



Illustration: Arina Istomina for OVD-Info / Image text reading: «Military recruiting office» (left) and «Draft notice» (right)

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СТАТЬИ

## **“You’re gonna kiss my homeland in the trenches.” How to get an offence record and a military summons, because of dyed hair**

**On the night of 28 April at a bus stop in Moscow, a stranger assaulted Stas Netesov, 25, took his phone and broke his tooth. Netesov went to the police station in Moscow’s Tverskoy district, but at the station, he was given an offence report under the article of «discrediting» [the Russian army], a military summons, and was threatened to be sent to the war. We have recorded Stas’s story**

## ОБ ЭТОМ НИКТО НЕ УЗНАЕТ

Если об этом никто не напишет. Подпишитесь на регулярные пожертвования ОВД-Инфо, чтобы плохие дела не оставались в тишине.

**ПОДПИСАТЬСЯ**

Текст на русском

## «I HAVE NEVER CONCEALED THAT I AM A TRANSGENDER GUY»

Since my early childhood, I have identified as a boy. I remember how I asked my classmates not to address me as a person of female gender in 7th grade. Despite complicated relationships with them, they accepted it. I was never bullied and even chosen as a class representative every September.

I have never concealed that I am a transgender guy and I have never hidden from anyone. Of course, I do not introduce myself like, «Hi, I am transgender», but, if it comes up in conversation, I don't conceal anything.

At age seventeen, I went to a specialist. She said she was going to be my main mental health counsellor, suggested I visit her when I reached eighteen and left her phone number. Back at home, I showed my mom, who was still alive then, this paper. Mom could not accept this. She called the therapist and shouted at her.

When I was eighteen, my mom died because of copious drinking. She was diagnosed with Type 2 diabetes not long before her death. She ignored any treatment, didn't leave the flat and drank vodka. It happened at the beginning of June when I was entering the faculty of physics at Moscow State University. I studied physics in the morning, and then went

on a walk with a friend. I came home late in the evening, and I began studying again. I remember my grandmother went to my mom, and then called me. Signs of lividity were already on mom's body, so the emergency services could do nothing but confirm her death.

At age nineteen, I went to Saint Petersburg where the medical commission [on gender transition] was cheaper and did not require extra analyses. It was led by the late **Dmitry Isayev**. I received a medical report that allowed me to receive hormone therapy for life. I changed my passport and personal insurance policy number in June 2023. Two months before this, an endocrinologist diagnosed me with a «female form of transsexualism» and prescribed hormones.



*Photo courtesy of Stas Netesov*

This medication can now be officially used by those who have already changed their documents because it is possible to select a diagnosis which can also be found in cisgender people (the **law** prohibiting gender transition does not ban

the application of certain drugs, only their prescription aimed at «sex change» — *OVD-Info*).

## **«WE'RE GOING TO GET YOU ALL OUT OF HERE»**

I have dyed my hair blue-yellow since 2020 and have done so until now. I can see for myself how things are changing in society. At the beginning of 2022 there was a lot of respect, and people asked permission to take pictures of me from behind. The summer of 2022 was quiet as well. The following year there were a few skirmishes because of this. Once children threw stones at me and sang the Russian national anthem.

Last June I met a woman in an underground passage near Teply Stan station on the outskirts of Moscow. She was walking towards me and talking to someone on the phone. She saw me and said out loud: «My God, his hair is the colours of the Ukrainian flag! How have you not been killed yet?!» When I turned around and asked why I should be killed, she waved her hands and said: «Don't follow me, I'm not going to talk to you!»

The more time went by, the worse it got. In 2024 I had two cases of LGBT propaganda brought against me, but there were no rulings or offence reports about it. The first time, in January this year, the police approached me at Komsomolskaya metro station in central Moscow and asked for my passport. I refused, and then they told me to go with them to establish my identity. They took me behind the turnstiles, took out their tablet, asked me my full name and said: «You will receive a ruling on LGBT propaganda».

I asked why, and they said: «You can't look like that, you don't look normal. We'll get you all out of here, and if you show off

we'll shove drugs up your ass». I never got an answer as to what I was guilty of.

They said I could only receive offence records at the police station. I went there, but they never gave me anything at the police station, and there was no trial either. I wrote a complaint via Mos.ru, the online state services portal — I got a reply that it is impossible to file complaints remotely and anyway, they looked through the police cameras, and there it is seen that I was carrying out «LGBT propaganda» for 20 minutes (verbatim: «based on the materials of the case at 07h. 37 minutes on the platform <...> you carried out propaganda of non-traditional sexual relations» — OVD-Info has a copy of the reply at its disposal). After that, all my bank accounts were blocked, except for Tinkoff bank.

A week later, the same thing happened at Profsoyuznaya metro station outside central Moscow. They recorded the data, behaved more correctly than the first time, and even said: «Thank you for your understanding».

I used to dye my hair either with the help of people I knew, or with the help of professionals from Avito [an online platform offering goods and services]. The last time, a professional said to me: «Look, to be honest, I'm scared». He is studying to be a hairdresser, runs a blog and likes to post his work. He gave me some green colour on the sides — that's what saved me, I think.

## **«WHY'S THERE THE UKRAINIAN FLAG ON YOUR HEAD?!»**

In the late evening of 27 April, I was waiting for a bus on the Garden Ring in Moscow. A man approached the bus stop and asked if more buses were coming, addressing everyone there. I said yes. Then he asked: «Which buses exactly?» Then he asked the time. I pulled my phone out, and he grabbed it from my hands and ran away. I started chasing him. I didn't

want to fight him. I can't fight at all, I've never hit anyone in my life. But I'm a pretty good runner.

He ran a little, turned around, and tried to punch me. I dodged a few punches, but he finally hit me and then started to run away. I chased him again. He stopped again and punched me in the face. After a third punch, I was hit in the face and knocked to the ground, and my tooth fell out. I continued to chase him, and he turned around and shouted: «I swear to God, I tossed the phone! Let's look for it together».

Meanwhile, he tried to find out my password and asked how much money I could give him if he returned the phone.

He asked if I was rich. I said that I was an orphan.

We searched the park, and the phone was not there. He said: «It's not on me!» He started emptying his pockets, then took his backpack off and emptied it too. When I went to the scene with the police later, his stuff was still lying there — some plastic bags, strange food, napkins, disposable razors. When he finished with the backpack, the man dropped his trousers, exposing himself: «See? Nothing in here!». Then, with these words, he walked away, leaving his stuff scattered there.

I headed home, and checked the time at the bus stop — 00:19. I called the emergency number through the landline. Immediately I received a call back from the Tverskoy district police station, and they urged me to come and file a report without delay.

I arrived at the police station, and walked up to the desk where the people on duty were. I was told to file a report. When I was ready to hand in the finished report, a man came out of the metal door — as I figured out later, he was the head of the station:

«Are you the one with a stolen phone?»

«Yes», I said.

«And why's there the Ukrainian flag on your head?!»



«It's an accident».

He got agitated and started screaming:

«An accident?! I'm gonna crush you for an accident like this! You're gonna kiss my homeland in the trenches», — he stormed off, slamming the door, and I was left standing there. He never spoke to me again. I heard him shouting behind the door:

«There's the Ukrainian flag on his head!!!»

Afterwards, they took my report. An officer came for me, and I was questioned. It was in a big hall filled with computer desks, and police officers were sitting behind the desks. I think they were talking to the accused. I heard an officer shame someone: «It's not okay to con the elderly!» Some of the officers were just pacing around the hall and swearing. Some of them were uniformed, some were not.

## **«THEY TOLD US NOT TO LET HIM GO AFTERWARDS»**

After the interview, we went to inspect the scene of the incident. There were four police officers with me. The person conducting the survey was sitting to my left, and to my right was the woman who was filling out the paperwork. As soon as we got into the car, she said in a whisper to the one who questioned me (in a whisper, but, my God, I was sitting between them!): «They told us not to let him go afterwards». I don't know what she was expecting. It was already clear to me that they wouldn't let me go so easily.

We returned, went back [to the station], and filled out the rest of the application. Other [police officers] around were excited and were saying, «You'll go to the front line». While I was giving statements, they were coming up from behind and from the side and were taking photos. When we had finished, a police officer came up with an offence record

on me and ordered me to follow him. While we were walking to another office, he asked:

«And if everyone now supports Ukraine, what then?»

«It will be very good», I said.

He said that the boss ordered an offence record to be drawn up against me. I asked to take a photo of it, but he refused to give me a copy. I read everything, signed my name, and wrote an explanation that, as far as I know, there is an order of the Ministry of Internal Affairs on the basis of which a combination of colours is not a reason for detention. I also have green colour in my hair — you can see it in the photo after it was dyed.





*Photo courtesy of Stas Netesov*

Moreover, the police asked if I had been given any fines. I said that I had two enforcement proceedings due to «LGBT propaganda». They said that I had no administrative fines for the last two years.

The police officer asked: «Do you support the special military operation [in Ukraine]?» I replied that I support neither the special military operation nor the Ukrainian regime. He asked: «Which letter [lowercase or uppercase] is 'Ukrainian regime'»

written with?» The court date was scheduled for 3 May at 12 noon.

## **«NOW THERE WILL BE A FRANK QUESTION: DO YOU HAVE A DICK?»**

We then went to the emergency room of the Sklifosovsky Institute hospital in Moscow with another surgeon. The one who was driving asked:

«Couldn't you paint yourself in the colours of the Russian flag? Or in the colours of the St. George's ribbon?»

«Meaning not a patriot, then», I answered him.

He laughed. At the emergency room they told me: «We don't have dentists, and we don't deal with beatings to the head, but we can take an inconclusive X-ray».

After that we returned to the police station. It was already morning, about ten o'clock. We went in literally for a minute and they let me go. I later went to the dentist myself.

The offence record says that at eight in the morning, while at the police station, I «demonstrated a means of visual propaganda in the form of dyed hair» (OVD-Info has a copy of the offence record at its disposal). I went there about my own case — I don't understand what kind of visual propaganda this is. He also wrote on the record that my name is Stanislav, although my passport says I am Stas.

The only thing they actually handed to me was a military summons. It was written there that I was obliged to appear at the military recruiting office. This didn't scare me — I haven't heard of cases of transgender men being forcibly dragged to war. I'm monitoring the situation.

A day later I was called in for questioning (as part of a criminal case of robbery — *OVD-Info*). The police officer asked if I had

any apparent reasons for which the summons to the military recruiting office should be cancelled. I told him that I was a transgender man. He was very surprised and explained that it was the first time he had encountered such a person. He tried to be tactful and said: «Sorry, now there will be a frank question: do you have a dick?»

I said: «No».

«Damn. Can you prove this to someone now? And to whom: a man or a woman? You have a man's passport, but you don't have a penis».

«I don't care».

«Damn, give me a clue as to what to do here!»

He sat and thought for a while. He decided that a woman should examine me. We went to the woman and he left us. I asked if I needed to take off my underwear. She answered:

«Well, yeah, if you don't want to go to the military recruiting office».

She glanced at me for precisely a second from a distance of a few metres and said that I could get dressed.

So my military summons was cancelled. Later, when this woman and I were watching the cameras at the inquest, she told me: «I just hate working with people. I hope they won't find the robbers today and I won't have to be the one that talks to them. My sister became a pathologist, I should have done the same thing». Then she said that I was the nicest person that she worked with because I'm not rude and I'm helpful. I couldn't help but ask:

«What exactly makes me a nice person?»

On the morning of 3 May, I called the court office. They told me that there is a case, but there is no court date. I visited their website several times every day, and there was no information. But on the morning of 4 May, there was

backdated information there saying that there had supposedly already been a trial, and «a decision is being made» — that was the phrasing. If there is a ruling, I will appeal it.

I still feel quite exhausted. I've lost an awful amount of time, money, and my mobile phone. I wouldn't want to leave [the country]. My 95-year-old grandmother depends on me, as I help her with her everyday life.

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On Monday, 13 May, a ruling dated 3 May was **published** on the website of the Tverskoy District Court of Moscow, which states that «S.A. Netesov committed public actions aimed at discrediting the use of the Armed Forces of the Russian Federation» and «while being in a public place he demonstrated a means of visual propaganda in the form of dyed hair with colour stripes of yellow and blue <...> attracting the attention of an unlimited number of people, as well as the media. This visual propaganda clearly expresses a negative attitude towards the Armed Forces of the Russian Federation".

Stas' explanations to judge A.V. Malakhova that he was at the police station at that time, and did not want to express anything with his hairstyle, were considered unfounded because they "are not objectively confirmed by anything and are refuted by the materials of the case, which there is no reason to doubt". The amount of the fine under the article on «discrediting» [the Russian army] (Part 1 of Article 20.3.3 of the Code of Administrative Offences) is not indicated in the ruling.

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*Recorded by Marina-Maya Govzman*

## ЧТО Я МОГУ С ЭТИМ СДЕЛАТЬ?

Прочитать, рассказать, поддержать. Подпишитесь на регулярные пожертвования ОВД-Инфо, чтобы как можно больше людей узнали о политических репрессиях в России сегодня.

**ПОДДЕРЖАТЬ**

## Ещё почитать



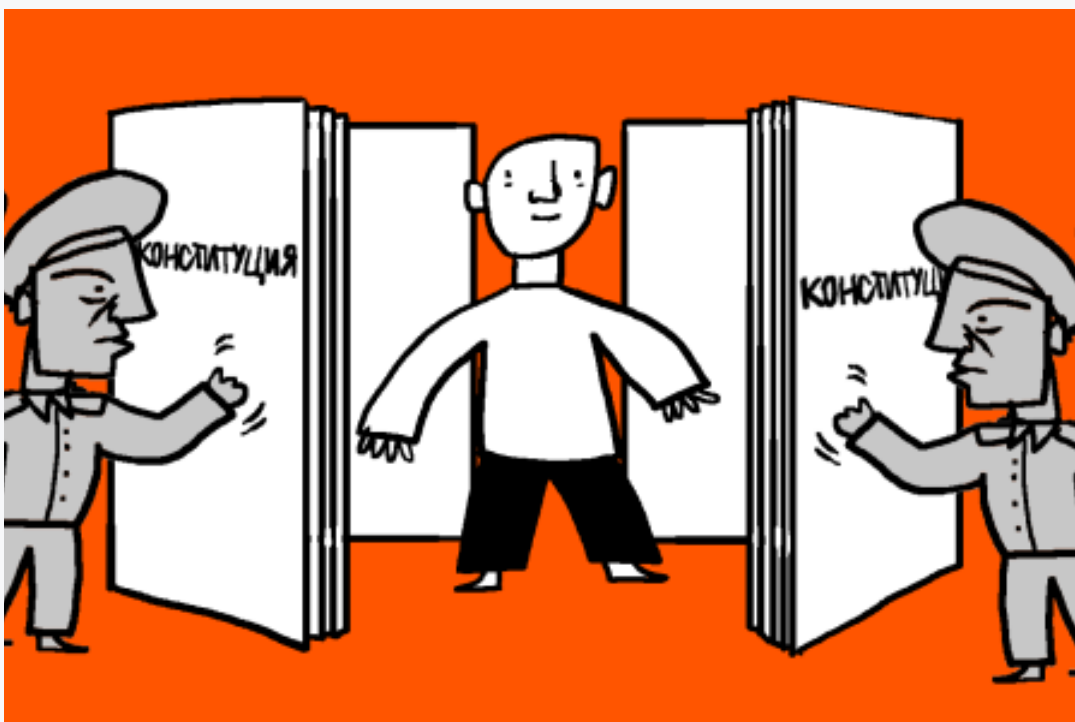
**«Я в так называемом wanted list»: Дарья Серенко о жизни со статусом иноагента, без паспорта и в розыске. И о возвращении в Россию**

«Одна вещь защищает меня от того, чтобы опустить руки: я очень хороша в том, что делаю».



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Life in prison and its aftermath, a year in solitary confinement,  
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