

Chapter XIII – Living in Paradise and the Word “CRIME”

Jean and I had been to St. Thomas many times. Of all the places for rum, sun, and fun, it was our favorite place. One of our friends, who knows *'what's what'*, called St. Thomas the 'Cleveland of the Caribbean', but we liked it.

I used to live in Cleveland. I didn't like Cleveland.

We started to come to St. Thomas more frequently about ten years ago, several times a year. Five years ago, Jean and I were in St Thomas sitting on the beach during one of our long weekend trips to paradise. I said, *"why don't we move here?"* and six months later we did.

We selected a condo complex on a beautiful beach, and rented there for three months (starting on April 1), until we had enough experience to pick a condo unit to buy. After the unit was fixed up to my wife's likes, we moved in permanently.

The condo association, members of the condo board, and their lawyer: some meaningless lawsuits against me without any cause, but I had to them. The two lawyers for the Plaintiffs were in my opinion "taken from bottom of the barrel of lawyers", a local black guy and a Jew from Buffalo, New York.

See:

www.alanfeuersteinsucks.com

and

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It was hard to find a paper they filed which did not include fabrications and lies – but I discovered the courts don't enforce the Perjury laws – in the US Virgin Islands – and in the USA.

I acted as my own lawyer -- with a huge amount of help from wife, Jean.

When at a civil deposition being held at the Courthouse in St Thomas, I had decided to leave the deposition, informing the lawyers who had setup the meeting that the deposition was not being held in accordance with the legal regulations. I announced to the two opposition lawyers that I was leaving the conference room, and quietly left.

I was under no legal obligation to stay in the deposition or conference room.

I had left the small conference room and was walking across a small lobby leading to a security station next to the door which led out of the building when one of the attorneys (the Black one) came out of the conference room yelling "Stop that Man, he cannot leave the conference room, he is under notice".

The Assault

At that point, the two security guards on duty outside of the conference room grabbed me and told me I had to return to the conference room. I told them that it was a free country and I did not want to go back into the conference room.

The two hefty – about 30 years old – guards then grabbed me, wrestled me to the ground and started to put handcuffs on me. One of them was forcing my head into the ground with his knee with the weight of his body, and the other had his knee in my back, with the weight of his body. I told them, "stop this, I'm 68 years old and have a heart condition, you are going to kill me". They didn't stop until they had put the handcuffs on me behind my back.

Then, the guards told me I was under arrest, and asked the two attorneys if they wanted me to return to the conference room, the attorneys said yes, and the guards forced me to come back into the conference room *against my will*. When in the conference room, I was required to sit at the conference table with handcuffs behind my back -- *against my will*.

I refused to answer any questions, and they released me.

The entire episode was recorded by a court reporter, and I have the transcript. The security guards booked me, fingerprinted me, and threw me in jail for about an hour until Jean could come to the Courthouse and post one thousand dollars bail. The booking papers signed by the arresting security guard charged me with "refusing to go back into the conference room".

It was a clear case of the attorney creating a "Clear and Present Danger", "reckless endangerment" – it is understandable that the guards would react to the harsh words of the attorney demanding "stop that man...". Certainly the guards had no grounds for the assault, false arrest, and false imprisonment – and forcing me to go

to the conference room against my will.

If a woman says “stop that man, he stole my purse”, and someone stops the man by wrestling him to the ground, and he hasn't stolen the purse, the woman has performed a criminal act, she has created a “Clear and Present Danger”, "reckless endangerment".

When Jean took me away from the Courthouse, I had cuts and bruises all over me. My ribs were bruised, I had a black eye. We drove home and then to the emergency room of the hospital. The nurses and doctors there were very helpful, they took x-rays, and a policewoman who was there took my police report charging the attorneys and the guards with assault, false arrest, false imprisonment and false incarceration.

A week later, I suffered a stroke and had to be taken to the hospital in an ambulance. One of the two EMT's in the ambulance had a story how his brother had been killed by policemen and how the government refused to investigate the crime.

The FBI was in on the Cover Up

A day later, Jean and I went to the Police station to file a report and give a statement. The police refused to investigate my allegations. We went to the FBI to give a statement, they too refused to investigate my allegations. Jean and I were scared, because it was clear that there was a conspiracy to deny me my rights – and the FBI was in on it.

I attended a probable cause hearing where the Judge determined that there was probable cause to charge me with “failing to return to the conference room”. Of course, it is not against the law to “fail to return to a conference room”.

I was arraigned, and my criminal trial was set for one week later, but it was canceled because the Judge assigned to the case rescued himself. Several weeks later, all the judges on the island of St Thomas rescued themselves and the case was assigned to the other US Virgin Island court Division in St Croix. There all but the head judge rescued themselves.

The government prosecutor changed the charges to accuse me of interrupting a meeting by making a lot of noise. They said there was a Court in session in the Courtroom off the lobby where I was assaulted.

But there was no Court in session that morning, and the Court Reporter was a witness to the fact that I created no noise. About 10 members of the Court Clerk's staff were also witnesses to the event.

We found that there were security cameras recording the whole event. The recordings were erased.

The prosecutor refused to provide a Court docket sheet, which would show that there was no Court in session, and refused to provide the security camera video recordings. I filed motions with the court to compel the government prosecutor to provide the documents and recordings – the Court refused to answer my motions.

The USVI has a “speedy trial” law which requires that a criminal case be dismissed if the defendant is not tried within three years. That time has not year passed, and I have not been tried, and they have not dismissed the case, neither have the returned my \$1,000 in bail.

1st Two Letters of the Word “Crime”

I was assaulted on March 18, 2005. I thought it was curious that the first two letters of the word “Crime”, “CR” were the third and eighteenth letters of the alphabet, as in **3/18/05**.

That's how the "communicate with Ets" thing works with me. Words are put into my mind, and I evaluate them (it's probably not me who does the evaluation).

Jean and I decided to put our apartment up for sale, and move off the island. In July 2005, we went back to our home in Southampton, and our apartment in St Thomas was sold, scheduled for closing in September of 2005.

We flew to St Thomas on September 12, and on the 13th, when we were coming back to our apartment from dinner at about 8:00 PM, we got out of the car in the Condo parking lot and saw two gunmen running towards us.

Armed Robbers

One of the gunmen made me give him all the money I had in my pocket – at gunpoint. The other gunman, on the other side of the car, where I couldn't see what was happening, wrestled Jean to the ground and started to strike her on the head with his gun. Then the two gunmen ran away with Jean's purse – containing all our papers, credit cards, check books, and identification.

Jean was bleeding heavily from the head wounds inflicted by the gunman with his gun. We rushed to our apartment and put a towel over her head to stop the bleeding, and I rushed her to the emergency room at the hospital where they put eleven stitches in her head to close up the wounds.

We returned to our apartment that night with police escort, bolted our door, rushed the next day to pack up our possessions for storage and return on the plane to New York.

Jean has not returned to the island since September 14, 2005, but I have had to return several times for lawsuit hearings. Each time I returned, I had a bodyguard with me at all times.

The Last Three Letters of the Word "Crime"

Jean was assaulted on September 13, 2005 (9/13/05).

The word Crime, converted to numbers is "3/18 9/13 05". The probability of letters/numbers matching the dates of our two assaults is less than one chance in millions.

Crime = "3189135" -- "3/18 9/13 2005".