



WHY I SUED TAYLOR SWIFT: AND HOW I BECAME FALSELY KNOWN AS FRIVOLOUS, LIT...



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PROLOGUE

So there I lied amidst the wreckage of my cloud nine: metaphoric glass covered me and the flames fanned by the news media and the internet trolls surrounded me. After two years of giving all of my heart and all of my talent to impress Taylor Swift to have her help me, a disabled songwriter, in some way, I had been shafted by her agents and her; I had been left high and dry; all of my good intentions and efforts had been spat upon by them. It was like the whole thing was a reenactment from the music video for her song, "Bad Blood". Instead of her crashing through the window, though, it was me who was falling backwards through the glass – the cloud nine that I rode upon sputtering out of my control -- falling several stories down in slow motion, not believing what had happened. As my body was smashed and strewn across a car, so to speak, the shock set in. In my mind's eye, I could see her and her agents and her family laughing at me like wild hyenas, as they sipped wine in fancy wine glasses, toasting to my defeat and my misery. And I could see them all slowly turn away. Taylor Swift gave me a wicked smile with one side of her mouth and then she turned away, leaving me surrounded by the flames.

After weeks of slowly recovering from the aftermath of it all, with the news refusing my requests to cover the truth of what I went through (they blasted false stories of me all over the internet, though) and the trolls dragging my name through the mud, I decided to write

this book to explain my side of things and to try seeking justice for myself and to reveal events that the news wouldn't cover and that the police refused to pursue. Some of those events were: the many people who tried taking my life; the death threats against my family; a girl committing suicide; the online bullying and the stalking against me; Taylor Swift slandering my intentions and how Taylor's record label tried hiding this event. This book is an attempt to clear my name and to show that I'm not crazy or frivolous or litigious, but to show that I'm a human being who stands on principle. This book gives an in-depth look into what really happened, and also shows how Taylor Swift and her agents had duties to not shaft me. This book shows the plight of the disabled who struggle to get into the entertainment industry. It also shows how elitism in Hollywood is implicit discrimination. Most importantly, it encourages those who may have "a Taylor Swift" in their life to not back down. It encourages those who have been wronged to not give up, but to fight back; to scream and shout; to get on tabletops and yell from the top of your lungs; to bring attention to your situation, and if needs be, set the situation on fire so others can see the unjustness.



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CHAPTER 1

The Duty of Being in the Spotlight

If I told you that Taylor Swift destroyed my life, even though her and I never physically met, would you burst into hysteric laughter and write me off as “crazy”? What if I told you that I gave all of my money and heart to Taylor Swift because I relied on her representations, which she gave through her words and her actions, only to be left broke and broken-hearted, would you shake your head and throw this book away, not wanting to read the fanatical writings of a raving lunatic? Both rhetorical questions aren’t as bizarre as they seem. Those questions also establish the thesis and the backbone for this entire story: celebrities, upon certain circumstances and in certain situations, are responsible for any misrepresentations that they give to their fans or people wanting to work with them. Celebrities owe a duty to those people. Further, no contract is required to establish this duty, given the power of influence that celebrities have. ^[1]



(“Arrival in France following the Crossing of the English Channel”. Photo Credit: David Blackwell. via Visualhunt / CC BY-ND. Photo credit: <https://www.flickr.com/photos/mobilestreetlife/6951888583/> David Blackwell. Via <https://visualhunt.com/re/547137> Visualhunt <http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nd/2.0/> CC BY-ND).

Yep, blasphemy, I know! Your face may look just like that swimmer’s after reading the above paragraph, but for this story to make any sense, I had to dedicate an entire chapter to define duties that Taylor and other celebrities need to abide by or they could find themselves in hot water. So before you condemn me and set the dogs on me, hear me out. For me to explain myself clearly, I would like to present my arguments in two different sections: (1) a “layman’s context” (non-legal context) to establish a basic understanding of a duty and (2) a “legal ramifications context” to establish how a celebrity should and could be found liable in a court of law.

The Layman’s Context for Celebrity Duty

Let’s start with defining what a duty is in the normal sense of the

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word. Webster's Dictionary defines a "duty" as: "obligatory tasks, conduct, service or functions that arise from one's position (as in life or in a group)." [2] These duties can be as simple as driving a car and having the duty to observe traffic laws. Other duties become more complex with professionals having to abide by set standards of care. Black's Law Dictionary puts it more simply: "Wherever there exists a right in any person, there also rests a corresponding duty upon some other person or upon all persons generally." [3] The keywords in these two definitions are "a right" and a "position".

Now that we have a general understanding of what a duty is, the question still stands: do celebrities owe any duties at all to their fans? Based upon these two dictionary definitions, yes: celebrities, given the **positions** that they are in with the **rights** that they hold, owe a duty to their fans for any misrepresentation (false statement or false action) that they make. Kind of like what Uncle Ben said in Tobey Maguire's *Spider-Man*: "With great power, comes great responsibility." Some heads might be exploding right about now, but stay with me because it's true. Celebrities, given their DNA chemistry build up of being humans and their being public figures, enjoy two rights: the right to privacy and the right to publicity.

As stated above, since celebrities breathe, bleed, belch and get bored [4] like the rest of us do because they are only human too -- believe it or not -- they enjoy their rights to privacy just like us "average Joes and Janes" do. Celebrities deserve to have private dinners and conversations with their loved ones. Celebrities deserve to sleep and live comfortably in their lavish homes and not have to

worry about trespassers. Celebrities deserve the right to stroll around downtown and enjoy the night out without being stalked by paparazzi and obsessive fans. These superstars and international idols deserve every right that any other human being on this planet deserves: a little peace and quiet, if they so desire.

And since they are celebrities, they also enjoy the right to publicity: the right to choose which products can use their images and likeness. Many megastars enjoy the right to be able to trademark their names to be used on fragrances, jewelry and other products. For example, in intellectual property law, a person is able to trademark his or her name when it has established a "secondary meaning" which means that the name has become well-known and familiar with the populace. [5] "Taylor Swift" is obviously a household name. At the time of this writing, a search was conducted on the *United States Trademark* search website and Taylor Swift has trademarked at least 62 different trademarks that bear her name or initials. [6] Obviously, Ms. Swift knows that there is power in her name, but I'll save the legal "mumbo jumbo" for the legal section of my arguments. Needless to say: celebrities know they've "got the power!". I use that song quote in my best Penny Ford cover voice -- except my voice doesn't go that high. [7] I sound more like a dying cat than doing a cover song. As a side note, you'll see that I throw in a lot of "tongue-in cheek" pop reference jokes in this book -- I also throw in a lot of "side notes", just as a side note.

Believe it or not, it's not all fluff that celebrities possess some extraordinary power to sway people. They know that they possess this

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power. Why do you think pop singer Katy Perry actively campaigned with Democratic presidential nominee Hillary Clinton during the 2016 presidential elections? Perhaps Katy is a political junkie? Maybe Katy was concerned about the possible direction of the country? So why didn't she do this as a private citizen? Why did she have to perform on the campaign trail? Because Katy knew that with her popularity and level of name recognition that she could garner more votes. Not just Katy, but many other celebrities turned out to support Hillary Clinton: Beyonce, Jay-Z, Demi Lovato. There's even a non-profit political group that uses celebrity spokespeople to help persuade young people to vote: *Rock the Vote*.

With the expanding use of social media and technology, celebrities are now being dubbed "*social media influencers*". The accounts of celebrities, either ran personally by them or by an associate of theirs, are now identified with a blue check mark that signifies their accounts as "verified", signifying that the accounts actually belong to them, since people, for some odd reason, like to create duplicate, fake accounts of celebrities. On Taylor Swift's social media platforms, she has 77 million followers on her Facebook; 103 million followers on Instagram; 25 million YouTube subscribers and 85 million followers on her Twitter. Combined, that's around 290 million people she's influencing -- give or take the duplicate and fake accounts that follow her.^[8] One of those two hundred ninety million people is bound to be influenced in a way Taylor Swift may not have meant. Ahem...right here...yours truly...

One may think, "So? It's just a celebrity. Let them post and do

what they want." On the contrary, *Growing Pains* actor Kirk Cameron once said in an interview, "With the privilege of a platform, comes great responsibility." Cameron went on to say that when any celebrity is in the spotlight, "you're going to be held to a higher standard -- and we should be held to a higher standard -- because we're influencing more people than others might be."^[9] Cameron went onto say that a celebrity should be careful of what they do and say. Since Cameron is indeed a celebrity and a public figure, his statement validates the thesis of this chapter and entire book: celebrities have a duty to be careful with their words and actions, as to not create a misrepresentation. That is the duty and the point I want you to take away from this chapter and this book. The law treats a celebrity's identity like property, and just like any other property owner, celebrities should be held liable for the misuse of their property; their image; their stunts. Four words: Remember Uncle Ben's Advice.

The magnitude of a celebrity representation is so strong, one could compare it to "the Force" that Jedis from Star Wars have. The Force can be used for either good or evil-- Hey, don't do that! I see your eyes rolling. Don't believe me? Let's take a look at the various research done on the topic of celebrity influence. Technological company *Ace Metrix* conducted a study in 2013 and found that 45% of American adults believe that celebrities can create a large positive difference in the issues that they are promoting.^[10] In the early 2000s, Dr. Lynn McCutcheon coined the term "*Celebrity Worship Disorder*" after studying those who appeared to have a form of *Obsessive Compulsive Disorder* in regards to celebrity admiration.^[11]

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In 2017, a peer-review study compiled economical, psychological and sociological research and found 14 different celebrity “mechanisms” that affected health behavior. Some of these mechanisms included signals, herd behavior, social networks and other influencing mechanisms. The study went on to show how easy celebrities can sway and entice the populace and their followers.^[12] So the writing is definitely on the wall with celebrity power. But heck, don’t take my word for it! Hop on Google and you can find exactly what I’m talking about.

Taylor Swift’s Misrepresentations

Since this book is about why I sued Taylor Swift, I wanted to share a few examples of her misrepresentations so that the upcoming legal argument of this chapter makes sense. Some of her misrepresentations have been done verbally in interviews, while other misrepresentations have been made through her actions. Naturally, as an internationally famous celebrity, her misrepresentations are carried around the world through the news which influences her followers and those that admire her. A few of her misrepresentations that directly influenced me are as follows:

1. Taylor Swift accepting a wedding invitation from a random girl. Swift accepted this and performed without compensation at the wedding. She even posted pictures of the event on her Instagram. This stunt influenced me and created a

representation that it would be fine to send correspondence to Taylor Swift and that she would be welcoming to my efforts.^[13]

2. In 2014, Swift accepted many different prom dates from boys who reached out to her. These boys did lousy things to reach out to Swift, but she was flattered and accepted each date. This influenced me and created a representation that if I were to reach out to her doing something unique, she would welcome it. This not only influenced me, but it apparently influenced many other people who asked her to prom, including a boy confined to a wheelchair.
3. The music video for Taylor’s song, “*New Romantics*” begins with a voice over of Swift saying: “The fans are the best part of this tour.” This influenced me when I watched the video and I felt that since I was a fan of Taylor Swift, her appreciation for her fans extended outside of tours. I felt that she would be so happy and flattered to hear the story and the efforts of a disabled songwriter who toiled away on a song meant to make her happy; a song written ABOUT her.^[14]
4. In 2015, Taylor’s mom, Andrea, came down with cancer. For some odd reason, two girls in Utah

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made 1,989 paper cranes for Taylor and her mom. I'm still unsure what paper cranes are meant to do for a terminally ill person and still unsure what said person is supposed to do with one thousand nine hundred eighty-nine of them, but the Swifts were overjoyed and these two girls were able to meet Taylor backstage. This created a representation that if I did something unique for Taylor, it would be met with admiration. [15]

- 5. In 2013, a movie about Paul Potts, a winner on Britain's Got Talent, was released. Taylor Swift wrote and performed the theme song for the movie. In an exclusive interview to promote the movie, Taylor Swift stated: "The struggles and triumphs of someone who never stopped chasing what he was after really inspired me." Her statement not only influenced me, but it also inspired me to give all of my heart and talent with impressing her. Her statement created a representation that she would be open to my story of triumphs against the odds. [16]

Do you see the pattern I'm setting up here? Taylor Swift has made many misrepresentations that influenced me to act and those representations harmed me when I realized she didn't actually mean what she represented, whether she was just reading a script for the promotion of a movie or she felt like doing a publicity stunt for

somebody who was throwing a lavish wedding, but had no intention of doing anything else with any other person who wrote to her. Whatever the reason may be, Swift has a duty to not create misrepresentations. So what's a girl to do, you may think? How can Taylor Swift not lead people on? Well, that leads us to our next section.

Legal Ramifications

Realizing that not all of my readers have a legal education like I do, I'll try to make this section as coherent as possible. For starters, let's establish the United States' legal system. The legal system of the United States is referred to as a "common law" legal system which means that the courts and the practice of law is based upon precedent. [17] Precedent, not to be confused with the president [18], essentially means that lower courts must follow the rulings of higher courts. In the United States' legal system, there are three levels of courts: (1) district court/trial court, (2) appeals court and (3) the high court. Each of the 50 states have their own version of the three court system, as does the United States' federal government, with the United States Supreme Court being the highest court in the country. [19] So, as an example, if an appeals court says that it's unconstitutional (goes against the United States' Constitution) for a house to be built in the middle of a busy street intersection, a lower court must abide by that ruling, unless the lower court can show why it should disregard the appeals court's ruling. That's basically the low-down of precedent.

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Now we can continue on to celebrity misrepresentation liability.

You, my reader, may be thinking, "There's no precedent that says Taylor Swift can't say or do what she wants." I care to disagree. Let me explain. There are two types of precedent: *mandatory* and *persuasive authority*. With mandatory authority (from the Supreme Court, direct appeals courts), lower courts and agencies, etc, must follow the rulings. With persuasive authority (different appeals courts in different jurisdictions; agency rulings and policy settings), lower courts aren't bound to follow, but they can choose to if so persuaded. When it comes to persuasive authority and precedent, courts like to look for a "robust consensus" of said precedent.^[20] Courts want to see that there is a lot of argument towards allowing the persuasion. The majority of my arguments against Taylor Swift and for her liability are admittedly only persuasive authority, but there is a robust consensus with what I argue. The *Federal Trade Commission* is my saving grace and makes my seemingly insane comments sane.

The Federal Trade Commission (abbreviated "FTC") was established in 1914 by President Woodrow Wilson. The FTC's sole purpose is to protect the little guys like you and me. Since the 1930s and earlier, the FTC has been cracking down on misrepresentations.^[21] A lot of these misrepresentations have had to do with celebrities and public figures misrepresenting products they advertised and endorsed. For instance, in 1978, the FTC went after 1950s singer Pat Boone after he negligently endorsed acne medicine, saying that his daughters used it, when in fact they did not use the product. The FTC slammed Mr. Boone and said that he did not make a "reasonable

inquiry into the truthfulness" of his statements or of the product that he endorsed.^[22] In April 2017, the Federal Trade Commission sent out letters to 47 different celebrities, warning them about their use of their social media profiles containing potentially misleading representations. No, Taylor Swift was not on the list, but some of the celebrities included Sean Combs, Luke Bryan, Heidi Klum and 44 other big to small name celebrities.^[23] If anything, this is the knock out punch that shows celebrities can be held liable for their misrepresentations. This FTC precedent can extend from the endorsement of products to celebrities' publicity stunts.

Unfortunately, only the FTC can bring lawsuits against celebrity endorsers for their misrepresentations of products under the *Fair Trade Commission Act* or *15 U.S. Code § 41-57*, as the legislation does not allow private causes of action. But these arguments and cases do form persuasive authority against celebrities for one to sue in a regular court of law, under a *negligence* cause of action. As was seen in a few of the FTC cases, the FTC berated the celebrity endorsers for failing to provide disclosures and disclaimers with their social media posts and the products that they advertised. A person that felt wronged and misguided by a celebrity for their misrepresentation (like moi), could easily cite these cases as persuasive authority. While they couldn't argue anything under the FTC laws to find the celebrity liable, they could argue that the celebrity, or in my case: Taylor Swift, failed to provide adequate disclaimers that her publicity stunts did not create invitations to encourage others to invest time and money into impressing her because how was I supposed to know without any

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warnings? Blame the whole "Celebrity Worship Disorder" thing. And if you're wondering: no, I did not have a shrine of Taylor Swift -- I did have a trophy room of her, though. I'M KIDDING!

A "Duty to Warn"; a "Failure to Warn"; however you want to word it, is indeed a cause of action that many people sue under in the courtroom for many different things. Since we are comparing a celebrity's right to publicity as a piece of property, one could easily cite property law. As is common knowledge, property owners can be held liable if they fail to warn of potential hazards on their property. That's why many homes have different signs that say: "Beware of Dog"; "24 Hour Surveillance"; "Alligators and Snakes in Area"; "No Lifeguard on Duty" for the homes with pools. The same kind of risks and harms could befall a follower of a celebrity relying on said celebrity's intellectual property -- like this book's author relied on Swift and her image.

As I explained earlier, there are many sociological and mental effects that celebrity influences can have on a person, so that would be another reason for a celebrity to be urged to warn of any dangers her influence and her stunts may have on a person. In the psychological and psychiatry community, psychologists have a duty to warn the police and others if their patient is going to harm himself or others. [24] A California Supreme Court case highlighted the importance of the duty that counselors have to protect society, with Justice Matthew O. Tobriner writing: "...We conclude that the public policy favoring protection of the confidential character of patient-psychotherapist communications must yield to the extent to which disclosure is

essential to avert danger to others. The protective privilege ends where the public peril begins." In comparison, while Taylor Swift and other celebrities may enjoy the right of being able to sway and create publicity stunts, that privilege must be checked with a balance of a disclaimer to protect the public from potential peril stemming from celebrity influence. Said perils could include possible suicides stemming from disappointment or mass hysteria, as seen with Orson Welles and the "War of the Worlds" radio broadcast. To be fair, Welles did give a disclaimer at the beginning of his broadcast, but it apparently wasn't enough. Go see the video of the girl crying over Justin Bieber if you don't believe that celebrities have mental effects on the public.

It's not an uncommon thing for the entertainment industry to have disclosures. At the end of movies that have animals doing stunts, there are usually disclaimers saying, "No animals were harmed during the production of this movie", and those disclaimers have a PETA stamp of approval to validate their authenticity. This is the movie studio's way of avoiding animal cruelty lawsuits. In other instances, disclaimers will be at the end of movies denying that the events were based on any real people or situations. This is commonly known as an "All Persons Fictitious" disclaimer which was actually created in response to a libel lawsuit from 1932. [25] Such a disclaimer is the production company's form of due diligence to show that they have taken all precautions possible to avoid libel. So it's not far-fetched for celebrities to have disclaimers and disclosures with their publicity stunts. In fact, with everything explained in this chapter, Taylor Swift

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and other celebrities would be wise to have them, in the form of the "Not All Buyers Will Qualify" disclaimers.

Lastly, people often scoff and argue that one (Taylor Swift) must be in a contract with another to be found liable for any damage she inflicts on another or that the damage must be direct physical damage like an assault or a car wreck. Not true. The law is no stranger to harms suffered by "third persons". In fact, since 1789, courts have held that those who make misrepresentations can be held liable for the damages inflicted on third persons, as was illustrated in an English case of a man being found liable for deceit because his misrepresentations influenced a person he never meant to influence.

[26] Negligent statements published and carried in the media have found misrepresenters liable when they influence a class or group of people. [27] Fans and followers of Taylor Swift would constitute as a group of people, as she is directly influencing them; they follow Swift's words, moves and actions. A Metallica fan would probably not be a fan of Taylor Swift, so Swift's disclosures would not need to apply to him or her.

One court case that particularly reinforces this chapter was a case that came out of California in the 1960s. A woman was reading through a catalog magazine and saw a stamp of approval for a certain pair of shoes. When the lady bought the shoes, though, they were actually defective and she fell and hurt herself. The court ruled that because the publisher had independently placed its stamp of approval on the shoes, it showed that it had a chance to discover the truth of whether the shoes were defective or not. The court also held that

because the stamp was meant to attract customers, the magazine should have known that customers would rely on the representation, writing, "Hearst ... placed itself in the position where public policy imposes upon it the duty to use ordinary care in the issuance of its seal ... so that members of the consuming public who rely on its endorsement are not unreasonably exposed to the risk of harm." [28] Further, the court held that no privity of contract was required, based on the position of trust and influence the publication had on the public. This case has been cited in many different courts in many different jurisdictions involving many different situations. Dozens, if not hundreds, of other cases have been ruled on throughout the years since this case and they have all come to the same conclusion: persons or companies or products who give misrepresentations to third persons, even if they are not in a contract with those persons, and who are in influential positions, can be held liable for their misrepresentations.

In comparison to the Hanberry case and the other cases that followed it, Taylor Swift is in a position where public policy (society's expectations) dictates she uses careful judgement and disclaimers with her publicity stunts and statements. After all, she is, in a way, placing her "stamp of approval" on the publicity stunts and social causes and wedding crashes she partakes in. It's not like she's unaware of what she's doing. Taylor isn't clueless to the fact that she's loved and adored by millions. She knows she's sought after. The liability is on her hands for any misrepresentations that she gives that leads to harm. Some say, "Don't sweat the small stuff." Well, when a

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celebrity has the power to cause a person to invest thousands of dollars into impressing him or her because of their being a celebrity, said celebrity should definitely sweat the small stuff.

I realize that there is much more to a lawsuit than I have explained, so this chapter was just a cursory glance at celebrity liability for their misrepresentations. I only touched the "tip of the iceberg", if you will, to demonstrate how Taylor Swift could be held liable if I were to sue her again in federal court -- which I almost did. But the takeaway from this chapter is: celebs, be less careless and more cautious with your publicity stunts. You have no idea how much you influence the public.

CHAPTER 2

Russell Greer: the Man, the Myth, the Legend

"Who's Russell Greer?" the heavysset jail Warden for the Uinta County jail system asked aloud, studying a clipboard that contained all of my documentation.

"That man over there," an assistant jailor stated, pointing at me. The Warden came over and studied me: 18 years old, dressed in orange jail clothes, restrained in handcuffs that connected to a belly chain and a newly charged inmate.

"You're a little young to be facing a felony," the Warden sternly said as he studied me. What a sight I must have been to that Warden: a prisoner with a facial paralysis. I could barely speak because I was so afraid. I nodded my head. He gave me a long, hard examination and then turned away. The Warden and the assistant continued talking about my alleged crime (and I say "alleged" because it was anything, but a crime). My "crime" was a high school senior prank that went terribly wrong. My brain had gone on "stupid mode" when I did the prank that would lead to my eventual arrest. I shuddered as flashbacks of me committing the prank ran through my mind. Like a track stuck on "repeat", the Warden's question continued to echo

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inside my head and caused me to reflect on my life: WHO IS Russell Greer?

Just weeks before, I had been on the student council and the National Honor Society. I was a Senior at Evanston, Wyoming High School. Though I was a nice guy, my school years had been plagued with misunderstandings and other struggles experienced by a young man with a facial disability termed, "*Moebious Syndrome*"^[29]. For the sake of addressing and clearing the "elephant from the room", my disability (which is a disability as defined by the *Americans with Disabilities Act*, as it hinders two or more life functions) isn't the result of having large teeth or having something wrong with my lips or jaw. Contrary to the common assumption, my disability also isn't the result of a car crash or some other accident, though, that would make explaining my disability a lot more interesting. I like to think of how cool it would be to be a war veteran and explain: "The reason I look funny is because I was carrying twenty guys on my shoulder over in Iraq and then a fly landed on my nose which caused me to sneeze. Naturally, with twenty wounded guys slumped over me, I lost my balance and fell face first on a landmine. Who needs a Purple Heart? I got the deformity to show it!"

Sadly, I'm no war hero. I was born this way. Boring, huh? I mean, if I'm going to be walking around like this, I need a cool story to explain to the sightseers. Luckily, I can be happy that my disability isn't progressive, which thankfully means in twenty years, my face won't be shaped like a toolbox. I can only imagine all of the doorways my face would get stuck in if it suddenly progressed and grew to the

shape of a 6x8 toolbox. That would not be fun! In all seriousness, my face is the way it is because I'm missing the 7th cranial nerve muscles in my face. Bad luck of the draw, I guess?



Photo Credit: Russell Greer. In my eclipse glasses looking like a poser.

I've learned to love my life despite living with something so challenging. Because of my disability, eating and speaking can be difficult. When I talk, my "T's" sound like "C's"; my "V's" sound like "Z's"; "B's" become "G's"-- it's almost as if I'm speaking in an alien form of English. Pronouncing places and names can be especially difficult. I can't even pronounce my last name clearly. Since I have

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become so comfortable in my own skin, I like to think that I speak perfect English, and that when I speak, I have a Dean Martin voice going on and I sound like: "Taylor Swift is the coolest", in a studly way. I forget, though, that when a stranger hears me, they can hear: "Kaylor Zswift is the goolest." It can be frustrating. A lot of times, I have to repeat myself when I speak and make sure I speak slowly with enunciation.

Don't get me started on how I eat. People say it's rude to slurp your food. Well then, I must be the rudest person they've ever met because I naturally slurp my food. I have to tilt my head backwards when I drink or else my drink comes out of my mouth and stains my shirt. It's always hard to explain when I'm walking around with a giant yellow splash on a white shirt. Also, due to my disability, I drool randomly. It's embarrassing because when I drool, I'm not even looking at a freshly baked pizza or something that would cause an average person to salivate. It just happens at the most awkward times, like when I'm asking a girl out or when I'm talking to my boss. Whenever I begin to drool, I joke that I'm working on my Homer Simpson impression. Mmmm...doughnuts.

Continuing on with my high school flashback. Like any young, high school male, I had strived to be liked; to be popular. I was mostly kind to everybody and I made a habit of learning people's names and acknowledging them in the hallways. I had won awards in Speech and Debate (not bad for a guy who can't close his lips) and had been on student council all four years of high school. When I was a Junior in high school, I was "inducted" into the National Honor Society. On top of that, I was a janitor at Walmart which isn't a bad job for a high

school kid. I was walking on sunshine until I learned that I was a laughing stock.

The "Mr. Cool" image I thought I had was apparently all imagined, as I was told by several people that I was despised by many people for having a disability. To make matters worse, the girl I had liked all through high school, essentially told me to hit the road; to get lost. I was so distressed. I didn't want to go to school anymore. I didn't want to live anymore. I attempted suicide, but was too afraid to go through with it. During lunch, I would eat in my car, not wanting to be with the other kids. I guess you could say I was having my "senior moment"; the moment where I was entering adulthood and didn't know who or what I wanted to become. I had seen counselors and therapists all through my young adult years to cope with my depression and anxiety, but I had stopped seeing them because I was a headstrong, albeit foolish, young man who thought that he didn't need people telling him how to think or to feel.

Aside from my personal emotional problems, my relationship with my family was sour. When a young Mormon boy turns 19, he is expected to serve a religious mission for two years – as a sort of "Duty to God". I was on the rocks about Mormonism and religion in general. My parents were expecting me to go. Whenever I resisted or told them that a mission wasn't for me, shouting matches would always erupt between my parents and me. My parents had read somewhere that if my tonsils were removed, I would behave better, and so a surgery was scheduled for December 19th, 2009. All this turmoil contributed to my actions of what I did on the fateful day of December 3rd, 2009.

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Since high school had become unbearable, I would frequently excuse myself to take prolonged restroom breaks to control my anxiety with deep breaths and to clear my mind. On the 3rd of December 2009, as I was taking one of my breaks, my cell phone buzzed. I had received a text message from the student council president reminding me of the Christmas assembly on the 19th that I was supposed to help out at since I was on student council. I scoffed. "I won't be here," I said to myself as I put the phone in my pocket. I then felt it. I felt the thing that would change my life forever: a pen. Senior pranks were a huge thing at my high school. It was a rite of passage; almost a graduation requirement to pull a prank. A horrible prank came to mind: "what if I pretend there's going to be something bad happening on the day I'm in surgery?" In my stupid mindset, I somehow thought that this was a good idea. I pulled the cap off the pen and began to write words I wish to never repeat; to never think about on the bathroom wall. I left the bathroom, but stopped, thinking about what I had written; urging myself to go back, seeing the video camera filming me outside of the bathroom. For some dumb reason, though, I returned to class and shrugged it off.

After school, as I drove my slowly falling apart 1995 Bonneville Pontiac away, I saw more police cars parked at the school than there usually were. The prank worked. Surely, school would be shut down early and everybody would have a longer Christmas break. I would be a hero, though, I hoped I wouldn't be apprehended by the police. The weekend came and nothing happened. It wasn't until Monday, when the school week started again, that there were rumors of a hit list. "My

sister won't come to school," I overheard one girl terrifyingly say.

"I heard this person wants to kill ten people," another student said in the hallway.

Now I became confused. I never wrote a hit list or named any specific people. I just simply said a disaster was going to happen on December 19th. I soon felt sick to my stomach. This was not what I wanted at all. I just wanted school cancelled early for everybody. In my mind, I thought what I did was harmless. It was just words with no plan or anything. It was morbidly funny because I wouldn't even be at school the day of the "planned" disaster. My words backfired. There were no signs of school being cancelled either. Before I knew it, the school police officer, Chet, crept up on me and put his hand on my back during my Geometry class. "Come with me," the officer said in a deep, commanding voice. The entire classroom gasped as I was led away. I felt lower than dirt.

As Chet and another officer interrogated me inside of a conference room of the administration section of the school, a crowd of students began forming outside of the offices, cellphones ready to record "the terrorist". "You're a good kid," Chet said to me, after I had confessed to everything. "You're always involved in school activities and you play the piano so well. We'll try to get you off without any charges." Unfortunately, the District Attorney of Evanston, the school superintendent and the police chief thought that I was indeed a terrorist. My mother and I sat outside of the conference room as these three men and Chet discussed my fate. After what felt like an eternity of waiting, the leaders of the city filed out of the conference room,

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glaring at me. Chet beckoned my mother and I into the room. "Mr. Greer," Chet said very slowly, in a painful voice. "I'm so sorry, but can you please put your hands behind your back. You're under arrest."

My whole world suddenly stopped. Everything was in a haze as I turned around with my hands behind my back. My mother began sobbing. Chet led me out of the conference room in handcuffs. As he led me away to his police car, we passed the crowd of students who began taking pictures with their phones. Before I knew it, I was sitting in a small, concrete jail cell that had a bed and a metal toilet and sink, thinking that all was lost. I later learned that two other kids had seen what I had written on the wall and they thought it would be funny to create a kill list that went along with what I had written. They listed people that I had never even met or even heard of. In a twist of irony, these kids were never arrested for what they did. It was a giant nightmare that wouldn't end.

If you've never been to jail, don't go. It's a scary, mean, miserable place. I was fortunate enough to have had nice inmates in my "pod" (Pod A), which is the name of the common area that holds up to ten prisoners. In the other pods, there were inmates who allegedly were "gunning" for me. They wanted to hurt me because I was a "terrorist" and because I looked different. I had already had one incident of a man in the fitness area who tried attacking me for simply nodding at him in an acknowledging way. Because of that incident, I stayed in my pod and watched TV.

"Greer," a guard said as he paged me through the intercom of my jail cell. "You've got a visitor." I quickly stood up and waited for the electronic jail door to slide open, to let me out. I then was escorted by

a jail guard to the visiting area. As I entered the visiting area, which was a large room that had bulletproof glass separating inmate and visitor, I saw who my visitor was: my sister Alison. She looked depressed upon seeing me. I was embarrassed to see her. Slowly, I approached a seat to sit across from her and I picked up the phone to talk to her through the glass.

"Alison," I said. "I'm so sorry if I have put you through anything." Alison, being a year younger than me, was enrolled at the same school I was at and endured harassment for what her "terrorist" brother did.

"Russ, I want you to know that I love you," my sister said as she sobbed. We talked for about twenty minutes before the monitoring guard cut into our conversation.

"You've got two minutes left," the guard said over the phone.

"Well, it's nice seeing you," I awkwardly quipped.

"Before you go, I want to repeat the lyrics of a song to you. It's by a new rising artist named Taylor Swift," my sister said.

"Oooh, Taylor," I teased, having never heard of the artist before. "Is *he* your new crush?"

"Taylor is the name of a girl, Russ," my sister said blankly.

"Oh," I replied.

"She has a new song called, '15'. The lyrics go: 'And when you're 15, don't forget to look before you fall. I've found that time can heal most anything. And you just might find who you're supposed to be. I didn't know who I was supposed to be at 15,'" my sister recited. "Russ, you can make it through this. Mom and dad have hired a good lawyer for you. You're only 18. You can figure out who you are and where you want to go in life. Don't give up." My sister and I said our goodbyes

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and then I was escorted back to my jail cell.

Back in Pod A, the inmates were watching the TV hooked up to the wall. As I made my way up to my cell on the balcony, I glanced at what they were watching: the music channel *VH1*. The channel was playing the Top 40 music videos of the year 2009. The next music video they played was for the artist whom my sister admired and whom she just had told me about: Taylor Swift. The music video for Taylor's song, "*You Belong with Me*" played on the TV. All of the inmates began to holler and hoot at Taylor. "Take off those glasses, bay-bee!" one of the inmates hollered. I didn't say anything, as I was in a trance upon seeing Taylor Swift -- *thee* Taylor Swift: my sister's hero. All of my misery and seemingly impending doom faded away as I watched her on the TV. She seemed so perfect in every move she made; she seemed to have a light in her eyes. Her voice was angelic. Some people go to jail and find God. For me, I went to jail and found Taylor Swift.

Things started to look up in my life after I had witnessed the incredibility of Taylor Swift. Her songs became the soundtrack of my life that helped get me through my darkest days. With the skill of a good lawyer, my stay in jail was only two weeks long. The Court wanted me held in the jail until after the 19th to ensure that no disasters would happen. Three months after that, the felony charge was suddenly dismissed by the judge with no apparent explanation. In addition, I had enough credits to graduate high school early and so I was given my diploma and asked never to step a foot back at the high school ever again which was fine by me. Luckily, my employer held

my job for me too. I was a free man once again. No convictions were ever ruled on me, though, I was left with a tarnished reputation. Those who were once my friends, steered clear of me. That was probably the only good thing the whole ordeal brought me: it showed me who my true friends were. While I was still figuring out who I was supposed to be, one thing was clear: I needed to get out of small-minded Evanston, Wyoming. Before I knew it, I was enrolled at a college in Salt Lake City, Utah, with an eye towards becoming a paralegal, and never returned back to that judgmental town.

During my first semester of college in the summer of 2010, the Warden's question still followed me: "who is Russell Greer?" Sleepless nights plagued me as the question rattled around in my head. I was trying to forget about that brief, dark spot of my past. People in Evanston still thought of me as a terrorist. I had a sense of guilt for what I had done. My parents still wanted me to go on a mission. They threatened to withhold funding for college if I didn't go. Valuing my education and wanting to get rid of my past, I felt that a mission would help me discover the answer to the question: "who is Russell Greer?". Before I knew it, the headquarters of the Mormon church^[30] sent me a letter in the winter of 2011 and "ordered" me to go and become an American Sign Language/English missionary in Mesa, Arizona. I was sure to find myself there.

Flash forward a year and a half later. "You Mormon bastards!" a drunk old man shouted, firing his shotgun into the warm, night-time, Arizona sky. "Get off of my property before you end up dead!" My mission companion and I had simply knocked on his door to share

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our message with him. We did not expect this. Scared for our lives, we ran away through his weedy, unkept yard. My companion tripped and fell, muddying his white, button up shirt. I hurried and lifted him up and we continued running for our lives. After we got a safe distance away, we stopped to catch our breath.

"This is bullshit, man," I told my companion as I breathed deeply. "I didn't sign up for this."

"Elder Greer," my companion told me. "The Lord is blessing us for this."

"Blessing us how?" I retorted. "We could have got killed back there."

"The Apostles in the New Testament had stones thrown at them," my companion tried reassuring me. I rolled my eyes at him.

"Look, Elder, I only came on a mission to find myself and to make my family happy. I've given my family a false impression that I'm doing some sort of good out here, but I still haven't found myself," I explained as I paced back and forth. "I should be in college right now; I want to be a screenwriter and a songwriter, but instead, I have to devote every waking moment to some crap that I don't even think is true!"

"It is true!" my companion argued with me.

"The Baptists say their religion is the true church. The Jews, the Muslims, they all say the same thing: they have the truth," I argued back. "I haven't found any truth; the only truth I have found is that this isn't the path for me."

"So what do you want to do?" my companion asked in a serious manner.

"I wanna go home," I said yearningly. "I just want to be a regular person again."

My companion understood my plight and so he called the mission president. In all honesty, three months into my mission, I decided a mission wasn't what I was supposed to do. I tried to escape the mission on a Greyhound bus, but ended up getting caught by my mission president. Through brainwashing and extortion, the mission president and my family held me on the mission under duress. I saw modest success with converting people to the church, but it didn't make me happy. I couldn't teach a lesson without almost busting up laughing at what I was saying. It almost felt like I was in jail all over again. Mormon missionaries are required to abide by a strict schedule and strict rules: no electronics, no communication with loved ones, no staying up-to-date with current affairs. How I managed to stay on the mission for 21 months was anyone's guess. As we drove to the office of the mission president, I turned on the radio. Though we weren't allowed to listen to music, my companion let me. The disc jockey had finished playing Taylor Swift's song, "Mean". "That Taylor Swift, what a dame!" the disc jockey said coolly. "She's in the news again, this time helping a bullying victim out." As I listened to the disc jockey, I remembered seeing Taylor Swift on the jail TV. She really did seem like a great person. It seemed that Taylor had always been there through the hardest parts of my life with her music. I guess that's why she would mean so much to me.

Two years later, in 2014, I was back in college. I was a full-time student and held two part time jobs. I only had a few semesters left of college and then I would start looking for work in my career field of

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law, but I wasn't satisfied that I was on the path of discovering who I was. I continued to have a longing for the entertainment industry. I had had a taste for the theatrics ever since I was a kid. Ever since I was young, I had been playing some sort of instrument. While I was physically limited in expressing myself, music helped me convey my inner emotions. Writing has also always been one of my strengths and has helped me express myself. I had been writing so many stories for so long, that I forget when I even started writing creatively.

Because of my disability, my path to the entertainment industry has been hard. While I can write and pitch my stories easily, recording my music has been hard since I can't clearly express myself, and finding people to read music is next to impossible. For instance, several times in college, I had formed small music groups (quasi-bands), but it never really went anywhere just because nobody understood my vision nor could they read music. Other times, I found people who understood me, but they wanted to rewrite my songs from pop-rock to soft "cheesy" rock. At times, I felt sick to my stomach because I knew I had gifts that I needed to share with the world, but I didn't know how to express my talents. I had auditioned for the TV show, *"America's Got Talent"* and did a very unique act: a variety act about overcoming disabilities. Sadly, the casting call judges passed me up because of my disability, per conversations with executives of the production company for the show. [\[31\]](#)

While I was on my break at my night job, a janitorial job at the college, I pulled up Google News on my iPod and the top trending story was of Taylor Swift who had accepted four prom dates back to

back. Apparently, three of the boys saw one of the boys ask her, so it inspired the other three to ask her. It was such an odd yet fascinating article. Inspiration hit me as I read through the article and a plan began to formulate in my head: what if I could stand out and impress Taylor Swift? From what I could find, these boys had done minor things to go to prom with Taylor. I could do something ten times better. I wasn't just trying to flatter her. Ever since I saw her music video, I had purchased all of her albums and would listen to them until 1 AM at my night job. I wanted to thank her for her music by doing something special for her.

I remembered seeing a *Pepsi* commercial that had Taylor Swift writing music on sheet paper. Surely, she could help my ideas come to life, but I would have to be head and shoulders above everybody else if this were to work. It would have to be more than a cardboard shout out or an amateur video. With my little experience of trying to get into the entertainment industry, I was familiar with unsolicited policies. I imagined that she probably had unsolicited policies in place, so I couldn't send her a song for her to use or to consider. There seemed to be an exception to that rule: what if I sent her a fan made song that just talked about how awesome she was? As a sort of gift? I had seen her showcase and accept gifts before via her Twitter account. The musical gift would be so unique that she would be flattered by it, and also at the same time, it would show my music talent. It was then and there, on that summer night in 2014, that I decided I was going to impress and win over Taylor Swift. With Taylor Swift, the Warden's question could finally be resolved, as acceptance by a celebrity would give me a sense of purpose and meaning.

CHAPTER 3

The Winner Gets Taylor

It was a long drive, but the Swift family^[32] had finally arrived at their new home: a nearly one million dollar priced, lakefront house in a suburb of Nashville, Tennessee^[33], after having left their old home in Pennsylvania. Scott and Andrea Swift, the parents, unloaded their U-Haul. Their oldest child and only daughter, Taylor, a 14 year old blonde, stepped out of the family SUV and surveyed her new home. Scott, a banker, had just made the largest gamble of his life: he had invested everything on furthering his young teenage daughter's musical career. Neither of them would know it then, but Taylor would go on to become bigger than the Beatles. That's huge, considering that John Lennon once said that his band was more popular than Jesus Christ himself.^[34]

Taylor Swift could do no wrong, it seemed. Album after album, song after song, produced hit after hit. While her music always charted at the top of the charts and broke records and garnered all kinds of awards, one thing never stuck: her love life. It seemed that Taylor was photographed with a new male friend weekly. Swift went through so many relationships that she began to be the butt of running jokes. When you're famous like her, you get to play the field

and be picky. Then in 2014, Swift began a serious relationship with music deejay Calvin Harris. Gossip magazines and the news followed their every move. It seemed that Calvin was destined to be "Mr. Taylor Swift". Unsurprisingly, in 2016, their relationship ended after 15 months. According to some accounts, their relationship crashed and burned.^[35]

The latest issue of *People* magazine's cover displayed it all on the rack of the grocery store checkout stand. I stared at the cover of the magazine in awe. It had been two years since I began my quest of wooing Taylor Swift. A lot had happened in my life since that night I was inspired to reach out to Taylor. I had graduated from college and did two internships as a paralegal: one at the city courthouse where I helped with divorces; the other was at the Attorney General's Office. Two months after graduating with my paralegal degree, I was offered a job in an intellectual property law firm. I was excited to work in a law firm because I would finally have enough money to produce the song about Taylor Swift. Before this law firm had offered me a job, I had spent months interviewing at different firms, while working two part time jobs, and had been rejected because lawyers feared my disability hindered my ability to do the job. Job discrimination is real and it stings like a bee.

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Photo Credit: Russell Greer. Graduating college.

Right before the job offer, I had started a GoFundMe and only raised 150 dollars out of my goal of two thousand dollars. It was a letdown because I produced a video for the fundraiser and put so much effort into raising money. With my financial goal not met, it was up to me to raise that money. Surprisingly, once I made my efforts public of wanting to woo Taylor Swift, I was met with hate and scoffing. Internet trolls would message me or leave comments on my pages and tell me: "You're too ugly for Taylor." Other messages would say: "Why are you so special to want her attention?". The worst

messages consisted of suggestions that I should give up and "kill yourself". Even some of my "friends" laughed at the idea of me getting her attention. Those messages hurt me so much. They were random and unprovoked, but they invigorated me and emboldened me to get this song to Taylor. It wasn't just the song I wanted Taylor to have – it was my story of trying to discover myself and trying to rise above my disability. I knew, based on her past publicity stunts, that she would like my song and be inspired by my story. There was never a doubt in my mind that this wouldn't work out because I relied on her representations that all I had to do was stand out and she would help me.

(Photo of yours truly on the next page -- too big of a stud to fit in this small "blank space". Taylor Swift reference.)



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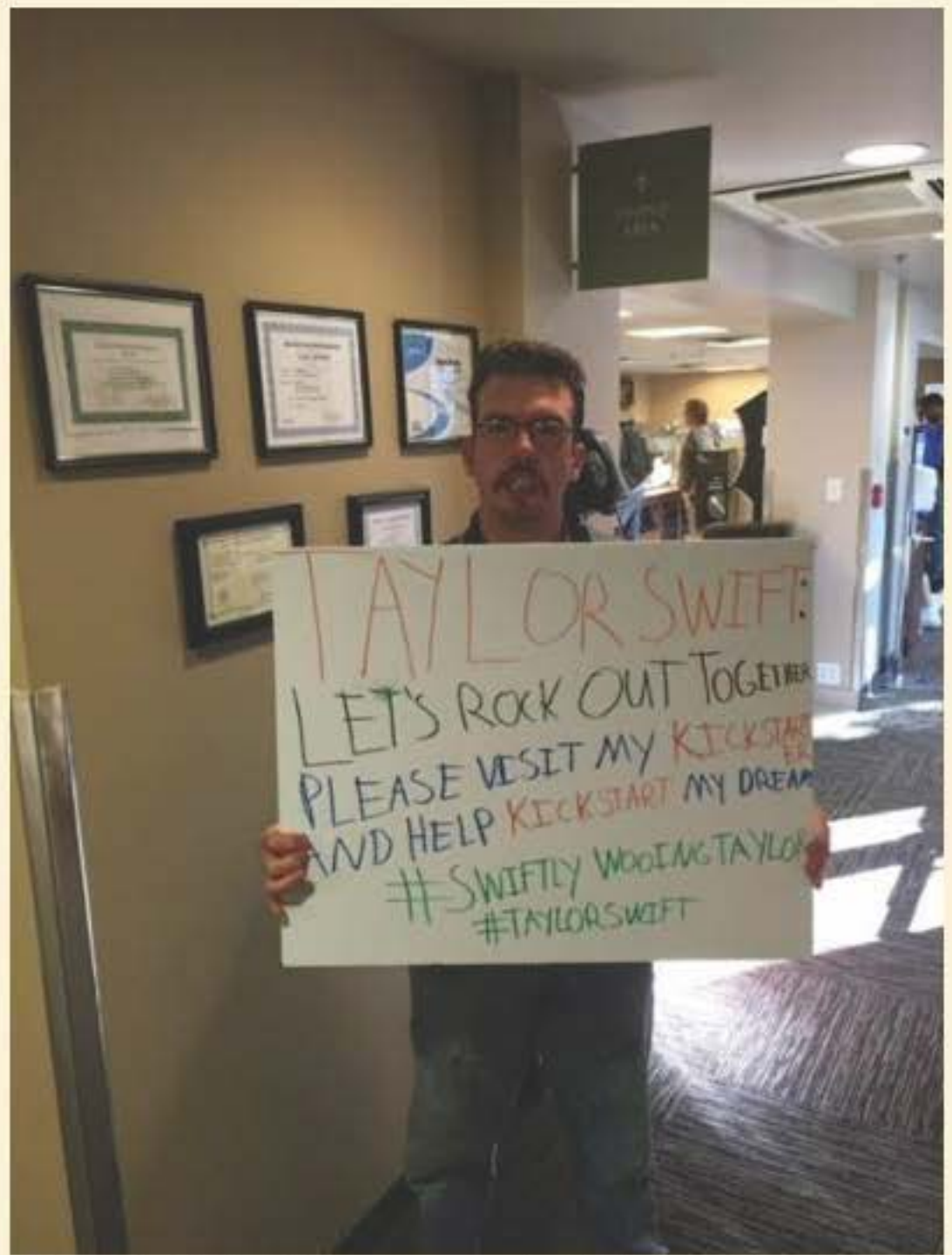


Photo Credit: Russell Greer. I was so optimistic that I would win her over.

Mid-November of 2015 seemingly blew a hole in my dreams, though. The manager of my law firm called me into her office and fired me, displeased with my focus on Taylor Swift. I was crushed. I had worked so hard for that job and for my education and I was let go after being on the job for only a month. It was right before the Holidays too and I was forced to work in janitorial all over again, as no firms were hiring. I went home the night I was fired and looked at a picture of Taylor on my phone and began to cry. "Taylor," I said tearfully. "I am so sorry if you never hear my efforts and story." I didn't think I would have enough money to produce music and live, just on the paycheck of a janitor.

As I mopped the floors of the places I worked at, new music and words began to flow through my head as I worked. I had read up on the life of Taylor Swift and read how she had to do her last year of high school at home because of bullies. I compared my hardships to Taylor's hardships. I truly understood her. "I get you, Taylor," I said as I cleaned a toilet, thinking about her struggles. The song revolved around how "I Get You", which was the title of the song. I would scrub and work as the song came together in my mind. To be clever, I would use the title of some of her songs in my lyrics, to show that I was actually a fan and not some random guy.

A quick, yet steady, pop/rock beat formed in my head as a piano and guitars played the melody and rhythm of the song. "Can't imagine being 15," I sang as I worked. "And waiting for Romeo on that *White Horse*, making you believe it was a *Love Story*." Customers and co-workers must have thought I was crazy when they saw me air guitaring with my mop, but I didn't care. I had found the thing that

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would win Taylor Swift over. Each night when I got done with work, I would hurry home and play the music in my head, out on my electronic keyboard and then I would compose the music on a music notation software program. It was a long, tedious, difficult process that took a lot of time and concentration, but I imagined how happy Taylor would be when she heard it. I could imagine the kisses and the hugs and the laughs her and I would share with each other. I would be the best guy she had ever met. To boot, I would have an inspiring story about not letting my disability or bullies stop me.

Photo Credit: Russell Greer. Sample image of the song that was meant to win Taylor Swift over.

“Sir,” the cashier said to me, awaking me from my flashback of how I created the song. “May I ring up your items?”

“Uh, yes,” I sheepishly responded, placing my items on the checkout stand. “Sorry about that.” As the cashier rang up my items, I studied the magazine announcing Swift’s breakup. I knew that right then was my time to make my move and produce my written song. I was gainfully employed with an insurance company and so I could afford to record the song, though, I was unsure as to where I would produce my song and who would produce it. I didn’t have home recording equipment because it never made sense with my disability, nor was my living situation large enough to accommodate that. All I had was an electric piano and my music notation software.

I Get You
(Song for Taylor Swift)

Russ Greer Russ Greer

The image shows a snippet of musical notation for the song 'I Get You'. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a 'Voice' staff with a whole rest and a 'Piano' staff with a melody. The second system has a 'Vo.' staff with a whole rest and a 'Pno.' staff with a melody. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Scrolling through the Google search results of “Utah music studios”, I contacted each studio that fit what I was looking for: a studio that had session musicians and singers. But when I explained what my project was and who it was about and for, I was either ignored or laughed at. Some owners quoted prices higher than what they listed because of what my project was. “Obviously, this isn’t going to work out,” I said to myself, as I began to stress out. As a side note, when I get stressed, I talk to myself. I didn’t have much time, as I thought she would get with a new boyfriend soon and I wanted to have a chance at her while she was single. A stroke of inspiration then hit me: “What if I hire somebody outside of Utah?” For at least an hour, I searched through ads of small music producers. Each ad

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proclaimed: "We're the best!" or "Good Quality for Good Demos."
An ad soon caught my eye: "Internationally famous; famously cheap." The ad was for a music studio called, "Songcat Studios". The website was beautifully designed, which featured pictures of the studio based in New York. The prices for demo production were inexpensive. On the upper right-hand side of the screen was a section that contained the reviews. "Songcat is excellent!" raved "John".
"I now have an offer from a major record label thanks to Songcat," a "Mary in Indiana" wrote.
"Five stars! And if I had four thumbs, I would give them a four thumbs up," "Gary" wrote enthusiastically. I was hooked. I listened to their demo samples and they sounded OK. They weren't the best, but time was of the essence. I didn't have time to be picky. For all I knew, Calvin Harris could come crawling back to Taylor. I could not let that happen. All of the other ads I had listened to didn't yield any good demo samples. I soon contacted Chris, the producer for the studio, and before I knew it, a PayPal transaction had been made. I gave Songcat the sheet music, a rough mp3 of what the sheet music sounded like, a rough recording of me playing and singing the song on my piano and typed production notes. On the production notes, I instructed the producer to add flavor to the song. I was the happiest I had ever been in my life. My dreams were about to come true.
I could imagine Taylor sitting next to me in the backseat of an upper-class limo as we both listened to the song I had produced. A mini disco ball spun above us. In my imagination, I looked over and saw Taylor crying. I pulled out a hanky and wiped her tears. "Oh, Russell," Taylor cried. "This is the sweetest thing a guy has done for

me."
"Well, I...", I imagined I was too embarrassed to say anything, as I WAS sitting next to the most famous person in the world. And then I imagined Taylor looked at me with a seductive look. She bit her bottom lip as she leaned in towards me.
"You know what I wanna do, Russ?" Taylor Swift whispered to me.
I stuttered, trying to be cool. "My degree isn't in mind-reading, Taylor," I said bashfully. "I can certainly guess...."
"Let's have...." Taylor began.
My heart stopped.
"Ice cream," she finished her sentence with a devilish smile.
My heart picked up on its regular beat again. I regained my manliness and cleared my throat. "Rufus," I loudly called out to the limo driver in a hoarse voice. "Take us to the nearest Cold Stone."
"Yes, Sir," the elderly limo driver said in a British accent as he accelerated the limo to hyperdrive, recreating the Star Wars "warp speed" scene.
Yes, everything seemed to be on the right track to winning Taylor over. I was so anxious for the song to finish production, I would check my email ten times a day to see if the song had been delivered to my inbox. I thought of all the famous actors, singers, models and guys who were only famous because their grandfathers or relatives were famous (**cough cough: Eastwood son**) and to my knowledge, none of them had gone to the lengths I had gone to to stand out. They only used their celebrity status to get near Taylor. There was nothing appealing or real about those relationships. Sure, for all I knew, they

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were great guys, but they did nothing extraordinary like I had done. They probably just did their best Joey from *Friends* “How you doin’?” impression, and since they were A-listers or B-listers, Taylor fell head over heels for them. That’s what separated me from them, and I had confidence that the sincerity of my song and efforts and story would win Taylor over.

Then the notification came. I quickly jumped up and literally did a front flip over my bed and then logged onto my computer. Excitedly, I opened my inbox and there the email was, with the subject line reading: “Taylor Swift Song”. The butterflies were going crazy in my stomach, trying to get out. With a nervous hand, I guided my cursor to open the MP3 attachment and then the song began. My ears were burning with anticipation. The song played. After a minute and thirty seconds, the song ended and I sat in shock – and I don’t mean the good kind of shock, like a “walking on sunshine” shock feeling. “What the hell did I just listen to!?” I exclaimed. That kind of shock.

My fingers quickly dialed Chris’s number. I paced back and forth, fuming. “Russ,” Chris greeted.

“Chris, um...what the hell did I just listen to??” I said in my very best polite-angry tone.

“We just did what you wrote,” Chris replied carefreely.

“No, no,” I stammered with sternness. “That was not what I wrote. I even sent you rough audio recordings. That definitely was not what I wrote. I told you to add flavor and it sounds like flipping *Sesame Street*.”

“Wow, somebody’s not grateful,” Chris said in an annoyed tone.

“Let me remind you: there are no refunds or redos. We do as is.

Thanks, Russ”. And then Chris hung up. I stood holding my phone and knew that I had to go relieve my stress or else I was going to punch a wall.

Still upset from the song I spent so hard working on and that I paid for, I entered a local, downtown coffee joint on that Summer evening of 2016. When I get stressed, I eat doughnuts, and this joint had the best doughnuts in all of town. My favorite doughnuts, maple bars, sat in the glass display case, seemingly calling my name. As I was about to order, a hand slapped my shoulder. I turned and there stood a man I had not seen in a long time. “Russ Greer...” Ken Carter, a scruffy haired man in his mid-forties, greeted me. Ken was an attorney whom I had worked with when I interned at the Attorney General’s Office.

“Ken!” I said with surprise. “Oh my gosh. How are you?”

“I’m great, just got done with my favorite cup of Joe and read the paper,” Ken said.

“You still at the AG’s office?” I questioned.

“No, no, I’m in private practice again. Business law! That’s where the good money is!” Ken said with a wide smile. Ken was one of the greatest guys I had ever met. He was so affable.

“Well, I’m happy to hear,” I said shortly. Ken could tell I was upset.

“You look a little down,” Ken said frankly.

“Yeah, I spent a bunch of money making a song about Taylor Swift...” I began.

“Oh, T. Swiz! She’s the best,” Ken proclaimed.

“Isn’t she?” I agreed. “But the guy whom I paid to produce it kind

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of sucked. He advertised himself as the greatest and even had a bunch of reviews.”

“Dang, bro. You gotta watch out for those online scams,” Ken warned. “Can I listen to it?”

I pulled out my iPhone 6 and we both listened to the song Chris had sent me. Ken nodded his head as he listened to the song. “Interesting,” Ken said after the song ended. “I mean, it’s not the greatest, but it’s not terrible.”

“No, but it didn’t match my vision. And I just spent a bunch of money recording and will have to wait next month to hire somebody else with my paycheck,” I explained.

“If I were you,” Ken advised. “I would get the song that you paid for, your sheet music, anything else to show the effort you put in, and send it to Taylor. She’s such a sweet girl. I’m sure she will understand.” Ken was such a stud; he was so influential and wise. Some of my doubt had been lifted from my shoulders after hearing Ken’s words. Maybe I was overreacting. After all, people had sent Taylor pretty lousy, minor stuff. As an example, Taylor had posted pictures on Twitter of Subway cards sent to her that were only 15 dollars, so she would surely like a song written about her. But it wasn’t just the mediocre song I wanted her to have, it was my story of overcoming adversity; my story of wanting to be somebody; of trying to find who Russell Greer was.

Images of Calvin Harris covered in mud and filth, kneeling down in front of Taylor, hands clasped, begging for one more chance, flashed through my mind. Even worse: images of a rich, 70 year old billionaire in his fancy helicopter, picking up Taylor and whisking her

away to an island somewhere beyond the sunset, flashed through my mind. I had to hurry. I wasn’t confident in the song, but I was confident in Taylor Swift. The idea came to mind to put the song to a video with pictures of me, just so the song wouldn’t be so bland. With determination, I “Taylored” (play on words of the word “tailor”) away on the video. Unsure if I should do the voiceover for the video in my “alien English”, I was able to convince my oldest brother to do a thirty second blurb on who I was and why Taylor should give me the chance to consider my ambitions. After the video was completed, I felt so much more confident. This was foolproof and nothing would or could go wrong.



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CHAPTER 4

Dirty-Rotten-No-Good Agents

It was a glorious “site” to behold. Before any “Grammar Nazis” execute me, I use the correct homonym when using the word “site”, and not “sight” [*and I wouldn’t dare use the word “cite” in this context. Sorry, just my tongue-in-cheek humor*], because I was indeed looking at the Taylor Swift **website** which contained Taylor’s managers’ contact information. I felt like Indiana Jones, in a way, staring at the statue of the “gold monkey” I was about to steal, having already made it past the booby traps and poison arrows. The contact information looked so beautiful that I almost cried. Taylor’s agents’ names, Jay and Robert, seemed to illuminate with holiness. I did a mock Catholic prayer, as they were almost like Saints whose likenesses needed to be revered.

As a working professional, I knew that the proper way to make contact with an important person or place was to go through the designated representatives. As tempting as it was, I wanted to avoid directly contacting Taylor herself, as I didn’t want to come across as a stalker. Quickly, I copied and pasted the agents’ info into separate emails, thinking that I needed to email them both, as I could imagine they might be inundated with emails. Again, I had to be quick on my

feet if I wanted to make a good first impression. In the email to Jay, I used the subject line, “Don’t Have the Loki Looks, But I Do Have the Music Hooks”. She was seeing actor Tom Hiddleston at the time, to my frustration, and so I included that to show I was in the “know” about Taylor. Also, I had to throw in a little rhyme. I’m a poet and you know it.

This is part of the email I sent Jay (on next page):



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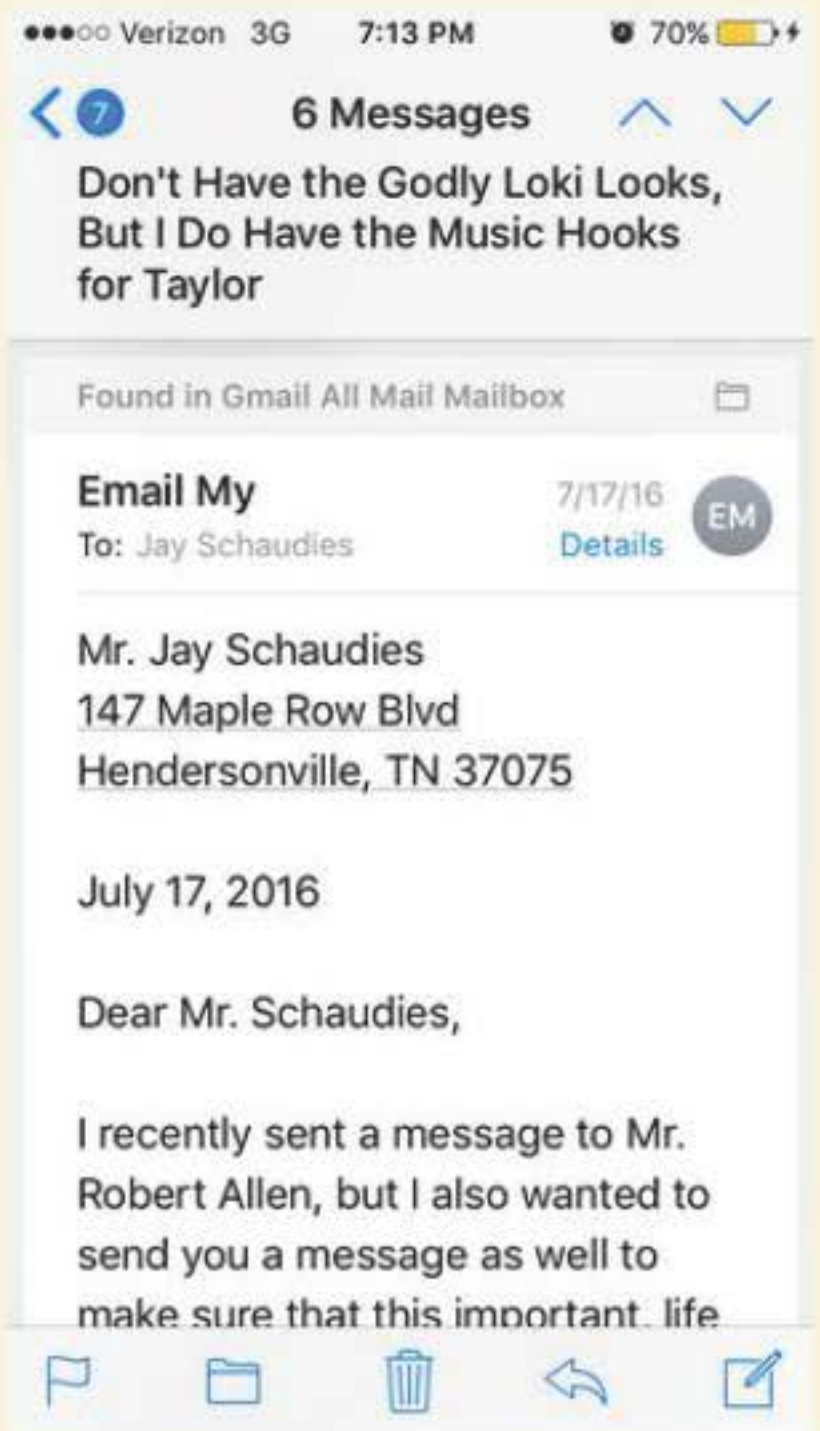


Photo Credit: Russell Greer's Email Inbox.

Anticipation killed me as I waited for a response from either of her agents. Sleep was impossible because all I could think about was what they would say, that was if they would reply at all. But it was their job to reply and forward unique correspondence to Taylor Swift. The job I worked at was with an insurance company as an assistant document clerk. When mail arrived from all over, I had to keep a log of what it was. Even if it was a bizarre solicitation, I had to note it in a detailed correspondence log and then I had to send it to the agents or people it was meant for. Obviously, some correspondence was given more priority than others with the company I worked at, but all correspondence was passed on.

Granted, Swift and her company probably received tons of correspondence, but I couldn't imagine it being THAT much mail because the information I had received on her small management company wasn't public information. I had had to pay for that information to get it on a well-established entertainment website. The average person wasn't going to go pay for that information, and if they were, I could only imagine a select few websites contained the correct information pertaining to her agents. Therefore, that reduced the number of people emailing them, and the correspondence they received was in all actuality much less than one might think. The ball was in their court now, so to speak.

It was on July 18th, 2016, a Monday, when my entire life would enter a new phase. At approximately 8:30 AM that day, Jay emailed me back. I almost had a heart attack upon seeing his name in my inbox. "It worked!" I exclaimed. I quickly left my work cubicle and

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went to the restroom where I could read what I assumed to be *thee* life-changing email that would propel my dreams. I imagined that I would soon bask in the sunlight with Taylor. With the stall door locked, I sat down on the porcelain, not actually using it, and confidently, like a white knight, opened up the email, ready to see an all expense paid trip to meet Taylor attached to my email, and that they had forward it to her, and they were all wanting me to come jam with her for the day and take her out to dinner. I opened the email and it read:



Photo Credit: Russell Greer's Inbox.

It was a double whammy. First, Chris and his fraudulent production company skewered the song I had spent so hard and long working on. Now, the agents metaphorically sucker punched me in the face. I read and re-read Jay's response. It was troubling because

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his response had nothing to do with the message I had sent him. I wasn't trying to send Taylor Swift an "unsolicited work", as Jay had called it. I was trying to send Taylor a musical gift. The email clearly explained what I was sending, as did the video that was attached to the email. Surely, there was a reasonable difference between the two and that's why I took his reply so personally. I reassessed the situation and the message and came to the conclusion that Jay had negligently read through the email. Heartbroken, but undeterred, I wrote a desperate reply and clarified what I was trying to send, as can be seen.

(Too studly for this blank space — picture on the next page)



Photo Credit: Russell Greer's inbox.

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While 400 dollars may not seem like a lot, the effort and the tears and the sweat and the blood and the energy amounted to hundreds of unpaid man-hours; of hours spent diligently working on something that was created based on her past acceptance of gifts. It seemed to be unfair to allow some gifts to be accepted and forwarded to her and not allow others. Even if the gifts were sent directly to her, and not through her agents, it seemed to be contradictory for her to open or post those gifts, based upon how Jay said, "**none of us** can or will accept unsolicited works", which seemed to include Taylor Swift. If Jay considered my musical gift to be an unsolicited work, then surely he also frowned upon other gifts, not necessarily songs, that would constitute "unsolicited works". His email was so vague and quick, it seemed confusing as to what he was referring to and if he understood what I was sending. Desperately, I emailed him a few times, responding to his message. Unfortunately, he didn't respond. Excuse my French, but he was being a lame ass.

The brief email conversation with Jay left me bitter. The rest of that summer of 2016 left me sick to my stomach because I had something that could flatter a person I cared about, but she wouldn't see it. Granted, the song wasn't the best because Chris was a fake music producer, but the video and my brother's voiceover made a huge difference. If Taylor saw my sheet music, at the very least, and saw how much effort I had put into drafting and composing the song, I knew she would be flattered. A reader might question how I knew she would be flattered. After all, one could reason, Taylor Swift is a human being with emotions and likes and dislikes, just like everybody else.. She could easily have disliked it. Agreed. Taylor easily could

have disliked it, but that's why I wanted her to have the song and my story so she could make that determination for herself. Even if it boiled down to it, I was fine with a, "Thanks, but no thanks" from her. In all fairness, Taylor made it seem like she was open to receiving unique gifts. All of the gifts sent to her pretty much sucked. A local news station had covered how two Utah girls made paper cranes for Taylor's mother, Andrea, when Andrea was battling cancer, and the girls sent the cranes to her mother. The girls ended up meeting Taylor for that, which was something very minor. The thought was nice, but it was minor what they did – a bit unsolicited too. Taylor didn't see it that way, though, and that is what gave me motivation and caused me to be persistent.^[36]

For those who don't know me, persistence is a character trait of mine. The fact is: I've been persistent my entire life. When I was born, my grandmother gave me the nickname, "Little Trooper" because I had been born against the odds with my disability. The *National Organization for Rare Disorders* has listed my disability amongst a group of rare diseases and disorders to which there is no cure. If large, non-profit organizations hold any weight with any reader reading this book, then it goes to show how challenging my disability is.^[37] The disability that I live with is so challenging, I wanted to have plastic surgery at 10 years old so that I could "look like everyone else". My parents agreed to my request to have surgery and so that entire year was defined by having doctors poke, prod, stab, sew, X-ray, MRI and electric shock me in the hopes that they could find the easiest way to fix me.

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There was a harsh reality facing the team of doctors, my parents and me, though: only a handful of those suffering with my disability had had successful surgeries. Dr. Morales, the Head Surgeon at Primary Children's Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah, had confidence that he could do the surgery flawlessly. His plan was to remove nerves and muscles from my back and then he would proceed to cut open my face and then transplant the back tissue into where my planned transplanted facial muscles were to go. After 8 hours in surgery, though, the doctors could not complete the task that they promised to do. In essence, I was their "deformed guinea pig". All that I received from that entire ordeal were nasty surgery scars. Through time, the scars faded and are now a souvenir of sorts; they are a harsh reminder that we can't physically change who we are. No amount of medicine or surgery can make a person beautiful. A person can only truly discover their beauty when they first learn to love their own body and skin. As cliched as that sounds, it's true.

Despite the difficulties that I live with, I keep fighting because I have discovered and grasped the beauty in me. Sometimes, I have lost hold of that beauty, but when I have found it, that beauty has given me a desire to live; to eat; to drink; to do the things that are difficult for me to do. This fight in me has extended to a desire to make something out of myself. It is what got me through college. When I rode the public transit to my classes during college, I would often hear other passengers randomly blurt out comments directed at me, like, "I didn't know they let special ed people go to college". Those words pierced like a scorching iron, but they motivated me to graduate college and get into an office job so that I could rise above those close-

minded, miserable people and prove them wrong. Success is the best revenge, so they say. The logic was the same with Taylor and her agents.

While I wasn't going to back down because I had relied on Taylor's representations and I wanted fairness, and because I had put in a lot of money, the real reason for my persistence was that if I gave up, then the bullies and the online harassers would win essentially. If Taylor's interviews were true of how she was bullied and teased, then she would feel connected to my plight. I had to try and give my gift and story to her, but the agents were my only realistic way of getting this to her without it coming off wrong. Honestly, I was afraid that if I contacted her family or her, I would somehow be lumped together with the crazy stalkers who trespassed on her land, e.g. the mentally ill loser who swam naked to her Rhode Island home to meet her. My intention was far from doing anything like that. I was trying incredibly hard to be anything, but an obsessed stalker.

As a side thought, some readers may try to categorize my efforts as "stalkerish". Those readers have apparently never worked hard for something, only to have it snatched from them. If a scoffing reader has lost something that they worked for, then they've obviously never tried fighting for their rights. If a mocking reader has honestly never lost something that they put effort into, then congratulations! You're apart of the lucky group of people that have never been denied something hard earned. I guess it's easy to laugh at and judge a person without walking in their shoes.

Early September of 2016 came and I mustered up the courage to email Jay once more. I didn't want Jay to think I was a harasser if I

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kept emailing him, so I spent several days drafting the perfect email to send to him, as a “last hurrah” sort of thing. This was my last chance to attempt to convey what I was trying to send to Jay to pass onto Taylor. After several days of brainstorming, my draft was complete and the email was sent. The message I had sent clearly described what I was trying to send him to pass onto Taylor. I explained how the dream was to write music for her, but if that couldn’t work out, I at least wanted her to have my story and the gift and to leave it in “her ball court” for her with the hopes that maybe she would like to meet up. A bit bashful, I didn’t want to sound like a stalker or a crazy fan, so I implied that I would be open to meeting her. I sure hoped that she was good at picking up hints. At the very least, I wanted Taylor to know that “I Get You”.

To my surprise, a number in Nashville, Tennessee called me on the morning of September 13th, 2016. It was rare for anyone to call me except for the occasional telemarketer. The phone buzzed and rattled on my desk at work, as I studied the unfamiliar number that was calling me. I figured it was another solicitor. Unbeknownst to me, though, it was Jay. Since I was at work, I couldn’t answer the phone, so I allowed the phone to ring and go to voicemail. About two minutes later, a notification popped up on my phone that I had received a new voice message. The realization finally struck me that maybe it was somebody connected to Taylor Swift who was trying to reach me. Like a bat out of hell, I ran through the maze of cubicles in my work office and quickly dived into a private room where I could listen to the message in private.



Photo Credit: Russell Greer

Crouched down in a corner with the phone pressed against my ear, sweat fell from my brow as I prepared to listen to the voice message. The voice message began with an older, Southern gentleman clearing his throat before he began speaking. “Good morning, Mr. Greer,” the voice message began playing Jay’s recorded message. For the next minute, Jay explained how he had received my previous messages and apparently he was still under the impression that I was trying to give Taylor a song to do. I couldn’t believe it! To be fair, I did mention how I would like to write music for Taylor, as a sort of side talking point, but I clearly said that the main purpose of the email was for Taylor to receive a gift which was a fan made song meant to “make her smile” and that the gift demonstrated my music skills. It wasn’t that hard to comprehend. Since Jay took the time to call me, I didn’t understand why he couldn’t just tell Taylor about my efforts at the

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very least. It didn't make any sense. My heart was crushed even more than it had previously been as I listened to the remainder of the message. His voice was polite, but it had a strain of meanness.

Jay then told me that he didn't care about my disability or my story of trying to rise above it with the help of a celebrity I admired. My blood boiled. "The record company absolutely forbids Taylor from receiving unsolicited material *regardless of who you are or what your cause is*," Jay quipped. I felt dehumanized. I felt like Jay took a wet glove and was slapping me around to humiliate me. It was insulting because he wasn't trying to understand. Again, that unsolicited song submission policy wasn't the problem. If I couldn't be a songwriter for Taylor, then so be it, but there were two unresolved problems that Jay was not addressing, whether he was purposely sidestepping the problems or if he just did not understand what I was saying to him for some odd reason. Those unanswered questions were: (1) Did Jay know about the gift song? He made no mention of the gift song, "I Get You, Taylor Swift". (2) If Taylor is supposed to abide by contracts that forbid her from not accepting unsolicited things, per her record label, why does she accept and flaunt them on Twitter? My head began to pound, hurting from the craziness that this was developing into. This situation was becoming more difficult than it needed to be. Jay's message concluded with him wishing me well. Eerie silence set in as the truth finally hit me: I had been stonewalled.

There are no adequate words I can write here to describe how I was feeling in that moment, but I'll do my best. I felt robbed; I felt wronged; I felt spat upon; I felt ignored; I felt shafted; I felt belittled; I felt like a beggar who had embarked on a long, hard journey, gift and

story in hand to flatter the Queen of a far away kingdom because said beggar saw others give simple gifts to this Queen, only to be denied entrance by unsympathetic and negligent gatekeepers. All of my begging and pleading and deal making was all for naught. Like a statue, I remained in my crouching position, trying to let everything soak in. I didn't know what course of action I should take in regards to trying to get Taylor to see my efforts, but I knew that I did need to go back to my desk to work, as I had been crouching for more than a 10 minute break allowed.

Staggering past the cubicles in my office, I slowly made my way back to my desk. Rebecca, a red haired, female co-worker, heard my loud, shuffled, awkward footsteps and stood up in the cubicle next to mine and gasped upon seeing me. "Oh my goodness!" Rebecca exclaimed. "It looks like you've seen a ghost."

"Kind of," I struggled to speak. "Taylor Swift's agent just called me." I sadly explained the entire situation to Rebecca and she agreed that it was unfair what Taylor Swift's agents had done to me. Later on that day, Jay emailed me, reiterating his phone call. He had CC'd Taylor's other agent, Robert, who I had honestly never even talked to before. Robert was like the Emperor on *Star Wars*: he was the hidden head honcho who let his partner do all of the dirty work, yet he was aware of everything. For all I knew, these two gentlemen could have been great guys, but their mishandling of the gift I had sent them and their failure to address arbitrariness with acceptance of other unsolicited stuff Taylor had received and their refusal to pass along my story at the very least, made me not look upon them in the best light. Essentially, they disguised bigotry (which by definition is being

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intolerant of others' ideas and struggles, as was shown by Jay) and disregard for my disability and struggles with their feigned politeness. I'm sure the agents probably didn't have the best view of me either, as my persistence may have rubbed them wrong.

(Too studly for this blank space — photo on next page)



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When I got home from work that evening, I plopped down on my bed and I fell into a deep sleep, exhausted from how difficult this entire situation had become. My eyes began to flutter and then they closed. Before I knew it, I began snoring like a bear and started dreaming. Magically, my dreams transported me to a cold, barren wasteland with towering, jagged mountains. Thunder crackled and crashed behind the mountains. As dark and desolate as the wasteland was, I wasn't frightened. I looked around me in awe and saw in the opposite distance of the mountains, a beautiful kingdom that had colorful gardens. Majestic trees that held addictive fruits and flowers of many colors decoratively populated the gardens, as a calm river of pink lemonade ran through the gardens. A gigantic, red stone castle, built to resemble the Hohenzollern Castle in Germany, was located towards the front of the gardens.

Sitting by the window in the largest tower of the castle was the Queen, Taylor Swift, who looked so beautiful in the purple dress that adorned her. She played an acoustic guitar as she cried. Though I stood miles away from her, I could see her teardrops fall in slow motion as they splashed upon hitting the floor, creating giant waves. At the bottom of the tower was a long line of male celebrities shuffling out of a door. These men were ex-boyfriends and admirers who had failed to make it work with Taylor. Some of the men, like Calvin Harris, appeared to be distraught, as Calvin was humorously throwing a temper tantrum.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a black owl swooped down and landed on my shoulder. "She's waiting for you, Russell," the owl said in the voice of Morgan Freeman. I was shocked, as I had never heard an owl

speak before.

"But she's out of my league," I tried explaining to the owl.

"Taylor doesn't care about leagues or classes -- she cares about effort," the Morgan Freeman owl lectured. Through either magic or a transportation device, my sheet music, a CD copy of my song and a bouquet of flowers appeared in my hands. I looked down at the items that I held. "You have what Taylor Swift is looking for. Don't give up," the owl said, nodding his head, wishing me luck.

"Wait," I said to the owl. "Before you go, aren't you going to say, 'Whooo?'". I looked at him in a teasing way.

"That is a stereotype that I find very offensive," the owl told me in a straightforward manner before flying off.

Before I could say or do anything else, a time warp quickly evaporated and consumed everything around me. In an instant, the same time warp consumed me and then a few seconds later, the warp spit me out. I staggered, regaining my balance and footing. Straight in front of me was the large gate to the castle. Two cloaked, hooded mysterious figures stood by the gate. Tiredly, I approached the cloaked figures. "Excuse me," I called out. "I am here to give these gifts to the Queen." The two figures looked at each other and then the figure who stood on the left side of the other, stepped forward and walked towards me. I swallowed nervously. When the cloaked figure got five feet away from me, the figure stopped and removed its hood, revealing the face of a fifty year old man who had gray combed hair and a trimmed gray mustache. It was Taylor's agent Jay.

"Mr. Greer," Jay said in a very slow manner. "We've been over this before: you may not give your musical works to Ms. Swift."

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“Sir, please listen,” I begged. “This isn’t a song for her to do, it’s a gift of appreciation. What better gift to give to a musician than a song? It’s not the best song ever because the people I hired to produce it totally screwed it up, but it was a simple song to show appreciation.” I lifted my crumpled sheet music to show him. “See,” I said. “I worked hard on this.”

As I tried to continue to speak, Jay’s fist smashed into my jaw. I fell backwards into the mud as my mouth bled. I struggled to stand up. “Jay, I don’t want to fight you,” I said weakly.

“Mr. Greer, you are becoming a nuisance!” Jay screamed at me. Seeing that Jay wasn’t going to listen, I defended myself. The two of us engaged in mortal combat. I blocked each blow he threw at me, but he had the upper hand with his experience and skill. Over by the gate, the other cloaked figure, presumed to be Robert, silently watched.

While Jay was busy giving me the beating of my life, Taylor sat in her tower, seemingly oblivious to the fight that unfolded below. Taylor had a look of desperation and loneliness in her eyes. She longed to have something last, but every guy who had been with her was pretentious; their motives were not genuine. My efforts displayed sincerity. Even though I was not too religious anymore, I still believed in the Biblical verse: “By their fruits, ye shall know them.” If Taylor saw my “fruits”, then she would possibly help me. While it wasn’t a guaranteed success, I still had to try or I would never know. There was not a doubt in my mind, given her past representations. Covered in mud, I lied on the ground as Jay kicked me repeatedly. It was there in the mud, that the inspiration hit me: I had to climb over the walls, past the guards and reach out to somebody within Taylor’s kingdom.

With a loud gasp, I awoke from my dream, drenched in sweat. “Wow...that was one trippy dream,” I said to myself as I checked my phone and saw that it was only 10 PM. With my head rested against my pillow, I reflected on the dream that I had just had. The dream, regardless of how bizarre it was, spoke truth through an allegory: I had to go around Taylor Swift’s agents, her “gatekeepers”, if she were to ever see this. Two words spun around my head: “who” and “how”. The two words formed complex questions in my mind: **Who** would I give my gift to to give to Taylor and **how** would I give it to them? Being the paralegal graduate sleuth that I was, finding the appropriate people was a no-brainer. Convincing them, on the other hand, to pass it onto Taylor was the tricky part. I wanted to avoid contacting Taylor directly, so sending it to her was out of the question.

Wanting to stick with professionalism and professional contact, I decided to address the agents’ alleged roadblock head on: I needed to contact Taylor’s record label directly. For this to work, I needed to go to the very top and contact one of the big dogs who could make leeway and allow for this gift to be passed onto her. With a few clicks and searches, I discovered that Taylor’s record label was *Big Machine Records*. Doing more digging, I was able to find out who the president of the record label was: Scott Borchetta. Like a man on a mission, I eventually found Mr. Borchetta’s email and composed a detailed letter to him, explaining how Jay and Robert would not try to understand or work with me on passing my gift to Taylor. I hoped that

Mr. Borchetta would work with me by giving the gift to Taylor Swift, but Mr. Borchetta never replied.

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Oddly, Mr. Borchetta followed me on my Twitter which created more confusion.



Photo Credit: Russell Greer

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Photo Credit: Russell Greer

During this time of trying to figure out who I should contact, two incidents occurred that validated my efforts of reaching out to Taylor. The first incident was the 2016 hurricane flooding in Louisiana. After the devastation and the storm had hit the state of Louisiana, Taylor Swift donated one million dollars to the victims of the flooding in August of 2016. When I had read what Swift had done, it really proved that she was a generous person who had a good heart. Surely, if she was going to donate one million dollars to random strangers, Taylor would be inspired by my story and reciprocate the efforts I had put in for her. The second incident occurred around the same month that Swift donated the money. Swift was featured in the news for how a random girl had written to Swift and asked Swift to perform at the girl's brother's wedding. Surprisingly, Swift accepted the invite and performed. Both of these publicized incidents invigorated my drive to reach out to Taylor. To boot, there was a security guard at my job whose dad was an assistant producer for Warner Bros, the film production company. The guard's dad had tried casting Swift to star as a princess in a musical movie. Swift was flattered, but declined in a very professional way that inspired the guard to say that Swift was incredibly kind and that she would absolutely love my story and song if she heard it. I felt that I was a shoo-in.

Still trying to maintain professional contacts, I discovered music entertainment lawyers that were listed as registered agents to Swift's management company. I assumed these lawyers helped manage Swift's music and worked in conjunction with her managers. Drafting yet another email, I sent the head lawyer a passionate plea to help me get this to her. To my surprise, the lawyer, Mike, replied, but he

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ultimately said he was unable to.



Photo Credit: Russell Greer

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After all of those emails and contacts, I had officially reached a dead end. There were no more business professionals connected to Swift that I could reach out to. My memory reflected back on the wedding girl and how she had written a letter to Taylor Swift. I decided that I would take a gamble and would contact Taylor directly. I must have went through and paid six different people search finders and no reliable results popped up for Taylor Swift. The results that did appear were vague, outdated results. Her agents had most likely contacted the search providers and asked them to exclude all of Taylor's information. The next reasonable thing came to mind and that was to reach out to Taylor's family. Spending money that I hoped would yield results, I paid the same search providers and thankfully the sites provided me information on her brother, her mother and her father. The information consisted of house addresses, email addresses and phone numbers. To some readers, that may sound totally like *One Hour Photo* (a 2002 film starring Robin Williams in which Williams plays a photo developer who stalks a family) territory, but I assure you readers: my intentions were solely to get this gift to Taylor – not to harass anybody.

The emails instantaneously sent from my draft folder and traveled through cyberspace into the designated inboxes of Austin and Scott Swift, respectively the brother and father of Taylor. Previously, before sending the messages, I researched and verified that those were the legit emails to Taylor's family. They were indeed the correct emails. I felt a tad uncomfortable emailing Taylor's family, but I thought that they were truly good people. Given all of Taylor's advertised publicity stunts, I felt that the Swifts were accustomed to

helping the underdog out. I felt that they would be flattered and impressed by my tenacity and story. To my devastation, neither her brother or her father replied. The email to Austin Swift linked to his LinkedIn account, so I knew it belonged to him.

Seeing that there was no response to the emails, I tried reaching out to Austin through Twitter, and I "Twitter stormed" a verified account of his and an unverified account. His verified account never replied, but the unverified account messaged me and said that he would help me get in touch with Taylor Swift.





Photo Credit: Russell Greer

Ecstatic upon seeing Austin’s message, I began dancing around my room. Taylor Swift’s brother was going to help me. My efforts would finally pay off, and Taylor, Austin and me would be hanging out before I knew it. The profile had to be real because who on earth would pretend to be the sibling of a famous person? Weeks passed and my stomach soon turned sickly when horror dawned on me: the account, despite all of the videos and photos the user posted, was not real, a discovery I had made after some research. Whoever created the account was either a crazed stalker of the Swifts or somebody who truly did not have a job or any hobbies.

After contacting the Twitter accounts of Austin Swift, I again had exhausted all avenues. In my haste to get my plight out in the open, I had set up a change.org petition to convince Scott Borchetta to allow me to write music for Taylor Swift. Determinedly, I contacted the same news station, KSL, that covered the girls who made the paper cranes for Andrea Swift, and KSL insultingly did not want to cover my story. While I gathered and asked for signatures, and had supporting signatures on my petition, with a girl writing, “Taylor Swift should see his effort at the very least”, I also had internet bullies mock me on Reddit. Some bullies even had the nerve to write signatures on my petition and openly degrade me. The trolls would spam my stuff all over Reddit and mock the quality of the song, completely oblivious to the surrounding facts behind the production of it. This was all unprovoked. The harassment confused me greatly because I had done nothing wrong.

For a society that claims to cheer and tout the stories of the underdog; a society that embraces the stories of the Helen Kellers and

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the Bill Gates' of the world, the "deformed guy who hasn't had an easy life and just wants his celebrity inspiration/crush to notice his genuine efforts" story sure was met with hate and scoff. Evanston residents would bombard Reddit with hate about me, or they would trivialize the disability I live with and play armchair doctor, or they would focus on the "bad", misunderstood things I had done and forget about the decent, hard working person I was, that is if they knew me at all. I couldn't tell who they were since they hid like cowards under internet aliases. All in all, my petition received 17 signatures. It was never sent to Scott Borchetta because the petition didn't garner many signatures and I felt that a good petition to cause real change needed at least 100 signatures.

(Too Studly to fit in this blank space — photo on next page)

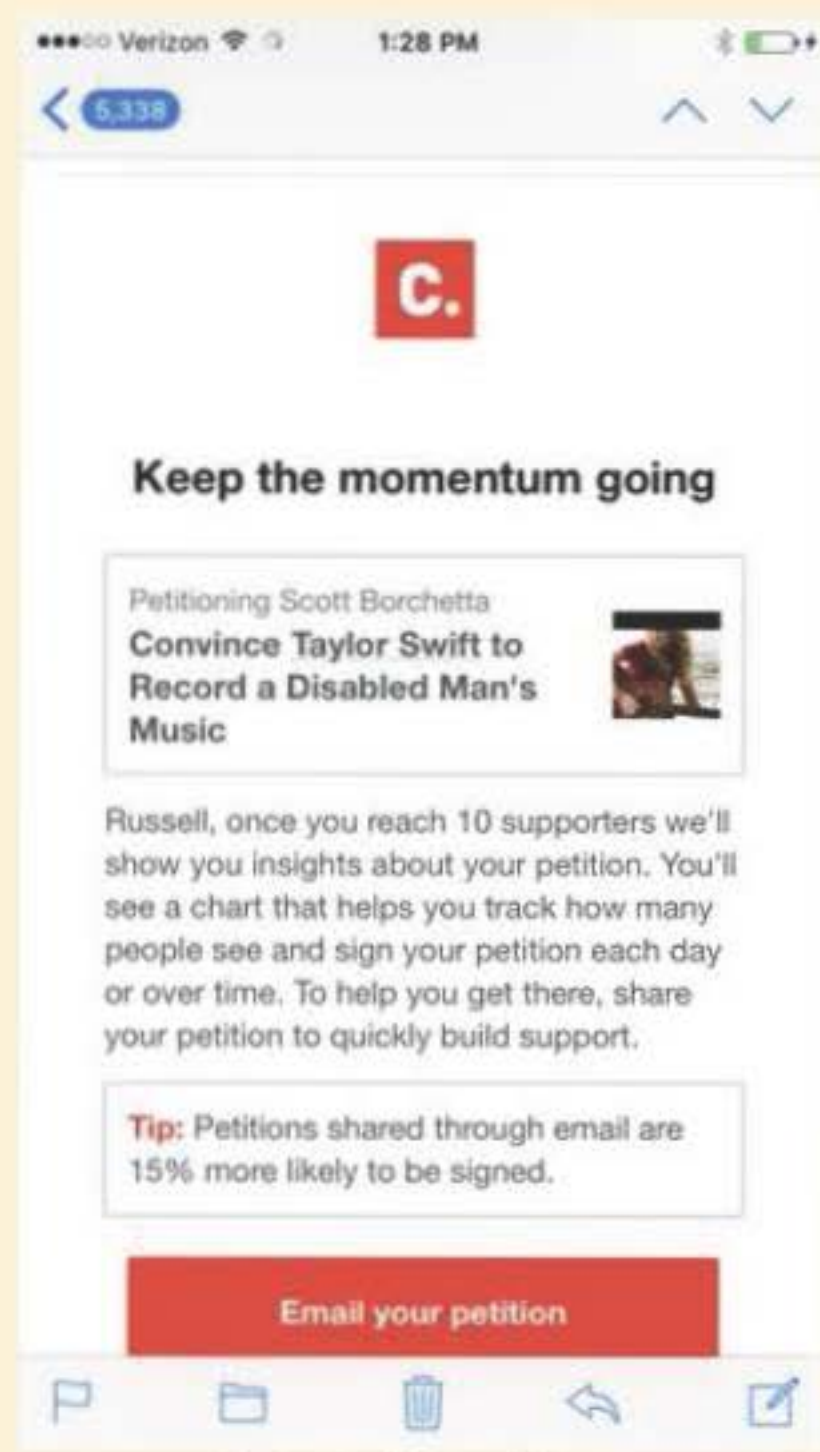


Photo Credit: Russell Greer.

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On my last limb, I decided to give my “final hurrah”. Desperately, I spent a week putting together three FedEx packages to send to the Swift residence in Tennessee. In each package were letters addressed individually to Austin, Taylor, Scott and Andrea Swift. I explained how hard I had worked at making this gift for Taylor and I included the sheet music for, “*I Get You, Taylor Swift*”. In the letter to Taylor, I provided the YouTube link to the song. In the letter to Andrea, I told her how brave she was for overcoming her cancer. In the letter to Austin, I explained how I thought he was a cool guy and that if Taylor was flattered by my song, the three of us should hang out. After the FedEx letters were shipped, I contacted a floral shop in Nashville and paid for flowers and balloons to be delivered to the Swift residence for Andrea and Taylor. To my horror, the delivery driver explained to me that the gifts were left at the front gate, per instructions from a note on the gate, but the driver also made a point of noting that there were a pile of packages next to the gate. My heart sank and I cried a little inside, thinking: “How is Taylor ever going to see this?”

To the delivery driver and everyone else, I was just sending another package; I was another fan who sought out Taylor’s address and wanted to get her attention. While those assumptions were correct on a simple visual glance, the truth was much more than me being a heart-struck fan. Those packages contained life-changing, inspirational, flattery documents that could change the course of events for a lot of things and sway a lot of people, mainly: Taylor, who could in turn spread it with her social influence and thus influence millions. I was the perfect candidate; the perfect underdog. I wasn’t a bump on a log who randomly sought out Taylor, hoping for a

Mercedes Benz and a billion kajillion dollars. I was Romeo on a white horse who had something that could lift Taylor up, after she had been heartbroken for so long. The best way I can put it is by quoting that one *The Killers’* song^[38]: “He doesn’t look a thing like Jesus, but he talks like a gentleman; like you imagined when you were young.” Unfortunately, those packages were lost amongst other packages, probably from 12 year old fans, telling Taylor how much they loved her, and Taylor would probably never see my packages, thanks to Jay and Robert.

Feeling like a man without a purpose, I made my way to go see an old friend: Ken Carter. His secretary studied me as I sat in the lobby of his office, waiting for him. I was trying to keep good thoughts and good vibrations, hanging onto that hope that Taylor would see my efforts and reach out. Two years would be wasted if she never saw my efforts. More than wasted hours, though, were the unkind words that would stick with me that the bullies labeled on me for reaching out to Taylor. The point of harm extended past that, though: it would kill me to know that I gave my all and Taylor never saw, yet she continued to help out and donate and meet and mingle with those who had done less than I had. If there was a man who had answers, it would be Ken. His wisdom seemed to be endless.

Once I was in Ken’s private office, minutes later, I explained everything to him as he listened intently, sitting at his desk. “Dang,” Ken said after I had finished speaking. “Sounds kind of like Hiroshima.”

“What?” I said confused.

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“Well, historians are starting to think that the reason the A-bomb was dropped on Japan was because of a mistranslation of words,” Ken explained to me. “President Truman offered an ultimatum to Japan, but because of a misunderstanding, the ultimatum was ignored and thus the bombs were dropped. Negligence at its best...or worst, however you want to look at it.”

Like a semi-trailer truck speeding down the freeway, the word smashed into me with great force: *negligence*. To the non-legally trained reader, the word “negligence” means, “Failure to exercise the care towards others which a reasonable or prudent person would do in the circumstances.”^[39] As I sat in Ken’s office, my mind began to spin and process like a Dell computer. All of the events from the past few months began to flash through my mind. Taylor Swift’s agents had been extremely negligent, even after I had basically did charades for them. Over on Ken’s framed Juris Doctorate degree, the “D” on the word “Doctorate” lit up in a gold color. The “U” of another word lit up; the “T” of a corresponding word also lit up, followed by a colored “Y”. The highlighted letters merged together and formed the word, “DUTY”.

Instantly, a Colorado case involving a man with the last name Mueller came to mind. This Mr. Mueller was a former radio DJ who had apparently grabbed Taylor Swift’s butt at a meet and greet, and sued her after getting fired. As ridiculous as the case was, it received an unnecessary amount of national attention. Similarly, another ridiculous case without merit made international attention after a man claimed Taylor stole his song to use for her song, “Blank Space”.

My college legal classes then began playing through my mind and soon *Business Law 101* popped into my head. Recollection hit me: in Business Law, the agents are to act in the interests of the principal and are to forward any unique communication to him or her, in this case Taylor. If the agents don’t do their jobs right, the principal can be held liable for their conduct. It’s referred to as a “*vicarious relationship*” and “*vicarious liability*”. A plan then began to formulate in my head: if I sued Taylor Swift for the conduct of her agents and got it to the news, she would be aware of the unfairness of the situation and help me since she was a good person.

Ken must have thought I was under the influence of drugs and that I was “tripping out” in his office. “Earth to Russell,” Ken said aloud as he snapped his fingers in front of my face. I came out of my trance and looked intently at Ken.

“Ken,” I said in a serious manner. “I’m gonna do it...I’m gonna sue Taylor Swift.” Ken gave a shocked expression as he stared at me.

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CHAPTER 5

Burning Down the Forest

Fire consumed my belly as I marched out of Ken's office. Once the inspiration had hit me to sue Taylor, I had quickly left the office, not wanting to lose the drive for my inspiration. Confused, Ken rushed after me. "Russell!" Ken called out, trying to keep up with me. "Russ! You're doing what?"

I stopped walking and looked at Ken. "Have you ever gone hiking and got lost in the forest?" I questioned Ken.

"Yeah...?" Ken said with a confused expression.

"Were you ever tempted to do anything to get found?" I asked.

Ken thought for a moment. "Pray?" Ken, being devoutly religious, responded.

"Well, I've been lost in the woods before and I'm lost right now. The only way I'm gonna get found by Taylor is if she sees the smoke," I explained. "We're gonna light this situation on fire."

"Wait...we?" Ken blurted out.

"My paralegal degree has given me the basics on the law. I need you to help me and guide me, Ken," I said to Ken. "If I'm gonna do this right."

Ken shut his eyes, trying to comprehend everything. "There's so

many questions I have right now, but let me first say: I'm no longer in litigation. I'm in a whole completely different realm of law. I could be held liable for malpractice if I gave you bad advice, especially since civil law is no longer what I do," Ken straightforwardly stated to me. "But I would find a lawyer before you do anything else. That's my advice."

To be honest, I'm not a litigious person. I had only ever filed one lawsuit prior to this entire incident and that was in February of 2015 in Reno, Nevada Small Claims Justice Court against a sex worker at a Nevada brothel who went by the name "Keira Keeper". Her real name, though, was Murphy Walters. Because this incident was a major event in my life and could be seen as the "first lawsuit" I ever filed, I wish to explain it thoroughly here so that slander cannot be written about me, pertaining to this incident, after this book is published. Murphy was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen. She was 19 years old at the time and was of Colombian descent with brown, luscious hair that went past her shoulders. Her body was slim and beautiful. Being the disabled guy that I am, no girls wanted to date me, so I had made bi-annual Amtrak trips to Nevada, where brothels are legal, to feel and express intimacy that every human being deserves to have. My journeys weren't solely for sex. Many times I had gone to Nevada just to cuddle with somebody and have a "make out partner". When you have nothing, just having something means everything. If you have to pay for it, there's nothing wrong with that. Money doesn't cause some science fiction effect and change acts between consenting adults. Once you consent, it should be legal: money or no money. As the late comedian George Carlin once said, "Selling is legal; fucking is legal."

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Why can't selling fucking be legal?" Pardon his French, but he does have a point.

Even though prostitution is legal in Nevada in the form of brothels in certain counties, and the women who choose to work as sex workers are free-thinking adults, the brothels do invite a lot of crude weirdos which is no different than the guys that strip clubs and hookup sites invite. It's a fact: whenever sex is involved, weirdos are bound to be attracted. Knowing that weirdos interact with the sex workers, I wanted to impress Murphy with chivalry, so I took a semester of college off in the summer of 2014 and picked up a third job so that I could afford to take Murphy out to dinner and show her what it was like to be with a casanova; a gentleman. I juggled three jobs: working from 5:00 AM to 1:00 AM. Though I was exhausted and could barely function because I was so tired, I imagined how magical the moment with Murphy would be. I could imagine how beautiful she would look, and could imagine her and I at dinner, dining like a romantic couple, playing footsie with each other.

November 9th, 2014, the day of my long worked for and awaited romantic date, had finally arrived. I had traveled 8 hours on the Amtrak and was greeted by the Bunny Ranch limo. Inside the limo, the gorgeous Murphy waited for me. Bashfully, I climbed into the limo. I was a frog in the presence of a princess. To get myself near Murphy's league, I dressed in a suit and gave flowers to Murphy. She didn't seem happy to be on the date, though. She gave me cold glares and made silent gestures about my facial appearance. My heart sank, but I tried to ignore the gestures, thinking that I may be reading too much into the expressions. I was Murphy's client and she surely

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wouldn't treat a paying guest like that. To my shock, Murphy made the comment, "I wish I wasn't on this date. The brothel made me come."

After a half hour ride from the Amtrak station in Reno to the Bunny Ranch brothel in a small town called "Mound House", I stood in the brothel cash office and paid the 4k dollars I had saved up to be with the angel in blue jeans [slyly threw in the name of a *Train* song right there]. Our date plan was to go to Olive Garden first and then have intimacy in the bedroom, but the restaurant did not open for two hours. The cash office sent Murphy and I back to the guest room I was staying the night in and they presumed that we were going to have sex and so the cashier started the timer for our date. Murphy knew the timer was starting, but did not tell me or make any move on me. As she was doing her job and we were at her place of location, I trusted her as the host.

For nearly two hours, we sat on the bed and talked. I was nervous because she was so beautiful. She had a black dress on and no midriff skin was showing as to create the appearance that we were going to have sex. She didn't touch me in a sexual way or touch me at all, for that matter. Since I was a gentleman, I didn't try touching her, even though I had paid so much money. Thus, I honestly did not believe that our paid for intimate encounter had begun and I was allowing her to guide me. I did try touching her shoulder once and she scooted away from me. Like a snake, Murphy Walters begrudgingly made small talk with me as she essentially tried to "beat the clock". Murphy fraudulently induced me so that she made it look like the date was being done and that she could get the money, after the date was

finished, from the cash office. Since I wasn't asking for anything, because I didn't know the clock had started, Murphy was using that loophole to claim that all I wanted to do was talk...for four thousand dollars. Yeah, right.

Once inside Olive Garden, Murphy didn't order anything to eat and looked really uncomfortable to be with me. After an awkward hour inside the diner, the limo picked us up and we sat in silence. I felt sad that she wasn't saying anything, but was excited to do adult things with her; to have a partner to kiss and sexually express myself with. Murphy, though, was talking about how she was happy to head home. I was confused. Returning back to the Ranch, the cashier told us that we had five minutes left. My eyes opened wide in shock. I almost vomited. I didn't want to cause a scene, but I wanted to protest the unfairness. I didn't know what to say. And just like that, Murphy quickly hurried out of the brothel and our four thousand dollar date was over. The brothel smoke consumed me and seeped into my suit as I sat down on a sofa of the parlor in shock.

Eventually, Murphy was caught and blamed the entire thing on my failure to clearly explain what I wanted, though, I had explained that I wanted intimacy which wasn't that hard to infer what that entailed -- especially inside of a house of prostitution. Her mindset was rather scary. Anyone could apply her logic to any other work setting and create a horror scenario: a waitress pouring coffee on one's head because the customer didn't specify to pour his drink in the cup; a doctor not using a clean needle when giving a shot to a patient because the patient didn't request a clean needle; an operator starting a rollercoaster ride without fastening the safety restraints because the

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riders didn't ask for the restraints to be fastened. Some duties are assumed with jobs. Murphy's job was to make sure that her and I sat down in her room, as is customary at brothels, and discuss what I wanted to pay for. Murphy, though, would not admit to any wrongdoing and started working at another brothel: the Mustang Ranch.

Upon learning of her new stint in a new brothel, I became livid. It wasn't the money I lost that I was upset about, it was that I had paid for a service and was discriminated against by this sex worker. She had some nerve to essentially give me "the finger" and continue working as a sex worker. All I wanted was an apology and she apparently was above giving me one. Discrimination is an awful feeling and after years of being denied and being spat upon, I snapped. I began to form physical ailments and mental fatigue. I ended up suing Murphy for 8 thousand dollars. Much of the money asked for in the pleading was to serve as a deterrent to make sure Murphy or any other sex workers would never take advantage of the privilege^[40] that they are in. The case was clear cut and I knew I was going to win. The brothel owner, Dennis Hof, even wrote me a letter validating everything I alleged; shown on the next page. Please excuse typos found in the letter -- I didn't write it, obviously. Dennis even volunteered to testify at the trial against Murphy.



Photo Credit: Russell Greer. Signed statement from Dennis Hof declaring that Murphy indeed stole from me.

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As prepared as I was for the trial, I forgot that judges give more credence to those with lawyers than those who are representing themselves. There's something about that Juris Doctorate degree that makes judges lean towards the legal professional than the lay person even if the lay person is dead right. Being a newly graduated paralegal straight out of college, I was cocky and felt that I didn't need an attorney and so I prepared to bring Murphy to justice. I spent months compiling all of my evidence. When the trial came, Murphy played the "good girl" who didn't do anything wrong and that she couldn't decipher my chivalry. The opportunity arose for me to quash Murphy's crocodile lies and I whipped out the signed letter from the brothel owners. I looked back towards the gallery, prepared to summon my witness, but only a few strangers sat in the pews, watching. I scanned the room and could not find my witness. Pushing on without him, I showed the judge the letter, but the judge thought that I had wrote the affidavit and so the bailiff quickly rushed me, prepared to arrest me for perjury. After some pleading, I convinced the judge that I did not forge the letter. Unfortunately, he would not consider the letter and thus my case fell apart because my strongest piece of evidence that implicated Murphy of fraud would not be considered.

Being fraudulently induced by a person I trusted, left emotional scars on me. Some readers may be laughing upon reading that I was (and still am) distraught over a hooker. As has often been stated in this book, a reader won't understand my pain unless you've experienced being denied something for yourself. I guess the reason I

"tailored swiftly"^[41] on the song for Taylor Swift was because I wanted to forget an incident that hurt me very much. I wanted to be accepted by a female -- a famous female at that -- after having been rejected by a female of "ill-fame" I sought comfort from. Even though I'm a male in his mid-twenties with an incomparable sex drive, never did the thought dawn on me of wanting to get into Taylor Swift's pants. Sincerely, I only wanted to make her smile and have her see the effort I put into the musical gift that I tailored on for her. I was willing to burn down any forest I had to, to have Taylor Swift see my works.

Taking Ken's friendly advice to heart, I ventured through the Salt Lake City white pages of the jungle of lawyers who inhabited the city. Surely, there would be a lawyer who could help me. Cold calling and mass emailing randomly selected lawyers left me with cluttered rejections in my inbox and wasted minutes spent on the phone. "No, no, no, no," I said impatiently on the phone to one lawyer. "I'm not drunk."

"Well, you're slurring like crazy," the lawyer said to me and then muttered, "Damn, Drunk" before slamming the phone and disconnecting the call.

Another lawyer that I had called, listened to my long story of everything already explained thus far in this book and simply replied, "That's one for the record."

On another call, the lawyer was a man with a thick Middle Eastern accent whom I could not understand at all. Fair enough, the man couldn't understand me either. It was the ultimate misunderstood phone call: the foreigner with the heavy accent versus

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the weird looking guy who can't pronounce his vowels or his own last name. Eventually, we both mutually agreed to hang up —that is, if we both understood each other correctly agreeing to hang up.

One of the last attorneys I had called, literally exploded with laughter after I had told him about my harm and what I wanted to do. This man continued laughing for nearly five minutes straight. I know so because I watched the clock on the wall pass by the "12" with five full rotations. "Ah, man. You're funny," the lawyer said as he regained his breath. "Now seriously: why are you calling?"

Seeing the phone calling was not going anywhere, I decided to step into law firms to meet with the lawyers face to face. The first law firm had a very crabby and grouchy, middle-aged receptionist.

"Hello," I greeted the receptionist. "I—"

"Do you have an appointment!?" she snapped at me.

"No, but I —" I tried explaining.

"You need an appointment!" she yelled.

"Ok, can I set up one?" I asked.

The lady shoved a calling card at me. "You must call this number if you want an appointment!!" the receptionist shouted, turning red in the face. I was mortified. I slowly backed away. This was not a firm I wanted to do business with.

"I'm ok —" I said before she cut me off again.

"You can't just walk in here! You have to have an appointment!!!" the lady screamed with a G-force so powerful, my ear drums and the glass door almost shattered.

After a few more failed attempts at sitting down with lawyers, I finally managed to sit down with an impatient, heavysset lawyer, who

kept looking at his watch as I tried explaining the entire incident to him. Being a master at reading facial expressions, his rude gestures made me less keen on continuing my explanation to him, as he clearly thought of me as a rambling idiot. "It's not like a lawsuit lawsuit, if you know what I mean. It's a lawsuit meant to get Taylor Swift's attention to an unfair situation. It's a clear-cut case of negligence and vicarious liability," I tried explaining to the lawyer. "For example, Tracy Morgan was recently in the news after a Walmart semi-truck crashed into Tracy's tour van and injured Tracy. Walmart was sued for vicarious liability. Did Walmart do anything wrong, per se? No, but the driver was under their employment."

"Two totally different situations," the lawyer snapped at me.

"No, they're not," I replied.

"Oh, so you're the lawyer now?" he questioned in a snarky way.

"I'm not an idiot, sir. I have my paralegal degree. I got straight A's in college," I calmly explained.

"Well, this isn't a hypothetical scenario on a legal exam where the professor gives you an "A" for your creative, well-thought out answer. This is the real world. Any real world judge is going to look at your case and toss it," the lawyer said heatedly. "Where's the privity of contract? Where's the duty? Where's the fine print that says they have to pass it on? If they pass your stuff on, do they have to pass on everything else from the entire planet? Or are you just entitled?"

"I don't even want to sue her!" I exclaimed, getting annoyed with the man.

The lawyer blurted out laughing. "Then why the hell are you sitting in my office?"

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“Because I found myself in an unfair situation,” I told the lawyer.

“Life is unfair! I got cut off by another driver this morning -- unfair! My coffee was cold --unfair! Sally wouldn’t date me -- unfair,” the lawyer mocked me. “Doesn’t mean I go sue them!” Fuming, I quickly stood up, biting my tongue and then I left. “Don’t go harass anymore lawyers with this nonsense!” the lawyer called out to me as I walked out of his office.

Angry, I sat back in Ken’s office, explaining everything with passion. “It’s not that hard to understand. Look, I found a law for this,” I fervently explained. “*Utah Code 75-9-114(2)(C)*. It says, ‘The agent shall act with the care, competence, and diligence ordinarily exercised by agents in similar circumstances.’ That gives me a statutory claim against the agents.” Ken nodded his head, listening.

“So how do you tie Taylor Swift to their negligence?” Ken asked quizzically.

“Simple: this happened on their scheduled work hours and is apart of their duties, as prescribed by agreements made with Taylor, like the Tracy Morgan case. Just off the top of my head, maybe also say that Taylor failed to clarify gift policies to her agents. I really don’t want to get Taylor in trouble so I’m mostly focusing on that vicarious part,” I explained to Ken.

“Ok, then how do you establish jurisdiction?” Ken asked. “Her agents live in Tennessee; Taylor lives in New York and you’re in Utah.”

“I just cite the Utah long arm statute. Her agent made several contacts with me which would establish the *minimum contact* requirement for jurisdiction,” I replied confidently. “Those are just

basic things. As I’ve explained, I don’t want to sue her.” Slowly, a reassuring expression formed on Ken’s face.

“Before now, I was starting to think you’d gone crazy,” Ken bluntly told me with a smirk. “But now, this all actually makes complete sense.”

“Yeah, I think I’ve established a *prima facie* ^[42] cause of action to rightfully bring attention to this situation,” I told Ken. “This is enough to show that this lawsuit isn’t frivolous. Per the law, the agent has to let the principal, Taylor, know of any legal actions initiated against her. Once she sees this, she will try to fix the situation and boom botta bing: I’ll dismiss it. This is why I’ve decided to file the lawsuit myself because I really don’t want to sue her. Check this out.” I lifted my Iphone and showed Ken research that I had found. “The *Restatement (Third) of Agency 2.04* says that suing under the doctrine of *vicarious liability* ‘reflects the likelihood that an employer will be more likely to satisfy a judgment.’ This reinforces what I’m saying: if Taylor sees this, she will fix the problem, rather than me sue the agents head-on. This is why I file in small claims court so that I don’t have to ask for that much money. I don’t want any money. I just want Taylor to see my efforts and the problem.”

“I guess my only concern is what if she misunderstands why you’re suing her?” Ken asked. “What if this all blows up in your face?” Ken raised an excellent question, but I sincerely believed in Taylor Swift as a person and believed honestly that she would right this wrong. After all, Taylor was portrayed, by her actions and by the media, as the Mother Teresa of the Entertainment Biz. Maybe that

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example doesn't compare well because of age difference. Mother Teresa was 87 when she passed away; Taylor, at the time of this writing, is 27. More appropriately compared, Taylor Swift was portrayed more as the Princess Diana of the Entertainment Business who was willing to help those in need. After all, she did pay one of her dancers' niece's hospital bill. What further proof did I need that she would help me out? I wasn't even asking for money.

"Well, I'll just make sure this doesn't go that way," I confidently told Ken. Before I left, Ken called out to me.

"Even though you're filing this yourself," Ken started. "And even though I can't give you legal advice, I really do want to hear how this goes. Keep stopping by." And then Ken flashed his trademarked grin.

For two weeks, I typed and studied and worded the lawsuit carefully to ensure that I was clear that the lawsuit wasn't against Taylor Swift, per se. The lawsuit was against her agents and I was bringing awareness to what they did and how they acted. I decided to sue Taylor for \$7,000.00. Not because I wanted that money, but so I wouldn't get fined for filing a frivolous lawsuit if I jotted down ten dollars for the amount asked for, though, that would be more clever and less aggressive. In all actuality, I had suffered roughly that amount from all of the work I had put into the gift and the mental anguish her agents caused me. If Taylor reached out to me, I was willing to drop this.

The "What if this Pisses Taylor Off?" scenario hadn't really occurred to me and I didn't really expect that scenario to happen because I honestly believed Taylor was a Saint. She seemed to have a love for all people and creatures. She had a light about her that I was

hypnotized by. I could imagine her receiving the lawsuit and being astonished at the things I had alleged and immediately calling me up and asking to hear the song I wrote for her, ashamed at her agents' conduct. It was a flawless plan.

The time had finally arrived for me to file the lawsuit. It was mid October of 2016. Confidently, I walked through the security of the Salt Lake City Justice Court building and made my way towards the Small Claims filing office. A woman, who was a court clerk, stood on the other side of the counter, protected by bulletproof glass. I explained to her that I was there to file a lawsuit. With ease, I slid my documents under the glass and she picked them up and skimmed through the papers. To her bewilderment, she saw who I had named as the defendant: Taylor Swift. The court clerk studied me with puzzlement, her eyebrows raised, and then she proceeded to type in the information that was on the cover sheet of my complaint. Tears began to fill my eyes as I watched the information get put into the computer. I felt guilty suing the woman that I loved and cared so much about, but I knew that this was the only way Taylor would see my harm. Right then and there, the sparks metaphorically began to catch fire to the forest I was lost in. Figuratively, I could hear the flames crackling with each computer button and mouse click the clerk pressed.

And then suddenly the timbers exploded in a ball of flames, engulfing the forest. The court clerk had just stamped my document with a court date: December 8th, 2016. It had begun. The fire had officially started. The flames were slowly rising and the smoke would surely be seen by Taylor. There was no turning back. I paid the \$150.00 filing fee and then took my court documents and left. In a

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few weeks' time, Taylor would be reaching out to me and her agents would be scolded by her for their negligent conduct. By law, they had to inform her of the lawsuit and have her make a decision on her course of action. That's why I was so confident she would settle this matter peacefully because it would be brought to her attention.

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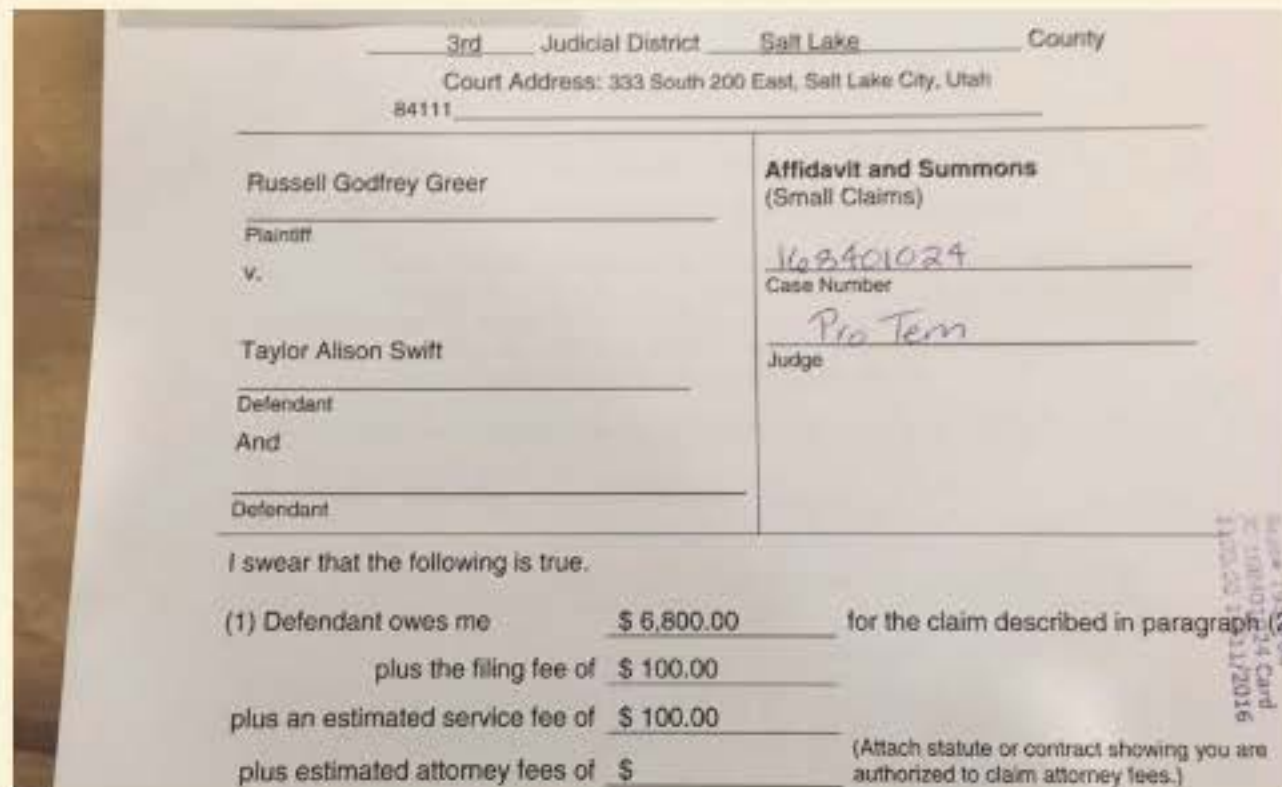


Photo Credit: Russell Greer. The lawsuit, that wasn't meant to be a lawsuit, against Taylor Swift.

Because I was on my lunch break, I was in a rush to get everything done in my allotted one hour. Sensing that the lawsuit could potentially not clearly emphasize what I was doing, I decided to

record a quick video of myself explaining what I hoped to achieve with this lawsuit and what I was trying to get Taylor to see. Sitting down on a bench outside of the building I worked in, I proceeded to film myself on my phone. Having never considered myself to be photogenic, taking a video of myself was a little nerve-racking. Sending this video to a famous celebrity/my celebrity crush and her agents, though, made the hairs on the back of my neck stand straight up. Lifting the phone up to my face, I proceeded to record myself. "Good afternoon, Taylor and your agents," I nervously said into the phone. "My name is Russell Greer." Through awkward pauses and some mumbles, I explained that I had filed the lawsuit against Taylor Swift because I had suffered harm at the hands of her agents. To ensure that I didn't sound crazy, I explained the concept of vicarious liability for why I had sued her.

Just then, a co-worker walked by and overheard my video. I gulped as my co-worker watched me and then she proceeded to walk away. I had already been fired once because of my Taylor Swift wooing efforts -- I didn't want to include my insurance company in this. Flustered from having my co-worker overhear me, I became tongue-tied. "Look, Taylor," I said with determination as I looked into my phone's camera. "I sue you to show you that I care. I know that sounds weird, but with everything I've explained to you, I had no other way. I worked so hard on this and I just ask that you please give my efforts and I the same consideration you have given others. The dream is that you see my talents and the song that I wrote about you and that you let me do a song with you. If that can't happen, then maybe you and I could go to dinner...like a date. I don't know..just

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something to equal the effort I put into this. Just consider this at least. I hope to hear from you.”

With a twitching thumb, I ended the video and attached it to an email that was soon sent to her agents. Not satisfied with the video that I sent, I recorded myself again later that night. To show that I had a sense of humor and that I wasn't a complete weirdo [I'm only a slight weirdo], I "air guitared" to a rock song, jumping up and down; twisting and turning; showing that I was a happy, decent guy who wanted no trouble with Taylor or her agents. As I sat and explained myself in my video, I cried. With very real tears streaming down my face, I let Taylor know how much she meant to me. I apologized for suing her and asked that she please work out the problem. I explained that my damages were very real. "Taylor, I just want fairness and equality," I told her in my video. "At least consider." The video was thirty minutes long. Raising my right hand, I told Taylor, "I love you" in American Sign Language before I ended the video. The video was then put on "unlisted mode" so that I knew when Taylor and her agents viewed the video. With a click of the computer mouse, my message was sent. My pleas had to work. My faith rested on Taylor Swift to fix this situation. Yes, I know how weird that sounds, but desperate times can make for weird situations. I didn't want my efforts and the harassment I had gone through to be in vain.



Photo Credit: Russell Greer. Pouring my heart out to Taylor Swift through video.

Days passed by and I would anxiously check my phone and my email to see if Taylor had reached out to me. The two unlisted videos that had been sent to them had 20 views. It was very doubtful that her agents had viewed the videos 20 times. Taylor had to have seen them. To ensure that Taylor would see the videos, the videos were also emailed to Scott and Austin Swift. Regardless, people who had the links to the videos were watching them. My heart yearned so longingly for Taylor to right this wrong. And as a side note, I include that redundancy on purpose to illustrate how bad I wanted this to work out. As a further side note, if they're called "side notes", shouldn't these notes be written on the sides of the pages vertically? Get it? Excuse the smell, I just cracked a funny!

Meanwhile, elsewhere in Salt Lake City, a middle-aged lawyer with perfectly combed, blonde hair, clothed in a thousand dollar suit,

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wearing dress shoes so polished, one could see his or her own reflection in the shoes, paced back and forth with his index finger in the air, defending a rich man on trial for rape. This attorney was John Smith, the most high priced, albeit infamous, attorney in all of Utah. Mr. Smith had a legendary reputation for being known as the lawyer who never lost a court case. Smith was a shark and was willing to bend ethical, legal and moral boundaries to win his cases. He didn't represent just any clients — he only represented the elite and the wealthy: government officials, politicians, athletes, etc. He was also no stranger to the camera either. He basked in the media spotlight and was frequently on local news channels. Needless to say, Mr. Smith was somebody not to mess with.^[43]

“So how do you know my client raped Molly Mae?” John Smith fiercely questioned a female witness. “Did you see it with your own two, little eyes?”

“No, sir,” the female witness said softly, head bowed.

“No?!” John Smith screeched, approaching the witness. “No?! Then why are you acting as a witness?” Before he became anymore hostile, Smith turned and faced the jury, his demeanor changed from heated to holy. He was a brilliant showman who could probably land a few gigs in movies if he really wanted to. “Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, there is nothing here to support the allegations and charges against my client. I kindly ask for you to find my client ‘not guilty’.”

Minutes later, with the court trial adjourned for the day, Smith strided out of the courthouse, briefcase in his left hand as his right hand waved at the many people who acknowledged him. The popular

lawyer made his way down the concrete steps as his black limo waited for him. Smith's chauffeur, Dalton, greeted John Smith as he held the door open for the attorney. Smith climbed inside his limo and then Dalton closed the door, proceeding to get into the driver's seat, driving Mr. Smith home.

As the limo navigated through traffic, Mr. Smith received a phone call from his office to his car phone. “Catherine,” Smith greeted his secretary. “What do you got?”

“Hi, Mr. Smith,” Catherine replied. “You have a call from Nashville, Tennessee.”

“Oh, really,” Smith surprisingly said. “Transfer it through.” After a few seconds, a beeping signal was made, signaling that Smith was connected to the caller. “You've got John,” Smith greeted.

“Mr. Smith, good afternoon,” the caller said. “My name is Jay Schaudies and I am one of the managers for Taylor Swift, the internationally famous artist. We have a situation there in Utah involving a man named.... Russell Greer...”

Just as soon as the sun had risen, the night quickly came and I was unaware of the fact that famous people were conspiring against me. As my head rested against my pillow, my dreams instantly transported me back to the insane castle dream/triply allegory I had had weeks before. It was a miracle that I could return back to or remember said dream, as I usually forget the things I dream about. But like many health professionals say, our dreams are composed of the things that worry us. Taylor Swift was definitely consuming my mind. She's a cutie and I thought she was nice and that she would fix this, so can you blame me?

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Back in my dream, I slowly stood up, muddy and bloody. Jay and Robert guarded the gate to the castle like hawks. I had to create a diversion to get past them. Since I was in a dream, I figured I would just dream up a distraction. With great effort, I closed my eyes tightly and made painful gasping noises, trying to get a bazooka to appear in my hands. But nothing appeared. So I pulled the oldest distraction in the world. "Hey, agents!" I shouted. "Look behind you! Calvin Harris is taking a leak in the lemonade river." The agents turned around, falling for the mother of all distractions. Like a super agent, I ran at the gate and instantly climbed up it. Taylor's agents turned back around. They quickly closed their eyes and imagined large machine guns. Before I could ask how they did that with their imaginations, they opened fire. Thousands of bullets erupted from their machine guns and came at me. Quickly, I dropped and dodged the bullets that flew into the walls and structures around me.

It was like I was in an action movie. I scaled and ran on top of the walls, making it towards the tower that Taylor Swift was in. Different "bros" and "dudes" and "bosses" came at me. I fought them off, knocking some off of the walls. A few of Taylor's ripped background dancers ran at me, doing somersaults and cartwheels. One dancer tried tripping me with his break dancing moves. I just jumped over him as he continued to flop around on the floor like a fish. As if I was following a GPS in my head, I ran directly up the stairs leading to the tower that Taylor was in and I busted down the wood door, knocking it off its hinges. Taylor dropped her guitar, startled.

"Taylor, toss me your hair!" I shouted majestically.
"Huh?" she replied.

"Nah, just joking," I teased, as I was making a *Rapunzel* joke. With a serious look, I straightened my messy hair and wiped the blood from my nose. The sheet music was still in my hand, not damaged at all. I made my way towards Taylor Swift. "The Good Book says, 'By their fruits, ye shall know them.' Taylor, this is my fruit right here. I know you've had a rough few years, but you don't need to worry anymore. I'm not gonna hurt you. This proves that I care about you."

Taylor's face became overjoyed. Widely, I opened up my arms and Taylor ran at me in slow motion, with her arms open. Epic orchestral music began to play. Even though she was taller than me by a few inches (I'm 5'8; she's 5'11), she jumped into my arms and we began to make out. Her legs wrapped around me as I held her in my arms. Trust me: even though my face is paralyzed, I'm one of the best kissers you'll ever meet. My hands rubbed up and down her back. She played with my brown hair, curling it with her fingers. The music suddenly changed into a blaring alarm. Taylor and I both looked at the surround sound system as we grimaced. We looked at each other and then the dream ended. I awoke and swore at my phone. "I was getting to the best part!" I shouted as I turned off the alarm.

For anyone who has ever worked a full-time job, you probably know the *deja vu* feeling of waking up at the same time every morning, seeing the same people on your daily commute, doing the same tasks at work. It can be physically and emotionally draining. Add in stresses from other areas of life and it can be a bit too much at times. That's how I was feeling. I guess that's why I put in so much effort with Taylor to have her get me out of my daily life and help me be so much more. All I wanted was her consideration at the very least.

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If she didn't want to, I at least wanted respect and thanks from her; something to not make this whole thing be meaningless. As repeated many times in this book, her representations portrayed herself as this kind of person. It wasn't a whacky illusion in my head nor was I under the influence of any substances. I truly, truly, truly relied on her representations and stunts.

But my illusions of her soon became apparent disillusion when I received an email from a person whom I did not know. It was from John Smith's secretary, Catherine. The subject line read: "Motion to Dismiss". My heart raced as I opened the email. Attached to the email was the PDF document to dismiss my lawsuit against Taylor Swift. I felt that maybe Taylor was going to dismiss the case and work something out with me, as planned. But when I opened up the electronic document on my phone, it was written very rudely. There was a nasty tone in the voice inflection. Smith wrote that the Swifts and Taylor's agents were perturbed by me. They were uncomfortable. They thought down on me. They did not like me. They thought of me as "invasive" and that I had gone to "troubling levels". I couldn't believe what I was reading. It was blatant slander.

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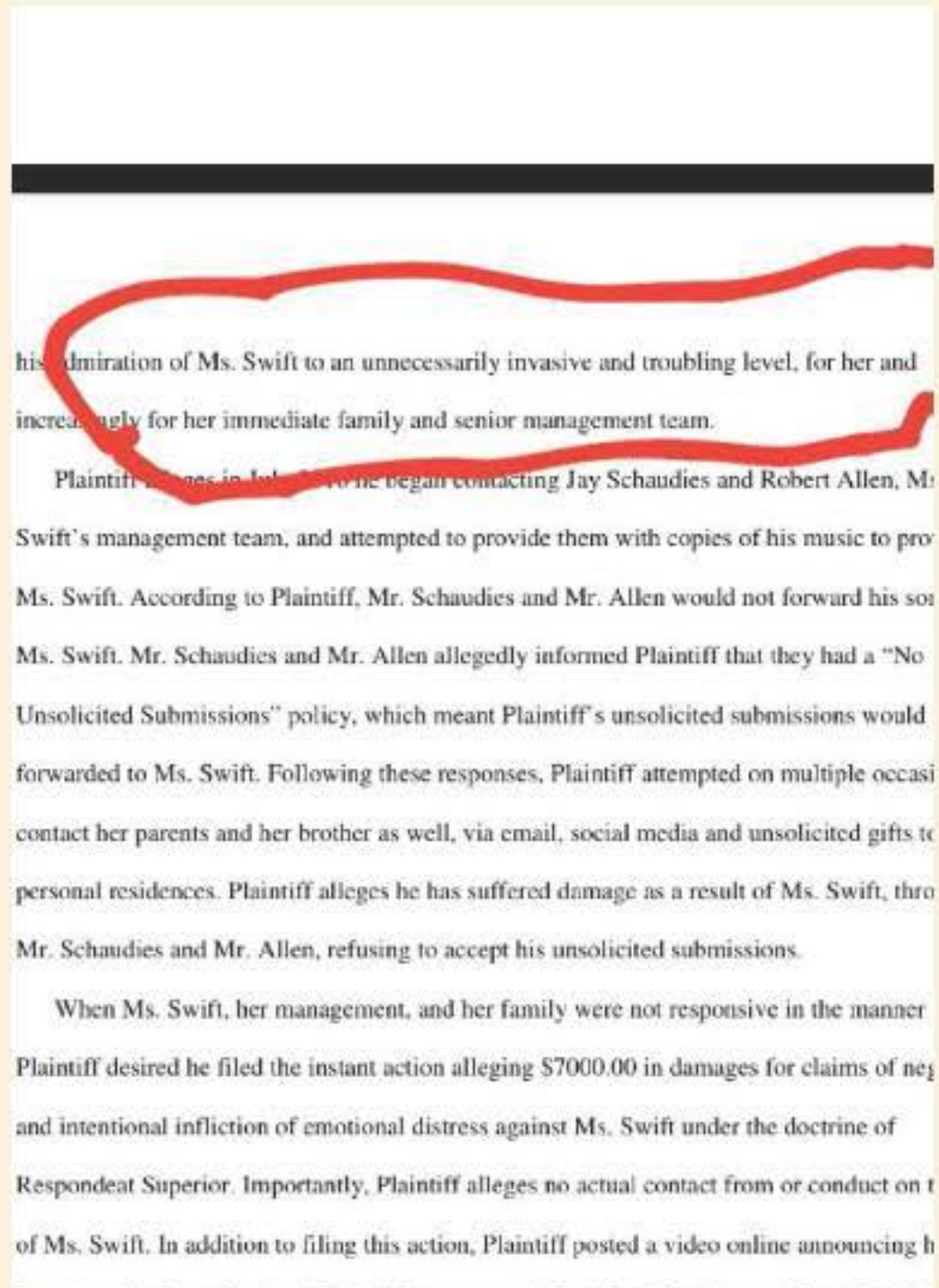


Photo Credit: Russell Greer. Snip from Taylor Swift's slanderous motion.

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“This isn’t true!” I screamed as I read the motion on my phone while standing in the break room which was surrounded by other companies in the building I worked in. Workers in the neighboring companies poked their heads out their doors and peaked through the windows at me, to see what was going on. I forgot that I had a loud voice, but I was too stressed out to even care about how I sounded or looked. My anxiety began to kick in. My body tightened up. My head began to shrivel. I felt like I was going to have a heart attack. Why would Taylor say this about me? Recollection hit me and I ran my mind through everything I had sent her, her agents and her family. There was nothing weird or creepy that I had said. As I glanced at the document once more, the address of John Smith’s office caught my eye. I had to confront him and find the truth. Surely, Saint Taylor, America’s Pop Princess, would not bad-mouth a handicapped admirer who simply was trying to get her attention to the effort he put in for her. Granted, this whole situation was unconventional, but she had accepted and been through weirder things. Maybe I should have sent her 1.989 paper cranes. Less weird.

Like a soldier fighting against the odds, I marched out of the elevator and went to the front desk of John Smith’s office. The receptionist, Catherine, saw my moody, determined, confused disabled face and slowly put the phone down of the person she was talking to. She knew who I was and she knew why I was there. “I need John Smith right now,” I told the young receptionist urgently.

“He’s busy,” the receptionist said, grimacing.
“Well, I’m not leaving until I speak to him,” I said rudely.
“Sir, you’ll have to leave. He’s busy,” Catherine the receptionist

tried explaining.

“I was sent a very hurtful and slanderous motion. The words contained in the document do not match the person I have come to know Taylor Swift to be. Further, I did nothing wrong to that family or to her agents. To say so is defamation,” I bluntly told Catherine. “I will not leave until I find out what the hell is going on.”

“Mr. Greer, leave now or --” Catherine tried explaining, but my anger flared.

“God damn it! No!” I swore at Catherine.

Catherine stared at me, startled. She began to whimper. I breathed slowly, realizing my slip up. Loud footsteps approached behind me, walking across the tiled floor. “Here I am, Mr. Greer,” John stated shortly. “What do you want? Make it quick.” I turned and looked upon Taylor Swift’s new lawyer. He glared at me.

“Why did you lie in your document?” I asked painfully, choking up. “Taylor Swift wouldn’t say this about a fan — let alone a disabled one.”

“Mr. Greer, my first and foremost duty is to my client,” John Smith explained. “I cannot write anything contrary to her wishes. Indeed, she did say that she was uncomfortable and that you were being incredibly invasive.”

“How?! I didn’t do anything!” I shouted. “I did what others before me did!”

“You are taking this incredibly personally, Mr. Greer,” John shouted back.

“Because it meant everything to me!” I began to cry. “You don’t know my life. You don’t know the challenges I go through. I felt she

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could help me discover myself. She seemed genuine.”

“Well, she doesn’t like you and she doesn’t want to work with you,” John stated. “Now please leave. You’d be wise to dismiss this frivolous case and move on with your life.” John Smith’s words pierced my heart. I couldn’t believe Taylor Swift hated me after I was kind to her and her family. I felt singled out. I felt discriminated against. Then the horror dawned on me: Taylor Swift did not want to associate with a deformed person. Obviously, she was open to people writing her. I then remembered the FedEx representative telling me about the packages in front of her parents’ house. It was highly doubtful that she hated all of those packages. But the guy who went above and beyond for her and was fighting for equality was somehow labeled “invasive” and weird. I was at a loss for words. My stomach felt sick.

“I’m gonna go to the news about this,” I told John, shaking. “I’m gonna reveal what Taylor Swift did to me.”

“Go to the news...and I will make sure they know how mentally unstable you are,” John sneered. “If any stations pick this up, I will ensure that this story gets swept under the rug like it never ever happened. Your choice.” John and I glared each other down for what seemed like hours. It took all my strength to not do anything stupid.

But my glare got thrown off, as hands grabbed my shoulders. It was the building security. My heart sank. “Gentlemen,” John Smith called to the guards. “Escort Mr. Greer here off the premises immediately. If he ever returns, arrest him.” At once, the guards began moving me away from Smith’s upscale office.

“This isn’t fair!” I protested as the guards hailed me away. “I

didn’t do anything to Taylor Swift!” I began sobbing as the guards pushed me into the elevator.

Back at my house, later that night, I felt like disaster. Sitting on my bed, my head throbbed, as if on fire. I could barely move since I was in a state of deep shock. My iPhone sat on the desk in my room, playing, “*My Sweet Lord*” by George Harrison. The strumming of the acoustic guitar made my heart cry. While George sang about meeting his Lord and having faith, the person whom I had placed my faith in hated me. And there was still a lawsuit against her with a trial date for the conduct of her agents. I had no idea what I was going to do. Instantly, my stomach rattled and I ran quickly to my garbage can, throwing up. Taylor Swift had done a number on me and I didn’t know if I would make it through the night. I dropped to my knees, listening to the song play in the background as vomit dripped from my mouth. It was going to be a long night.



CHAPTER 6

When You Mess with the Queen Bee

The moment was so magical: I held onto Taylor Swift's fit waist as she had her hands on my shoulders and we both danced to a slow song. We didn't say much and we didn't need to. We were enjoying the moment. But then, without any warning, Taylor reached into her dress pocket and pulled out a dagger. Before I could do or say anything, she stabbed me in the heart. Breathless and in pain, I dizzily grabbed my flesh wound. Red blood covered my hand. Taylor grabbed me by the throat and began choking me. "Russell," Taylor said in a deep, menacing voice. "I don't love you. I don't like your song. I don't like you as a person. You're hideous; you're ugly." Her words hurt me more than the stab wound did.

With all my strength, I grabbed her arm, trying to remove her clench from my throat. I began to lose my breath. Her grip got tighter. My eyes widened. Just as I felt I was going to die, an explosion shook the tower and Taylor lost her balance. Like a falling tree, the tower began to tilt and then it fell over sideways, but its lower foundation held it from completely toppling over. All of the furniture and wall paintings tumbled out of the tower through the window. Fighting against gravity, I tumbled out towards the window, but managed to

grab a hold of the brick edging of the window. I held onto the edge for dear life. There was a 200 foot fall if I were to let go. Taylor's guitar flew at me. I ducked as the guitar brushed my hair and fell down to the ground below.

Taylor gravitated in the air above me. Her eyes glowed blood red. As I struggled to hang onto the edge, I was unsure what I had done to invoke her wrath and hatred. Ever since I had discovered her music in that jail cell, her songs consisted of a main theme: heartbreak. Taylor had always sung of love falling through; of guys being "trouble". This was reflected in her personal life. All of her rich, "A-lister" boyfriends had left her high and dry and only got with her because of their money and fame -- not because they cared about her, per se. They only offered her fake and pretentious things. I, on the other hand, had actually shown Taylor that I was real and legit. Despite Chris messing up my song, I stood by the composition of my song. It was a good composition for what I was trying to accomplish. Somehow, though, paper cranes were better received and weren't "intrusive" upon the Swifts. Still: what the hell is one supposed to do with 1,989 paper cranes? I would honestly be pissed if somebody sent me 1,989 paper cranes.

Quickly, I awoke from my dream and gasped for air. As I caught my breath, a sick and bitter realization overwhelmed me: Taylor Swift hated me. And to my surprise, a feeling of anger began to swell in me. As a side note, I don't do too well with people slandering good intentions. A thought came to mind that honestly surprised me: I hated the woman I had loved -- I hated Taylor Swift. My blood boiled as I tried to get Taylor Swift off of my mind. It would prove to be

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easier said than done. With a regular person, if you have a falling out with him or her, you can just block them on social media and block their number, and naturally, they eventually disappear. When a world famous celebrity despises you, though, forgetting about them is next to impossible. Everywhere you go, you see their face on products; you hear their songs on the radio and music streaming platforms; you see them featured on the covers of gossip magazines and it's almost like said celebrity is mocking you; laughing at you everywhere you go; rubbing it in your face that your efforts were stupid -- that you are stupid. It makes you almost want to curl up in bed and avoid all activity just so that you can avoid seeing the celebrity that hates you. That's how it was for me the first few weeks of knowing that Taylor Swift hated me.

The shock from knowing that Taylor Swift disliked me, never wore off. Instead, the shock evolved into a lingering pain that consumed my entire body. I began to lose sleep over Taylor. When I went to work, my eyes were bloodshot and my body was groggy. Food began to lose taste; water became sour. Things that I once found beautiful, became displeasing to my eyes. The effects from the pain soon extended to my mental state. The roommate that I lived with, would tell me that he would often hear me talking to myself. I even caught myself talking to myself. I would blurt out random things at random times and I would curse the name of Taylor Swift.

Some readers may be holding up their hands, calling for a time out, confused how I could be talking about a mental breakdown, when the title of this book says that I became "falsely known as crazy". "How can it be false, when you admit to it on paper?" a reader may

ask. The title refers to "falsely" because I don't consider myself to be crazy. I had good reason to have a breakdown -- I didn't go crazy for no reason. I had a mental fall through. That's why it's false to consider me to be "crazy", as I am a pretty normal person with a sound mind, I just went through a hard time. Blame it on my anxiety and the sudden impact of knowing my celebrity crush hated me, I guess.

This pain was too much to hold in. Being a somewhat big social media guy, I decided to write the truth of what happened with Taylor and how there was a lawsuit against her. My goal with advertising the lawsuit was to bring awareness to an unfair situation since John Smith threatened to quash me if I went to the news stations. And boy, did it cause controversy. My number of "friends" (who were more like acquaintances) on Facebook decreased significantly. Friends of other social media friends were trying to add me on social media, only to tell me how dumb I was. Since Facebook invented the emoticon reaction buttons, "HaHa" faces plagued my posts. Nobody wanted to accept the fact that Taylor Swift would say this about a person. She was everybody's hero; their idol; their pop princess; their Queen Bee.

Besides not wanting to accept the fact that I sued Taylor Swift, nobody wanted to understand *why* I sued her. Nobody understood my legal arguments, but with the recent revelations of Swift hating my guts, those legal arguments were now moot. The entire lawsuit was meant to bring her attention to her agents' negligence, but since she knew about everything, it was a moot case. Even my number one supporter Ken lost faith in me. "Taylor isn't under any contract to accept your gifts, thus there is no legal duty," Ken had explained to me. But I felt led on. The misrepresentations felt so real. The dreams

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felt so real. I felt I had this “in the bag”, so to speak. I had “played the game right”. I kept running through my mind where I went wrong. I stood by my efforts. My efforts were head and toe above the paper crane girls. As outlandish as it sounds, I strongly felt it was because of my facial deformity that Taylor Swift didn’t want anything to do with me. It was the truth. All logic pointed in that direction because I had done nothing wrong to her. Even though Ken may have been correct in his legal reasoning, I stood by my claims of being misled and being discriminated against.

Unbeknownst to me, weirdos online, more commonly known as “internet trolls”, were taking screenshots of my posts and were putting them on Reddit and other forums. While I personally didn’t go onto the chat boards to read the forums on me - as who wants to read crap and slander written about them - I was informed through other people. Contrary to my intentions, I was becoming known as a “fruitcake” with my posts; as weird; as crazy; as frivolous. Since the situation was an odd one, my posts naturally came off as weird even when that wasn’t my intention. Even when I wrote very tame and polite posts, they were twisted to make me sound like a weirdo.

Figuring that I was going to be seen as weird anyways for writing the truth, I decided to add flavor and flare to my posts. Be loud and proud, ya know? I went total “shock jock”. I used rhetoric to get my message out there so John Smith could not stop it when I decided to go to the news. Many influential people throughout history have deployed rhetoric to spread their message. I decided to steal some of Donald Trump’s thunder and say eccentric things on purpose to bring attention to my situation since I was going to be hated for it anyways.

As a missionary, I had been taught the widely touted John Calvin phrase: “I set myself on fire with enthusiasm so others can come for miles to watch me burn.” The quote, when it uses the word “burn”, doesn’t mean the word in the usage of, “everybody is coming to laugh at you” sort of way. The quote is just saying that your enthusiasm for what you are trying to get out into the world will attract others. It was time for me to utilize that phrase and have it become my daily motto in order to bring to light what Taylor Swift did to me.

Post after post of what I wrote was filled with flare and fire. I typed in bold words how Taylor Swift was not a princess, but a snake. She was a hypocrite who contradicted everything she had ever written through song. She, and not her boyfriends, was the cause of her problems. She didn’t care about the kids with cancer that she saw. She did it for the good publicity. She donated to charitable causes for the tax deductibles. This was all proven with how she treated me. If she really cared about everything she did, things would have worked out with her and I because I was the perfect candidate. I embodied everything she advocated for. I had put in effort to impress her; to show her that I cared and I got the middle finger from her and her family and her agents.

My rhetoric began to spread like fire online and in non-virtual reality. The rumors, though often twisted, were talked about amongst gamers who played online. Threads were created about me on Reddit. Coffee shop hipsters sipped their multi-flavored drinks as they gossiped about the man suing Taylor Swift. Facebook groups talked about Russell Greer and how weird I was. Hundreds of search results began forming on Google and on Bing of me. “Taylor Swift Russell

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Greer” began to be a search term that would show up in search results on search engines. Hundreds of people began following me on my Facebook. Heck, any publicity is good publicity. I would let the truth speak for itself. A storm was beginning to brew.

Despite all of the rumors and gossip surrounding me, I still was unsure what I was going to say at the trial. It was mid-November 2016. I knew what I wanted to say, about how Taylor’s stunts misled me, but I couldn’t find any legal precedent to agree with what I was saying. I was completely oblivious to the third-person misrepresentation argument. The main consensus against me, online and with the people I talked to, was that I was not in a contract with Taylor Swift nor had I ever met her, so therefore she owed me zilch, nada, zero, nothing -- zip. But there had to be a way to show that with her level of influence, repercussions should be levied against her for misrepresentations. I gave myself until the end of November to find precedent and arguments to support me, and if I didn’t, I would dismiss the case before trial.

On a cold Sunday evening, towards the end of November, I was invited to go with a charity group to visit sick children in hospitals. One child I met was a boy named Max. He was 10 years old and was slowly dying. He showed the group, that I was with, a cardboard poster that contained his last wish: a shout out to have Taylor Swift come and visit him. My eyes widened in horror. “Taylor Swift is the best,” Francine, a girl in my group, remarked. “Why do you want her to meet you?”

“Cuz I’ve seen her visit other kids,” Max explained. The group gave a giant, “Awwww.”

Like electricity streaming to a light bulb, the word instantly flashed in my mind: *celebrity influence*. By Taylor visiting other sick kids, Max was influenced by those visits. He put his dying wish on Taylor Swift as a person. And even though Taylor represented through her actions that she could visit every sick kid in the world, she would probably never visit Max, leaving him broken-hearted. I looked at sickly Max and I felt sorry for him. I didn’t want him to be disappointed like I was when I had discovered that Taylor Swift didn’t give a rat’s ass about me even after I went through so much effort for her. Right then and there in the hospital room, I decided that I was going to find the applicable precedent and take down John Smith and Taylor Swift in the courtroom. I was gonna do this for Max.

Spending hours on the computer and skimming through different research sites, I studied numerous articles pertaining to “celebrity influence”. Finding articles that I agreed with, I would highlight important text and paste the research into a Word document. Much of the research I found was mentioned previously in Chapter 1 of this book, so go read it if you skipped over that part because I feel it would be redundant to repeat the research that I found. And then with a few scrolls and clicks, I stumbled upon a life-changing law review written in 1987 by a then law student named Jay Kogan. The law review was entitled, “*Celebrity Endorsement: Recognition of a Duty*.” In essence, the law review did an in-depth study into the power of celebrity and argued how celebrities should be held liable for their misrepresentations with their publicity stunts, as they already are liable for the products that they negligently endorse and misrepresent. Granted, law reviews are not binding, per se, but the case law and

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information cited in them can be used for both mandatory and persuasive authority and arguments. Go read Chapter 1 if that sounds like gibberish.

As I studied the law review, orange colored letters began to form on my bedroom wall and they caught my attention. The light in my room began to dim. This previously happened in Ken's office, as explained earlier in this book. I refer to this strange "happening" as my "*Beautiful Mind Moment*" since similar occurrences happened in the movie, "*A Beautiful Mind*" -- and no, I wasn't a paranoid schizophrenic, the movie was just the only example I could think of to relate to my experiences. Like magic, the letters spelled out: "Taylor Swift Owes a Duty to Have Disclaimers".

Quickly, the letters dissolved and then black and white moving images began to project onto my wall. The images consisted of Swift basking in the spotlight, doing publicity stunts, posing with fans. And then other images began to play right beside the Swift moving pictures of fans eagerly wanting to meet Taylor Swift. The images of her fans consisted of different ages, genders and ethnic groups from all over the world. Though they were all from different cultures and countries, the fans all shared one common trait: their smiles. They had put their faith into Taylor Swift.

At a certain point, the happy fans turned into sad fans, apparently realizing that Taylor Swift did not wish to acknowledge them. They became disappointed. Young children began crying in their parents' arms. Pre-teen girls lied on their beds sobbing, hugging their pictures of Taylor Swift. Another picture showed a woman standing atop of a giant building, hopeless. She appeared to have given her all to Taylor

and got nothing in return. Without warning, the woman jumped off the building and flung herself down towards the street. The pictures then dissolved and the lights were raised to full room brightness. It was apparent: given Taylor's level of influence, she owed duties to warn with her publicity stunts; with her paid and marketed interviews to not cause heartache to the fans that adored her; to prevent suicides.

With a great sense of relief, I began sobbing because I had finally been redeemed. It was like a heavy weight had been lifted from my shoulders after reading the law review. My words weren't crazy -- they had just been validated with the law review that I had read. There was somebody out there who agreed with what I was saying. I googled the author and discovered through his personal profiles that he was the vice president of legal affairs for a giant entertainment company -- far from a crazy loon. Since I couldn't amend or supplement my lawsuit, as it was in small claims court which doesn't allow for any fancy courtroom procedure, I gathered all of the information I had found and prepared to use it for my small claims court trial. I was ready and armed with my new information to win the lawsuit and bring Taylor Swift to justice for her failure to provide disclaimers.

Our beautiful country, the United States of America, has had a violent history with persecuting those who espouse an unpopular belief and who put those beliefs into speech. Many examples abound: the assassination of Martin Luther King for advocating for the civil rights of blacks; Robert F. Kennedy killed while running for the presidency and held unpopular beliefs; Joseph Smith, founder of Mormonism, killed on the second floor of a jail with his brother for simply forming a new religion; even the internment of Japanese

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Americans for them simply being Japanese. It is truly sad and ironic, given how the first amendment of the constitution grants free speech and free expression. But like the above mentioned martyrs, I soon found myself being persecuted for my beliefs of what Taylor Swift did to me and the duties I claimed she owed me.

On many different instances during the evenings as I would walk home from work, since I didn't have personal transportation, many cars would pass me by and shout at me. Some drivers flipped me off. Others shouted rude names at me like "retard" and "square face". Scared, I would arm myself with rocks to toss at the harassing drivers, but I never did throw any of the rocks. The rhetoric was definitely pissing people off. They didn't want to hear that their pop princess could or would discriminate against a disabled person. Despite all of their denying and mocking me, I wasn't going to back down because it indeed happened. While it's iffy that I was *legally* discriminated against by Taylor, like being denied a service, I was indeed *socially* discriminated by her. She slandered my intentions because of how I looked which is the definition of social discrimination. And so I was going to tell the entire world about what she did. I wasn't going to let Taylor Swift get away with this. But the harassment against me only escalated.

As I left Ken's office one evening, after showing him the new research that I had found, a black jetta pulled up behind me. Quickly, a Hispanic man wearing a bandana around his face jumped out of the car and began screaming at me. Terrified, I turned around as he held up a gun and pointed it in my face. "Get down on your knees!" the masked man screamed. I trembled and fell to my knees.

"What do you want?" I begged nervously.
"Shut up!" the man shouted at me. "We know all about your lawsuit. Taylor didn't do shit to you! Why don't I shoot you, huh?"
"Please don't --" I stammered. Without any hesitation, the gunman pulled the trigger as I screamed. But no gunshots rang out -- it was just a plastic click. The gun was fake.
"Drop the lawsuit or next time, it may just be a real gun," the man said as he ran back to his waiting jetta and then drove off. Too scared, I didn't catch the license plate number. And since I'm not a huge car guy, I wasn't sure if I got the right make or model of the car if I reported it. So I kept quiet, but the incident prompted me to go to the gym more regularly and train myself how to fight. A war was beginning and I needed to be in my best shape to stay alive and to defend myself. The jetta incident made me ponder if my rhetoric was worth it. Was writing the truth worth being shot or stabbed for?

At work one day, an email from a man named "Chaz" appeared in my work inbox. Thinking that he was somebody related to the insurance business that I worked for, I opened the email. It creepily read:

"Hey, Shitlips Greer! We've got you, you dirty bastard. We know everything about you. Drop the damn lawsuit. If you don't, we will make your life a living hell. Click the link to see what I mean."

The email perturbed me. Looking behind me to make sure nobody was watching, I quickly clicked on and followed the link. After a few seconds of loading, a weird looking website uploaded. The site was called, "*Kiwi Orchards*" and it proclaimed proudly that it took pride in mocking "the weird and the deformed". Disturbingly, the site

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contained videos mocking autistic people and the intellectually challenged. There were videos mocking people with cerebral palsy and others confined to wheelchairs. And then there was a big section on me. It listed all of my aliases that I had gone through online. It listed my home address. It listed my phone number. It contained information on my family. 68 pages contained screenshots of my social media posts, conversations, etc. Many things that I had said had been twisted and taken out of context. I was purposely defamed on this site. Some creepy stalker had spent a great amount of time publishing everything about me. Somebody was extremely pissed off at me and wanted to ruin my life. I felt frightened for my life.

Suddenly, my work computer's screen began to wobble and shake. It had caught a virus. And then it froze, making a high pitched squealing noise. I repeatedly pushed the power button, trying to turn it off. Like a chain reaction, the virus extended into the network of computers at my company. Computers in cubicles across the office began to make the same high pitched noise. The office lights began to flicker. Some of the insurance agents started swearing. "What the hell is going on!" one agent swore aloud from his office. Chattering and clamoring began to fill the work area. I slid down in my chair, embarrassed. I felt so stupid for clicking on that link. Further, I was upset about all of my information being published onto a very horrible site.

The harassment wasn't just against me, it was against all members of my family. Enjoying her night at her house, my mother sat watching a movie. Her phone suddenly rang. She answered it and there was dead silence. "Hello?" my mother questioned. But the line

was silent. Thinking nothing of it, my mother hung up. Seconds later, the phone rang again. "Hello?" my mother answered. Again, there was just silence. Just as my mother hung up, the phone rang for a third time. "Stop!" my mother said irritatedly into the phone. Deep laughter came from the other line. Suddenly, heavy breathing started. The caller began to exhale and inhale very slowly in a menacing way. My mother hung up and then the phone rang again. My mother grabbed the phone and threw it against the wall. She started crying, terrified by whoever the harasser was. The sick thing about this situation was that my mother had not done anything to these mentally ill people. These animals were coming after my family solely because they were related to me.

Other bizarre incidents followed. My sister had just finished up her college class for the day and made her way to her car parked in the campus parking lot. A group of people began to follow her. "Hey!" one of the group members shouted at my sister as she was getting into her car. "You're the sister of Russell Greer, aren't you?"

"So?" my sister replied.

"So he's a loser," the group leader retorted. "He's suing Taylor Swift because she wouldn't do his terrible music."

"Whatever, guys," my sister said in an annoyed tone. The irony was that my sister did not support me suing Taylor Swift and these losers had some nerve to harass her for something she didn't agree with. If I was there, a few of those losers would have ended up in the emergency room after having got their heads bashed in by me. Sure, my face is paralyzed, but my fists aren't. But I wasn't there and so the group rushed my sister's car, surrounding it.

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Swiftly, my sister locked her car doors and started the car engine. The group began banging on her car windows and tried opening the doors. Her car lurched forward, honking at the insane group of weirdos. One of the attackers pulled out something from a bag, wearing gloves, and threw it on the windshield of my sister's car. It was human feces and it smeared the windshield as the window wipers tried cleaning it off, but the wipers only made the mess worse. My sister began sobbing as she drove away with limited driving visibility. This situation was becoming insane.

Somehow, these idiots had infiltrated every aspect of my life. They knew all about my family and me. The weirdos even got a hold of my twin sister whom I was separated at birth from and whom I had never really talked to. These harassers began doing insane things to everyone close to me. I later found out that these trolls had got to a girl I was interested in and this girl ended up committing suicide because of the taunting from the trolls. I couldn't believe what was going on. All of this was happening because I spoke the truth of what a world famous celebrity did to me. I felt like a quasi-martyr who was risking death for speaking truth.

After my sister was attacked, I filed police reports, determined to stop the madness. "Mr. Greer," the investigating officer spoke to me over the phone. "We'll do our best to track these people down, but are you sure these people aren't just fooling around with you? Maybe acquaintances or something?" I was appalled that an officer investigating a criminal complaint would even make such a statement.

"Sir," I said as I tried maintaining my composure. "They threw poop on my sister's car. They've put my information online and have

said false things about me. Does that sound like fun and games to you? I want criminal charges pressed against these people."

"Like I said, we'll do our best, but based on the vague information we have, we can't do much," the officer explained. I felt sick to my stomach. The law had let me down. While I could hold my own and wasn't scared of a fight, I grew fearful for my family's safety, as did they.

My parents sat down with me at their home, when I visited them, and they held each other's hands as they spoke to me. "Russell, your rhetoric has attracted the worst of the worst," my mother told me. "I'm asking you: please drop this. We're getting dragged into this situation." I felt so terrible that my family had got dragged into this, but I couldn't back down now, especially with the rumors circulating of how I sued Taylor Swift. Most importantly, I couldn't allow Taylor Swift to get away without any punishment for her reckless use of publicity.

"I love you guys so much, but please understand: my life has been destroyed by Taylor. I'm in an emotional prison cell because of her shafting me and the false narrative she portrayed of me," I explained. "I have to stand up to her."

"At what cost, son?" my dad asked. "At what cost are you willing to try to fight her? Even if what you say about her is true, she has millions of dollars in the bank to silence you. She's hired the best lawyer in the entire state who is going to eat you alive at trial. How much are you willing to lose?"

"Everything," I replied. "I'm willing to lose everything to bring Taylor Swift to justice because I've already lost everything. Taylor

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meant everything to me and I haven't been the same since." My parents and I couldn't agree to disagree about the lawsuit. They, like everybody else, thought it was nonsensical. They hadn't found the research I had found. A Gandhi quote came to mind that lifted me up: "Speak your mind even if you are a minority of one. The truth is still the truth." Even though I was the only person in my vicinity who believed in what I was saying, I knew it was the truth. Another legal professional agreed with me even though I didn't know him personally. Besides the law review, my heart felt wronged. The facts pointed to wrongdoing by Taylor. I wasn't going to lie to myself.

A week before the trial, the harassment grew even worse. Being the klutz that I was, I had decided to move into a house that was nowhere near any public transportation. In fact, the closest public transit was a mile away. Each morning, I would wake up at 5 AM, shower and then make my 30 minute walk to the metro train, which is referred to as TRAX. Since it was the start of December, winter had fallen upon the city which made my thirty minute walk even worse, as I had to trudge through snow and manage my balance walking across icy surfaces.

During one of my thirty minute walks to Trax, I heard tree branches breaking about 75 feet behind me. Quickly, I turned and a dark hooded figure was following me. There was no illusion in my mind, even though it was very early and I was tired many mornings, I clearly saw a person following me. Due to the morning darkness, I couldn't distinguish the person's age or race, but the figure stopped and stared at me when I turned around. Panic overcame me and I quickly trudged through the snow, frightened. It was highly doubtful

that he or she was also heading to Trax. After all, my address had been posted on that weird site. Somebody must have posted my thirty minute walk routine as well. I was being stalked. But who would stalk somebody at 5 AM? Better question: who would stalk somebody at all?

On another morning, as I was walking to Trax — which my walks soon became jogs because I wanted to stay warm in the 20 degree weather and because I had to remain untouchable for the people following me — a car slowly followed me. I turned and it was a smaller four door car. Again, my descriptions with cars aren't the best. It wasn't a police car, that was for sure. The car then pulled ahead of me and parked a block up. The car then idled, sitting, watching me. It dimmed its headlights, but left the engine running; smoke blew out of the exhaust pipe. Knowing that this could potentially be another stalker, I began to jog quicker. I passed the car and kept jogging.

Out of the corner of my eye, the headlights turned back on and the car began to move forward towards me. I quickly left the sidewalk and began to cut across Murray Park, a public park that contained a vast expanse of trees and open field. My shoes plopped through the snow and my feet became cold, as I was only wearing leather, dress shoes. Looking back, the car had stopped. Whoever it was, was watching me. Eventually, I reached the other side of the park and began running on the sidewalk of another street, losing sight of the creepy car.

As 5 AM rolled around again the next day, I armed myself with rocks, tucking them in my coat pocket. Nearing Murray Park in my jog, a loud beeping car noise approached in the distance. It was like

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somebody was holding down their car horn as they approached: “Beeeeeeeeeepppppppppp.” I began to jog faster, but slipped on black ice, falling down. As my head hit the icy sidewalk, my glasses fell off. Bright lights sped down the street, horn blaring, as the car approached me. Weakly, I picked up and put on my glasses which were now impossible to see out of because the cold had fogged my lenses up, so I put my glasses in a coat pocket.

Fearing for my life, since the car seemed to be headed right at me and since this wasn’t the first time this had happened, I pulled out my rock, which was more like a stone, and tossed it at the car. For all I knew, someone in the car could have shot me. Though my eyesight was limited without my glasses, the stone smashed right into the windshield of the vehicle. All at once, the blaring of the horn stopped and the car came to a halt. The driver began swearing at me and then the car veered off the road and sped forward at me.

Making a mad dash across Murray Park, the car drove up over the sidewalk and chased after me. The wheels of the car slid and spun in the snow, allowing me to maintain a healthy lead as it stalked me. Eventually, I ran through a brick path entrance that had high walls that separated the park from the nearby neighborhood. Thankfully, the path was too narrow for the car to fit through. As I ran away, I could hear the creeper car on the other side of the walls, squealing its tires, stuck in the snow. Sensing that I had a death wish on me, I took Uber to work for many days after that incident. I felt all alone since the police and my family weren’t supporting me. Was this how all truth speakers felt?

Sitting in the cafe with Ken, we talked about the harassment that

had been perpetrated against me. “Russ, if the police aren’t helping you, I don’t know what to really say,” Ken was at a loss for words. “It’s disgusting what these people are doing.”

“And it’s not just in Utah,” I explained to my lawyer friend. “Some of the people on that site live in different countries. When I came out about this, I was trying to push for social justice. I was trying to bring to light what a person who hides behind a mask did to me. A lot of people need to know about this.”

“That’s the thing about rhetoric: it’s going to piss a few people off,” Ken told me. “There’s a price when it comes to speech, no matter how true it may be.”

While Ken was speaking, I noticed a man taking pictures of us. The man quickly left. I stood up and dashed after the man. For weeks, people had been putting videos and pictures of me on that troll site. I was going to put a stop to the harassment. By the time I got outside, the man had disappeared. Ken followed after me. “It was one of those Kiwi guys, Ken,” I said with clenched teeth, upset.

“How do they keep finding you?” Ken bewilderedly asked.

“I have no idea,” I responded, shaking with frustration.

Around 9 PM that night, as Ken was finishing up work, a group of masked people confronted him in the underground parking lot of the building that he worked in. They held bottles of fluid in their hands.

“You must be the law guy who has been giving legal advice to Shitlips,” one of the masked people shouted. Ken, familiar with the prior incidents involving my family, ran to his car and prepared to escape. As Ken started the car, he realized that his passenger window was down. Before Ken could roll the window up, one of the bottles of

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fluid was lit up with flames with a match. It was a Molotov cocktail. The flaming bottle was then thrown into the car through the open window. Instantly, the bottle exploded, consuming Ken and his car with flames. Like cowards, the masked men scampered off.

After 6 hours of surgery, Ken rested in the Trauma Ward of the hospital. Bandages and casts enveloped his entire body. I stood beside his wife who held their young son. I felt terrible. I had finally realized the bounds of my rhetoric. Free speech isn't free — there are consequences that come with it. "This is all my fault, Ken," I sobbed. Ken shook his head, not wanting me to blame myself. "You got hurt for being my friend and for listening to me when nobody else would." I didn't know if the police would ever catch these people, but I did know that I had to win this trial. If I didn't win, everybody who got hurt because of my beliefs would have been hurt in vain. I could never forgive myself if that happened. With determination, I decided that it was time to go to the news.

December 7th, the eve of the Taylor Swift trial, came. Passionately, I sent detailed emails to the three main news stations in Utah: KSL, ABC Channel 2 and Fox 13. In the emails, I thoroughly explained everything that has been already told in this book. I explained how the lawsuit originally started out as a way to bring attention to an unfair situation; I explained "vicarious liability"; I explained the sweat and effort that I had put into for Taylor Swift; I explained how much Taylor had meant to me. I explained my disability. I explained how Taylor slandered me. I explained the duties that Taylor owed me with disclaimers and explained the research that I found. Patiently, I waited for the news to broadcast this incredible

true story. It would only be a matter of time until there would be swift backlash against Taylor Swift for what she did to a handicapped person. Or so I thought.

As John Smith sat in his office, working on a legal document, he received a phone call. Casually, he hit the speaker button on his phone as he continued to type away. "Hello?" John answered.

"Hi, Mr. Smith. This is Kevin from KSL TV, how are you?" Kevin said through the speakerphone. John Smith stopped typing.

"Uh, hi," John replied. "How may I help you?"

"Yeah, we were sent a tip by a Mr. Russell Greer about a trial with Tay-" Kevin got cut off by John as John quickly picked up the phone.

"Listen here: Mr. Greer is mentally unhinged. Everything this man has claimed is false. Everything. Do not listen to or believe anything this man says. If you report this, my client and I will sue the bejesus out of your news station. Do I make myself clear?" John sternly lectured over the phone.

After hanging up on KSL TV, John Smith quickly called up Taylor Swift's management team to inform them that the news was trying to cover the story. "Taylor Swift does not want this being covered at all," Jay Schaudies explained to John Smith. "Do everything you can to quash the story."

"Yes, sir," John said, gritting his teeth. And so John Smith spent all of that day calling all of the major news networks in Utah and across the country, talking to news directors and legal advisers, telling them about the frivolous crackpot that I supposedly was.

Despite John's best efforts to keep the truth quiet, though, Fox 13 News blasted the story on its 5 PM broadcast. "*Utah Man Sues Taylor*

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Swift After Agents 'Stonewall' Efforts to Make Music with Her" is what read on the site's breaking news headline.^[44] I became overjoyed. It was working. "They're covering you," Ken called me from his hospital bed.^[45] But my heart stopped. The article completely trashed me and made me sound like a crazy person. The news had omitted key terms such as "vicarious liability" and didn't include the precedent found in celebrity misrepresentation with products. Instead, the article claimed that I sued Taylor Swift for her to go on a date with me. Regardless, the truth was out there and there was nothing John Smith could do to stop it. The article had over 1,000 shares. "It's out there now, so be on your 'A-Game'. The world is watching." Ken cautioned. "I'll be rooting for you."

The next morning, on December 8th, the day of the trial, the United Kingdom's *Daily Mail* had picked up the story. The title for their article was basically the same as Fox 13's: "*Utah Man Sues Taylor Swift After Her Agents 'Stonewall' His Efforts to Make Music with Her*".^[46] The *Daily Mail* claimed that I felt I was "entitled" to Taylor Swift's attention. It was absurd. Other sites and syndicates began to pick up the story.^{[47][48][49]} Upon seeing that the *Daily Mail* had picked up the story, thus making the story "international news", John Smith became livid. He began cursing and swearing and throwing documents across the room. His attempts at silencing me had failed. He grabbed his phone and frustratedly called Taylor Swift's agents. The agents and John conversed. "We've got something up our sleeves," Jay said as he thumbed through his contact book. He flipped through the many pages until he got to the label marker that had the

letter "B". Once on the "B" page, Jay slid his finger down until it reached the contact information for "Big Machine Records" -- Taylor Swift's record label. The agents were going to make sure that this bad publicity for them was drowned out...for good. War had begun.



CHAPTER 7

Russell Greer v. Taylor Swift: the Small Claims Trial

“There he is!” a woman gasped to her friends as she saw me on the Trax station. “That’s the man who sued Taylor Swift!” I was becoming more and more infamous by the second. Fox 13 had ran another video of me that morning, completely twisting my cause of action which was no surprise to me. Just the mere fact that I was suing a celebrity was enough for people to think of me as weird and not focus on my side of the story or legal arguments. I was a tad bitter because the news did not reach out to me for comment. They had taken parts of what John Smith said and focused on Taylor’s motion to dismiss, completely ignoring vital pieces of information. Thus, I looked like a baboon. As I sat on the train, people looked up from their phones and began staring at me. They had read the articles that I was featured in. Politely, I nodded my head at the onlookers, acknowledging them.

When I got to work, I made my way to my cubicle. Fellow co-workers slowly stood up and spied on me from the walls of their cubicles. Practically anybody who followed and watched the news, knew of my lawsuit. The head-honchos at my office walked past me, glaring at me. On my breaks, people in the break room were talking

about the lawsuit and how dumb I was. When they saw me, though, they hushed each other up, making for awkward silence. I became the subject of watercooler talk. Not to be political, but If anything, this all showed that President Trump was right: the media is biased. The media will throw the most correct people under the bus in order to protect their darlings e.g. Taylor Swift. To make for good and exciting news, the media doesn’t look for facts -- they only want sensationalism. Based upon all of this, I had to win at trial or I would forever be known as frivolous, litigious and crazy.

On my lunch break, I went into a hipster diner to get a quick bite to eat. As I was waiting in line, two incredibly rude businessmen were standing behind me, talking crap on me. They knew who I was based on the news. “Look at how dumb he is,” one of the businessmen rudely said.

“I feel so sorry for him,” the second man remarked to the other. I quickly turned around, trying to maintain my composure.

“Why do you feel sorry for me?” I questioned intensely.

“What?” the man said, misunderstanding me.

“I asked you a question,” I stated. “Why do you feel sorry for me?”

“Because you’re a moron,” one of the businessmen said. Just as I was thinking on how to respond, a rude man put his phone in my face, filming me. Thinking that he was one of the *Kiwi* trolls, I grabbed his phone and began fighting him for it, ready to smash it.

“What the hell are you doing?” the phone man protested.

“I’m gonna smash that damn thing,” I told him. “Why do you guys keep doing this?”

Out of nowhere, a few men broke up the fight between the phone

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man and me.

“Don’t sue me,” the phone man said with an angry look, referencing my lawsuit with Taylor Swift. I shook my head at the phone guy, wanting to swear at him.

Sitting at a table in the corner, an older man suddenly stood up, pointing at me and exclaimed, “He sued Taylor Swift!” Another man stood up and said, “He’s extorting Taylor Swift to go on a date with him by suing her! I saw it all on the news!” The diner patrons began talking amongst themselves about me. Sensing trouble, I quickly left the diner, but many of the patrons followed after me. “Hey, buddy!” one of the businessmen yelled, following me. “You know you just committed a crime!” I finally snapped. I turned back and faced him.

“No, you know what’s a crime?” I said with anger. “Following people and harassing them and their families. Posting their information online. THAT is the crime.”

“I only understood half of what you just said,” the businessman mocked me. “Duck lips.”

“Do you understand this?” I said as I shoved him. Not realizing my own strength, I pushed the man over a fire hydrant, which caused him to trip and fall backwards onto the wet cement. The man looked so pathetic lying on the ground, red in the face. I closed my eyes, ashamed of what I had done. The entire Taylor Swift incident had destroyed my life. It brought out the worst in me and others. I quickly ran off as a few men helped the crying businessman up onto his feet.

The stress from being internationally slandered began to wear on me, as if being slandered by Taylor Swift wasn’t enough. Having people stare and point because I was in the news for being “frivolous”

was a bit too much. I just wanted to be understood. I wanted fairness. I was trying to bring attention to a misrepresentation given by a famous celebrity, but nobody would listen. It just brought out more hatred than before. My sincere hope was that the judge would let me present all of my evidence and new arguments. But I didn’t have much time. The trial was in less than an hour and all of my evidence and documents were still being processed at the FedEx print center. Anxiously awaiting my documents, I stood in line at the print center to see if they were ready, but the older woman in front of me had a very large order. “I want 500 pictures of my poodle perfectly cut into 5x4 squares,” the lady told the FedEx office clerk.

“Alrighty, that’ll be \$200.00,” the clerk told the woman. As the woman fished around in her purse for her money, I stepped to the counter impatiently. “Sir, I’ll be with you in a moment,” the clerk said to me, ignoring me.

“I did an order 4 hours ago and it’s still not ready. I have a court trial in less than an hour with a celebrity. I’m on the news for it. I need those friggin documents,” I said very frustratedly. The teenaged clerk looked at me like he didn’t care. “Can you get your priorities straight?” I asked. The clerk gave a giant moan and then he walked around his work area like a lost dog. I didn’t have time for this unprofessionalism. “My last name is Greer, Russell,” I explained.

“What was your name?” he asked, not understanding me. I forgot that most people can’t understand my “Gs”.

“Greer....G-R-E-E-R,” I spelled out slowly for the clerk. The clerk paused.

“Clear?” he asked, thinking that’s what my last name was.

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“No,” I snapped. I quickly jotted down my last name. Not having the best handwriting, my name was a little messy.

“I can’t read that,” the clerk said.

“Oh, for the love of God!” I exclaimed. I couldn’t believe that I was dealing with this guy. I was about to scream. “You know what? Never mind.”

Racing against the clock, I hurried out of the FedEx print center and called the clerk’s office of the small claims court. “Hi, I have a trial in thirty minutes and I am unable to bring my physical evidence. May I show a powerpoint that has my electronic evidence?” I asked the clerk who answered the phone. I had created a slideshow as a backup just in case something went wrong with my tangible evidence.

“Of course,” the clerk said.

“Awesome, thank you!” I said happily.

“You just need to bring your own HDMI cord...” the clerk explained. Her words hit me like a sucker-punch.

Like an olympic runner, I ran with my satchel over my shoulders, towards Radio Shack which was four blocks away from the courthouse. The trial was in ten minutes. I ran through traffic lights, dodged cars, rushed past people to get an HDMI cord. It was like a real life version of *Frogger*. Luckily, I didn’t have to jump onto any logs or lily pads floating down an acid river like the game had you do. Finally, I proclaimed very weakly, “You have reached your destination” -- mimicking the GPS voice as I had reached the store. Catching my breath, I threw myself into the store, doing a somersault. The store cashiers looked at me surprised.

“HDMI...cord...I...need...one...fast,” I said, standing up, gulping for

air.

“Which size do you need?” a female clerk asked me.

“Size?” I said, not knowing that there were sizes. I had never used an HDMI cord before. “There’s sizes?”

“Yes, six inch, 12 inch and two feet,” the clerk explained. I whipped out my phone and called the courthouse again, but they had probably already gotten ready for the trial, as they didn’t answer.

“Give me the six inch,” I ordered. The clerk got the cord and then I paid for it. Before the clerk could say anything about my receipt, I ran like I had never ran before out of that store. If they didn’t know better, they could have thought I was shoplifting and trying to get away. But the truth was far from that: I was in a hurry to save my reputation. The winter evening frostbit my face as I ran and staggered to the courthouse. When I finally got to the courthouse, a news van was parked outside. I went through security as I saw John Smith trying to bar the news crew from entering the courtroom. John was throwing a fit as the bailiff allowed the crew into the courtroom. As I entered the courtroom, the court gallery was packed with onlookers: some I knew; most I didn’t know. They came to watch the the much hyped showdown between Russell Greer and Taylor Swift. If any betting was going on, the odds were not in my favor.

As I sat down, I noticed a cold, hard glare burning off of the side of my head. I slowly turned and Taylor Swift’s lawyer was giving me the look of death. John Smith wanted to gut me alive and then dice me into little pieces. That’s what his eyes told me, at least. His stare got thrown off when the bailiff called out, “All arise!” Everyone in

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attendance stood up as Judge Harris^[50] walked in. Judge Harris was an older man with gray hair and was heavysset. I had seen the judge before in public, but had never interacted with him. The roles of Small Claims court judges in Utah were a little unfair in how they were created. They weren't duly appointed or full-time judges who were supposed to study a case without bias. Small claims judges in Utah were unpaid judges who worked full-time jobs as attorneys in their own private practice who did volunteer work acting as "judges" in order to get their required hours. The judges weren't in it to be impartial and to bring about justice -- as is what a judge is supposed to do -- they just played the part in order to keep their licenses as lawyers. It was a rigged and unfair system.

"Thank you," the judge said as he sat down. "You all may be seated." The court audience sat down upon the judge's instruction. "We are here today because one man thought he was wronged by a famous celebrity and so he felt the need to sue her. Before we begin, let me just remind everybody that this Court does not entertain frivolous, malicious, hokey lawsuits," the judge openly lectured, though, he most likely directed the lecture at me. He paused for a moment, collecting his thoughts. "The case that comes before us today is the case of Russell Godfrey Greer versus Taylor Swift. Is Mr. Greer present today?" the judge asked. Timidly, I stood up.

"Yes, sir," I said, raising my hand. The judge rolled his eyes.

"Is Taylor Swift or her counsel here today?" the judge asked. John Smith proudly stood up, doing a little strut.

"Right here, sir," John exclaimed, striking a poser's pose.

"Show off," I coughed quietly.

"Alright, may the two parties come to their designated seating," the judge invited. John Smith skipped excitedly to his seat, ready to eat me alive. Nervous because I did not have my physical evidence, I staggered to my table. Before I could sit down, John Smith jumped up. I almost thought he was going to start dancing on the table. He was so excited to beat me on live TV. The news crew filmed in the corner of the room.

"I would like to go first," John cockily said.

"Ok," the judge accepted. I tried interjecting the energetic John Smith.

"Your Honor, in the traditional court system, the plaintiff is allowed to present his evidence first, as he is the one bringing the complaint," I tried explaining to the fake judge.

"Do you have your evidence -- if any?" the judge inquired.

"It's stuck at FedEx," I said. The audience in the court gallery began laughing.

"That doesn't help you," the judge said condescendingly.

"But I have my laptop here with electronic evidence," I explained before John cut me off.

"He has no evidence," John whined. "He did it to get Taylor Swift to go on a date with him." I shook my head, disagreeing with John's false assertion.

"HDMI cable?" the judge asked.

"Yeah," I said happily, digging into my satchel for it. The bailiff approached me.

"Is it 12 inches?" the bailiff asked.

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"No, why?" I asked.

"We have to connect it to the TV which is a foot high," the bailiff explained. I felt so embarrassed. I didn't know this information.

"I only have a 6 inch cable," I responded.

"Whoops, sorry, Charlie," the judge said in a rude tone. John raised his loud voice.

"May I proceed to go first?" John asked impatiently, acting like he was going to wet himself.

"Go ahead, Mr. Smith," the judge welcomed John's pleas.

"Thank you. THIS man..." John said as he pointed at me with aggression. "Has been nothing, but trouble. He has said such horrible things about my client and her agents and her family. Let me read to you some of the things he has said." Before John could go on "full douche mode", I interrupted the lawyer.

"I only said those things because I had a meltdown. I lost my mind after discovering that my celebrity crush hated my guts. That seems a little unfair to hold my frantic words against me," I tried to explain myself.

"Mr. Greer, it is not your turn," the judge scolded me.

"Ok, fine. All of that is moot because this court does not have jurisdiction to hear this case. Taylor Swift does not live in Utah; Taylor Swift did not meet Mr. Greer. Taylor Swift does not owe this man anything, so therefore hearing this case would be a waste of time," John Smith explained in a very annoyed, high pitched tone.

"Very good," the judge stated. "Let me ask Mr. Greer a few questions." I stood up so that the judge could talk to me. "Why do you think this Court has jurisdiction over Ms. Swift?" the judge questioned

me.

"Well, the lawsuit originally started against her agents and Jay called me and emailed me ---" I explained, but Harris interrupted me.

"Then why didn't you sue him?" the judge asked.

"Because I was trying to get her to see the harm that I suffered. It's called vicarious-" before I could finish, Smith jumped up.

"He sued her so he could take her on a date!!" Smith heatedly explained without any evidence. "I have video proof of him saying this was all for a date."

"I didn't say that! You have taken my words-" I tried arguing with Smith, but he cut me off.

"Oh, yeah! He wanted to hold her hostage with a lawsuit so that she could go on a date with him where she would have been forced to endure this man's sexual advances. Then after, Mr. Greer planned on taking her to a hotel and forcing her to engage in sex with him! The same kind of sex he has with hookers in Vegas," Smith went on a tirade without any proof. He had completely lied. He lied the same way Taylor had lied about me.

"That is not true!" I said.

"Mr. Greer, I am inclined to believe Mr. Smith over you," the judge stated. I couldn't believe it. This whole thing had become a giant slugfest against Russell Greer. Nobody wanted to give me the chance to explain myself. Never did I ever say anything about sex.

In my mind, I went back to the castle dream. I returned to where I had left off: my fingers grasping at the edges of the brick window, trying not to fall. Taylor continued to float above me, waiting for me to fall. "Taylor, I never wanted it to end like this," I called up to her. "I

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was only trying to get your attention.”

“I don’t date deformed people,” Taylor Swift simply said to me. “Goodbye, Russell.” Instantly, the tower collapsed. The strong, brick foundation crumbled. The window I held to fell apart and I fell 200 feet down. The tower exploding and falling was symbolism for my dreams bursting into flames. The woman I had fought for and whom I thought I could impress, thought of me as a little person. Because my mouth was deformed and because I didn’t have a lot of money and I didn’t drive a nice car, Taylor Swift wanted nothing to do with me despite the fact that I had tried flattering her with a unique song; how I had a story of not giving up despite being born against the odds.

Sitting at the plaintiff’s table, I awoke from my dream. Everything was mute. The judge was speaking down to me, but I didn’t hear the words he was saying. He was bias. He was hostile. He was talking to me like a baby, explaining negligence and the elements of it. I knew everything he said and had evidence and arguments to counter everything he threw at me, but I had no interest in listening to him since he was not listening to me. Instead, the eerie silence of heartbreak and the sizzling sound of a ruined reputation filled the room. I looked to my right at John Smith and he was smiling intently at the judge. Taylor’s lawyer was probably giving himself a pat on the back for kicking the butt of Russell Greer. To my left, the news crew still filmed. And then “wham!”: the judge hit the gavel against his bench. Sound returned back to the room.

“The motion to dismiss is granted. The case is closed. The Court is now finished. Thank you,” the judge said as he stood up and left the room. Taylor’s lawyer stood up and glared at me. He had finished his

job and was ready to go home to probably open a bottle of champagne and celebrate my defeat. The audience took photos of me and then left the room. The news crew wrapped up and left the courtroom. I was left at my table -- lying in the wreckage of my cloud 9. Everything seemed unreal. Two years spent of trying to impress Taylor Swift and this is how it ended. As I staggered out of the courtroom, Dora, a news reporter for Fox 13, grabbed me.

“Hey, we want to interview you,” Dora said, shoving me towards the camera.

“3...2...1,” the camera man said. He then gave us a thumbs up to start.

“Mr. Greer, how do you feel right now?” Dora questioned, holding the mic to my mouth.

“Terrible. The judge’s ruling goes against all logic,” I stated.

“Is it true that you did this to go on a date with Taylor Swift?” Dora asked. I couldn’t believe she asked me that question.

“No, for the last time: that was purposely twisted by her lawyer,” I responded. We talked for about ten more minutes and then the interview ended. As they packed up, I could tell that the news crew thought of me as a weirdo like everybody else had.

By the time I had returned home that night, the story was broadcasted on the website and the 9 PM news. The headline read: “*Judge Dismisses Utah Man’s Lawsuit Against Taylor Swift*”^[51] The news had again cut bits and pieces out, making me look like a maniac. I turned off the news and went to bed. I wanted to forget that this night had ever happened. When I woke up the next morning,

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December 9th, I had discovered the plan of Jay's: they had released Taylor's new song, "*I Don't Wanna Live Forever*". It was their way of conducting damage control. They wanted to hide all evidence that the pop princess could ever discriminate against a disabled person. It worked. The news was talking about the song that featured Zayn Malik. "Taylor Swift's new song has just dropped this beautiful morning of December 9th, 2016," one Entertainment Magazine wrote on their Facebook.

The song was meant for the movie, "*Fifty Shades Darker*". While some may say it was pure coincidence, none of the other songs for the movie were released until months later. Even the music video for Swift's song was released a month later. It was a planned, clever cover up that squashed the weird news of the trial. The *Daily Mail* had picked up the song the day after the trial and made no further mention of weirdo Russell Greer -- the "entitled" Utah man.^[52] The *Daily Mail* even admitted to the song being a "surprise-drop". A few publications here and there had picked up the dismissal story, including a news station in Ireland, but for the most part, my story had been covered up. John Smith's previously spoken words rang in my ears: "...It will be just like it never ever happened". He was correct. The superstar had won and they had successfully covered up all evidence that my lawsuit had ever happened.

CHAPTER 8 PLOT TWIST!

A few weeks had passed since the trial. I was an emotional wreck. According to the troll sites, I had officially become known as "frivolous, litigious and crazy". The *Kiwi* losers still stalked my every move. My family was ashamed of me for everything I had put them through. I was on the fence of whether I was going to sue Taylor in federal court and argue the "*Duty to Warn*" doctrine or not, as I had told Dora that I planned to. Everything in my life was a haze. The injustice of the situation ate away at me. As I lied on my bed one evening, my phone rang. Slowly grabbing my phone, I checked to see who it was. The caller ID read: "UNKNOWN". I usually avoided answering unknown phone calls, but that night I decided to answer the phone. "Hello...?" I answered blankly.

"Hi, Russell," the caller said to me. It was a female's voice that sounded a bit disguised. "I want you to know that I saw your story on the news and I want to help you."

"Excuse me?" I asked.

"I know Taylor Swift," the caller told me.

"Ok, I appreciate your attempt at trying to be clever, but Taylor Swift and I are not on good terms right now," I said to the caller.

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“Have a good night.” I then ended the call.

Two weeks later, a person who went by the profile name of “Taylor Olivia” sent me a friend request on Facebook. She had sent me a message saying that she saw my story on the news. Since it was a fake profile, I didn’t interact with the user too much, even though I accepted her request. Since I was going through a hard time, I ranted and raved on my Facebook. I posted things I normally wouldn’t have posted. Welcome to the world of living with anxiety. One of my posts was about my demands for Taylor Swift to apologize. It was a letter I was sending to her agents. In the letter, I mentioned the wedding girl, as discussed in Chapter 1. Taylor Olivia commented on my post and said, “It looks good, but that’s not what happened with the girl.” I was a bit confused, but brushed the comment aside. For another post, I said how I was working on music. Taylor Olivia asked me questions about my music. Since it was a fake profile, I was a little creeped out by it and gave short answers.

And then one day, I ranted and raved about the unfairness of the situation I was in. I put my foot in my mouth and said something dumb and offensive. Again, I went through a lot of trauma and didn’t think about what I posted. This upset Taylor Olivia greatly. Taylor Olivia unloaded on me on Facebook messenger. “I know Taylor Swift and I was going to help you get in touch with her,” Taylor Olivia wrote. “She doesn’t know about this. Her agents hid it from her.” I felt like such an idiot if this was indeed a real person. “Obviously, I’m using a fake account because I wanted to see how you were before I revealed who I was, but I don’t want to tell you who I am now. What you said was ugly and you don’t deserve to meet Taylor Swift,” Taylor

Olivia said to me in very detailed messages. These messages were so lengthy and long, they had to be legit. A normal person wouldn’t write that much about something if they were fake, I’m assuming. “I’ve stood next to Taylor Swift. She looks for unique people like you. She looks for people who ooze with inspiration and you only ooze hate and ugliness.”

While I definitely felt foolish, it seemed a tad harsh for Taylor Olivia to berate me after John Smith had claimed that Taylor Swift was uncomfortable by me. That was the reason I was “hate-filled” because I was told in very mean terms that Taylor did not like me. But in all fairness, John Smith was a scumbag so it wouldn’t be unlike him to lie about the situation. I just couldn’t imagine John Smith risk violating so many ethics by lying about something that wasn’t true just for a small claims trial. I tried explaining myself, but Taylor Olivia wouldn’t hear it. I tried to show that I was a good person and that I was writing a song for the *St. Jude’s Hospital* which I really was. “Taylor Swift doesn’t support St. Jude’s,” Taylor Olivia snapped. That was totally un-trollish. Trolls usually lead people on, but this person was ripping me a new one.

Whoever this person was really knew a lot about Taylor Swift. It wasn’t like they took hours to reply to Google information. This person replied instantly. Taylor Olivia sent me backstage photos that I couldn’t find anywhere else. This person even sent me a picture of Scott Swift taking a picture of Taylor Swift from the balcony he sat in. It was a photo taken with an actual phone and not done for a PR stunt. I was slapping myself so hard, but it wasn’t my fault. I was just reacting to what John Smith told me. If anything, the blame rested

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with the agents and John Smith, if Taylor Swift truly didn't know about me. Weeks later, Taylor Olivia deleted her Facebook account which she claimed was created to reach out to me.

Many questions still surrounded Taylor Olivia and whether or not Taylor Swift knew about this. If Taylor Swift didn't know about this, then did she understand why she was releasing the song the day after my trial? Did she decide to "surprise drop" it for other reasons? Had John Smith truly violated the American Bar Association's Ethical Rules for lawyers, with *Rule 1.2* commanding lawyers to act in the wishes of the clients? Had her agents violated their contracts with Taylor by hiding the lawsuit from her? Did John Smith commit a felony by lying in the courtroom under oath if this was indeed all one big lie?

And where did all of those views come from on my video? Had her agents and John really watched what I said twenty times? That seems to be a little obsessive to watch a video twenty times. Since the emails belonged to her family, did they just simply never tell Taylor about me? Did her family have a rule that they would not tell Taylor about people who reached out to them? Who was Taylor Olivia? Was it Taylor Swift herself? Was it Andrea Swift? Was it a family friend? Was it a close friend to Taylor? It seemed to be uncharacteristic for a troll to get upset about statements because that would go against all Trolling rules. A troll is meant to entice and lead on, not get mad at somebody.

If it indeed was a troll, who was it? Why did they claim to stand next to Taylor Swift? Why did they write novels of messages to me if they were just some random person? Where did they get that photo of

Scott Swift from? Who called me? Why did they feel the need to tell me all of this if they were fake? If Taylor did indeed know all about this, why did she never publicly comment on this? It was in the *Daily Mail* and other stations, after all, so it's not like it was a little thing. And she did release her song to quash news coverage. You'd think that if she went to all of that effort, she would comment on the case, unless she absolutely wanted nobody to know because she was embarrassed by the situation. Or she absolutely had no idea about any of this.

It was a whirlwind of confusion and for some reason, the clear truth was being hidden. As stated in this book's "Legal Disclaimer", many events of this book were established under presumption. Despite presuming to know everything, there were a lot of things that were done "cloak and dagger" that didn't make sense. For example, at the time of this writing (October 2017), Taylor's upcoming tour dates do not include Salt Lake City as an option (I had sent an email to her agents and told them that I was going to meet her backstage and so maybe they excluded the city for that reason). Was Taylor aware of SLC being excluded from the list? Her other tours had done shows in Salt Lake City to sold out venues. Was I the reason there was not going to be a show in Salt Lake City?

As another example, I had obtained a registered, official email that belonged to Taylor Swift that worked. Did Taylor Swift ever check that email? If she did, did she purposely ignore me because she knew who I was? For instance, I sent her an email about this book. You would think she would stomp that out quickly if she saw an email about the book. I figure she would want to silence this book from being written because I had met another celebrity whom I had a

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falling out with and I informed this celebrity's direct manager that she would be included in this book. This celebrity's managers quickly sent me Cease and Desist Letters and threatened me with legal action if said celebrity's name was put in this book. You would think Taylor Swift would do the same thing. Her agents have been sent many emails about this book and I had even left voice messages on their company phones.

Honestly, I guess a part of me wanted to hold out hope that Taylor would come running to me once she saw everything. Deep in me, I wanted things to be how they once were. I wanted to be a normal person again with a normal reputation. I wanted to go back to my happy, optimistic self — naively relying on Taylor Swift, imagining her running down the stage towards me and embracing me after hearing my song and hearing about my life's story and struggles. But sadly, I knew that with the way everything had gone down, things would never be the same ever again.

Whatever the truth was, though, one thing was certain: Taylor's publicity stunts and misrepresentations had indeed destroyed my life. Oh, and two weeks after I wrote letters to her addresses, I got a box of dirt in the mail.



Photo Credit: Russell Greer. From Taylor Swift or a loser troll...?

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Taking John Smith at his word, despite him being an unethical schmuck, I have to believe that he was telling the truth since his license requires him to be honest in all his dealings as a lawyer. But this all was indeed a plot twist.

CHAPTER 9

She Chose Him Over Me

Whispers followed me everywhere I went: in the store, on the public transit, in places I went to go eat at, anywhere. While it was normal, but not appreciated, for a passerby to gawk at me in public because of my face, I had an extra reason why people stared at me: I was “THAT GUY” who had sued Taylor Swift. No matter where I went, I overheard: “There’s the guy who sued that one country turned pop star. What’s her name?” On other occasions, I heard, “There’s Taylor Swift’s stalker.” Sometimes, as I walked down the sidewalk, people would come up and take unwanted selfies with me. I had definitely created an unwanted name for myself. My reputation was basically ruined.

On a few occasions, I had people accost me. One such occasion was in a store. As I stood at a self-checkout paying for my weekly gallon of 2% whole milk, an angry, pudgy, female Taylor Swift fan ran up to me, screaming. “You sick freak!” the female fan shouted from the top of her lungs, her face burning red. “You had some nerve trying to accuse Taylor of those things! How dare you! And you’re going to sue her again!” I stood stunned and embarrassed, as other shoppers looked on. The female fan knocked the milk out of my hand and then

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the carton of white goodness fell to the tiled floor. Like a bomb, the plastic container exploded upon hitting the floor, spraying milk everywhere.

Almost comically, the lady slipped in the milk and fell on the floor. Growing more upset, the lady sat in the milk and incoherently blamed me for her falling. People ran over to her and helped her. Nobody bothered to ask me if I was OK after being verbally assaulted. I was fine, though. Sensing that this was my cue to leave, I left the store without any milk. It was disappointing because I was really looking forward to having cereal that night. On other occasions, I had people shout at me: "Maybe I should sue you for being ugly!" A bullseye was on my back for suing America's princess of pop.

The winter of 2016/2017 was a dark one. My heart felt as cold as the ice hanging from my house roof. Things just kept getting worse. It was on a chilly Thursday, weeks before Christmas, that I stood in the conference room of my insurance office, facing the three head partners. "Mr. Greer," the head partner, Mr. Brown, said, looking at me. "The past few weeks have been very difficult for our company because of you. Hundreds of emails have clogged up our inbox pertaining to you and frankly, we don't have patience for this or your antics. With that said, I'm giving you the chance to deny everything. I'm giving you the chance to say it was all just a stunt and that Taylor Swift doesn't owe you a thing. Go ahead."

I stood thinking and remembering all I had went through. I had put myself and loved ones through hell because I truly believed in what I was arguing for: celebrity duty and celebrity influence. To deny it all now for a job would be "spitting on" my family. To deny what I

had discovered to be true would be lying to myself. "While I am truly sorry for all I have put our company through," I began. "Celebrities, given their social status, owe a duty to the public to have disclaimers..."

"Oh, good lord!" one of the partners cried out, shaking her head.

"Well, Mr. Greer," Mr. Brown said. "It's clear that you have made up your mind that you no longer want to work for this company, so I bid you a farewell. You may go and pack your belongings."

"Sir, let me explain: it all makes sense," I tried explaining.

"No, Mr. Greer," Mr. Brown said blankly. "It's foolish. I don't need a loony toon working for this company." And just like that, I was let go from another job because of Taylor Swift. Ridiculously, they were treating me as if I were a felon or a sex offender.

Whenever I heard Taylor's music, I would cry. It hurt my heart to think of somebody who hurt me so much. I wanted to forget her. I searched for a sense of purpose. The trial replayed in my nightmares. Sometimes, I would have dreams of Taylor standing in a field, surrounded in light, and I would run towards her, wanting to be in her light. But no matter how hard I ran at her, I kept running in place. Eventually, the dreams vanished.

Towards the end of December, Ken called me. He had been released from the hospital and was slowly recovering at his house. "Russell, don't turn on the TV or the news for a few days," Ken warned, but curiosity had always killed me. I loaded CNN.com on my laptop and the breaking news story read: "*Taylor Swift Visits 95 Year Old Fan*". My heart dropped. I couldn't believe what I saw. I was so upset. While I wanted to be happy for that elderly man, he did

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absolutely nothing to deserve that. As conceited as that sounds, it's the truth. I can't mince my words. It was almost like Taylor was flipping me off with that publicity stunt. I tried contacting the CNN reporter, Chloe Melas, who covered the meeting between Taylor and the old man, to tell Chloe about the unfairness, but Chloe simply stated, "We're too short-staffed to cover your story." The media bias was strong.

That meeting between Taylor and the elderly man proved to be too much for me. Distraught about that and with the feeling of gloom hanging over me, I decided I couldn't take the pain any longer. I couldn't live anymore knowing that my celebrity crush hated me for being nice to her while she continued to flaunt her fame and visit those who did nothing for her. She simply visited the man because he was old? The absurdity and the irony hurt my head. So one afternoon, I got off on a random Trax stop and sent a cryptic mass text to everybody in my phone. "I'm sorry. Love you all," the text read. Without purpose, I then hopped down onto the train tracks and stood on the rails, waiting for the train. I couldn't live anymore and bear the thought of what Taylor Swift did to me. I couldn't live with the thought of knowing that I hurt innocent people with my rhetoric. To make things worse, Taylor began dating a no-name British actor who again, most likely didn't do anything for her. He probably just simply lifted his pinky and said, "I'm an actor, date me." He did nothing for Taylor to show that he was genuine or that he cared. He just used his sort of fame to get with her. It was ridiculous and heartbreaking.

In the distance, the Trax train quickly approached. The metal train crossing arms came down, lights flashing and bells chiming.

Barreling down the track, the train must have been going 60 miles an hour as it pulled three passenger cars all connected to each other. Upon seeing me standing in the tracks, the train driver began blowing the train horn. Not in my best state of mind, I walked towards the approaching train, wanting death. With loud screeching, the train brakes were applied, but the train still moved quickly forward. People began shouting at me as thoughts consumed my mind: What does death feel like? Is it quick? What happens after we die? Is it just pitch black or is there truly life after this? I continued to ask myself questions, preparing myself for the impact. Despite all of my rhetorical questions, I only hoped that suicide would free me from the mental anguish that Taylor Swift had inflicted upon me. As the train continued to come at me, a middle-aged man pushed me out of the way. We both fell to the pavement as mere seconds later, the train rolled by. "What are you trying to do? Kill yourself?" the man asked me in a rude, scared to death way.

"Yes," I blankly responded, catching my breath, not believing that I had gotten so close to killing myself. The man studied me and then an expression formed on his face as if he knew who I was.

"You're that guy who was on the news," the man stated. "You sued Taylor Swift." I nodded my head, expecting him to go bananas on me like everybody else had, but he just smiled. "My name's Walter," the man said. "And you're....Russell Greer."

CHAPTER 10

The 50 Million Dollar Taylor Swift Lawsuit

An hour after I had failed to kill myself, my new acquaintance and I sat in a booth at a buffet. Walter was a lawyer who had been actively following my case. Apparently, he had tried messaging me on social media, but since every other message in my Facebook inbox consisted of threatening and harassing messages from strangers, I never checked my inbox. Walter actually agreed with my lawsuit and agreed that the judge was bias and that John Smith was a dirtbag. I finally felt vindicated and understood. “Don’t try killing yourself again, but I totally understand why you tried doing it,” Walter said as we both ate extra helpings of breakfast food. “There are some very vicious people after you. They’re the insane ones, not you. Are you still thinking of filing that federal lawsuit that was mentioned on the news?”

“I kind of said that in the heat of the moment,” I explained hesitantly to Walter.

“You should do it, I’ll help you,” Walter encouraged. “Imagine if the jury awarded you half of Taylor’s net worth, you would be so rich.” Walter had dollar signs in his eyes. He seemed to be after some of Taylor’s money too. I had never ever wanted any of her money, I had

only wanted fairness. To be honest, I really didn’t know what I wanted.

Days later, I met up with Walter in his humble office located on the fourth floor of a building in downtown Salt Lake City. A Juris Doctorate degree hung on his wall, identifying himself as a true and blue, through and through lawyer. “So we wouldn’t be able to sue her for slander, as she’s protected by a thing called ‘*the litigation privilege*’ which is some bull shit thing that says you can lie about whatever and you’re protected because it’s all a part of the legal process,” Walter told me. “But I really like your Failure to Warn argument. That’s where I see us prevailing.” While I was all on board with Walter’s plan, I couldn’t tell if he was acting in my best interest or if he simply wanted his hands in the “cookie jar”, so to speak. It made me uneasy because money was far from what I wanted — I only wanted Taylor to be held accountable for her negligent actions.

With fervent enthusiasm, Walter spoke of how we could bankrupt Taylor Swift and derail her career. It was like he savored what he was saying, enjoying the thought of destroying Taylor Swift. I still had a soft spot in my heart for her and I didn’t want to hurt her, I only wanted her to have her eyes opened and swallow the bitter truth and accept what she did to me. In a matter of minutes, legal papers were printed out and Walter placed a pen and the papers in front of me for me to sign. “Mr. Greer, I’ll have you read and sign. I’m also going to require a five hundred dollar retainer,” Walter explained with a smile. I was in a deep thought as I studied our contract.

“Can I think over this?” I asked.

“Sure, sure,” Walter said very politely.

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Metaphorically, I was stuck between a rock and a hard place. If I signed the engagement agreement, Walter would be my attorney and all hell would break loose with Taylor, as I imagined her and John Smith wanted to happily counter sue me. If I didn't sign it, Taylor would get away scot-free and continue to mislead with her publicity stunts, harming myself and people like Max the dying hospital boy. I was in a dilemma. Turning to my one friend who supported me the entire time, I made my way over to Ken's home.

When I met with Ken, he looked a lot better than he had when I last saw him in the hospital months before. It was mid-February. Ken rested on his couch near his crackling fireplace, with obvious signs of trauma all over his body. We talked about Walter and the potential representation. "There's no guarantee that the news is going to cover this fairly," Ken cautioned. "We saw how that all went." Sitting silently, Ken gathered his thoughts. "Russell, you have an inspiring story here. You're an underdog. Everybody loves underdog stories. Instead of spending your entire life in a courtroom battling Taylor Swift, write about it. Write a book about this entire incident. It's a modern day David and Goliath story. I mean, you caused Taylor to release her song in an attempt to hide everything. That's huge. You could do more good with a book than another lawsuit will."

Writing had always been my passion. I couldn't believe that I had never thought of writing the entire incident out. My thoughts turned away from suing Taylor Swift a second time to publishing a book about why I sued her. After all, nobody understood my cause of action. There was no guarantee that my second lawsuit would be covered fairly. As I developed the book idea more, I wanted the book

to influence people and not just be an explainer sort of book. During my brainstorming, Walter would continue to call me and email me, asking if I had made a decision. I wasn't sure how to tell him off, as I felt he wouldn't leave me alone, so I did the easiest thing I could do and I blocked his number and email and never ever heard back from him.



CHAPTER 11

My Ultimate, Bigoted Backstage Experience

The colorful stage lights illuminated off of me as I sat in the third row, dressed in a suit, near the stage at the Vivint Smart Home Arena in Salt Lake City with a group of other fans who had purchased VIP backstage passes to meet and see a famous female artist. It was mid-March. Due to this artist's lawyer sending me letters warning me to not put her name in this book, I will refer to her as "Anna". Anna, a popular, young, beautiful, Grammy nominated artist, strided out onto the stage with her background dancers. My heart raced as I saw her in person. The tickets had cost me close to a thousand dollars, but I had spent all of that money in a desperate attempt to get Taylor Swift off of my mind. I figured acceptance by another celebrity would get me over my depressed Taylor Swift thoughts. Kind of like how I had went after Taylor to get over Murphy the hooker. While Anna was very beautiful, she had a reputation for being a snob. But I don't judge people without meeting them, so I didn't care about what other people said about her.

Unfortunately, though, like anywhere I go, people judged me. Anna's guards stereotyped my disability. Since I sat on the edge of the

third row, I sat feet away from three of Anna's security guards. The guards laughed at and mocked my disability. They talked amongst themselves about apprehending me because I appeared to be drunk. I wanted to ask Anna a question about being a songwriter for her, but I was frightened that the guards would assault me. So I didn't get the chance.

A half hour later, I stood in line with other VIP fans to meet Anna in person directly. When it was my turn to meet Anna, one of her many bodyguards held open the door to the tent that Anna stood in. When I walked into the tent, Anna looked very beautiful, but she immediately formed a disgusted face upon seeing me and my deformed face. I felt so ugly and little. To all of the people before me, Anna had told them how beautiful they looked. Trying to brush aside her rude expression, I made conversation with her. "Hey, Anna. Just so you know, I'm the guy who got you flowers," I said to her, hoping for a warm response, but Anna stared at me the same way Austin Powers had stared at the mole on the Mole's face in *Austin Powers 3*.

Together, the pop star and I looked at the camera. Trying to be smooth, I put my arm slowly around Anna. Unsurprisingly, Anna made a weird noise, like a "Don't touch me, you freak" noise. I couldn't believe it. After the picture was taken, Anna looked at me with a disgusted look and grumbled, "Thanks for the flowers." My heart was again trashed by a celebrity. I couldn't believe it. Slowly, I shuffled out of the tent and went to a bathroom and cried. I was half tempted to leave and not stay for the show. To make a long story short, I went to the concert and my place was right next to the stage. At the concert, I again was assaulted by the guards, verbally and

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physically. My right to an enjoyable evening was stolen from me because I looked differently. But since I had gone through hell with Taylor Swift, I didn't want to start a commotion about Anna. I tried to be happy, believe it or not. I posted the pictures on my Facebook because it was cool that I did meet her. It just sucked because she hated me.

Weeks later, when the backstage Meet and Greet photos were available for viewing, I was stunned to see Anna passionate in every picture except mine. She had a disgusted look in my picture. It made me sick to my stomach. I tried talking to her manager about the entire incident, but he ignored me, even though I was given his direct email. The word "duty" came to mind. All of my past research processed through my head and the calculation formulated in my brain that Anna had failed to provide a safe place for a disabled person, per Utah law that requires places to give disabled people equal rights in places of amusement. Surely, equal rights also pertains to not being assaulted.

To my hesitation, I came out about what Anna did to me after a terrorist attack prompted me to reveal what she did. I felt obligated to hold her to her higher duty that public policy dictated. See Chapter 1 if you don't know what I mean by "public policy". I sued her because her or her manager never offered any explanations or apologies. Since the guards were under her control, she was liable. She was the one running the shindig. To some, it may have seemed like I was truly litigious, but on the contrary, I just wanted celebs to put their money where their mouth was and abide by their superstar status and duties. Psst...read Chapter 1 if you don't agree.

Early August came and I felt that I had a very good shot at winning since the harm had happened directly in the jurisdiction and I had solid evidence. To my confusion, though, I somehow showed up a half hour late to the trial. The time got mixed up in my mind. Anna had hired John Smith. He was on a warpath to bring me down. The judge was different than the last trial judge, but this judge, just like Judge Harris had, reeked of B.I. (kind of like B.O. for "body odor") which is short for "bias". It wasn't even a trial for Anna, though, like it was supposed to be. It had unfairly turned into a trial against me for irrelevant things I had said. I had written stupid comments on my Facebook and John Smith, like the scumbucket he was, purposely twisted my words and I almost got arrested in the courtroom. John was such a drama queen.

Unsurprisingly, John again brought up the lie that I had sued Taylor Swift for a date to establish a pattern of my "frivolous", "litigious" and "crazy" behavior. To my frustration, trolls secretly filmed the trial and put it up on YouTube and other sites e.g. the loser *Kiwi* site. Luckily, I wasn't arrested, but I was fined for speaking the truth. Just like all other truth speakers, I had been punished because the judge nor John wanted to open their minds, which goes against all legal precedent, as judges are required to analyze situations broadly.

As the trolls filmed me walking out of the courthouse (none of the news stations showed up because John had again threatened them), I began to wonder if my white knight efforts were worth the repercussions. No fake, fat faced judges wanted to listen to me or look at my evidence. Even when I cited the correct laws and the correct precedent, nobody wanted to listen. Everybody just laughed. They

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didn't analyze the facts — they only analyzed me. The entire incident was one for the books — that's why I assigned it Chapter 11 for this book.

CHAPTER 12

Quick Blurb on the Overhyped Colorado DJ Trial

Towards the end of the summer of 2017, Taylor Swift was on trial for probably the dumbest case I have ever seen. Some disgruntled DJ claimed that Taylor Swift had falsely accused him of grabbing her butt at a backstage meet and greet in 2014 when she was on her *1989* tour. This DJ was understandably fired from his job and so he sued Taylor Swift and others for harms suffered. Apparently, the doofus wasn't hurting too bad for money because he got himself some fancy pants lawyer. As a side note, I have absolutely no respect for this guy. That all aside, it was a "she said/he said" case.

Laughably, the guy had no evidence. I had read through his complaint months before. He was grasping at straws. I felt so sorry for Taylor and her mother since they had to go to trial for the weird DJ. Even though Taylor hurt me, I believed her in this case. She had no reason to lie. In fact, with everything explained in Chapter 1, public policy dictated that Taylor Swift be an example and tell the truth.

Frustratingly, the guy got an incredible amount of news media attention — over something that he had no evidence of! I couldn't believe it. He did interviews here and there. Fox News and CNN

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covered the trial. It was broadcasted everywhere over the DUMBEST THING IMAGINABLE. When I had tried to tell the news about my case which I had rockstar evidence of, the news directors rolled their eyes and made excuses, that was if John Smith hadn't already warned them about me. The logic for allowing a hokey lawsuit to be covered internationally, but disallowing a lawsuit to be covered that I had solid evidence and arguments for, made very little sense. Unlike the DJ, I didn't want my 15 minutes of fame. I only wanted to bring awareness to an unfair situation, but my character was assassinated and ignored when I came out about the truth. Really, it all fell back onto the automatic believability that stems from one having a lawyer and the other (me) not having counsel. The media reminded me with their coverage of the DJ of how bias they were. If the news wouldn't listen and report, then my book would tell all.

CHAPTER 13

Fighting the "Taylor Swifts" in Your Life

As I sit back in my chair at my desk, hands rested beside my laptop, I contemplate the past year. It's October 2017: a whole year since I had decided to sue Taylor Swift in what started out as an attempt to get her attention to the situation. Little did I know that the entire thing would backfire on me. Little did I know that I would discover that Taylor disliked me. Little did I know that I would reach infamy internationally. Little did I know that I would lose friends, housing and employment over this. And little did I know that I would discover things about myself that I probably wouldn't have discovered if none of this had ever happened.

It's been almost 10 years since my high school jail experience. Like it was yesterday, I can still remember being a scared 18 year old boy standing in front of the black and white height measuring device, having my mugshot taken by a deputy. I can still remember my jail cell door slam tight and the sound it made when it electronically locked. I can still tell you who the inmates were in my Pod and what they looked like. As if playing on repeat, I can still tell you when I saw Taylor Swift on the jail TV, playing within my eyes.

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And even after all of these years, I still can hear the warden ask sternly: "Who is Russell Greer?" That question has followed me through all of these years: during my first year of college; as a confused, helpless missionary sweating around down in Arizona, unsure in what he believed in; as a college student again, working two jobs; as a paralegal graduate who couldn't hold onto his professional jobs because of his desired dreams. But through all of that, I feel that I have finally answered that burning, haunting question.

Who is Russell Greer? He's a flawed human who does his best and he doesn't get credit for his efforts. He's a regular guy with regular emotions. Given his acquired anxiety, he can do and say things he doesn't mean, but he's never purposely malicious. He tries to treat others as he wants to be treated. But what I have found about myself, Russell Greer, is that I don't give up. I'm a fighter. I keep going even if it means going up against the odds. I was born in a difficult situation and have found myself in unfair circumstances because of discrimination against me for being the way I was born. Despite the unfairness of life and of the brutalizing efforts at trying to impress Taylor Swift, I'm still standing amidst the wreckage of my cloud 9. And I wanted to share with you, my reader, that you too can keep standing even after you seemingly lose everything.

You see: we each have a "Taylor Swift" in our life. Yes, there is that beautiful, blonde pop star who is naturally in everyone's life because she exists and because her face is plastered everywhere and her music plays on every music platform, but figuratively, we all have a "Taylor Swift". We all have that thing in our lives that we work so hard for, but it gets wrongfully snatched from us, whether it be a

promotion that's given to somebody else who doesn't work as hard as you do or a new car that you see advertised for weeks and when you finally have the spending money, the guy in front of you buys it off the lot. So what do you do: speak or stay silent?

Some people will tell you that to say nothing is better than saying something at all. Those people will tell you that to say something will only burn bridges and make you unwanted enemies with others. But I disagree. To say nothing only robs yourself of justice. In the end, only you matter, so it really is your choice. If you stay silent, nobody will know the truth of the harms you allege. If you speak, yes, you run that risk of being labeled hurtful names, but you also are able to release that "lion". Truth is like a lion: release it and it will defend itself.

As you stand at the crossroads of whether you should speak or stay silent, the choice of what you're going to do faces you. You, and you alone, can only make that determination of whether that "Taylor Swift" in your life is worth pursuing; is worth bringing attention to if it gets snatched away from you or it leads you on and creates a misrepresentation, leaving you wronged and harmed. And if you do speak up and speak out about the wrongs you faced, you must make that choice and determine if you are going to run and hide when the blowback comes or if you're going to stand and fight.

Having experienced this for myself, I am here to tell you: stand and fight. Shout from the top of your lungs and bring attention to the situation. You may be slandered for it; you may be harassed for the words you speak, but it will bring awareness. And awareness causes change. Even if one billion people on this planet hate you for the words you speak, influencing that one person who listens to you is

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worth it because that one person can share what you wrote with others and others can in turn share your words which causes change. And even if you are a minority of one, the truth is still the truth. Speaking the truth has never been a popular thing, especially when it alleges facts about a person whom the majority of the populace love. The goal isn't to be popular — it's to bring awareness. And even if you lose everything for the words you speak, you can still be the last one standing because you are the only person on this planet who allows a loss to be truly seen as "a loss". Yes, free speech isn't free: it comes with consequences. Instead of viewing bad results as consequences, though, look at them as "sacrifices" for speaking the truth. View negative outcomes as a sort of "one door closes, a better one opens" experience.

But who knows? Maybe speaking the truth will land you a million dollar contract with your own television show — a much better deal than I went through: losing friends, employment and home. Sincerely, I hope you don't ever have to endure what I did for speaking the truth. It is my hope that maybe you'll be honored through the ages for the words you speak. Maybe you'll have statues and murals done in your likeness. Maybe parades will be held for you and your birthday will become a national holiday. Maybe followers will start a religion after you with your words becoming biblical and studied daily. Whatever your harm may be and no matter what kind of "Taylor Swift" you have in your life, always speak: you never know how powerful your words can be.

Footnotes

- [1] Read, "Celebrity Endorsement: Recognition of a Duty" by Jay Kogan, The John Marshall Law Review. (1987) (A fascinating read on why celebrities can be liable for the products that they negligently misrepresented. Also discusses how celebrities should held liable for their influential actions).
- [2] Definition of "Duty". Merriam-Webster Dictionary online. (<https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/duty>).
- [3] "What is a Duty?" Black's Law Dictionary.
- [4] Felt like using all "B" verbs.
- [5] "What is Secondary Meaning?". FreeAdvice Legal. (https://law.freeadvice.com/intellectual_property/trademark_law/secondary_meanings.htm).
- [6] Trademark Electronic Search System. United States Patent and Trademark website.
- [7] It's a song, "I've Got the Power" by Snap! (1990).
- [8] I'm just that good with math.
- [9] "Kirk Cameron Talks About Celebrity Standards and New Film". WebProNews. (2014).
- [10] "How Influential are Celebrities?". Marketing Charts. 2014.
- [11] "Celebrity Worship Syndrome". Psychology Today. (2013).
- [12] "Celebrities' Impact on Health-Related Knowledge, Attitudes, Behaviors, and Status

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Outcomes: Protocol for a Systematic Review, Meta-Analysis, and Meta-Regression Analysis". BioMed Central. (2017).

[13] "Taylor Swift Just Crashed a Fan's Wedding -- and She Even Brought a Gift!". Brides.com (2016). <https://www.brides.com/story/taylor-swift-crashes-wedding-and-performs-song>

[14] "New Romantics -- Taylor Swift". Youtube.com (2014).

[15] "1,989 Paper Cranes for Taylor Swift's Mother". KSL News. (<https://www.ksl.com/?sid=34416212&nid=148&title=slc-girls-fold-1989-paper-cranes-for-taylor-swiftrsquos-mom>).

[16] "One Chance -- EXCLUSIVE First Look with Taylor Swift". Youtube.com (2013).

[17] "Common Law Systems". TransLegal. (2017). (<https://www.translegal.com/lesson/8161>).

[18] Hardy har har har LOL. I'm so funny!

[19] "Introduction to the Federal Court System". Justice.gov (2017) (<https://www.justice.gov/usao/justice-101/federal-courts>).

[20] *Morgan v. Swanson*, 659 F. 3d 359 (5th Circuit 2011).

[21] *Federal Trade Commission v. Standard Education Society* (1930).

[22] *In re Cooga Mooga*, 92 F.T.C. 310, 321 (1978).

[23] "All 47 Celebrities Who Received Warnings From the Government About Their Instagrams". Cosmopolitan (2017). (<http://www.cosmopolitan.com/entertainment/celebs/a9624256/celebrities-list-ftc-warnings-sponsored-social-media/>).

[24] "Ethical Principles of Psychologists and Code of Conduct: Including 2010 and 2016 Amendments". American Psychological Association. (2016).

[25] "Any Resemblance to Persons Living or Dead: Film and the Challenge of Authenticity". Stanford.edu. (2016). (<https://web.stanford.edu/dept/HPS/HistoryWired/Davis/DavisAuthenticity.html>).

[26] *Palsey v. Freeman*, 3 Term Rep. 51, 100 Eng. Rep 450 (K.B. 1789).

[27] *Willcox v. Harriman Securities Corp.*, 10 F. Supp. 532 (S.D.N.Y. 1933); *Holloway v. Forsyth*, 226 Mass. 358, 115 N.E. 483 (1917).

[28] *Hanberry v. Hearst Corp.*, 276 Cal.App.2d 680, 683 (Cal. Ct. App. 1969)

[29] In a nutshell, "Moebious (sometimes spelled "Moebius") Syndrome" is a rare disorder where the person born with it, can't close his or her lips due to missing the 7th cranial muscle that controls the lip muscles and eye movement. In rare cases, those born with it are born with missing limbs. For more info, visit: <http://moebiussyndrome.org>

[30] The "Mormon church" is just a nickname. The proper name for the church is "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints", sometimes abbreviated to "LDS". While I am no longer an adherent to the church, or any religion, for that matter, I believe in being fair and honest with others' beliefs.

[31] I talked to Alex Bajcar, VP of Fremantle Media, production company of AGT. They would not let me use a slideshow for my act to help me with my speech and talking. I felt extremely discriminated by the production company. It hurt even more seeing them allow dumb acts on the show, but not letting me on telling others how to overcome their disabilities. I urge my readers to boycott that show.

[32] All information pertaining to Taylor Swift legally found on Wikipedia and the references cited on her Wikipedia page: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Taylor_Swift

[33] Estimate found on Zillow.com. Not including the Swift home address for their privacy, and for practical and legal purposes.

[34] When John Lennon's Jesus Controversy Turned Ugly.

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<http://www.rollingstone.com/music/features/when-john-lennons-jesus-controversy-turned-ugly-w431153>.

[35] Multiple articles online cover extensively the Harris/Swift relationship, e.g. <http://www.billboard.com/articles/news/dance/7850101/calvin-harris-taylor-swift-breakup-twitter-rant-british-gq-interview>

[36] SLC Girls Fold 1,989 Paper Cranes for Taylor Swift's Mother. KSL News. (<https://www.ksl.com/?sid=34416212&nid=148&title=slc-girls-fold-1989-paper-cranes-for-taylor-swiftrsquos-mom>).

[37] Moebius Syndrome. Rare Diseases.org. (<https://rarediseases.org/rare-diseases/moebius-syndrome/>).

[38] "When You Were Young" by The Killers.

[39] Negligence. Law.com (<http://dictionary.law.com/Default.aspx?selected=1314>).

[40] Nevada brothels are regulated by the counties of Nevada. Only counties with less than 800,000 people can have brothels. Lyon County, the Nevada county in which the Bunny Ranch is incorporated in, clearly states that running a brothel or being a sex worker is a "privilege", which applies to not taking advantage of nice, disabled guys.

[41] See how clever I am? 😊

[42] Legal term meaning, "At first glance".

[43] Taylor Swift's lawyer's name and likeness has been changed for legal and practical purposes. I purposely gave him the name "John Smith", as "John Smith" is a common placeholder name.

[44] "Utah Man Sues Taylor Swift After Agents 'Stonewall' Efforts to Make Music with Her". Fox 13 News. (2016). (<http://fox13now.com/2016/12/07/utah-man-sues-taylor-swift-after-agents-stonewall-efforts-to-make-music-with-her/>).

[45] Due to copyright and the amount of time it would take to get permission from news stations to include article snips, I have added citations to the articles instead to avoid any further legal problems than this book may lead to.

[46] "Utah Man Sues Taylor Swift After Her Agents 'Stonewall' His Efforts to Make Music with Her". Daily Mail. (2016). (<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/news/article-4012828/Utah-man-sues-Taylor-Swift-agents-stonewall-efforts-make-music-her.html>).

[47] "Utah Man Suing Taylor Swift Because She Won't Produce the Music he Wrote". Comicbook. (2016). <http://popculture.com/2016/12/08/man-suing-taylor-swift-because-she-wont-produce-the-music-he-wro/>.

[48] No longer available, but was from a Georgia news station: <http://www.newsgrio.com/latest-news/411582-utah-man-sues-taylor-swift-after-her-agents-stonewall-his-efforts-to-make-music-with-her.html>

[49] Many other articles covered the event.

[50] The judge's real name has been changed.

[51] "Judge Dismisses Utah Man's Lawsuit Against Taylor Swift". Fox 13. (2016). (<http://fox13now.com/2016/12/08/judge-dismisses-utah-mans-lawsuit-against-taylor-swift/>).

[52] Taylor Swift and Zayn Malik Surprise-Drop New Collaboration, "I Don't Wanna Live Forever" for the Fifty Shades Darker Soundtrack... and it Reaches Number One on iTunes in Just One Hour. (2016) (<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/tvshowbiz/article-4016000/Taylor-Swift-Zayn-surprise-drop-new-collaboration-Don-t-Wanna-Live-Forever-Fifty-Shades-Darker-soundtrack.html>).