

Stalking A Diva

The Leandra Ramm Story as told to D. Rocca



Leandra Ramm



D. Rocca

"plays out like a Clint Eastwood movie, cybercrime, international government relations, beautiful opera singer, facebook friends, bureaucracy, cyber wizard, and one freaky dude."

-Naked Eye

Kindle Certified Reviews

"This is a story about fear, humiliation, anger, and jealousy, all brought together because cyberspace made it possible. But most of all, this is a tale of revenge.."

-Mark Albertson

San Francisco Examiner

<https://stalkingadiva.com>

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STALKING A DIVA Ramm & Rocca



Stalking A Diva



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STALKING A DIVA

*The Leandra Ramm Story
as told to D. Rocca*

D. Rocca Reporting

A Story Told By
Leandra Ramm

STALKING A DIVAtm

SAMPLE CHAPTERS

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ABOUT STALKING A DIVA

After first seeing Leandra Ramm on CNN's *Anderson Cooper*, a mentally unbalanced but seasoned cyberstalker from Singapore relentlessly pursues her, without ever having met her in the flesh. This true story follows Ramm's physical and virtual journey to free herself from an abusive predator in a climate of law enforcement inertia and apathy.

This story is a news report conducted by the author D Rocca, a lawyer from California. It is written in the first person of the heroine of the story, Leandra Ramm.

For accuracy much of this report derives from intangible communications (e.g., emails, blogs, phone recordings, chat logs). Except as otherwise interpreted, in the interest of the best representation of the facts, we let such communications speak for themselves.

We welcome comments from anyone who wishes to contribute insight into this story. You may do so at <https://stalkingadiva.info>

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PROLOGUE

According to the federal Bureau of Justice Statistics Supplemental Victimization Survey (SVS), individuals are classified as stalking victims if they experienced sending unsolicited or unwanted e-mails on at least two separate occasions. In addition, the individuals must have feared for their safety or that of a family member as a result of the course of conduct, or have experienced additional threatening behaviors that would cause a reasonable person to feel fear. This makes me a stalking victim somewhere between 3000 and 4000 times over what's required.

Although I am joined by many victims, my situation is unique in its severity, its intensity, and the sheer volume and relentlessness of the attacks. If this story were fiction, the reader would have to suspend disbelief over the course of reading it. In truth, it is all too real, beginning with my donor origins from a controversial genius sperm bank to the twisted mind of a recidivist predator, whose violence, I was certain, would infiltrate every waking moment of the rest of my natural life.

I fervently hope that *Stalking a Diva* brings a much needed awareness to cyberstalking and its destructive effects. My chilling experience offers a detailed education on this horrendous crime—it is my goal to put an end to it and to continue my journey free of it.

I also hope this book will convince the silent victims of cyberstalking, bullying, and cyberterrorism to find their voice, to lobby their representatives, and to shed light on a problem that our society, lawmakers, and law enforcers have, up to now, failed to validate.

PART ONE
THE PREY: LEANDRA RAMM

The Fortune Cookie

March 31, 1977 would be my mother's 27th birthday. She and David had made plans to celebrate. Meanwhile, Mom's grandmother, Leah Bauman Kerner, had a stroke in Brooklyn, undiscovered until 24 hours later. By the time of Mom's birthday, Great-grandmother Leah was at NYU Hospital, where she slipped in and out of consciousness. Mom lived on 34th Street and Park Avenue, near the hospital. Given the touch-and-go circumstances of Leah's survival, Adrienne and David planned a hospital visit before their birthday dinner date.

Although I never knew her, I'm pretty sure that I inherited aspects of Leah's personality—her perseverance, her love of theater (in her case, it was early 20th century Yiddish Theater) her work ethic, and her beautiful voice. Sasha Leah (her Hebrew name) immigrated to the United States via Ellis Island when she was only 15 years old. Her mission was to earn enough money to bring the rest of her family to America from Austria. Leah came to America on a cattle boat, where a wealthy gentleman offered her a job as a tailor on the Lower East Side. Although my great-grandmother didn't even know how to use a sewing machine, she taught herself how to sew and eventually earned enough money to bring her mother and four siblings to America. Considering their prospects in Austria under the ensuing Nazi reign, that fifteen-year-old girl arguably saved six lives and their progeny.

When David and Adrienne walked into the NYU hospital room, my great grandmother opened her eyes and saw David, whom she had only seen once before, at a Passover Seder. She opened her eyes, looked right at him, and said, "You're going to marry Adrienne." Then she slipped into semi-consciousness, during which she spoke in an odd mixture of numbers and letters. Suddenly, Leah opened her eyes again and said, "You will have a daughter. She will be beautiful and wise." Again, she drifted off, woke up, and made her third and last pronouncement, "You will name your daughter after me."

Mom felt wonderful about her grandmother's declarations and after leaving the hospital, she went to a Chinese restaurant with David, her mother (my Grandma Ruth), and father (Grandpa Sol), where they celebrated her birthday. At the end of the meal, everyone was served the traditional fortune cookie. Mom's was impossibly clairvoyant; it was as if the words had spilled from Great-grandma Leah's lips onto the thin slip of paper inside the fortune cookie: "Your daughter will be beautiful and wise." At that moment, Mom turned to my dad, who presented her with an engagement ring as a birthday present. They were engaged that night.

The next day, Adrienne bought a baby name book. Under the name "Leah" was my name, Leandra. Ultimately, I would be born under the sign of Leo, the name was also a universal tribute to Leah, who died shortly after her fall.

PART TEN
STALKING ESCALATION 2010

Sex-calation

As the war between the Hunter and the Stalker waged, Colin continued to threaten and sexually abuse me—even more. The sex emails from Colin disgusted and embarrassed me. I felt ashamed. Rationalizing alone couldn't stanch those feelings.

Later that day, he writes:

"I wanted sex with you the whole day—I feel better now that I am much happier—Really---I felt I could soak your clothes in my ejaculations. It's getting uncontrollable. I think about you all the time—and looking at the photo of you in the red dress today did nothing to help the situation—I needed sex even more with you. I need you Leandra. I need to be very very very deep in you."¹

I had plenty of these deviant communications from Colin, a self-proclaimed virgin, who explained his celibacy more than once.

"Sex to me is special and only in a marriage. I nearly felt God saying to me he would strike me there and then. I was afraid. It was also because I love God and you."²

His chastity and church talk (a self-proclaimed Christian, spouting the Bible, Colin often mentioned his church attendance) didn't stop him from writing smut.

I am driven into a sexual frenzy thinking about you Leandra-- I think we need to meet in NYC-- or never mind-- I will turn up at your house.

I have the condoms which I got from getting FHM Deutschland magazine...³

These emails still make me feel physically ill—there were thousands of them, sometimes several in one day.

I want to cum in you. I need to have children by you. I want to cum all over your face and hair and right into your sexy green eyes. I am a wildman now. Colin M.⁴

Several hours later, he wrote:

"I am getting you a pair of nude colored and another pair of black colored thigh highs Leandra...!"⁵

A cyber-rapist, Colin confused sex, love, violence, and power. He was as awkward sexually as he was violent in his threats to mutilate, disfigure and kill me. He was inexperienced sexually, asking me about whether he was right to abstain from sex when he entered and left college in the U.S., referring to his virginity in emails where he posed as Fritz Tan.

The sex emails from Colin were viscerally disgusting to me, causing me shame, fear, and embarrassment. Colin was now not only a stalker but also a pervert. They increased as my Internet contact with him decreased.

"...everyday I think about sex with you. I can no longer control myself anymore. I need to f**k and procreate. And I know how to get what I do want from you.
Colin M."⁶

"...I feel both sexy and sexual. I want to make love to you over and over again before you go on stage to sing on Friday...."⁷

"...my sexual desires are only for you. I need to be f**ked and f**ked by you Leandra."⁸

PART FOURTEEN
THE WAITING IS THE HARDEST PART

Bag and Tag

In 2011, I fedexed a package of hard evidence to Fardella, a veritable trousseau of gifts from Colin over the years—silk clothes, underwear, some cheap silver-plated jewelry and a letter, never opened with a return address to and postmark from Singapore.

When A.J. got the package, he followed acceptable scientific methods to “bag and tag” evidence. Before touching the package contents, he donned latex gloves, then videotaped opening the package-- so that the chain of evidentiary custody was transparent and unbroken. Fardella carefully placed the evidence on a pre-designated surface in his Pittsburg forensics lab. Then, following protocol, he photographed each item, electronically “tagging” it, by memorializing the image with metadata, including time and date stamping.

Fardella suspected certain items contained fingerprints and DNA, which would appear under black light after spraying the surface with Luminol. But he was interested less in DNA on the lingerie and more in the unopened letter. A.J. recalled an admonition by his retired Secret Service buddy, Al, the one who had introduced Fardella into the Electronic Crimes Task Force.

“Never ignore the low hanging fruit, A.J.”

Hidden in plain sight among the glitter and smut of Colin’s mementos was this simple letter and envelope. Fardella was counting on the fact that Mak, ever the elusive predator online, would not be so careful to cover his traces on a three dimensional document. That he most likely handled and licked the envelope. Fardella hoped that Mak’s letter would be the low hanging fruit connecting Colin to every one of the emails, texts and blog entries he sent to me or wrote about me.

We crossed our fingers, hoping for a fingerprint.

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- ¹ Email from Stormo Rochalie to Leandra Ramm, July 23, 2010, 10:48 AM.
 - ² Email from Colin M warbird5k to Leandra Ramm, October 19, 2010, 7:41 AM. Subject—sex.
 - ³ Email from Colin M warbird5k, November 9, 2010.
 - ⁴ Email from Colin M warbird5k, June 30, 2010, 6:05 AM.
 - ⁵ Email from Colin M warbird5k, June 30, 2010, 11:24 PM.
 - ⁶ Email from Colin M warbird5k, April 28, 2009, 9:59 AM.
 - ⁷ Email from Stormo Rochalie to Leandra Ramm, July 23, 2010, 2:26 AM.
 - ⁸ Email from Stormo Rochalie to Leandra Ramm, July 23, 2010, 3:58 AM.