

**CONFESSIONS**  
*of a*  
**D.C. Madam**

The Politics of Sex,  
Lies, and Blackmail

**HENRY W. VINSON**  
with Nick Bryant

A firsthand account of how public officials and other well-connected individuals have been compromised or blackmailed by their sexual improprieties, **Confessions of a D.C. Madam** relates the author's time running the largest gay escort service in Washington, DC, and his interactions with VIPs from government, business, and the media who solicited the escorts he employed. The book details the federal government's pernicious campaign waged against the author to ensure his silence and how he withstood relentless, fabricated attacks by the government, which included incarceration rooted in trumped up charges and outright lies. This fascinating and shocking facet of government malfeasance reveals the integral role blackmail plays in American politics and the unbelievable lengths the government perpetrates to silence those in the know.

*"The federal government unleashed a reign of terror on my family and me. In fact, the feds even threatened to indict my elderly mother, and one newspaper reported that Secret Service agents actually kicked down the front door of my sister's home and held my brother-in-law at gunpoint. The feds felt it was imperative to ensure my silence by any means necessary, because I had witnessed events that invariably would have ignited seismic political cataclysms — political cataclysms that had the potential to jeopardize the administration of George H.W. Bush and the subsequent Bush dynasty."*

Henry Vinson was born in 1960 in South Williamson, Kentucky. He graduated from Williamson High School in 1979, and, after attending South West Virginia Community College, he enrolled in the Cincinnati College of Mortuary Science. In 1982, he was appointed the Coroner for Mingo County, West Virginia. Four years later, he became a funeral director for W. W. Chambers Funeral Home in Washington, DC. After his stint at W. W. Chambers Funeral Home, he owned and operated the largest gay escort service ever uncovered in Washington, DC. In 2007, Mr. Vinson received a Masters in Integrated Marketing Communications from West Virginia University, and today he is a successful entrepreneur who lives in Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Vinson is also a licensed private pilot and flight instructor. More at [Facebook.com/ConfessionsofaDCMadam](https://Facebook.com/ConfessionsofaDCMadam)



Nick Bryant is the author of *The Franklin Scandal: A Story Of Powerbrokers Child Abuse And Betrayal*. More at [www.FranklinScandal.com](http://www.FranklinScandal.com).

HISTORY / CURRENT EVENTS

**\$24.95 US**

\$27.95 CAN

ISBN-13: 978-1-937584-29-0

ISBN-10: 1-937584-29-1

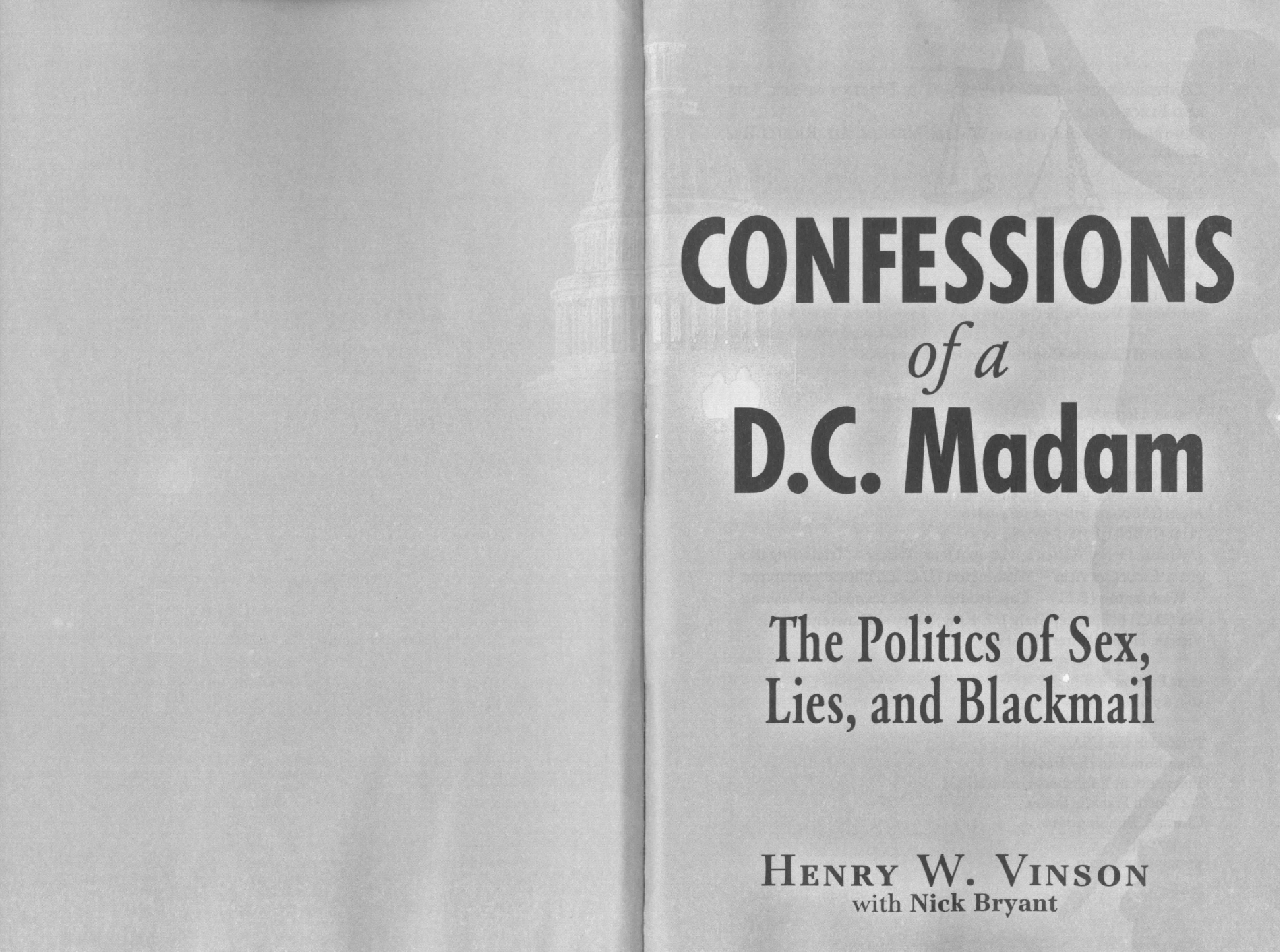
52495



9 781937 584290







**CONFESSIONS**  
*of a*  
**D.C. Madam**

The Politics of Sex,  
Lies, and Blackmail

**HENRY W. VINSON**  
with Nick Bryant

CONFESSIONS OF A D.C. MADAM – THE POLITICS OF SEX, LIES  
AND BLACKMAIL  
COPYRIGHT © 2014 HENRY WALTER VINSON. ALL RIGHTS RE-  
SERVED.

Published by:  
Trine Day LLC  
PO Box 577  
Walterville, OR 97489  
1-800-556-2012  
www.TrineDay.com  
publisher@TrineDay.net

Library of Congress Control Number: 2013937958

Vinson, Henry Walter  
Confessions of a D.C. Madam—1st ed.  
p. cm.

Includes index and references.

Epub (ISBN-13) 978-1-937584-30-6  
Mobi (ISBN-13) 978-1-937584-98-6  
Print (ISBN-13) 978-1-937584-29-0

1. Vinson, Henry Walter. 2. Vinson, Henry Walter -- Trials, litigation,  
etc. 3. Escort services -- Washington (D.C.) 4. Political corruption  
-- Washington (D.C.) -- Case studies. 5. Sex scandals -- Washing-  
ton (D.C.) 6. Spence, Craig J. 7. King, Larry -- (Lawrence E.) I.  
Vinson, Henry Walter II. Title

First Edition  
10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed in the USA  
Distribution to the Trade by:  
Independent Publishers Group (IPG)  
814 North Franklin Street  
Chicago, Illinois 60610  
312.337.0747  
www.ipgbook.com

*Only the small secrets need to be protected. The large ones are kept  
secret by public incredulity.*

– MARSHALL MCLUHAN

Spence rarely discussed his personal life with me, and he occasionally discussed his familial roots, so it's difficult to comprehend how he accumulated the juice and guile to blackmail the elite and influential. Spence occasionally mentioned that he was an only child who descended from Boston bluebloods, but I've read that he was most likely born in upstate New York. It's also been reported that he attended Syracuse University before enrolling in Boston College. A former Boston College classmate told a reporter that Spence covered his tuition with student loans, which almost certainly excludes him from the ranks of Boston bluebloods. He graduated from Boston College in 1963 with a degree in Communications and Broadcasting.

After his college graduation, Spence started out as a press assistant for Massachusetts' governor, and then he became a press secretary for the Massachusetts' state speaker. Spence eventually moved to New York City, landing employment as a correspondent for WCBS, New York City's CBS affiliate. In 1969, he made the leap to ABC as a Vietnam correspondent.

Spence was a conundrum among his fellow Vietnam correspondents. It wasn't uncommon for him to disappear for weeks at a time, and one of his fellow correspondents even commented on his ability to glean covert information: "Craig always looked like he had learned something that no one else knew."

After leaving ABC and Vietnam in 1970, Spence relocated to Tokyo. While in Tokyo, it's been reported that he supported himself as a freelance radio correspondent throughout the mid-1970s. Spence then somehow reinvented himself by forging a business relationship with Japanese politician Motoo Shiina. Shiina was in the Japanese parliament, and he wasn't a political hack of the five-and-dime variety. He came from an aristocratic family that had primed him for political eminence. Shiina's father, Etsusaburo, was an affluent businessman and Japanese powerbroker, who had been appointed to key positions within the Japanese cabinet.

Spence once dispensed a rather candid remark to a reporter about his relationship with Motoo Shiina. "Motoo's father, Etsusaburo, who was a great man, asked me to help his son, who

he saw as playboy." I find Spence's comment to be rather ironic, because if I were a father grooming my son for political prominence, and he had a runaway libido that might hinder his political promise, Spence would be the last person in the world I would request to help him.

When Motoo Shiina and Spence teamed up, Shiina was the president of the Policy Study Group (PSG), a Tokyo-based venture that was subsidized by monies from both the Japanese private and public sectors. PSG's primary purpose was to facilitate Japanese business interests by creating alliances among Japanese businessmen and influential Americans and captains of industry.

In 1979, Spence became the "overseas representative" for PSG. Shiina provided Spence with a hefty salary and coughed up \$345,000 for Spence to buy his Kalorama home. The Kalorama home was to serve as a residence for Spence and also be "Shiina's embassy" in D.C. and the American headquarters of PSG. In 1983, the honeymoon between Spence and Shiina abruptly ended. Shiina demanded that Spence vacate his Kalorama digs, but Spence refused. In court papers, Shiina stated the following about Spence's home: "I was advised that staying at the house while Spence was there could be damaging to my reputation." Four years later, I came to the same conclusion as Shiina.

Spence, however, had leverage on Shiina, because the money Shiina transferred to purchase the Kalorama home had been transferred into the United States illegally via Hong Kong, so Spence's lawyers eventually forced Shiina to back down, and they ultimately worked out an arrangement: Spence would compensate Shiina for the home when he decided to sell it. So Shiina was essentially Spence's first blackmail victim—at least on record. If Spence were willing to extort one of the most powerful men in Japan, he wouldn't think twice about blackmailing a mortician from West Virginia.

I found the U.S. Attorney for the District of Southern West Virginia's proposal to be rather baffling. The government wanted me to relinquish a \$1 million building without offering a promise that it would cease and desist in my prosecution for crimes that it had yet to specify I had committed. The U.S. Attorney for the District of Southern West Virginia eventually amended its arrangement and proposed that if I forfeited the building, it wouldn't prosecute me for crimes that were still unspecified.

I ultimately caved in to the government's extortion and relinquished the building, because my government sponsored trials and tribulations have left me exhausted. In return for the building, my attorney received a three-sentence letter, and the last sentence reads as follows: "I wanted to write to inform you that the investigation into those matters has been concluded with respect to your client, and no further action is being taken by this office thereon concerning your client."

Welcome to American justice à la Henry Vinson.

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

# SONGS OF EXPERIENCE

As I contemplate my life in retrospect, I've concluded that it has the hallmarks of a contemporary, made-in-America Shakespearean tragedy. When I was a young man growing up in Nolan, West Virginia, I embarked on a noble calling that would assuage the suffering of the bereaved, but the vagaries of fate intervened the day I crossed the threshold of Shooters, and I ultimately made an ill-fated decision that triggered a cascade of events, resulting in disaster and disgrace. Indeed, I have great difficulties believing how my life has unfolded, even though I've had a front row seat to the tragedy.

Shooters was essentially a wormhole that transported me to a dark, foreboding constellation of power politics and blackmail—a constellation that was previously as unfathomable to me as it is to most Americans. In the first chapter, I mentioned that Americans have a collective naiveté about D.C. sex scandals. They have a tendency to believe that they're the isolated dalliances and the moral failings of a handful of individuals—such as Bill Clinton or Eliot Spitzer. Americans have great difficulties accepting that many of our alpha male politicians are endowed with an intoxicating alchemy of power, arrogance, and lust that fluently translates into extramarital affairs or, in extreme cases, the sexual exploitation of minors—like Mark Foley.

Unfortunately, I was the fall guy when the government determined the time was right to cover up the criminal exploits of Spence et al. A troubling aspect of Spence's shadowy network is that the CIA's fingerprints are seemingly visible when the veil is lifted. Spence was a CIA asset, and CIA Director William Casey and former CIA agent and Bush national security advisor Don-

ald Gregg seem to have been enmeshed with Spence too. I've also commented on the *Washington Post's* connections to the CIA.

A second troubling aspect of Spence et al. is the breathtaking federal power that was arrayed to cover up Spence's criminal activities, which give credence to my belief that Spence's exploits were affiliated with government. The feds deployed the Justice Department and Secret Service to erase the slightest vestiges of Spence's criminal enterprise, and of course the *Washington Post* ultimately stamped its imprimatur on the cover up. Although I primarily dealt with Spence, I think that King's involvement in the pandering and blackmail enterprise illustrates the network's transcontinental scope and the breathtaking federal power that was arrayed to seal its cover up.

A Nebraska senate subcommittee investigated King's interstate transportation of children, because Nebraska's law enforcement had ignored the pleas of Nebraska's social services. Unlike in Washington, D.C., where politicians were mum about the exploits of Spence, the Nebraska senators were relentless as they pushed to uncover the exploits of King. But both a state and federal grand jury in Nebraska declared that King wasn't involved in the abuse or pandering of a single child. So ultimately, three grand juries were required to cover up the network of Spence and King—two in Nebraska and the one in Washington, D.C. I've shown that it's relatively straightforward to hijack a grand jury if its special prosecutor is in on the fix, but the hijacking of three grand juries demonstrates breathtaking power.

I've also found it rather interesting that some of the individuals who played an instrumental role in either ensuring or abetting my silence have experienced remarkable upward mobility. For example, Jay Stephens, the U.S. Attorney for the District of Columbia, whose office oversaw the corrupt grand jury that walloped me with a potential sentence of 295 years, was appointed United States Associate Attorney General by President George W. Bush in 2001. But Associate Attorney General proved to be a two-year pit stop for Stephens, because in 2002

he became a vice president of the Raytheon Corporation, the world's fifth largest defense contractor, and also the world's leading producer of guided missiles.

Greta Van Susteren has experienced a sharp upwardly mobile trajectory herself since I was initially imprisoned. Shortly after Judge Harold Greene banished me to federal prison, Van Susteren started co-hosting CNN's *Burden of Proof*, and then she hosted CNN's *The Point with Greta Van Susteren*. Greta made her vaunted leap to FOX in 2002, where she's been transformed into a media superstar, hosting *On the Record with Greta Van Susteren*. I'm slightly perplexed that FOX, a news outlet that caters to religious and conservative Americans, would elevate a Scientologist to its pantheon of superstars.

In the first chapter, I discussed the misfortunes of Deborah Jeane Palfrey, who assumed the mantle of "D.C. madam" after I had been ignominiously toppled by the government, and I commented on the various parallels in our respective cases. The death of Palfrey has been mired in mystery and speculation due to the anomalous circumstances surrounding her suicide, even though the *Washington Post* was quick to pronounce her death a suicide. Because of the *Washington Post's* deceitful reporting on the tangle of intrigue that ensnared me, and also the newspaper's extensive connections to the intelligence community, I'm extremely reluctant to embrace any of its pronouncements.

Although I'm unwilling to speculate if Palfrey's death was a suicide or a murder, I absolutely believe that if I had let my case proceed to trial and exposed the illegalities that I had personally witnessed in Washington, D.C., I would've been murdered. I realize that my latter statement may sound farfetched or, perhaps, even preposterous, but I have no doubts that the shadowy enclave that engaged the services of Spence, King, and Tony to carry out its nefarious schemes are quite capable of murder, and they wouldn't have hesitated to murder me if I started to spill their secrets. After all, it had no compunction about destroying the lives of children, so it wouldn't harbor second thoughts about murdering a mortician from West Virginia.

The majority of Americans have come to the painful realization that their government has pockets of corruption, but they don't have an inkling of its vast scope. Americans most likely think that the torrents of cash that flow from special interests to politicians are solely responsible for the corruption of their body politic, and they don't realize that blackmail plays an integral role in the usurping of their democracy too.

I feel that Larry Craig is an example of a congressman who was possibly compromised. Craig was in Washington, D.C. for nearly 30 years as a U.S. representative and a senator, and he brazenly solicited sex from my escort service and also brazenly solicited sex in a public restroom. Given Craig's status as a conservative Republican, if word of his shadow life leaked out, it would result in political suicide and public disgrace, but his runaway libido compelled him to take mindboggling risks.

I find it nearly impossible to believe that Craig's homosexual exploits were unnoticed by the shadowy cadre who were enmeshed with Spence and Tony, because of my belief that they were aware of the patrons who used my escort service. I'm also of the belief that the foremost explanation that can be offered concerning Craig's brazen exploits with regards to his homosexuality is that he was compromised, and he was mindful that his brazen exploits would be covered up. In the first chapter, I mentioned that the federal government has a greater dexterity to cover up scandals and crimes that lend themselves to blackmail in D.C. due to the fact that the capital's law enforcement is exclusively controlled by various branches of the federal government. Perhaps Craig strayed out of his protective net when he attempted to solicit sex in a public restroom at the Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport?

As I mentioned earlier in the book, the cabinet member who administered a threat to me on behalf of Spence when I balked at covering for Donald Gregg with the Government Accounting Office must have been in the same shadowy network as Spence, or that shadowy network was blackmailing him. Otherwise, it doesn't make sense that he would jeopardize his exalted status

and family to abet an utter lunatic and psychopath who's in the midst of a free fall crack addiction.

I think Americans are clueless about the endemic blackmailing of their politicians, because many of their media pundits have probably fallen prey to blackmail themselves. A number of media superstars used my escort service, and it's within the realm of reason that they too became victims of blackmail. I don't necessarily believe that a powerbroker, and media superstars are certainly powerbrokers, who had dalliances with the escorts I employed had to attend Spence's parties to be compromised. The shadowy network that was composed of Spence, Tony, Secret Service agents, most likely CIA agents, and only God knows who else were definitely monitoring my phones and certainly my financial transactions. So I believe a patron who merely phoned me had the potential to become a blackmail target. The media pundits who used my escort service are alive and thriving in their respective milieus, and since the Secret Service absconded with the documentation that demonstrates they procured escorts from me, I can't name them without threat of a lawsuit.

Dr. Vernon Houk quickly comes to mind when I think of a patron of my escort service who may have fallen prey to blackmail. Houk served as the Director of the Center for Environmental Health at the Centers for Disease Control and also as the Assistant Surgeon General under both Presidents Reagan and George H.W. Bush. Although Houk lived in Atlanta, where the Centers for Disease Control is headquartered, he was fond of holing up in D.C. hotels with multiple bottles of booze and several escorts over the course of a weekend, and Tony was also fully cognizant of the eminent doctor's bacchanal laced sprees.

In the 1980s, Congress tasked Houk with overseeing a study on the toxic effects of Agent Orange on Vietnam veterans, who had been subjected to the carcinogenic chemical en masse. Houk, however, declared that the soldiers' records made it impossible to discern the extent of Vietnam veterans who were subjected to Agent Orange, and he put the kibosh on the study. But a former Chief of Naval Operations, who was the Navy's top commander in



Vietnam, told a House subcommittee that Houk had “made it his mission to manipulate and prevent the true facts from being determined” in his quest to cover up the carnage spawned by Agent Orange. Houk’s cover up was also undermined by the Institute of Medicine, an arm of the National Academy of Sciences, which concluded that the Pentagon was fully capable of determining the number of soldiers who had been subjected to Agent Orange, and it also criticized Houk’s findings. If Houk had proceeded with the Agent Orange study, the Pentagon undoubtedly would’ve been liable for astronomical, class-action lawsuits.

Although the government or, perhaps I should say a sinister subgenus of the government, had a vested interest in covering up the evil machinations of Spence et al., the cover up wouldn’t have been possible without the collusion of the media, specifically the *Washington Post*. Americans perceive the *Washington Post* as the beacon of truth that ousted the corrupt Nixon administration and saved American democracy. But in my case, the newspaper spearheaded the propaganda campaign of some very powerful, depraved individuals within the government. In previous chapters, I commented on the *Washington Post’s* disingenuous deconstruction of the *Washington Times* and also of me. The *Washington Post* was able to impeccably consummate the cover up, because the *New York Times* and the *Los Angeles Times* joined its ranks as it manufactured fabrications that became the recognized reality. I’ve regrettably learned that truth and the reality manufactured by media are often mutually exclusive.

I’ve had years to ponder the maliciousness of the media in my case, and I’m nonetheless still at a loss for words. The media has so thoroughly pulverized me that even the slightest vestiges of my humanity have become dust swept away by tempests of deceit. I understand my first barrage of spiteful press in Williamson, because the local funeral homes were protecting their livelihoods, and I understand the *Washington Post’s* malice due to the fact that the newspaper was in the midst of protecting an administration and a thoroughly perfidious political machine in which it was a cog.

But the articles concocted about me by West Virginia’s media regarding my complicity in Dr. Acosta’s tax evasion and also *Funeral Service Insider’s* articles seem to be malice for the sake of malice. The grand irony is that the media claims to be an arbitrator of truth and a cornerstone of our democracy, even though the media outlets that have assailed me since the *Washington Post* have merely perpetuated the *Washington Post’s* cover up of extremely sordid events that imperil our democracy and also involve the destruction of untold children by dismantling my credibility.

In the midst of a seemingly endless onslaught by the judiciary and the media, I’ve been awarded a master’s degree, and I’ve transformed myself into a legitimate and very successful businessman. Although I’m a poster boy for a reformed felon, my name nevertheless elicits a feeding frenzy falsehoods.

After my most recent wave of spiteful press and government persecution, my partner said to me that my name is probably irredeemable, and I’ve also come to the realization that my name very well might be beyond redemption. Nonetheless, I decided to write an accurate account of my life, even though legions of prospective naysayers in the government and media have a vested interest in portraying me as an inveterate criminal and ethical eunuch.

In this book, I have shown numerous examples where the government and media have mass-produced lies about my circumstances and me, especially in Washington, DC. Over the course of writing this book, I’ve conscripted an attorney to unseal the documents that the government sealed throughout my trial and tribulations in DC. The government gave the attorney a protracted run around for over a year before it declared it was unwilling to unseal various documents related to my case—nearly 25 years after the fact! Until the government is willing to come clean, and unseal all of the documentation in my case, the reader should question the government’s veracity before questioning my veracity.