, reflecting on how her life had come to this. She'd survived rape, false imprisonment in Cuba for two years at the hand of her rapist, two other very brief abusive marriages (one only lasted three days, another three weeks), and other rapes over the ensuing 22 years. Always, just as it seemed she was making headway in life, something would come along to shatter it.

She was lucky to receive any attention at all. The old doctor in the County Jail at Indio was a drunk, who often saw patients with his breath reeking of alcohol. She tried to explain what was wrong to him...that she was rapidly losing strength, her skin turning yellow.

Her only answer was more drugging to keep her quiet. She called Gary, her attorney, who assured her he'd continue to defend her. But, she was now without funds, and just before Thanksgiving, she was informed that Joe was no longer paying her legal expenses. Worse, he had taken what funds she had to reimburse himself for any money he had contributed for her defense during their 7 months of marriage.

In exasperation, she told the jailhouse doctor she was pregnant. He'd been refusing to look at her, but now he looked up to see how yellow she was. "You've got hepatitis," he said in alarm. "We'll have to get you to the hospital."

But, he sent her back to her cell!

On Thanksgiving Day, she phoned Betty, her neighbor friend who had gotten her involved in the New Evangelical Church, and introduced her to Joe. She told Andrea that Joe was there, having Thanksgiving dinner with them. No, she could not speak to Joe, and if she hadn't hit him, she'd be there with them.

As Andrea turned to walk away from the phone, a biker woman approached her. "You rich bitch...you're gonna get off!" She knocked Andrea to the ground and began kicking her and stomping on her in an attempt to break her neck.

Andrea woke up in the "rubber" room. Nude, and drugged again. Then she passed out. Later, in the "dorm" cell, she began going into convulsions. When another inmate reported Andrea's condition, she was sent out in an ambulance, near death from liver failure.

She'd awakened at Riverside Hospital. She knew she had to get the drugging stopped, but didn't know how to accomplish that feat. She took out a pencil and some paper, and dealt with her stress the way she always had, and wrote a poem about the "rubber" room where she had almost died.

The Heartless Room

My Heart is Broken, Lord

I am broken, beaten, my life is empty.

I sit and think and look at the walls

In this little room, my buttocks chaffed

My body and mind aches with no way out.

But, I have you, Lord.

I read your Word, and pray and pray,

I can't see or hear the outside.

And the quiet here is eerie.

There's no one to talk to in this little room.

They bring the food in three times a day...

I've no appetite to eat it

Not even once a day.

Not even a towel to dry my hands

Hardly any room to exercise.

You could just go crazy in this little room.

They even bring in pills three times per day, And they even let me out

Once, twice, maybe three times per day

Away from this heartless little room.

It's for such a short time that they let me out But, not long enough from the pain

In this heartless, empty little room.

And each time they slam the door

It's an earth-shaking, heartbreaking sound No one knows but you, Lord

How painful, how sad, how really despairing it is To be in this little room.

And, it's monitored for sound

So, when my prayers are said aloud

They are heard by heartless, uncaring people And they laugh at my cries, too.

Only you, Lord, understand those cries and prayers And the pain that goes with them

In this cold heartless little room.

And, the cries from other rooms

Are like sounds of animals in pain

Sometimes yelling and screaming for help Wakes me in the cold every night.

Lying here all alone day after day, night after night Then, very early in the morning,

They burst into my room...5AM.

"Shower...you have 5 minutes to shower..." And come back

To look at the walls

To live in the cold, heartless, lonely little room.

One night, when she was sitting alone in the TV room of the hospital, a white-coated man took a seat behind her. Very quietly, he leaned up to whisper in her ear: "Are you just faking illness to get out of the County Jail?"

Andrea turned around, and said in disgust, "Oh, sure, right!" Then, as she turned around to continue watching TV, the man scribbled something on a clipboard, and tip-toed out.

The next day, Andrea was violently taken into shackles, thrown on the floor of a police van, and taken back to the jail. On her record was written the following doctor's evaluation, "Patient stated in interview she is faking illness to get out of county jail. Recommend she be returned to sheriff's custody."

Andrea appeared in court for a competency hearing. Her attorney, Gary, knew she could not assist in her defense, and wanted the trial postponed indefinitely, so that he could have her sent to Patton State Mental Hospital for treatment.

The burden of proof for competency is very low. All Jim Hawkins needed to prove was that Andrea was capable of understanding the charges against her. Gary did a marvelous job of presenting several psychiatrists and psychologists who had been treating Andrea for months...one for over a year.

But, Hawkins had succeeded in locating an unlicensed psychiatrist named Anthony Oliver. Oliver's entire practice at the time was as a prosecutor's paid shill, debunking defense claims of abuse, incompetence, and insanity. He took pride in shattering defense claims in case after case, and with his Oxford British accent, thousand-dollar suits, goatee and monocle, he always made a strong impression on juries.

His entire evaluation was based on reviewing Andrea's doctors' notes. He told the jury that Andrea was malingering, or basically faking it. His sole purpose was to insure Andrea was brought to trial without receiving the treatment she needed. Hawkins considered Oliver's testimony well worth the expense. He knew he'd have a hard time getting a conviction, and the less competent Andrea was to assist her attorney, the better.

Nevertheless, the six-person jury for the hearing hung, unable to reach a competency finding. Gary prepared for a new hearing.

Gary was fairly certain that with Andrea now indigent, he could be appointed by the court to continue to represent her and be paid by public funds. He had been preparing for almost 2 years, and to appoint someone from the Public Defender's office at this time would be to deny her right to a speedy trial.

Hawkins had other plans. He knew Gary was a tough defense lawyer, and wanted to go after easier prey. If he could win convictions on both 1st degree murder, and attempted murder in the case of Joe, he could allege special circumstances. I find nothing in old news articles that he planned to seek the death penalty, but he could have asked for life without parole.

His cousin, Chuck Stafford was the chief public defender for the Indio branch of the Riverside Public defender's office. He had earlier that year won a major victory, winning an insanity verdict for a man who had raped and knifed a woman to death. The man eventually went to Patton Hospital, and was released after two years. He'd made a lot of enemies in the process, and had recently been refused appointment to the Riverside DA's office. Hawkins called Stafford, and asked him if he would be available to take Andrea's case...to which he responded in the affirmative.

In a hearing that lasted only an hour or two, Andrea herself pleaded in a weak voice with the judge to allow her to retain the attorney who'd represented her for two years. Hawkins argued for Gary Scherotter's removal, stating that unless the PD's office had a conflict of interest, Andrea's case must be assigned to them. At Hawkins' side was Chuck Stafford, who took the stand and stated he had no conflict of interest (even though he'd previously represented a prosecution witness), and stated he'd defend Andrea to the best of his ability. Gary sat, holding Andrea as she shook, tears running down her face.

The judge ruled that although Gary Scherotter was best suited to represent Andrea, he felt obligated to accede to Hawkins' demand that the Public Defender's office represent her. Apparently, he felt that any conflict of interest that Stafford might have had in defending Andrea was not compelling enough to retain Gary Scherotter at county expense. Yet, no one, even once, raised the possible conflict of interest that might arise because of Stafford & Hawkins' blood relationship. In addition, Stafford had been trying, with little success, to get hired by the District Attorney's office at a much higher rate of pay. How might this effect his defense of Andrea?

Andrea had lost her life, her family, her dignity, her money....and now she had lost her attorney. She would stand trial represented by a man she did not know whether she could trust or not.

Unable to look her in the face, Gary still tried to console her. "Listen to Chuck," he said. "He's the best in the PD's office. Just do everything he says." With that, he walked away.

Andrea's first meeting with Chuck did not go well. He talked so softly, she had trouble understanding him, and would never look her in the eye. Although she continued to maintain innocence, Chuck seemed to want her to plead insane. How could she plead insanity when she believed herself to be innocent? But, Chuck refused to listen to anything she had to say, and if she contradicted him in any way, he'd just tell her that she was crazy.

Chuck Stafford remains an enigma to this day. He has never agreed to an interview in Andrea's case, and attorney's working with him later would say he would never discuss the case in private. In fact, I've been told through people who've worked with him, that other than his investigator, Laura, who worked with him on Andrea's case, he has never been social with anyone with whom he's worked. No one seems to know whether he's ever been married.

It is clear from reading what I've learned, that Stafford disliked Andrea almost from the beginning. Perhaps it was because she represented the type of woman who had always rejected him sexually, and having her under his control was his ultimate revenge against the women who had rejected him. He must have appeared old beyond his years, always coming in disheveled, beer on his breath, and never making eye contact. He had a red, bulbous nose, a large belly, and sweaty palms that made Andrea cringe when he shook her hand. Andrea once told me she thought he was close to retirement...but I've checked his resume and found that he's only 51 years old today...meaning he would have been 36 or so when she met him. She thought he was in his mid-fifties.

Laura was a sincere woman...a hard-working investigator for the Riverside Public Defender's office. But, no matter what avenue she wanted to go down, Stafford would allow her to do nothing other than line up psychologists. And, he controlled everything Laura said, up to and including her demeanor and attitude toward Andrea.

He wanted very much to plead Andrea insane, but there was just one small problem: Andrea did not believe she was insane, but rather she believed herself innocent. He grew frustrated at her refusal to admit to the killing he was probably sure she'd done.

Richard, the jailhouse informant, had taken a polygraph. He'd bragged to Andrea for years he could lie and pass any polygraph by putting a tack in his shoe and pressing his toe against it. But, he failed in his first attempt. A second polygraph was administered with only four rather nebulous questions asked, the most direct being "Did Andrea ever say anything to you that made you believe she had committed a crime." This time he passed.

Stafford confronted Andrea with the fact that Richard had taken and passed a polygraph in an effort to get her to confess. Andrea told him to look at the phone bills she'd meticulously kept and given to her first attorney, Gary Scherrotter. Stafford insisted he never had the phone bills, and that she was lying about turning them in. Laura suggested that it wasn't too late to get new copies of the phone bills, but Chuck would hear none of it. "I'm not going to waste any time with Richard. He passed a polygraph, and he's telling the truth!"

Andrea grew upset, and put her hand on Laura's wrist..."Please, Laura...just get my phone bills. I had no contact with Richard until a month after Bob died! Don't you understand? My phone bill can prove this!"

Stafford went berserk, and accused Andrea of assaulting Laura. He pulled Laura out of the visiting room and told Andrea if she ever touched Laura again, he'd have the jail staff pump her so full of Thorazine she'd sleep for a week. He then instructed the jailhouse doctor to increase her oral psychotropic dosage in an effort to get her to cooperate.

Andrea continued to see a long string of psychologists. Stafford had dropped the competency hearing, and meant to proceed to trial with Andrea ready or not. But, he still needed a confession.

Chuck arranged through the sheriff's department to have Andrea regressed through a police hypnotist...a gentle bear of a man named Sgt. Richard Hannebaum.

On August 23, 1983, Andrea was taken to Hannebaum's office, made comfortable, and placed under deep hypnosis. While I'm just a lay person, I've watched a very poor quality video of the hypnosis (I still have this video), and from

everything I've ever read on the subject, the Sergeant's procedure seems unimpeachable. All his questions are very neutral. He began by counting backwards, going through the standard relaxation technique of having her relax one body part at a time, and imagine herself going down a very long elevator. When she emerged, she went to an imaginary easy chair in a mountain forest setting. In front of her, was a TV, a VCR, and a remote control that she could use to access the events of May 13, 1981.

When I watched the video, because of noise interference, I could make out only patches of what was being said...but I could get a sense of Andrea's genuine rising panic and fear as the events of that night unfolded.

Fortunately, Laura was sitting right next to Andrea, taking notes the whole time. It just so happens that I have the notes sitting at my side, so rather than try to explain things, I'll let Laura do the talking through the transcript of her notes:

August 23, 1983 6-10PM

Andrea Sand-Mims, Hypnosis Session

"Pope was shot that day...Bob was watching the news all day."

4PM...went for a ride. Andrea surprised Bob by waxing his car. Go to PS (?)...he buys her 3 broaches...she only wanted one...they go to the market...she goes in...gets mad because he's talking to 2 young guys he doesn't know and he's got \$600 in his wallet. He could be mugged, hit over the head. She's not really mad, just upset with him for taking chances.

Having dinner...an aperitif...6PM...wine with dinner. Veal with cheese on it...he has potatoes...they have eggplant & zucchini, salad.

Pleasant dinner.

Charlie's Angels on at 7PM...almost over...she has hot water bottle for pre-period cramps. She goes to bed....goes to sleep...gets awakened by Bob for phone call from her son...re: dental work...\$1,500 worth...Bob offers her the money...she says she'll pay it out of her savings.

Will call son back next day.

Can't go back to sleep. Newlywed game on...in bed together...he wants another drink, but she doesn't want to get it. He's had 4 already...not arguing...he's acting silly...Go to sleep...he's snoring...she can't sleep...she's got to get up early for her tennis lessons in the morning.

She gets glass of water...sleeping pills...goes to the other room to sleep...Doesn't want to wake him up in AM...too early...she calls him up on separate phone line to thank him...says she loves him . . . goes to sleep.

Later that night...

He's calling for her...she thinks he may have fallen...She gets up...sees 2 people walking down hallway...don't turn around...back only...man and woman...

Woman with very long frizzy, dirty blonde hair...not dark...about 5 feet tall, heavy, wearing T-shirt...jeans.

Man...black hair...might be Mexican...looks Mexican....shorter than Andrea.

Andrea says "What's happening...What's going on?" Sees another man wearing dark t-shirt, Jeans...saw arm go up in air...she runs into her bedroom...locks door...going to go get a hammer and try and hit them.

He's standing there when she opens door...he pushes her, pushes her again...then pushes her down...she didn't get a chance to get the hammer.

Agitation (Laura writes "agitation" whenever Andrea begins to cry and panic. Haunebaum calms her down . . . tells her she's only watching a movie, and it isn't actually happening now . . . R)

Andrea sees Bob on the floor...Man there is big, with moustache...cross between Mexican and Indian...thick eyebrows, large nose...big brown eyes...kind of handsome in an ugly kind of way...doesn't look real mean...wants to know where "Bob's old lady is" Andrea says she doesn't know...thinks he means Bob's mother. (Bob's mother was alive at the time, age 90.)

Agitation.

She starts yelling "Bob! Bob! Bob!" Opens his eyes...tells her to go run for help.

Man has his arm around her . . . he's got a gun...can't run...she tells Bob to push the alarm. He tries to reach it...to pull it down...

Agitation.

Man...great big smile...stepping on Bob's hand...looks Mexican...sparkling eyes...big smile.

Man with gun has Andrea...left arm wrapped around her two arms...holding her body against his...gun in right hand.

Man picked up paddle board...hits Bob with it...(Bob used to spank Andrea with it)...Andrea is screaming at Bob...

Bob tells Andrea to go get the money....give them the money...Bob can't open safe...too nervous...gives man the combination...he opens it...man with gun still holding Andrea...working lock...she gets envelope w/money...thinks they're being robbed...still hitting Bob.

All go into the bedroom...girl is there now...she's stabbing Bob with scissors...says she's going to cut his penis off!

Agitation.

Girl...looks Polish...about 5 feet...got great big breasts...dirty, blonde, drab kinky hair...long

Andrea keeps blacking in and out...

Short man is back...still hitting Bob w/paddle. Girl has knife now...doesn't know where girl got it.

Andrea starts to scream..."Stop it!"

Agitation.

He let go of her...she runs to man w/board...trying to stop him...he hits her with board...hit her on her head..(this is the smaller man with the paddle)...she's sitting on the ground...the girl screamed...the girl's stabbing Bob.

Agitation. (at this point, Andrea was becoming too hysterical. I remember her screaming "Please, I don't want to see any more!" Hannebaum had her relax, and moved her forward an hour or two. R)

Moves ahead.

She grabbed the girl...she grabbed the knife from her...people leave.

She's getting up off the floor...goes into kitchen on way in...finds out she has no clothes on and a knife in her rectum.

Goes in & cleans up the dishes in the living room...goes back to the bedroom to take a bath...goes in the bedroom.

Inaudible

Bob lying on the floor all bloody. He's not moving.

Agitation.

She pushes the alarm...pulls knife out of him...blood on her face and her hair...she was washing it off...doesn't know how it got there.

She comes back in...pushes the alarm again...puts his head in her lap . . . she cries...says "don't die....please don't die!"

Agitation.

She's telling him she wants him to enjoy her grandchild. (Andrea's oldest son's wife was pregnant at the time. R)

Paramedics arrive...she's in living room . Security guard thinks she's having a heart attack. Wants to get an ambulance.

She can't go back into bedroom...nightgown top has blood on it...she takes it off...puts it in washing machine . . . told guard.

Post-Hypnotic suggestion: Hannebaum tells Andrea that what she saw may or may not have happened...and that she may remember as much or as little as she wants."

End of Hypnosis Notes

This ends Laura's notes. Andrea emerged from hypnosis, feeling very rested and cheerful. When Hannebaum asked her how much she remembered, she said that all she could remember was the trip down the elevator.

Everything else was a blank! Apparently, she did not wish to remember anything deep down inside.

But, she asked Hannebaum what she said. "Your attorney will discuss that with you....but I'll give you a hint...you told me about a paddleboard!

"Oh, no! I told you about that?" Andrea laughed. Up until this point, she had never told anyone about Bob's sex games.

Stafford knew the hypnosis session had been a failure...he was hoping she'd remember killing Bob, but obviously, the memory of the event was much deeper buried.

But, when Andrea described the short Polish-looking blonde with large breasts and frizzy hair, this was a new character she'd never mentioned before. He believed this was Andrea somehow describing herself....trying to admit she'd done it! One look at Andrea's picture, and you'll know this is nothing like her appearance.

Andrea was taken back to the Indio Jail. Up until very recently, Andrea never knew what she'd said under hypnosis.

The next day, when Chuck and Laura met her in the conference room, and Andrea asked him what she'd said, he told her it was better if she didn't know. What she had said, he insisted, was not what really happened, and he wanted her to think very carefully, and try and remember on her own. Andrea became hysterical...she didn't want to confess to something she hadn't done!

Chuck kept repeating to Andrea that she'd killed Bob, because it was obvious to him no one else had been in the house that night. He told her that if she would confess, he would make sure she got into a hospital where she could get help, and get well. He promised her that she would not go to prison, because he could get a deal to have her found insane. But, if she insisted on maintaining innocence, she could very well rot her life away in the county jail without a trial.

The haranguing went on for three days without let-up. Andrea told Chuck he was fired...she wanted another attorney. He told her that he was all she had, and she could not get another public defender, since he was the head of the department, and had decided to take the case himself.

Andrea attempted to call Gary Scherotter, her original attorney, but he told her she had to listen to Chuck...he could no longer converse with her, and she must not call him again.

She called Joe Mims. Joe had given up trying to get her bail reinstated, and had decided to marry another woman he'd met in church, and although Andrea did not know of Joe's plans to marry again, she could tell he was becoming distant, and did not really want to talk to her.

He told her to just do what Chuck said, and she'd get well. He still trusted the system, even after Hawkins had lied to him...but Chuck was looking out for Andrea's best interests, wasn't he? Joe left Andrea's fate in Stafford's hands.

That night, over dinner, Laura told Chuck she'd discovered in her investigations that Andrea had once had a dinner date with the first Astronaut on the Moon! Chuck became very upset and agitated. He couldn't finish his dinner, and left the restaurant.

Neil Armstrong had been his hero! The next day, he went into the conference room in a rage! How could Andrea taint his hero, Neil Armstrong, by dating him! He was too good for her!

Andrea couldn't understand why Chuck was so upset...did he think her that much of a low-life? How could he possibly defend her life if he hated her so much? But, she told him, his information was false...she had never dated Neil Armstrong. She had, however, dated Buzz Aldrin, the SECOND man to set foot on the moon behind Armstrong. Chuck relaxed, and breathed a sigh of relief. He didn't care about Aldrin....so he could get back to the business of trying to get Andrea to confess.

Note: Andrea told me she could never get Buzz Aldrin to talk about the moon. At a dinner-banquet for all the Apollo 11 Astronauts that Andrea attended with him, and while very drunk, he said..."I just remember looking back at the Earth, and imagining all that pussy in one place!" That was the only time he ever mentioned Apollo 11. Aldrin's reticence to speak of the Moon to Andrea, while having nothing to do with this story, might possibly be explained if you view some interesting images archived at Richard C. Hoagland's "Strange anomalous structures, or photographic artifacts? Could this be the reason Aldrin would not discuss the moon with Andrea?

Andrea's resolve began to break down, and in the recesses of her mind, she did begin to see herself stabbing Bob. She must have done it, she surmised. There was never any evidence of intruders...but had they worn rubber gloves. In her mind, all she could see was dark shapes, bright eyes....and conflicting scenarios, with a new, more terrifying one emerging.

On the third day, she broke down, and told Chuck she thought she may have killed Bob. She told him about Sand's sex games...the first time she'd ever told anyone about them...and told him of the guilt she'd felt when he died: Guilt felt at her sense of relief that the games would now end.

Hannebaum had left one post-hypnotic suggestion with Andrea following hypnosis: He told her that the next time she saw him, she'd be able to reach a much deeper state of hypnosis, and much quicker.

Stafford decided to give it all a second try. Maybe Andrea would remember what he knew must be the true story if she was hypnotized again.

On September 15th, 1983, Andrea, Laura, and Chuck arrived for the second time at Hannebaum's office. For this session, I have a very clear audio tape...but no video.

It is clear to me, as a simple amateur layman who has read up on hypnotic regression, that Andrea was NOT hypnotized the second time, but it is also very clear that she remembers and expresses things very clearly. So, if Hannebaum's post-hypnotic suggestion was effective at all, it would have been in simply enabling Andrea to relax and remember things freely that she had earlier blocked out.

The tape begins with conversation ongoing. Andrea sounds very talkative and animated...not at all as she did during the first session. But, the flow is conversational, and Andrea proceeds to tell the Police Sergeant her life story...beginning with her rape and imprisonment by Wes Denike after her mother forced her to marry him. She goes on to speak of leaving him, moving to California to be with her long-lost, but now-found father in 1962, her time doing office work, a car accident, getting into modeling and acting, but becoming a call girl after the fall off the horse. She married Phil Greene in 1970, but left him after 3 days, when he demanded she send her sons to live with her first (rapist) husband. She continues her life, goes into import/export, and marries the nephew of his business partner in order to help him come to the US. Ishaq Dajani lives with her for three years, until he can get his citizenship and bring his betrothed

from Jordan to the US to marry him. I just received a letter from Ishaq the other day...he's back in Jordan now, but has very fond memories of his time with Andrea....she was married to him, but raised him like a son, and taught him how to live in the US.

In 1977, Andrea took her present name, Andrea Claire, changing it from Phyllis Denike on the advice of a numerologist, and Claire having always been her middle name. It's a name she said she felt born for, and never felt strange using this new name. The numerologist told Andrea that "Claire" meant "light," and that by taking the name Andrea, (woman), her name would mean "Womanly Light."

She then related selling her mini-castle, another brief disastrous marriage to Derek Conte, who tried to steal everything she owned, her escape from him, and finally her meeting with Bob Sand.

But, this time, she related, in tears, the story of how she'd killed Bob. It's the story I related near the beginning of this narrative, so I won't repeat it. The tape is very clear, but difficult to listen to.

She speculates toward the end that Bob's sex games probably made her imagine other people were in the condominium when she awoke from unconsciousness.

Toward the end of the tape, Hannebaum excuses himself to use the restroom. Andrea asks Laura, "Isn't he going to hypnotize me?" Laura answered "I don't think so..." The tape ends.

Stafford tried to convince Andrea that she HAD been hypnotized. If she had seen Hannebaum, she was hypnotized, whether she knew it or not. Andrea didn't FEEL hypnotized, but how was being hypnotized supposed to feel?

That night, Andrea called Joe from the jail. Joe came to the phone.

"Joe," she said . . . "I wanted to tell you...I found out I killed Bob. In my heart I feel I did, because I was so relieved I didn't have to play his games anymore." "Andrea, I don't think you should be telling me this....we're not married anymore, so they can force me to testify."

"It doesn't matter, Joe. I killed him, and I owe it to you to tell you."

"OK, Andrea...why did you do it?"

Andrea briefly told him of the sexual abuse she'd never told him about, and had never told anyone else about because of shame, and a need to not disgrace Bob's memory. And, she told him what had led her to the killing. Joe sighed...now he understood why she'd been unable to have sex with him...it was all so clear. None of this would have happened if she'd just opened up to him.

"Joe?" Andrea went on..."I want you to know he was an evil man. I never meant to hurt you."

"I know that, Andrea," he replied softly. "Now, get some sleep...I'll come visit you soon."

Joe put the phone down, and had himself a long cry. The next weekend, his marriage annulled, he married Nancy, a woman he'd met in the church. It was not to last long, and Joe would later refer to Nancy as a filthy pig who never cooked or cleaned. In truth, he could never get Andrea off his mind, or make himself stop loving her.

When Andrea found out Joe had remarried, she took a headfirst dive off a top bunk into the floor. She was taken to the hospital with a concussion, and returned to the jail a few days later. She fashioned a string, and tried to hang herself from a fixture...only to find her feet touched the floor as she'd made it too long. She decided that God must have a mission for her, and for the time, she ceased trying to end her own life.

Chuck met with Andrea a week later. She asked him how much longer she'd have to wait for the trial. He told her a preliminary hearing would be first, and it would be soon. He went on to tell her that a deal had been worked out, and that the trial would be just for show.

He'd already worked a deal, and she was assured of being found insane, and sent to the hospital for help. Why, in just a few years, she'd be well, and free as a bird!

He proceeded to tell her about his earlier client; the man who'd raped and stabbed a woman to death. Stafford had gotten him an insanity verdict, and the man was in Patton right now. He was waiting to meet her when she got there, and she really ought to write to him.

Andrea told Chuck she wanted nothing to do with a rapist...how could he think that after the rapes she'd been through in her life?

Chuck got very serious, and told Andrea "You know, I can't get everyone off. Someone has to take the fall so someone else can walk. If I had to choose between that man in Patton and you, I'd choose him, because he's far more deserving than you. You should rot in jail or prison." Chuck walked out of the room and left Andrea to ponder her fate.

The preliminary lasted a week. Andrea saw Richard for the first time...he'd been brought to Indio to testify at the preliminary. As he told his lies, Chuck did nothing to challenge anything he said. The judge made a finding that enough evidence existed to bring Andrea to trial, thanks to Richard's perjured testimony.

It was around that time that Jim Hawkins, the prosecutor, received an offer to go into private practice at a considerable pay increase for a civil law firm. He asked if he could postpone leaving until after the trial, but his new employer told him it was now or never. Hawkins accepted new employment, and resigned from the DA's office and the case.

On the final day of Jim's employment with the DA's office, he was presented with a cake. On the top, in decorative pastry, were written the following words, appearing as newspaper headlines:

"Jim Hawkins afraid to try Mims case.

Leaves DA's Office in disgrace!

Newsmen mourn loss of inside source!"

A new young prosecutor, Bob Dunn, was assigned to take over the prosecution. He was quieter, and less flamboyant, but considered a bastard in the courtroom. Local defense attorneys referred to him as "The Surgeon" for his ability to twist the truth in order to cut up the best defense. In other circles, he was known simply as "Atilla the Dunn." Dunn was a Mormon elder, a strict fundamentalist, and one who believed the only place for a woman was in the home. Clearly, he would never have recognized a woman's right to defend herself against an abusive husband under any circumstances. But, when he read of Andrea's background as a call girl, he saw her as a manipulative gold digger...a witch, a Satanist, surely suitable for burning at the stake.

This was a high-profile case that could make Dunn's career for him, but he'd been handed 3 years of investigative notes with less than 2 months to prepare for trial. Constitutional guarantees for a speedy trial do not allow for a prosecutor to request a delay. He was being rushed to trial totally unprepared. Perhaps he should offer a manslaughter plea bargain...as distasteful as this was to him.

Chuck Stafford now had the upper hand. He couldn't lose if he went to trial now. But, he wanted more psychiatric studies done on Andrea.

All he cared about was that insanity finding; whatever Andrea was convicted of in the criminal proceeding was of absolutely no consequence to him. Perhaps he was deliberately setting her up for a fall, or perhaps Stafford was a human train-wreck waiting to happen. In any case, he set a course for Andrea's destruction.

He requested, and received, a new 6-month delay of trial.

Now, Dunn had all the time he needed to prepare to crucify someone he saw as a Satanic Witch. He rubbed his hands together, and dug into his paperwork.

Shortly before Hawkins left the DA's office, the issue needed to be settled as to whether or not Andrea's Murder trial (Bob Sand), and attempted murder trial (Joe Mims) would be tried together before one or two juries, or totally separately.

Hawkins very much wanted to try the cases together, in that he believed the circumstances were similar, and because he would be able to portray Andrea as a potential serial killer, guaranteeing her life without parole, or possibly the death penalty, should he decide to seek it.

The day after the hammer incident, Joe had given a detailed statement on tape, alleging that Andrea had suggested the drive to the desert, and had secreted the hammer and bread knife into her purse before the trip.

It made it appear that she'd intended to kill Joe in a manner similar to how Bob was killed, as a means of trying to convince the police that the gang that had killed Bob had returned to kill Joe...paradoxically making her look innocent. Joe would later tell everyone Andrea ever knew, that Hawkins had become shrill with him, screaming that if he did not press charges, that Andrea would finish him at a later time. He would cry for hours to Andrea how Hawkins had promised him that she would never spend a day in jail, and that pressing charges was just a simple maneuver that would have allowed Andrea to be treated at State Expense for her mental illness. Once released from the hospital, Joe would be free to re-marry her.

He even had convinced Joe to file for an annulment rather than divorce, ostensibly so that he could not be held responsible for any of her indebtedness. Finally, to make it absolutely sure that Joe would not be held liable, he Hawkins convinced him to demand reimbursement for everything he has paid Gary Scherotter for Andrea's defense. It was really a shrewd move on Hawkin's part against a vulnerable naive man that would enable him to strip Andrea of her attorney, and compel Joe Mims to testify against her if he were found to be useful.

It would have worked, but for Joe recanting the entire statement. He was now claiming, and threatening to go to the press, claiming that Hawkins had given him a worded statement to read, and that he'd only done it with the express promise that Andrea would never spend a day in jail, and that pressing charges and annulling his marriage was only a legal maneuver designed to get Andrea into a State Mental Hospital at public expense. Threats of perjury did not sway his intentions, and Hawkins saw his case falling apart.

Judge Frank Moore, on August 23rd, 1983, ruled that consolidating the cases would be prejudicial, and that since it was likely that insanity would be pled in both, they should be separated, since the legal definition of insanity had changed in between the two incidents.

He gave the prosecution until September 23rd to present conflicting information, but Hawkins, fearing embarrassment, and possible exposure to disciplinary action from the State Bar Association, decided to leave the final decision up to Bob Dunn, his successor.

The murder trial was scheduled to begin October 7th, but it was September 13th that Stafford was granted a delay...only 2 days prior to the second "hypnosis" session, and with Dunn having only 3 weeks to prepare for Trial. The Trial date was reset for January 6, 1984, giving Dunn plenty of time to prepare, and giving Stafford time to elicit a confession from Andrea, and to line up more psychological testing. Dunn decided not to appeal the ruling separating the cases, since he knew he could not proceed with the attempted murder trial without the victim's (Joe's) cooperation.

I don't want to bore this group with the long list of psychiatrists and psychologists (over a dozen), but there are two very brief paragraphs I'd like to quote here from Dr. Ernest Proud, the Court-Appointed psychologist, who seemed to have a very good grasp on the meaning of battered women's syndrome before Dr. Lenore Walker ever coined the term.:

"...the first requirement of a person to go through it is that they be vulnerable, that is, that a person not have a strong belief system. They tend to have feelings of guilt that what they have gotten, they got through ill-will, or wrong-doing. Secondly, the environment must be controlled, that is, the person's movements must be restricted. Everywhere they go, the trainer is in control. The captor, in this case Bob Sand, has to be committed, strong. They must be persuasive, thus they quickly become aware of where to give approval. Confusion is very important. It is most important when the victim (Andrea) retains the illusion that they have free will. That the person believes they are remaining with this captor under their own free will.

Bob Sand kept a woman who had much guilt about her past, who wanted desperately to help others, who was looking to feel attached or connected to someone, to feel loved. He knew all of these things, and took advantage of this opportunity for his own gratification."

In another passage, Dr. Proud spoke of Sand's escalating violence toward Andrea:

"Whenever Andrea would sunbathe in their yard, Mr. Sand would roll up in his wheelchair, stand up for a moment, pull down his pants and urinate on her. This, of course, would inhibit Andrea from sunbathing.

Andrea said she felt like a mechanical doll. She would often tell Mr. Sand (standing rigidly), 'I am an Andrea-doll!' She states that she started to develop a fear for her life, perhaps the fantasies were not unreal, that they were a part of life and they were as real as anything. He would have her put knives in her arm as if she had been stabbed and, using ketchup for blood or her menstrual blood, would smear it on her body and take pictures of this. It was at this time, she stated, that she started to feel very strange and thought that she had lost control of her eyes. She felt that she was looking at people from the corners of her eyes. Sometimes, as she would be walking through the house, as always in the nude, he would throw himself from his wheelchair on her, often dragging her down.

On the night of the incident, Robert Sand had been his angriest self, threatening that their finances were in bad shape, and that there were rapists coming to rape her. She was having her menstrual cycle, she states, and she usually didn't feel very well with this. She told him she wasn't interested in this and, because he persisted, she had to leave the room.

As she could not remember what happened (after the killing), she started to (unconsciously) confabulate the situation. This means that when a person's memory is lost, we start falling in with things we believe might have happened."

The second analyst I wish to quote, is another neutral court-appointed Dr. Tweedie.

In his official report to Judge Moore, Dr. Tweedie wrote:

" During the examination, the subject admitted to causing the death of her husband, Robert Sand. She narrated a long series of sadomasochistic and 'bondage and discipline' episodes during her cohabitation and subsequent marriage to him that included hiring a male to perform oral or anal copulation with her. (Note: The only circumstance Andrea has told me she is specifically aware of when another individual was involved was when Bob Sand tied her to the bed face down, saying he wanted to photograph her tied up. Then he invited an unknown male (possibly a Springs groundskeeper) in through the sliding glass door off the patio. The unknown male proceeded to forcibly sodomize Andrea while Bob masturbated and took Polaroid pictures. Unfortunately, when Andrea discovered where Bob was hiding the pictures, she destroyed them in disgust, so no proof of the incident exists. The incident Dr. Tweedie is referring to is, in my opinion, a fantasy scenario Andrea must have related to him. On the other hand, I have reason to suspect that there may have been other occasions when Sand brought other individuals into the room which Andrea does not remember.) Dr. Tweedie continues:

Sand induced her to play "games" that violent, rapine, torture, and bodily assault themes with knives, scissors, and cudgels. They also included hiring of others to participate in the game roles. Ms. Mims reports that this seemed very "weird" to her, but that she agreed to participate, sometimes with reference to obsequious wheedling, and sometimes after threats of deprivation, or showing of the pictures to others.

The cumulative stress of this existence, coupled with her generally unhappy experience, historically of sex as rape, precipitated a psychotic break. It was in this mental state that the homicide was carried out."

In other words, Tweedie believes the fantasy scenarios had become so real to Andrea, she no longer knew what was real, or what wasn't. And, as I have said, I believe that the reverse may be true in at least some cases. I believe that some events that Andrea remembered as fantasy scenarios may, in fact, be actual staged events with individuals performing acts of such degradation upon Andrea for Sand's gratification, that she blocked them out so that she only remembered them as fantasies.

Andrea has confirmed this analysis to me, in that while the forced sodomy is the only incident she specifically remembers as real, it is entirely possible that other fantasy incidents really did involve other individuals, and she only thought she was acting them out. As Sand's demands grew ever more bizarre, he'd often tell her that if she didn't act well, the individuals really would enter the room.

Andrea must have been seen by at least a dozen doctors I won't bore you with this at this time. But, one psychologist, Dr. Michael Leitmann, seemed to believe, and went a long way toward convincing Andrea she suffered from Multiple Personality Disorder...although I believe she was disassociative (she often wrote letters under other names, threatening herself), she never made the total break and went out in public as other persons. Her behavior is best described in a book called "Little Girl, Fly Away," by Gene Stone. I highly recommend this book to anyone really wanting to understand Andrea's mental state at the time of the killing, and through her trial.

Andrea read the reports herself, and wondered how she'd come to this. In her cell, she wrote:

"Oh, Evil Disease, you crept into my soul!

On a twisted magic carpet ride

Oh, please let me go!

You entered, oh, so slowly

Burning me to the bone

You haunt me as I sleep

Will you ever leave me alone?

You evil illness,

Stay away from my land!

Your trips cause me so much pain,

Joe, hold tightly to my hand!

God, if you really love me

Then why do I still get sick?

I hate you, evil disorder

With your sick and evil bag of tricks!"

As Andrea dreamed of Joe riding to the rescue, Joe was in the process of ending his brief marriage to Nancy...the other woman he met in Church. He visited Andrea, and they had a brief laugh...Joe complaining that Nancy was the filthiest person he'd ever known. When Andrea asked him why he married her, Joe just said it was because he needed to forget...and he was so lonely. He began to apologize profusely to her for pressing charges against her...and swearing he'd never follow through and testify against her...even if it meant facing perjury charges himself. He told Andrea that he still loved her and had never stopped loving her, then began to cry. He insisted he would never have filed charges against her in the first place, but for the promises Hawkins had made to him that she'd never spend a day in county jail. He'd spent months trying to get her bail reinstated when the full extent of Hawkins' treachery struck him, but it had been impossible.

Joe did not, at this time, tell Andrea of the package he'd been handed by a mysterious woman.

Note: The two psych reports to Judge Moore are official records, but copied from the pages of "Rancho Mirage" by Aaram Saroyan. All other quotes, such as Poetry, are from unpublished works by Andrea Mims.

While Stafford subjected Andrea to a long parade of psychoanalysts, he refused to peruse anything that would mitigate the guilt phase of the trial. He continued to insist to Andrea that the only thing that would count would be the sanity hearing, which would make any verdict in the guilt phase meaningless. "You're going to the hospital, and you're going

to get well," was his constant mantra to her. "It's all worked out," he would wheedle, "but only if you do as I tell you. This is the only way you are going to get help."

Still, since the legal definition of criminal insanity would be either Andrea's total lack of knowledge she had committed the killing, or an inability to understand right from wrong, a finding of 1st degree would be highly undesirable, since it would seem to a jury that any ability to plan a killing would negate either definition. And, in any case, insanity cases nationwide were won in less than 1% of the cases in which they were attempted, and then it was usually the result of a prosecutorial stipulation. Had Stafford struck a deal? It didn't seem likely, but it seemed what he was implying.

At the time of Andrea's trial, the insanity plea had fallen into great disfavor because of the negative publicity surrounding the insanity verdict for John Hinckley, Reagan's would-be assassin. In addition, claims of any type of diminished capacity were being maligned because of the manslaughter conviction and 4 1/2 year sentence given Dan White, the former San Francisco County Supervisor who had assassinated Mayor George Moscone and Supervisor Harvey Milk. White had convinced the jury that he lacked proper rationale at the time of the killings due to long-time sugar addiction. This became known as the "Twinkie defense." Cases like these have always been aberrations, but they get so much publicity, it's easy for the public to be tricked into believing that they're commonplace, so as to convince them to vote for harsher laws and longer sentences. This, in turn, feeds the coffers of the prison industry.