

The Real Behind the Scenes Story of the East Side Laundromat Rapist

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Lawsuits are the cornerstone of an American justice system where the statue lady Justice wears a blindfold, symbolizing opportunism in a world where millions of tragedies are a common occurrence. Even the eye in the center of the pyramid on the American dollar bill is a sign of knowledge hidden to not reveal this planet's many secrets. As we embark into a new year, civil suits are at an all-time high. And that number is increasing rapidly. Allegations pertaining to corruption are not a game, even when the parties involved are sworn by the constitution to uphold the law no matter what.

In today's society, humans tend to forget we are united in one common goal: Life! We move in a circumference that is known as "Mother Earth." Six billion people indirectly feed off each other through what is called "kinetic energy." Unfortunately, that energy is not always positive. In our everyday life we all want to be journalists. Through vivid imagination descriptive details, pictures are painted. Some are colorful and other are in black and white; all telling unique stories. Newspapers, TV and other mass publications tell stories of misfortune and remarkable deeds. Respected journalists around the world seek out the truth through fact finding and solid research. That is where a story is told. But, what if that story is never told?

August 15, 2010 a hot and sunny day for many to enjoy in the city that never sleeps. Nevertheless, with light, darkness is always looming around the corner. That darkness would come a little earlier than sunset. Four plain clothes officers with their guns drawn would make sure of that. As Steven Mark Perez was exiting his residence of thirty plus years, on his way to visit his terminally ill mother, who was diagnosed with stage four cancer. He was hit hard with a reality check: "Life is not fair." Picture a man on a mission of redemption. Mr. Perez was that man. He was striving to make his life a statement of courage and honor. On October 2, 2009, Mr. Perez was released into society with a goal: to secure a future for his self and become a token citizen with a past that will not dictate his future.

Mr. Perez entered an outpatient program called Faces Inc. He also entered another program called BronxWorks. The law firm Neighborhood Defender Services of Harlem (NDS), in conjunction with BronxWorks, would start an initiative to better prepare ex-offenders with job readiness skills, employment services, and fatherhood evening classes to better reunite children with their fathers. These programs helped men re-integrate with society and become employed through grants provided by the State of New York. That program was called "The Fatherhood Program." That 2009 fatherhood program made it impossible for employers to ignore free labor and a tax-credit for a positive incentive for a better tomorrow. Mr. Perez would eventually gain temporary employment with the parts department. Mr. Perez would graduate both programs and start his own business cleaning windows and apartments around and in his complex he grew up in. The outpatient program, Faces Inc., would keep Mr. Perez complying with parole stipulation and maintain sobriety. On May 5, 2010, Mr. Perez would participate with Faces Inc. in the AIDS Walk located in Central Park. In loving memory of his two brothers who contracted the deadly virus HIV/AIDS. Both brothers, Eddie and Willie Colon would succumb to AIDS and die on in March 1987 and 1988 collectively.

That following month on June 15, 2010, father's day weekend, Mr. Perez would play his first basketball tournament in six years. Ironically, the game would take place at the park called, "Jefferson Park," right across the street from Mr. Perez's complex. Excellence is achievements through which efforts are pushed to the limits. That afternoon, Mr. Perez would stand out like the man he was striving to be. Unbeknownst to Mr. Perez, he would hit his first six free throws. Six free throws, for each year he was in prison. Determination and passion would push Mr. Perez to perform at his highest level in front of his neighborhood to witness. Mr. Perez and his team would lose in overtime. But victory is in the eyes of the beholder. Mr. Perez would end that game with 27 points, 16 rebounds, and 3 blocks. At the conclusion of that game, Mr. Perez would celebrate his own personal victory. That personal victory would be shortened that following week.

In no way movies can grasp the concept of reality unless it was written by the actual person who was and still affected by a tragedy with severe consequences. The week following the game, Mr. Perez and his mother, Rose Mary Perez, was told she has less than six months to live... That would be the hardest moment in Mr. Perez's life. To prepare and face the facts that he had to bury his mother at a location that was paid for in 1990. That burial spot occupied his uncle and next to that spot lays his grandmother and two brothers. Mr. Perez's job was simply to save enough to bury his mother.

The afternoon of 8-16-10, as Mr. Perez was leaving his residence, the grim reaper would whisper something into his ear. "Put your hands in the air." Even though the grim reaper is a mystical entity, there is nothing mystical about this unique story. Mr. Perez was cuffed and thrown into an un-marked car, in front of his whole community like a common criminal. No matter how much you change, you still have to pay for your past. That day was the last day Mr. Perez would ever be free.

One of the longest running shows on TV is that of the S.V.U. - Special Victims Unit; police whose sole purpose is to investigate special high profile cases. For Mr. Perez this was not an episode on TV. This was life. The lead detective, Lisette Gutierrez, would question Mr. Perez about his whereabouts on the morning of Sunday at 4:20 a.m. An older lady was assaulted and raped by an individual that fit Mr. Perez's description. The older lady was sexually assaulted on the FDR pier behind Mr. Perez's complex 1199. Mr. Perez was questioned at lengthily and asked to give DNA. Mr. Perez agreed and also participated in a line-up. Both victim and witness would clear Mr. Perez from any involvement. Just like the TV show, in an office with seven total officers. They would put Mr. Perez in another cell and tell him that he is going to court to be arraigned. Mr. Perez was told not to ask any questions and to shut the f**k up. While at court, Mr. Perez watched the DA implicate him in that rape and fabricate testimony and charges for trespassing out of the complex Mr. Perez grew up in. Mr. Perez makes the necessary arrangements to have NDS represent him in this case.

District Attorneys are Teflon dons of a court system that gives them immunity of prosecution. This immunity coupled with side door treaties, has tarnished a court system that is filled with deception and would do anything to win by any means necessary. Especially, when nobody is questioning the system!

In the time Mr. Perez spent in jail, the DA in said case would call his management company at 1199 and inform them Mr. Perez is a suspect in a rape. Modern technology takes up to 24 hours to 72 hours for a DNA match. That was the true fact the DA held Mr. Perez illegally. The DNA came back negative and Mr. Perez still was not released. For three Sundays in a row, systematic rapes occurred and were put in the paper. On the fourth Sunday, the first week of September, the rapist known as "The Eastside Laundromat Rapist" was apprehended by none other than SVU office Lisette Gutierrez #5336. Gutierrez would get a high profile arrest and her picture in the newspaper, with Samuel Rivia. Still, Mr. Perez was not released. The remaining time Mr. Perez would spend in jail, his mother would take a turn for the worst. She would be given morphine for stage four cancer. Their apartment was broken into. And everything was stolen. Mrs. Perez would give up their duplex apartment and close that chapter of their lives. Finally, Mr. Perez was ROR on the 14th day of September. Thanks to NDS of Harlem, but freedom has its cost. Mr. Perez could not enter any building on 1199. If so, he would be arrested on sight. The business Mr. Perez was establishing would be no more. Two weeks later, Mrs. Perez would leave NY to live with her daughter in Florida. Mrs. Perez would succumb to cancer on October 18, 2010. Mr. Perez and his sister had no choice but to cremate his mother. That burial spot his mother paid for in 1990 would still occupy his uncle.

On November 1, 2010, Mr. Perez would get that trespassing case against him dismissed. Thanks to a fictitious address. That week, Mr. Perez would consult with a civil attorney. The lawyer Mr. Perez signed to handle his civil case against Lisette Gutierrez and 1-6 John Doe officers is recognized as a seasoned trial attorney who has handled cases from New York to California and has 30 years' experience. And once was a DA. Mr. Giordano handled many high profile cases. One of Mr. Giordano's cases settled for 2.5 million dollars – Harris vs. American Transit in Bronx County 2014. Now, Mr. Perez would have to wait to get his time in court; this time, civil court. Mr. Perez would spend the next two years in limbo.

Society frowns upon homeless people as the worst society has to offer. They are offensive to the common eyes and reek of failure. Mr. Perez would fit perfectly into that equation. Not every homeless situation is the same. Mr. Perez would stay in various shelters and half-way housing in order to stay off the streets. The men that occupy the many streets are terrified to stay in shelters and halfway housing because in the shelters and halfway housing all the wannabe gangstas who fail to conquer the street pavement corners are put on a pedestal and oppress the weak. The wannabees steal, rob and participate in drug selling and excessive drug use and drinking. Every homeless person is not a degenerate and/or a loser, only when the deck is stacked against them. And there is no poker face to show the world you did not fold your hand. The hand was dealt to you.

Mediation day – November 2012. As Mr. Perez and his lawyer sat for a mediation hearing, Michael A. Cardozo, Counsel of the City of New York stated that, "since the plaintiff has not submitted summary judgment, the city has an offer of \$10,000." Mr. Perez sat puzzled, because he did not understand a word that was being said. In fact, Carmen S. Giordano should have gotten an Academy Award for his role in not doing his job. Unfortunately, due to the fact Mr. Perez was living on the streets, he had to take a final offer of \$17,500. "How much is a human life worth?" All the paperwork Mr. Perez collected, signatures of clients he had, credit card bills, and all the valuable items he had at the time of his abduction. Worthless.

After that botched representation, Mr. Perez would spend the next three years in and out of prison. In 2015, awaiting a prison sentence, Mr. Perez would regain his morale, and values his mother instilled in him by assisting other men in need of a helping hand. Mr. Perez would become prolific at research, law jargon and motions. That is where Mr. Perez would stumble onto CPLR Rule 3212, motion for summary judgment. In that any delay in this regard is usually the responsibility of the lawyer rather than the client. The plaintiff's lawyer can be visited with a legal malpractice claim.

Conspiracies are what this world and country is built on. Thousands of men and women are duped into believing civil attorneys and state officials have their best interest at hand. It is impossible that all civil suits are settled the way a person should be compensated for crimes against them. Mr. Perez never got his article his lawyer promised to get him once he settled. In fact, Mr. Perez and a number of many more wrongfully accused men and women never did get their closure for acts against individuals who cherished the moment to be part of a society that participates in freedoms of liberties this country offers. At the end of the day, "How much is human life valued?"

Around the time of elections and re-elections, news circulates and articles appear in the paper about wrongful arrest and malicious prosecutions. Thousand and millions are awarded to these humans and some of them get their pictures in the papers, but what about the rest of the cases and the rest of the year? If x represents 100,000 complaints against city officials and officers, then y is the sum of verdicts that get granted for settlement hearings. So, z represents the significant verdicts that actually hit home. 50 out of 20,000 hit the paper through a fiscal year. The other eighty thousand cases drag on for 4 to 6 years. Some are dismissed for the sole purpose of the appeal process. And the appeal process takes up to another 2 to 4 years.

So, the average case might make it to a courthouse in 4 to 8 years. The probability of the original number is 50 out of 20,000. Then 250 out of 100,000 claims get z amount of liability insurance hush fund that consist of \$50,000,000. These pointless equations to which no solution exists are called absurdities. That fraction of that budget is collected by the taxpayers and unions around the State of New York and the country. It is allocated for settlements for humans who think they get their just due. Nevertheless, if the average Joe that does not understand lawsuit jargon and what is "summary judgment," then the battle is lost before it even started. And who is scrutinizing these cruel mass calculations of algorithms.

If there is a stench of foul play and corruption between mediators and civil attorneys, then catching victims at utter despair is a requirement for manipulation on a number that can never be valued in dollar amounts. These numbers have to be scrutinized by a power higher than any court system for the people by the people. The people of USA have to participate in eradicating a system that partakes in corruption at the highest level. At the end, "How much is a human's life worth?"

This is one of many untold stories that as of today have yet to be told. In search of peace and happiness Mr. Perez has set a precedent in telling the unique fact of the value of human life. Many more would follow his lead; maybe.