

Stupid Frigging Fool

By Roy Den Hollander

Part 2

You Keep Me Hanging On

As soon as I walked into my apartment in New York City, my phone rang. I knew it was Angel, but I wasn't playing her game anymore—I didn't answer. Her soft and wheedling voice wasn't manipulating me anymore; besides, I didn't want her to know my whereabouts for fear that her satanic magic might be able to reach me even in America. I still believed magic limited to Russia but I wanted to err on the safe side after her witchcraft and duplicity played me for such a sap. Throughout the day, the phone rang periodically but by early evening stopped because in Krasnodar it was the middle of the night—time for her nocturnal activities. I don't know why I didn't disconnect my telephone. Maybe I enjoyed knowing that with each ring she suffered as she watched her golden opportunity of traveling to America evaporate for unknown reasons.

The next day, I called my American lawyer in Moscow to see how I could get out of this marriage and keep her from entering the U.S.

“Who has the visa?” He asked.

“I do.”

“Without the visa, she will never get into America. But just to make sure she doesn't pull a fast one by claiming to have lost it, I suggest you write a letter to INS at the Embassy saying that she married you solely to go to America, and that you are now in the process of getting a divorce. Send them a copy of her dairy as well. The quickest and least expensive way to divorce or get an annulment in Russia requires both of you to agree to it. If she

agrees then the two of you need to go back to ZAGS in Krasnodar to sign a document and two months later—freedom.

“What if she doesn’t agree?”

“Then it could theoretically drag on for an eternity without any clear cut resolution. Unfortunately, the way Russian civil procedure works, she can prevent any final hearing by just failing to show up—time after time, after time. Eventually you can get a default verdict in your favor, but that’s after spending all the time and money waiting for her not to show. And a default is open to all sorts of challenges on the basis of her absence, even though she’s the one who failed to show. I suggest you telephone her and ask her to agree to a divorce. Tell her she can’t get into the country without her visa, which you have, and that you will contact the Embassy to make sure she doesn’t trick them into issuing her a duplicate visa, which is highly unlikely anyway. With her route to America blocked, she should agree to a divorce to free her to find someone else to use.”

That last part hurt but was true—Angel used me from the beginning. “I’ll give her a call, which is not a task I look forward to doing, but I guess I must.”

On 15 June 2000, I dialed her mobile. When she picked up and started talking, the entire lunacy started again right where I left it in Russia—sympathy for a slut, magic and stupidity.

“Hello Angel,” I said without emotion.

“Roy! Where are you?”

“South America,” I said to keep her from casting a spell on my apartment but sensed she knew I was back in New York.

“Why did you leave Russia? I look for you for three days now. What has happened?” Her words rushed in a torrent of apprehension.

“Milan happened.”

Without skipping a beat she said, “What are you talking about? I don’t hear.”

“Milan. You know it is in Italy along with Venice and Florence.”

“You make no sense Roy. What are you talking about?” She was good.

“I know Angel, I know about you and Alfredo in Italy.”

“I don’t do nothing!” she said in her usual emphatic way when caught; trying to make her accuser doubt the truth.

“Cut the con Angel. Before you came to Moscow, you flew to Milan, Italy, stayed at the Lloyds Hotel, fucked Alfredo repeatedly, gave him a blow job, traveled to Venice and Florence with him, all for \$600, a diamond ring and other brilliants.” I didn’t mention the real source of my information. Let her fear that I kept watch through Kroll’s F.S.B. and M.V.D. sources.

Immediately, and actually sounding sincere, she said, “I very big sorry, please forgive me.” She begged and pleaded, “Roy give me last chance. I will try to correct mistake. Please give me last chance.” Damn she was real good and continued to lie, “I had sex with nobody else except Alfredo. I don’t make any sex in Krasnodar during our marriage. I tell you honestly. I tell you I was with nobody else.”

“What about Volodya?”

Silence.

“What about Volodya?” I repeated.

“I don’t know who you talk about.”

“The guy who took you to the apartment of Vadik’s mother, who hung herself. He fucked you twice. Remember him now.” Anger didn’t enter my voice because I didn’t feel it, just remoteness.

More silence.

“I don’t want to speak lies in the future. I sorry for lies what I told. I have nothing in Krasnodar. There is nothing here for me, please forgive me, please give me last chance.” Now she was dangerous, and I knew it! She continued to lie about her affairs, but her desperation sounded sincere and that or perhaps her magic cracked my resolve.

“I will think about what you said and call you tomorrow.” I felt confused again and wanted time to think, to figure out the right thing to do. “But if I decide to continue our marriage and bring you to America, I expect you to live up to your earlier promises: not to go out with other men, not to try to trick me and no more contact with Alfredo.”

“I agree Roy. I will wait your call,” she said in her contrite voice.

“Goodbye.”

“Goodbye darling,” she said in her most innocent voice.

Once again clarity escaped me. Did she cast a spell over the telephone? Why even consider giving her another chance? She kept lying while claiming to tell the truth—did she even know the difference? I went for a walk.

Later that day, I called my stockbroker and friend for years, Maiya Furgason, to tell her I was back in town. Ironically, it was through my broker, who had done business in Russia under the Soviets, that I found the apartment in the same building in Moscow where I met Angel at Leo’s “model” party the previous July. Maiya invited me to her house on the New Jersey shore for the weekend. I quickly accepted. I could use some sun, surf and

outdoors to make my decision or to escape the decision my intuition told me I already made. I hoped the Jersey shore, where I used to hangout in high school, would return my thinking to a time free from a culture straining to turn men into the paradigm of the forgiving female, which never existed in reality, so women could wreak their evil unopposed and unfettered.

The Roy before Russia immediately dropped any girl who gave even the appearance of cheating. I never cheated on my girl friends, so I expected the same. If fidelity overburdened their weak, self-centered minds, then I moved on. I didn't exist to cater to the irrational whims of any girl, no matter how successfully she convinced herself that royal blood flowed through her veins. With seven billion people in the world, over half girls, that left more than 3.5 billion. I figured one percent were good looking and in their athletic prime of 15 to 25 years old, which came to 70 million. Assuming an active sexual life of 60 years, then each year allotted over one million girls, which worked out to over 3,100 per night—that was plenty for me. Actually, like most guys, I'm still working on my first night. Ah, but what about all the other guys out there I'm competing with—irrelevant. Girls are not consumable commodities such as chocolate bars. After a man eats a chocolate bar, no other guy is going to eat it—it's gone. But girls are reusable like the overnight deposit boxes in banks. Guy after guy comes along and makes his deposit.

From a different angle, I figured if I owned a 1957 red and white DeSoto Fireflite Sportsman convertible with push button drive, I wouldn't want some other guy riding around in it picking up chicks. It's my car, and it's valuable to me, because it's hot, and there are so few of them. But there are millions of hot girls. Why would a guy want to own anyone of them when he can rent dozens? So ownership and possessiveness of a girl makes

no sense. The entire concept of “ownership” of a girl comes from girls thinking they’re more valuable than they are—it’s the princess syndrome.

The next day, Friday, I called Angel to tell her I hadn’t made my decision yet but would by Sunday. The moment I got her on the phone she jumped into a well-prepared monologue—this girl didn’t give up when she wanted something, but the something wasn’t me.

You are only one man with whom I have serious relations. And to forgive is the higher moral principal. If you really love me, give me one last chance to renew my life. Because if you do not give me this chance, I do not have anything. I very big sorry. Only from 1999 do I see world. Before I had nothing. I make a lot of mistakes because I did not know the man. You great man, clever and wise, you taught me things. It was my mistake. I did not take you seriously. I thought you had wind in your head. You smart. But the more I like you is your heart. You very important in my life and I do not have anyone but you. Now we honest before each other. You not only friend, but specially love you. What you do for me is very important. I do not have too much experience. I make a lot of mistakes. I very big sorry. I feel myself very bad. I cry everyday. I have learned my lesson. I must respect you. All things you do, I appreciate. You were close to me. Your heart was not open. Before stupid mistakes, you was in my heart and stayed in my heart. All criminals in jail have chance to start new life. Before you, I am criminal. I ask you for a chance. I will try to change. Nobody wanted me to be honest before you. First man who take so serious honest and truth. In Russia no one wanted to be honest. Remember, I love you. You very important as person to me. Cannot forgive unless problem. If high intellect then forgive. I can change.”

I didn’t believe much of this hooley, especially the parts about my greatness and her not having anything without me—she planned to go to Venezuela or Greece if her American visa fell through. Angel could make lots of money as a stripper anywhere in the world, but only in America could her dreams of legitimate stardom come true. No other country ever provided anyone willing to work hard and with a little luck the opportunity to reach her dreams. The decision I faced seemed rather simple: Do I condemn another human being to an existence where dreams forever remain the bitter musings of her imagination or give Angel the little bit of luck she never had to go for her heart’s desire. Still, I wavered, until

during the weekend at my broker's house while standing on the dock in front of her house, Maiya said, "if you leave Angel in Russia you will always wonder whether she could have changed into a decent human being, and you could have saved your marriage." That comment tipped the balance to bring her here, but I still wanted the chance to change my mind.

Sunday June 18, 2000, I called Angel from my broker's and told her what I decided; she sounded happy even though I made clear we needed to talk more in Moscow and on that depended whether I brought her to America. Once in America, if she kept up her cheating ways, an annulment or divorce within two years after our marriage combined with her diary that exposed her perjury to the U.S. Embassy in order to obtain her visa should give INS legal grounds to deport her. But that required the U.S. government to do what was right, which didn't always happen, especially given the influence of the Feminazis. Since my position would never be as powerful as it was before she entered America, I wanted to leave my options open until the last minute. We arranged to meet in Moscow.

My Jamaican friends, Carol and Thelma, thought Angel's spell still affected me or that she'd cast another spell on me in Moscow. To prevent Angel from using black magic on me in Moscow again, I followed the suggestion of one of Carol's friends and visited a voodoo priestess from Central America who practiced only white magic. I didn't want anything to do with black magic because my goal wasn't to harm Angel but to protect me from her sorcery.

The priestess Carmen worked out of her house in New Jersey doing a thriving occult business, which for America surprised me. After the bizarre decisions I made in Russia, I conceded that magic could work in a country still steeped in medieval superstitions but not

in modern-day U.S.A. The people waiting to see Carmen obviously disagreed. Fine, I just wanted to protect myself in Russia by using Carmen's white magic to nullify Angel's satanic sorcery. I didn't want any more surprises or blatant stupidity on my part in black magic land.

Carmen was in her forties, came from the Caribbean and wore a tropical dress with a brightly colored scarf around her hair. She walked with a limp and smoked an inexpensive cigar; apparently she liked them. Her office, on the second floor of her house, consisted of a couple of chairs and a table or altar loaded with candles, religious ornaments and pictures of Jesus Christ. She kept a large twisted, wooden stick beside her chair, probably in case one of her clients became possessed I thought. I told Carmen about Angel, handed over a photograph and some of Angel's hair that I took from her brush when I last saw her in Moscow. Not sure why I took it—just seemed like a good idea at the time. Carmen muttered some words, blew smoke in front of her from the cigar and tapped the large wooden stick on the floor. Apparently the cigar and wooden stick had purposes I didn't understand.

In her Caribbean accent, she said, "I must drive out the evil spirits that your wife beset you with before we can get to work. If they remain here, they will report back to your wife what we are doing."

Carmen appeared to exert much effort in dispelling my wife's demon helpers. I looked around but didn't see or hear a thing. Carmen took out a well-used deck of tarot cards, shuffled them while reciting something and turned a number of them face up in the pattern of a cross on the altar. This altar had a white cloth on it.

As she began to talk, I felt transfixed with the words that flowed into me without my usual critical analysis. My life-long beliefs in reason and science lay dormant in the back of my mind while I seemed to enter a nebulous realm of intuition and subtle forces.

“You’re saint is Elegua.”

“Who’s that?” I asked.

“Jesus.”

She picked up the cards from the altar, shuffled and laid them out again.

“You must not go back to Russia for it will mean your death! Your wife doesn’t care about you. She only wants you to bring her to America where she can make a lot of money selling her body. She has worked long and hard, using all her powers and evil spirits to trick you into marrying her and taking her to America. If you go to Russia and refuse to do her bidding, she will kill you. If you bring her to America she will turn you into her slave and you will be as the living dead. If you try to fight her, it will consume your life and in the end she will have you killed.”

I mumbled, “She does have F.S.B. connections, which also means criminal contacts, and the going rate to kill someone in Russia is only \$2000 for a Russian and \$5000 for a foreigner. She’d probably throw in some sex to reduce the price. She has the means, and I wouldn’t put it past her.”

“Hiring someone isn’t her only way. I can feel her evil,” Carmen shuttered as she said this. “Her power is very strong against men and her determination set to live the glamorous life. She could kill you as she would a bug. She doesn’t need someone else to do it because she can kill you with her magic or put something in your food.”

“She already did,” and I told Carmen about her putting “salts and sugars” in my food before the wedding.

“You must get away from her for good. It is very dangerous for you to be around her.”

Carmen’s warnings caused me to grin inside with excitement. Now here was a challenge—my intellect versus the magic of a Russian she-devil. What a struggle between the enlightened and primitive forces. How could I turn my back on this? Here was danger cutting across the physical, intellectual, emotional and metaphysical realms—what a battle it would be! If I won, I had a good story to tell; if I lost, then I would be dead—so what? I never liked my life anyway. Not to have been born was passed all prizing best. I knew then I would bring Angel back to America to plant my flag for ego, truth and right.

Carmen continued, “Your wife decided when she was 16 that her goal in life was to make money off of men by using her looks, body and the mask of a pleasing personality. She believes she can get anything she wants with her beauty and lies. For her that is why God gave her a pretty face and will protect her soul from the dark forces she calls on to help her. She hates men bitterly and has created in herself a machine for destroying them. The way she makes money helps her achieve vengeance against men by making them fall in love with, lust after or feel sympathetic to her. She exploits those feelings for money and uses them to cause men pain. Romance is for strengthening her bank account. As a teenager, she promised herself not to be a good girl but a user of men. Her false personality communicates a childish innocence and naiveté that masks a cold-hearted ruthlessness. She intends men emotional, physical and spiritual harm.”

That explained why the photograph of Angel as a teenager showed such a mean and nasty girl—the real Angel. It also explained her pantomime while demonstrating a lap dance to me in my apartment, where she used both hands to simulate a gun, shooting me and then arrogantly blowing away the smoke from the make believe barrel.

“All along your wife tricked you into believing she was a decent person who got a raw deal so that you would feel sorry for her, forgive her and use your time and money to help get her to America. By demanding that you acted decently toward her, she was able to succeed by being indecent. You are just another customer to her. The most important thing to your wife is money, which is why she pretends to show so much concern over saving a man money. She believes it will help win her way into his heart so as to allow her to trick much more from him over time.”

All of Angel’s haggling over carfare and the cheap tickets for the train to Sochi went through my head.

“Your wife would rather have girls, but she needs men for money and to exercise feminine power, which doesn’t work with girls. She has a girl friend for a lover who is tall, with black hair.”

“You’re right, at least it makes sense. When I was in Krasnodar for my wedding, Angel kept going upstairs to visit her friend Natasha for hours at a time. Recently, one of Angel’s friends told me Natasha was a model—tall with black hair.”

“Girls like these always prefer women. I want you to realize that your wife is not stupid. She is very clever and cunning. She understands both the physical and spiritual world, which you don’t, but she lacks any feeling of social and moral obligations—that makes her extremely dangerous. She will do things you wouldn’t imagine, no matter how

filthy to her soul just to get money. She firmly believes the ends justify the means and that her prayers to God will always bring forgiveness, but God is not fooled so easily. The only reason you didn't completely succumb to her powers is because you have a guardian angel protecting you."

That caused an ironic smile as I remembered Angel saying the same thing while reading my palm on our first date at the Park of Victory in Moscow. Like an idiot, I assumed then that Angel was my guardian, which was why I immediately started calling her "Angel".

"I know it isn't my wife, so who is it?" I asked Carmen.

"Your guardian angel is your mother."

"That's impossible! My mother was a mean spirited, nasty person who thought only about herself." I blurted out with intense bitterness. "She's dead, thank goodness, so I guess she qualifies for a spirit, but if there is a heaven and hell, she's in one of the lower circles of Dante's Inferno—at least I hope so. She never cared enough to help anyone but herself. She was a phony who pretended to be the proverbial innocent victim to get others to feel sorry for her, so she could ruthlessly use them for her own ends. She didn't care whose lives she ruined, not her sons, no one, so long as they served her interests. Any sacrifice she tricked others into was fine with her. She valued money as much as my wife does. On my first date with Angel, she found a kopeck lying in the street and picked it up with glee. My mother did the same for pennies. On more than one occasion as a kid, mother refused to take me to the doctor for fractured bones I got from playing sports. Finally, after days of delay, other adults hauled me off for medical help when they saw the pain I was in. Once I had a fractured wrist and didn't make it to a doctor for a week until I collapsed from the pain

in gym class. And it wasn't because we couldn't afford a doctor. Our family had two cars and a Catskill vacation home. It was because every penny mother saved out of the household budget went into her bank account."

"My mother thought more about money and appearances than anything else. I doubted her ever capable of loving anyone. At least, I never heard that word from her. When I was eleven, after taking me to the cheery movie *On the Beach*, she walked me over to the town soda fountain—very strange I thought, since she never did this before. While eating my ice cream sundae, she told me she was thinking of getting a divorce because the only reason she married my father was that he could provide her with a better life style than some other guy she was dating at the time. From the age of five or six until I was a teenager, she often hollered at me that she should have listened to my father and never had me. She finally stopped saying that when I replied, 'I wish you had too!'"

"By the time I was a teenager, her ravings made me realize that the only reason she gave birth was the same reason people buy two cars and park them in front of their house—to keep up appearances. On top of this, she martyred herself over the son she lost to some unknown illness, 'Roger was always very sick,' she'd often say. Her sorrow didn't ring true, since she wished she never had kids. After my parents' deaths, I did a little research into the death of the brother who was born before me but with Down's syndrome. It all looked very suspicious, and I concluded from Roger's death certificate that in order to avoid future medical bills and the continuing humiliation of having given birth to a retarded child, dear old mother and father starved Roger, gave him pneumonia in the middle of summer and ultimately choked him to death in his crib. My mother's hypocrisy and mask of decency disgusted me. She went to church every Sunday because it looked good and probably

wanted to keep her options open in case God really did exist. In her heart boiled selfishness, arrogance and duplicity—she was a nazi, not a guardian angel but more like a tormenting demon.”

Carmen looked a little surprised by my tirade, which made me suspect her for a charlatan. She should have seen the character of my mother as she did with Angel. Of course, what I told Carmen about Angel, she repeated back to me with embellishment. My skepticism of magic still existed in part of my mind, but this was a new adventure, so I went along willing with the new ideas and suspended by doubt about Carmen’s supernatural powers for the time being.

Carmen immediately said, “When people die they realize their mistakes and try to make up for them by helping from the spirit world. Your mother is trying to protect you now from the evil of your wife.”

Not a bad response, but I didn’t buy it, although I said, “Perhaps.” I found it impossible for my mother in any manifestation to do something for someone else, even a son. No, any success at protecting myself from Angel’s witchcraft would result not from my phantom mother but my intellect and will, and, maybe, some white wizardry.

Right after my marriage, I thought I could sense Angel’s spells. They always functioned in the same way, probably because of her lack of imagination. The spell either created or exploited an obstacle, whether internal or external, to my doing something she didn’t want. For example, when I discovered her dairy, my heart irrationally filled with so much fear that I almost didn’t make a copy, and the pages I did copy were only for 1999-2000. The few pages for 1996-98, I left alone—what a bewitched idiot! At the first copy place the machine couldn’t copy those pages she wrote in blue ink, so I went searching for a

place that could—not an easy task in Russia. When I tried to find the black magic-man to shake some information out of him, an unexpected traffic jam popped up that delayed my arrival at his den just long enough so that I apparently missed him by a few minutes. Other tries failed because my interpreter or driver was delayed. Each conjured obstacle attacked me emotionally by creating a despairing sense that my efforts were impossible and I should give up. I noticed, however, that not giving up, that by just trying to move forward again and again, the obstacle and emotional constraints vanished. Magic probably worked through illusions created in the victim’s mind, but by keeping focused and persistent the illusions crumbled. Then again, I might be wrong.

I asked Carmen, “If I go to Russia, can you do something to protect me from her magic.”

“I knew you were going to go and will probably bring her back. When is your flight?”

“I’ve made reservations for July 6th.”

“That doesn’t give us much time. But if you bring her back, she will not kill you because you will be doing what she wants and she will need you to serve her in America, for a while at least. She is the type of girl who uses men to do her bidding and help her deal with everyday problems. She will try to enslave you, and we will have to protect you against that. But if you go against her wishes, then she will destroy you, either in Russia or America. I can end the spells she has cast on you so far and give you some protection against new ones while you are gone, but in Russia you must be very careful—many dreadful spirits walk that land. It’s her home and she is most powerful there. If you bring her back, call me right away, or she will turn you into her slave. Living with a person like

this may overwhelm any defense your good heartedness gives you, so we will need to do more work. I also want to give you a cross to keep under your pillow, but that will have to wait your return. And try not to eat any of the foods she prepares in Russia or here! She'll try to use food as a way to bind you to her."

Carmen left the room and returned shortly with a small bottle of darkish liquid, dried flowers of some kind, a candle and a liter coke bottle with some foul smelling brown liquid inside. "Everyday until you leave for Russia and after you take a shower, spread the liquid in this big bottle all over yourself. It smells bad so you should wear a lot of cologne when going out. Before you go to bed put a few drops from the small bottle into a cup tea made from these herbal flowers. Also, before bedtime, light this candle and read from the Bible Psalms 23 and 91. When you finish reading, put the candle out by wetting your fingers and quickly pinching the flame. If you blow out the flame, the protective magic I put in the candle will be scattered—you want it to stay concentrated. Do this for the next 12 days and on the last day before you go to Russia, let the candle burn down until it goes out by itself. When you get home, throw out all the pictures of your wife."

"Why?"

"It's through her pictures that she keeps a presence near you to keep you under her influence." I knew I wasn't going to throw out her pictures, not because I wanted to look at them, which I didn't, but to keep them as mementos, a la the movie *Carnal Knowledge*.

Carmen then said, "Now, I want you to go into the bathroom down the end of the hall and spread some of the liquid from the large bottle all over you."

"Now?" I asked, a little embarrassed.

"Yes. You do not have much time until you leave, so you must start now."

“Okay.” I did as she said and ended up smelling like overly spiced garlic bread in an Italian restaurant. On my way home, feeling as though swimming in a supernatural sea of lunacy, I kept my distance from other people on the PATH and in the subway, not just because I stunk but to avoid evil spirits, as if I could recognize any.

Over the next days, I followed Carmen’s instructions, made the arrangements for my trip to Moscow and a return flight for Angel, assuming it occurred. A number of other matters also occupied my time.

My stockbroker Maiya always wanted to smuggle art objects out of Russia. She had buyers in America but nobody in Russia to purchase the art or transport it out. Russia’s laws forbid the export without special licenses of any art created before the Communist Revolution. These regulations existed to exact bribes for government officials—not to preserve the country’s heritage. Most of the art created under the Commies didn’t require export licenses because the Russian authorities knew nobody in their right mind would pay bribes for those works. Since Angel didn’t give a damn about Russian laws, I suggested her as the smuggler Maiya was looking for. When Maiya told Angel the amount of money she might make, she naturally agreed. Maiya, however, wasn’t so stupid as to trust Angel or any other Russian with a lot of money up front to purchase art, so Maiya organized a test smuggling for a small amount. Angel found a dealer in Krasnodar willing to sell 18th century silverware at very low prices and Inessa would arrange for shipment to Maiya’s house in New Jersey after Angel forged the export license. Total cost to Maiya: \$500 with a reputed value of \$1500, according to Angel. My wife made \$100 and the shipping amounted to \$50 with the price of the goods at \$350. Delivery would take about three weeks.

Before leaving for Moscow, I met with some of my friends in New York City whom I had seen nearly a year earlier before my time travel back to the dark ages of sorcery, witchcraft and demonic spirits. After telling them the story about Angel, they all said to leave her in the evil empire where she belonged. One old friend commented that my tale sounded like a 1940s detective movie and suggested I rent one called *Murder, My Sweet*. I did and watched a number of other movies in the same genre. One I had first watched the previous year before going to work for Kroll: *Dead Reckoning* in which Humphrey Bogart tells Lizabeth Scott, “I don’t trust women.” At that time, it struck me as overly cynical because living among all the Feminazis and their sycophants in America had subtly twisted my sense of reality into actually attributing the virtue of integrity to females. But after Russia, I began the long process of weaning myself off of such Kool-Aide. In addition to film noir movies, I picked up the detective novels of Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler from the first half of the 20th century before the Political Correctionalists put females on that illusionary pedestal of moral uprightness.

Those two authors knew the real danger of women—their extraordinary ability to trick a man even when he intellectually knew she was running a con. The women in their novels circumvented a man’s reason by attacking through the emotions of compassion and sex. The femme fatales played on evolution’s programming of men as the protectors of women. Evolution wanted the species to survive, which required someone to protect women since they bore the next generation. The only choice was men, but no rational male would jump in front of a saber tooth tiger to protect a duplicitous female unless driven by compassion. Evolution, therefore, hardwired sympathy into the brain of every heterosexual man, making him a sucker for a female’s fake tears and phony hard-luck stories. Females

have added their own gloss over the ages by twisting the different nature of the sexes so that society depicts women as the compassionate sex and men as macho brutes, which make women, not men, worthy of saving. This delusion makes no sense because it's the compassion of men that evolution needed to assure the survival of the species and not the compassion of females. It was no accident that 74% of the females survived the Titanic but only 20% of the men. Females simply use the juxtaposition of that inherent character trait to further manipulated men into believing them inherently worthy of protection no matter how evil their deeds, such as boiling their babes and drowning their sons.

Evolution also created a chemical reaction in heterosexual men's brains that causes desire for women. The drive for sex provides a chain to tie the male to the female so that his protection of her will continue after she bears children while compassion ties him to protecting the child. Evolution is no one's fool and neither are females no matter how much they feign naiveté. Feminine propaganda over the ages depicted men as lower-life forms driven only by sex when in reality women burn to copulate more frequently because they derive more pleasure from it. Evolution required women to enjoy sex more; otherwise, no female would risk the pain, burden and sacrifice of childbirth and rearing just to get laid if the pleasure she felt equaled that experience by a man. Women once again twisted the differences between the sexes to their duplicitous advantage by pretending they were doing a guy a favor by sleeping with him, when in reality he was doing her the favor.

A woman's drive for sex and economic support, which is the modern-day form of protection, made infidelity a way of life for her. Females spread their bets, so if one man bites the dust, either physically or economically, she still had other beaus to depend on. To keep her beaus tied to her, she needed to cheat on all of them but still convince each one

with her tears, entreaties and sex that he was the only one. Over millions of years, natural selection eliminated the faithful females, since they tended to die out with only one male protecting and supporting them. That left modern-day man with only a huge pool of hos—billions of them.

Women understand in their genes that a pretty face, pretense of innocence and the appearance of victimization will enable them to manipulate most any man. Even today's Feminazis adroitly exploit their alleged victimization by claiming years of oppression—tell that to the guys pushing up daisies in the Falkland Islands—and bawling like babies when they don't get their way or someone exposes their screw-ups. But that special interest group can't exploit sexual desire with their unshaved underarms, lack of make up, incessant demonizing of men and trying to act like men. So while the Feminazis threaten truth and justice, the real danger for a man lies in the attractive, ruthless, feminine female. Those are the ones that Chandler described in *Farewell, My Lovely* as “Big league blonds, beautiful, expensive babes who know what they have got. All bubble bath and dewy morning and moonlight but inside blue steel—cold, cold like ice only not that clean.” It's that cold steel that cuts through any sense of morality, allowing the feminine female to justify her duplicitous acts by blaming men for everything that went wrong in her life or rationalizing her conduct as the only means to get what she wants—usually wealth and the glamorous life.

The detective stories led me to vainly identify my situation with Hammett's *Maltese Falcon*. The detective Sam Spade runs into the consummate treacherous female whom he calls “Angel,” what else. Spade's description of his Angel, well suited the one I blundered into, “You are not exactly the sort of person you pretend to be, the blushing and school girl

manner stammering.” Even the evasive answers from the Angel in the book sounded familiar, “I can’t tell you now I will later when I can. You have got to trust me.” As did her maneuverings when caught in a lie, “I’m so tired of lying. Not knowing what is a lie, what is the truth?”

I was no Sam Spade, but more like Miles Archer, and despite all the advice from friends and the enlightenment of detective stories, I still played the sap for Angel, knew it, and couldn’t figure out why. Was it the magic, evolution’s programming to save a pretty girl, the desire for a daughter I never had, a challenge, having a girl like the one that married “dear old dad” or the thrill of living dangerously inside a real-life detective story? At the time, I told a friend who advised me to forget Angel that I felt I was living in a 1940s detective novel, so how could I turn my back on that? Then again, maybe it was just plain stupidity as a fortune cookie once told me, “The greatest danger may be your own stupidity.”

Angel sent me a letter claiming to want to make me happy and help change my life, which included an insight seemingly more applicable to her: “If you talk that you change, then you are not changed—it is mask.” “Mask” was a word Angel often used to describe the two-face nature of cozeners. The movie *The Mask* with Jim Carey was her second favorite next to *Showgirls*—a real discriminating filmgoer this girl. The main characters in both movies developed personalities that amplified their darker parts. So was Angel telling me she lied about her promise of fidelity? That made no sense. Did she consider me the guilty party for her adultery and deceit? Girls always blame men for their nefarious conduct. But then she avowed her innocence in not trying to trick me out of my money and warned that I shouldn’t try to take revenge, which at least indicated she understood her behavior wrong.

On the back of the letter, she drew a bunch of symbols and pictures. These included a triangle with an eye in it as on the back of a dollar bill, a winged girl holding a flower growing out of her palm with a three pointed crown above it, lots of six pointed stars and other scribbling. She wrote, “Think about this picture and my wishes and my inside world.” I sprinkled some of Carmen’s potion on the drawing and threw the letter in a draw.

Before flying to Russia, I began researching opportunities for physicists in the space exploration industry in hope of eventually working in the field after obtaining another degree, but even there Angel intruded. On June 28 while in the Columbia University business library, I sensed Angel was about to do something treacherous again. I hurried home and called her apartment between 9 and 10 PM her time, just when she usually left for the discos. No answer, which meant she was not home. I then called her mobile, also no answer, which meant she was out of town or leaving town. The following day, I reached Angel who claimed she went to a disco with her friend Katya and had forgotten her mobile. She assured me she did nothing wrong and that I should not be so suspicious of, as she said, “the new Angel.” I didn’t believe it, noted the incident in my scheduler for future reference.

On July 6, after completing Carmen’s rituals and despite all the warnings and signs of danger, or perhaps because of them, I boarded a flight to Moscow.

Don’t Play That Song (You Lied)

My flight took me through Zurich, Switzerland. While waiting in Zurich for my connecting flight to Moscow, I spotted a pretty Russian girl in her early twenties holding tightly her carry on bag. Another master of the art of deception from a country of deceivers who was going home with more money than she ever dreamed of—all in cash in her bag. I wondered in which country she hoed and sold her soul.

Angel flew into Moscow late one night after my arrival. My driver from Kroll days took me to the airport. My lack of a smile reflected a determination to keep her from suckering me again. I sat with my back to the departing passengers not wanting to fall into the blushing groom role again of eagerly anticipating his beloved's arrival. My driver kept watch for Angel and would bring her over to my seat when she exited the gate. Some girl with short black hair touched my shoulder. I looked up twice wondering what this lady wanted, then realized it was Angel.

I rose surprised and kissed her on the cheek, "What did you do to your hair?"

"Do you like it?" she said with a model type move of her body.

"I thought you always wanted to be a blonde? You not only died your hair but cut it short." I was shocked and tried to figure out why. I knew by then she didn't do something without a reason—usually a nefarious one.

"This is the new Angel!" She exclaimed with the same old Cheshire grin.

"You really look different." More dark and menacing than ever I thought.

Driving through the night from the airport, Angel pulled out another weapon, but this one I understood—the guilt trip.

"Why are you so distant Roy? You close your heart to me."

"How would you feel if some girl paid me to go to Italy to have sex?" The moment after I said it, I knew it was the wrong question since she probably wouldn't care at all. She ignored it.

"Why are you so cold to me? I told you, I sorry for that. It was stupid of me and will never happen again. After we talked three weeks ago, I do nothing in Krasnodar but pray you truly forgive me. I don't go out except to shop and walk. I don't go any place."

“So you say.”

Silence, which surprised me. I thought she would try harder; maybe her arrogance prevented her. I softened a little towards her and suggested we go to a bowling ally and pool hall to which she readily agreed. Angel liked pool and bowling. Both brought out the seemingly innocent girl in her, as did amusement park rides.

Under the Soviets, Russians didn't have the opportunities to amuse themselves with such Western games until the late nineties when government officials and their henchmen started building glitzy entertainment complexes and modern restaurants with stolen government funds. The amusement centers offered bowling, pool, video and table games and discos, but only New Russians or foreigners could afford the prices, so most of the places, as with the restaurants, were usually empty. The clientele of one large fancy restaurant I often went to on a Friday or Saturday night usually consisted of only my date and me. These restaurants and entertainment complexes didn't go broke because they weren't built to make money but to wash it.

The Krishas, controlled by powerful government officials generated so much cash that physically shipping the money overseas became impractical. The crime groups needed banks in Russia with correspondent accounts in the West to wire funds abroad. The banks in the hard currency countries where New Russians wanted to invest their gains operated under laws against accepting funds that appeared to come from criminal activities—drugs, prostitution, looting state assets, embezzling international loans, counterfeiting products, extortion and contract killings. These activities are the cash cows for Russian Krishna's, so they needed a way to make their funds appear to originate from legitimate businesses. That's why restaurants and entertainment centers began appearing throughout Russia. The

government racketeers funnel some of their illegal money through these apparently legal operations by reporting a full house of customers every night when there's virtually no one. Now everybody, including Western bankers, know the New Russians launder their money this way before wiring it overseas, but the laws only require a plausible appearance of legitimacy, so the bankers play dumb to satisfy the laws and, of course, their greed.

At the pool hall and bowling alley, Angel boasted, "We have a place like this in Krasnodar, now. It is great with bowl, pool and air hockey. I like it very much."

"Did you go there often?"

"Once a week or more. It is great fun."

"Whom did you go with?" Her smile faded.

"I went with my friend Katya," she said sourly as though realizing she made a mistake by admitting to doing something other than praying, walking or shopping.

"How can you and Katya afford such a place?"

"Stop it Hollander! I told you I do nothing in Krasnodar." I envisioned Angel, Katya and New Russians enjoying themselves in the new Krasnodar amusement center.

After bowling, we went downstairs to the pool hall—rows and rows of tables with only a few patrons on a Saturday night. Angel liked pool more than bowling, probably because of the stick and ball imagery. During one game, I nudged her good-naturedly to which she responded with a headlock and our wrestling match commenced. We battled, partly seriously, partly not, over the table onto the couches lining the wall and down to the floor. I think I enjoyed this part of her the most—wrestling. Sometimes she won, but more often she lost. Still she never said "Amba," which means "curtains" in Russian. Even in defeat, she refused to concede but just lay there pinned, waiting for a sign of weakness on

my part when she would attack again. I admired her spirit and will to renew the fight when the chance arose, which reminded me of Hitler's belief that to keep a Russian defeated meant killing him.

While wrestling in the pool hall, I saw she didn't change her hair at all but wore a wig—a false new Angel? I theorized why the disguise. She probably assumed I concocted some plan to psychologically trick her into divulging more information about her activities. That was the Russian way, so to throw me off she pretended to change her entire appearance believing I would react to that and forget my scheme to trick more information from her. In one move, she hoped to divert my intention from continuing to quiz her about her infidelities, which I didn't have to since I possessed a copy of her diary. But she didn't know that. On the other hand, maybe she assumed I enlisted the help of a white magic witch and the disguise was meant to befuddle the spirits sent against her. Who knew in that lunatic asylum of Russia?

The next day, Maria's boy friend dropped off a demo tape that my rock and roll producer friend Pat expressed interest in hearing.

After he left, Angel asked, "He knows about me doesn't he? I could tell by his coolness."

"Yes. I told Maria about your activities in Krasnodar and Italy. She's a close friend of mine and was a friend of yours but no more. She took it very hard."

"I wish you didn't tell them," Angel said without apparent rancor.

"You'll never see them again. What do you care what they think?"

She didn't respond to this and once again the universe tried to tell me something about her that I didn't understand, so I filed the incident away for future reference.

We then took a walk to the Park of Victory where less than one year earlier we had our first date. My mind seemed fairly clear, but my will weak. I continued taking the drops in herb tea at night that Carmen prescribed but, against her directions, ate a couple of the meals Angel prepared. How much sorcery could a meal carry I reasoned? Angel and I sat on one of the benches looking west, just as we did the previous year.

“It’s time for honesty on the part of both of us Angel. And depending on whether you can tell the truth or not will depend on whether I take you back to America.”

“I be honest with you my husband,” she contritely said.

She still didn’t know I possessed a copy of her diary, so she could only guess at how much I knew.

“You once said that you considered me your boy friend beginning in December last year when we first slept together. So I am only interested in whether you can tell the truth—the whole truth—about what you’ve done since then. We’ll go month to month. I’ll tell you about my activities, and you tell me about yours.” For me it was easy, prior to and during our marriage there was no one except Angel.

“I understand,” she said, sounding somewhat sarcastically.

“I’m serious Angel!” Still believing my free will in tact.

Angel started talking, but for each month she declared she did nothing bad until I would confront her with the name of someone or an event in which she acted unfaithfully or tried to trick me. Then without batting an eyelash or revealing a blush, she claimed to have forgotten the incident or euphemized it as innocuous. Clearly her strategy was to conceal her nefarious acts until I called her on them at which point she would diminish their seriousness or plead a faulty memory. At the end of our conversation, she apologized again

for her conduct, said the talk very difficult for her because telling the truth not part to her culture and it would take her time to change.

Angel's half-truths and lies were obvious, but the fogginess of my mind failed to foresee any real danger, so, like a fool, I gave into Angel again. As with so many times in my life, rather than pursuing physics, I ended up diverting into what proved another eclectic and meaningless adventure. But at least I tried to make sure as best my hazed enshrouded brain could that she understood my position and hers.

“I am well aware of the anger you feel towards me—some of that anger is my fault, most is not. Some is cultural differences, age differences and some is not. Whether you even like me, or only see me as a fool to be taken advantage of is unclear. People have always lied to you, tricked you and tried to cheat you. You and other Russian girls see each other as allies in arms against a hostile world and weak men who have the material resources you desire. So when you can gain something you want from a man, you feel justified in lying and tricking him and, when necessary, providing him sex though you do not feel emotionally close to him. Generally when you deal with men from the third world: Mexico, Cyprus, Russia and other such places, you may be justified in being artful because they do not care about you as a human being with feelings, hopes and dreams. They just want their sex and to show other people that they have you for a sex slave. This is also true of some American men, but none of whom I have ever known, except Tony. As a result, lying for you becomes second nature, an instinctive reaction. The problem between us is that I am not a man from the third world. I am not perfect and not young, but I am, my woman friends tell me, a decent American man. In America, once you are caught in a lie, it is enormously difficult to regain trust—enormously difficult.”

“After I learned about your lies and your tricks, I decided to divorce you, but then you asked for a last chance. My logic said you would not change and just continue doing what you always did to satisfy your desires and get what you wanted no matter whom you harmed. You even continued to lie today. But something keeps telling me to give you the last chance. I do not know whether it’s metaphysics, evolution, psychology, the God to whom you pray, wanting to save our marriage or what, but something has made me give you a last chance. Now it’s up to you to decide what you are going to do with it. But remember, if you continue to lie and cheat, you will lose in the end.”

She said nothing in response.

We stayed in Moscow another two nights. Angel started wearing her hair in a single braid. Before she always wore it loose and long. The significance would eventually reveal itself. We flew back to New York on separate planes. Angel wanted to come to America as quickly as possible, but I couldn’t find a flight with two seats. I still didn’t understand her rush, so I just filed it away in my mind with the other incongruous information and arranged for different flights. Since Angel’s plane would arrive before mine, I told her to wait at the terminal where she arrived and I would find her. JFK airport consists of a number of terminals and I didn’t want her getting lost looking for me.

On Broadway

On the trip over, I couldn’t help but wonder whether Angel planned to disappear in New York City or perhaps fly on to California to work in a strip club run by one of Leo’s business associates.

We landed on July 10, 2000, with her two hours ahead of me. Rather than take the shuttle bus to her terminal, I decided to walk since it was quicker. Part way to her terminal,

I ran into Angel rushing in my direction lugging her suitcase. Obviously, she decided not to follow my advice and wait for me at her terminal. Was she trying to disappear? When she saw me, she smiled and waved. Another feint, I wondered.

“Why didn’t you wait at the terminal?” I asked.

“They told me your plane was late, so I tried to find it,” she said as she hugged and kissed me.

“But what if we had missed each other?”

“Don’t worry, everything worked out. I am now in America—it’s great,” she jumped with glee like a little child.

When we arrived at my apartment, my mail included a card sent by Angel from Krasnodar a week earlier. Mail from Russia to America usually takes about a week, but from America to Russia, it might take months or an eternity. Russian postal workers often don’t bother to deliver foreign mail; a hold over of sloth from the Soviet Union, and they regularly open letters from America looking for something of value, which in poverty stricken Russia might simply mean the blank sides of paper that they can use for their own writing. Before mailing the card, Angel kissed the back with her lipstick-coated lips only once:

Hello my husband!

Interesting, now I’m with you and this card. We are has a lot of difficult situation, psychological, but we are together, what it mean is that we are took lessons. I wish both of us health, clean love, understanding, harmony and good luck in everything.

Your unforgettable Angelina

“Very nice,” I sincerely said, hoping she lives up to her promises to put her wicked ways behind, but still remembering the other fine words she had told as boldfaced lies to manipulate me.

I emptied out a closet and dresser draws for her things. She used the closet but not the dresser. Instead, she kept many of her things in two bags on the floor in front of her bedroom closet as if her accommodations were only temporary. It seemed strange, but I dismissed it. She took up preparing meals, and I felt great about living with her and failed to contact Carmen for the cross to protect me. I especially enjoyed wrestling with Angel in the apartment or public places, like restaurants and Central Park. Guess it made both of us feel like kids before the horrors of our childhoods took hold of our adult lives.

I gave Angel maps of New York City and red lined the neighborhoods she should avoid. Briefed her on how to use the subway, advised her on dealing with New Yorkers and showed her around the neighborhood. When pointing out a copy store, I realized I made a mistake, because Angel stopped and mumbled, “So maybe that’s how.” I knew she referred to how I obtained my information on her. She must have eventually suspected her dairy, but knew I couldn’t read Russian, so then how could her diary have betrayed her? The copy store probably clicked in her mind the answer that I had copied the diary and then got it translated. Still, she couldn’t be sure.

The next day she said, “I want to buy a notebook so I can write my thoughts down. Show me where I can find one.” She never before mentioned writing her thoughts. Now I knew she suspected that I found out about her cheating by reading her dairy. Back in June, when she asked me how I learned about her Italy trip and the other liaisons, I left it to her imagination that I used Kroll’s F.S.B. and M.V.D. agents to spy on her and tap the telephone in her apartment. I wanted to cover my real source of information just in case I needed to copy future entries in her diary and deter her from further un-wifely activities out of fear that Big Brother was watching. But when she made a point of buying the notebook with me and

keeping it in plain sight on the living room coffee table, I concluded it a test to confirm her suspicions that her own diary betrayed her. She probably reasoned that by keeping the new diary in plain view, I would copy it and have it translated. By opening it for copying, carefully arranged pieces of paper would certainly fall out or move, and that would tell her I looked in the diary in order to obtain information. She often used this trick of positioning little pieces of paper that move when someone went through her belongings. So, I let the diary sit and only checked it by prying open the pages from the side with a knife to see how much was written. After buying the notebook, she immediately wrote two pages and then nothing for an entire month. That confirmed for me it was a trap.

Angel wanted to find a lap-dancing job quickly. I tried to talk her out of it, “Look, you said you want to be a model. Working in a dark, smoke filled joint eight hours a night is going to take a toll on your looks, emotions and self-respect. Take a part-time waitress job and concentrate all your energy on modeling. Or do bartending. My friend Tom makes decent money at it, and you as a girl can make a lot more. I’m sure he’d be willing to teach you bartending. Even so, I can support the both of us until your career begins to click.”

“I don’t want to be a burden,” she said. “You always said a person must be independent. I have no money, and this is the quickest way for me to make it. I need to save at least fifty thousand for I and mum to feel secure. Then I will concentrate full time on modeling.”

I couldn’t really argue with her wanting the security of financial independence, “Have it your way, but I’m going to check these places out with you. If I don’t like a place, I’m not going to let you work there.”

“Don’t worry Roy, I do not want to work at a low level club,” as she smiled down at me and put her arm over my shoulders.

We spent a week visiting the clubs in Manhattan that were topless as opposed to all-nude, which I refused to permit and which Angel said she wanted to avoid. She called all nude stripping “dirty work”, but yet she enjoyed the Krasnodar body art contest in which she danced all nude on a stage in front of hundreds and tried out the all-nude Penthouse Club in Mexico City. I didn’t know what to believe, but she wasn’t going to dance all nude in NYC.

Some of the clubs were real sleazy, small and filthy. In one the girls and customers lined up in a not so private hallway to make out and fondled each other. The girls were pretty and the guys all losers.

I said to Angel, “Can’t these girls find some other type of work?”

Her response surprised me, “Not all girls can do this type of work.” Which she meant as a compliment.

“Not all pretty girls would want to do this. There are plenty of beautiful women whose self respect and dignity won’t let them do such trash.” Or so I thought at the time.

Angel didn’t say anything, and we moved on to the next club.

She ended up “auditioning” at three clubs: Scores, Stringfellows and Flash Dancers. These clubs were the best in Manhattan. Their managements made lots of money catering to white collar, upscale professionals. These clubs didn’t want the cash wealth generated by girls’ bodies to disappear, so in order to avoid any problems with Mayor Guiliani’s latest crack down on the seedier side of life, the managers tried to limit the sexual thrills to girls prancing around in tong panties. The auditions consisted of Angel stripping on stage or giving a lap dance. Bizarrely, it all seemed natural to me at the time. At Stringfellows, the

manager told me on the side, “These Russian girls are beautiful, but there is something hard inside them. They don’t strike me as the type I would want to cuddle up with in front of a fireplace.” I never imagined a manager of one of these places ever felt such sentiments. Obviously, the place for him was just a business, as was lap dancing for Angel.

Stringfellows and Scores rejected Angel because a lot of girls had just arrived from Florida for the summer, which gave both clubs more girls than they needed. The Scores manager told me that lap dancers travel between New York and Miami depending on the season. The girls make a lot of money in Miami over the fall and winter, but during the summer, their clients consist mainly of retirees on fixed pensions. The rejections started Angel worrying about finding a job, and me hoping she wouldn’t. After each rejection she resorted to her usual philosophy when something didn’t work out the way she wished, “It is not mine.” She also found solace in her supernatural beliefs, “I have tried two places, now I try a third and the third try usually works. If after three tries, it is not yours, then you must change direction.” I hoped her third try would change her direction.

We visited Flash Dancers on Broadway between 52nd and 53rd Streets, just north of Times Square. The entrance went down a steep flight of stairs to a small, dimly-lit, smoke-filled cavern filled with female flesh hungry for male money. At the bottom, an inarticulate caricature of a hoodlum from a Peter DeBrugel painting greedily took the \$15 cover. I looked for a sign over the gatekeeper’s head saying something about abandoning hope but couldn’t find it. Wise guys owned and operated the club and thugs with barrel wide necks stood menacingly throughout. The hoods served not only as bouncers but also to allegedly enforce the no-touching rules. Under New York State law, touching a girl’s naked tits, ass or thighs while she performed a lap dance for money constituted prostitution, and nothing

would close a club faster. I estimated that Flash Dancers' owners probably took in at least \$10,000 in cash a night—\$3.65 million a year. Wise guys weren't going to risk that cash flow.

On Sunday, July 16th, Flash Dancers signed Angel to work its night shift from 8 PM to 4 AM. Angel was happy—I wasn't.

“These jobs are considered somewhat filthy by Americans,” I told Angel. “So don't tell anyone where you work.”

“What should I say?” she asked.

“Tell them you work as a bartender on the Upper Eastside. Many of those bars hire pretty young girls to flirt with the male customers while serving them drinks. Some of those girls make \$400 cash a night, almost as much as you can make at Flash Dancers.”

Flash Dancers didn't actually hire girls; it just allowed them to dance there for a fee. Flash Dancers considered the girls independent contractors who paid the club \$100 a night so they could strip in the joint. The girls also paid the housemother, who kept these not-to-honest babes from stealing each others' belongings; the make-up artist for painting their faces; the hair stylist; and the disk jockey—all of which amounted to around \$40 to \$50 more a night. The customers paid the girls directly—\$20 for one dance that usually lasted around three minutes, the length of a typical song. The girl kept the entire \$20, which in Flash Dancer thinking made her the independent contractor of the customer, so Flash Dancers' didn't need to provide 1099 tax reports. Typical wise guy reasoning and typically wrong under I.R.S. rules.

A customer could also hire a girl for “dancing privately” in the Champagne room in which cameras allegedly kept watch over their activities. For the Champagne room, the

customer paid the club \$250 of which the girl got \$100 plus any tips she could weasel. The man received a half hour alone with the girl. Angel said nothing went on except stripping and talking, but I wondered. During a night, the DJ would call different girls to a small stage where they stripped advertising their wares and collecting dollar bills from the poorer customers sitting around it. From the stage, the girls headed into the audience hustling individual table dances or private ones in the Champagne room. If a customer was interested in a particular girl, he just mentioned it to one of the hoods standing around, and the girl would appear as if by magic to give a dance.

Flash Dancers required all the girls to wear 5-inch high heels, a long evening dress, tong panties and no bra. Angel went for the tacky style dress with sequins and spread glitter and body wash over her skin. She regularly needed a pedicure because when stripping on stage, the level of the customer's face looked right at her feet.

A table dance consisted of a girl slithering out of her evening dress in about the first 20 seconds of a song, leaving her completely naked except for her tong panties and a garter belt for holding her money. Angel wore the garter belt from our wedding. I ignored the insult, but it began to rekindle my suspicions amid the continuing stupor in which I lived. The naked girl, except for tong panties, would then move her body close to the sitting customer, letting her hair fall over his face and crouch, bringing her tits, crouch and ass close to the customer's face and sometimes use her knee to fondle the customer's genitals. Angel called it art, but I kept my mouth shut—hope and stupidity in me never seemed to end.

Angel liked Flash Dancers but not as much as The Men's Club in Mexico City. To me, Flash Dancers and the other clubs seemed to either bring out the worst of the sexes—

greed for money or sex, or simply stripped away civilized trappings to reveal that sex drove our species.

Evolution shaped girls bodies to invade the emotional part of a man's mind by way of the eyes. A girl's breasts and rear are much larger, more prominent and when in motion capture a man's sight. As evolution wanted, the view triggers emotions and anticipation of pleasure, but is the desire merely sexually gratification or more as expressed in the poem of

Guiraut De Borneilh:

So, through the eyes love attains the heart:
For the eyes are the scouts of the heart,
And the eyes go reconnoitering
For what it would please the heart to possess.
And when they are in full accord
And firm, all three, in the one resolve,
At that time, perfect love is born
From what the eyes have made welcome to the heart.
Not otherwise can love either be born or have commencement
Than by this birth and commencement.

By the grace and command
Of these three, and from their pleasure,
Love is born, who with fair hope
Goes comforting friends.
For as all true lovers
Know, love is perfect kindness,
Which is born—there is no doubt—from the heart and eyes.

The connection evolution created between men's eyes and women's bodies may rest on both passion and compassion. Sure lots of guys say they are just looking for some hot entertainment, trying to fit the media image of a sexual conqueror, but perhaps a deeper desire they can't even articulate—to please their heart—drives them to such places.

Unfortunately for those guys, the girls ruthlessly exploit any hope in men of finding "perfect kindness," even for the short span of a three-minute song.

The dancers understand the power of enticing, tempting and holding out the illusion of emotional salvation like an oasis in the desert. It enables them to connive lots of tax-free dollars from men without any pangs for the suckers they fleece. These girls' motivations crawl up from the baser regions of greed, power and revenge. Never satisfied with their dominion over the realms of emotion and sex that made women the equivalent in power to men, strippers, like most women, lust for superiority. They want not only the power evolution granted them but also that given to men, so they can cozen men into acting the way women always believed men should—as a willing sacrifice to their irrational whims. The female's myopic view fails to perceive that evolution created a balance of power between the sexes in order to prevent either men or women from dominating the other. Women's effort to reverse millions of years of evolution remains an impossible task doomed to failure. It can only gestate into a hatred of men, who, in their view, must surely be responsible for everything that went wrong in their lives.

The lap dancer by displaying her body and pretending to like her customers excites a man's passion and his longing for compassion but she also walks away with a symbol of masculine power—a twenty-dollar bill. Her Pyrrhic victory, however, will never win her the respect on which male power rests and only tarnish her own self-respect for she will always feel herself for what she is: a ho.

On a good night, Angel netted around \$900 and on poor nights around \$400. Angel had an advantage over her competition. In her five-inch heels that the club required, Angel stood six-feet-six, heads above the other girls and most customers.

Flash Dancers averaged around 75 girls every night with the average girl netting about \$500 a night. The club required each girl to work five nights a week. Assuming ten

weeks vacation, not uncommon in the business, the average girl at Flash Dancers works 42 weeks a year and makes an average net income per year of \$105,000. For 75 girls, \$37,500 each night or over \$13 million a year goes unreported or under-reported from just one club.

With her cash flow secured, Angel and I set out building her legitimate career as a model. My actress friend, Cindi, arranged for an agency to hire Angel for a number of corporate events, including Bloomberg's annual picnic for its employees. Corporate events use models for short stage performances, to assist with product demonstrations, as ushers, to hand out samples and leaflets and to just stand around and look pretty. Cindi also introduced Angel to another former model who provided Angel with work at trade shows and enrolled her in the Miss Hawaiian Tropic beauty pageant, in part, to increase Angel's exposure.

Beauty pageants seemed to light up Angel, especially the swimsuit competition. While most of the girls looked stiff and nervous before going on stage to parade their assets before strangers, Angel waited in line smiling and moving her body to the music. On stage she glowed without any hint of shyness; she enjoyed the spotlight and the people involved in these events, such as the muscular bare-chested bodyguards with whom she always posed for a photo. Despite her enthusiasm, Angel's heavy Russian accent prevented her from reaching a finalist position in any corporate America beauty contest—no one could understand what she said. During the question phase in the New York round of Miss Hawaiian Tropic, a couple of guys next to me said she sounded like she just got off the boat, and they were right.

Angel's accent would have to go; otherwise, she was limited to just standing around and looking pretty. American corporations don't choose foreign sounding models to

represent them. After the competition, I tried to convince her to take English lessons but she replied, “Why should I pay money for something I will pick up in time anyway.” This surprised me coming from the girl who was always in a rush to move ahead with her career. I explained that success in entertainment required her to speak without an accent, which meant taking lessons, but she didn’t listen. The lessons were clearly affordable, and not even her arrogance could blind someone wanting to succeed in the entertainment field from understanding the need to speak the native language well—unless, of course, Angel wanted a different career.

She also pursued modeling agencies for photography work. Angel realized she didn’t have the youth, age 24, for fashion runway modeling, so my friends suggested agencies that might hire her for magazine, television and music video spots. We made the rounds until the Grace Del Marco agency picked her up and referred her to a photographer for a new photo portfolio. The photographer suggested she cut her hair short and change to a brunette to fit the current look for models. She refused, saying, “I want to keep my hair long and blonde. It is how I like it.” Once again, Angel ignored good advice for her modeling career. It didn’t make sense. Grace Del Marco found her some one-day jobs, which included a Saturday Night Live show, a rap video and an exclusive corporate promotional party at Harry Winston Jewelers on Fifth Avenue, where she modeled diamonds. “I walked around as a queen with the value of a house on my arms,” she said later enthralled.

Despite Angel’s unwillingness to maximize her marketability as a model, life was looking up, and I felt good. Angel wasn’t yet making much money as a model, but in the long run, it could lead to her dream of appearing on a magazine cover and other

entertainment jobs that proved more rewarding than the cash from stripping, an occupation with a very short life. At age twenty-four, the five nights a week at Flash Dancers started to age and fatigue Angel. She refused to miss a night's work, so she often went to a modeling gig with only a few hours sleep. Lines began to appear in her face that weren't there before.

I kept trying to convince her that in America long-term goals are achievable but often require short-term sacrifice. As with most Russians, she didn't understand building for the future. Russians do whatever they can in the present to make as much money as possible because of the extensive uncertainty of tomorrow in their country caused by most everybody grabbing what they can now. They make commitments and promises they never intend to keep in order to gain some immediate advantage. Most Russians just don't realize that a society in which individuals generally keep their word enables everyone to achieve more in the long run because a person can rely on others to live by their agreements. Instead, nearly everyone in Russia tries to trick everyone else with false promises of the future so that plans beyond the short term are useless. It's as though the Russians modeled their interpersonal behavior on the old television show "Abbot and Costello." These two guys always ran into con artists, usually pretty young women playing the victim. No matter which way they turned, some swindler always marked them for a fall.

Despite the general character of Russians, I still hoped Angel's youth and intelligence would free her from the imprint of her culture. But week after week, her addiction to the quick, easy money at Flash Dancers grew. Angel often complained that the girls at Flash Dancers with big breasts made the most money. "It's so easy for them. All they do is walk around with their tits bouncing and the men give money. They shake their tits in front of the man's face and that is all. I have to use my personality to get a customer

to ask for a dance and then work hard on my body movements because my tits aren't as big. When the club brings in a sex star, she has big tits. The last one danced on stage with a dildo as big as her and held it between her huge tits—the men just threw her money.” Was this my wife talking? What circle of hell had I bounced into? She sounded like a dedicated professional stripper trying to figure out how to improve her business—shades of Mexico? Well, she did promised to change and only do lap dancing until she saved \$50,000, so I would at least give her until then.

I continued to focus on bringing Angel into the American mainstream by giving her a crash course on how to deal with people in the legitimate part of her work, such as always sending thank-you cards to anyone who provided her with assistance. To keep her from running afoul of the Internal Revenue Service, I warned her that in America, unlike Russia, people generally pay their taxes and if they don't, they often get caught. I volunteered to introduce her to my tax accountant who could make sure she took advantage of all the legal loopholes to minimize her taxes while avoiding any trouble with the I.R.S. She only responded with “Maybe later I will talk with him.” She never did, but rented a safe deposit box where she kept most of her cash from Flash Dancers.

I asked, “Why keep your money in a deposit box? You can put it in a bank account where it will earn interest and not worry about losing any of it. What if the bank has a fire that destroys the safe deposit box section? In an account, the money is insured by the government, so if there is an economic meltdown, as in Russia in 1998 when the bankers stole people's deposits, the U.S. government will refund your money.”

“Yes, but if I keep my money in a bank account will the government know how much I make?”

“Kind of. The interest you earn is income, and that is reported to the government, so the government can figure out about how much you deposited and approximate your income.”

“I don’t want the government to know how much I make.”

“Look Angel, this isn’t Russia. The tax authorities don’t alert criminals to how much money people have, they usually don’t take bribes but they do go after people who don’t pay their taxes.”

“But how can they know how much I must pay, if they don’t know how much I make?”

She had a point there since her business was all cash. “All I can say is that in the long run, it will be better for you to pay your taxes.”

“I will pay, but smartly,” she said.

At that point, I decided against filing a joint tax return, which would make me liable for any tax evasion she obviously intended to commit.

“You know that if you take more than \$10,000 out of the country without declaring it, you could end up in jail?”

“I not need to worry,” was all she said. And all I could do was to keep reminding her about the difference between right and wrong in America. Unfortunately, the fear of George Orwell’s *1984* seemed to hold sway over Angel and most modern-day Russians.

Besides the peculiarities of her culture, Angel also exhibited some bizarre personal habits. She always took up the middle of the bed, leaving me with only a sliver along the side.

“I know you are a big girl, but couldn’t you leave me with half the bed?” I asked late one night.

“I am not a big girl, I am a tall girl! Big means stout! Why can’t we move the bed so I can lie against the wall?” Her remark brought up the memory of the way she slept in her apartment in Krasnodar—wedged into the corner between the bed and the wall.

“What’s the problem?” I asked.

“I’m afraid I will fall out of bed.” That didn’t make sense; she wasn’t a child.

“If we move the bed around, when you come home after four in the morning from work, you will wake me up crawling over me to get near the wall.”

“Let’s see if I will get use to it,” she said.

Angel also did some strange exercises when she awoke.

“I tense my muscles, visualize what I want and release my energy to get it.”

“Can I watch?” I asked.

“No, you will come to harm if you watch or interrupt me.”

“Didn’t you tell me the same thing in Krasnodar before we got married?”

“I do the same exercises.”

She also used a set of cards for divining her future, drew pictures with strange symbols similar to the ones in the letter she sent me in June: a female’s left eye inside a triangle in side a circle, a six pointed star and others. And in the bedroom, she did something with two candles, one white and one red, for which she only used wooden matches to light. I couldn’t fathom their use, and she never let me watch any of her rituals. Once, I trimmed some of the wax from one of the candles to make it burn better and Angel hit the ceiling, threw the candle out, told me not to touch her candles again and bought a

new one. Another weird event occurred when I bought her a plant that she put on her vanity table in the bedroom. After one week, the plant was dead.

I asked, “What happen? Didn’t you water it?”

Her reaction transcended into the absurd—she broke down crying like a child caught doing something wrong.

“What’s the matter?” I asked bewildered.

“I didn’t kill it! I didn’t! I didn’t!!” She hit the table for emphasis. “It’s not my fault! Florists put poison in plants to make them die quickly so you will buy another one.” I just looked at her in amazement. Why the cover-up concerning a plant? So what if she didn’t water it, big deal.

Secret Agent

With Angel’s legitimate career at least started, I began pursuing what I believed was my first-best destiny—delving the mysteries of the universe. After some further research, I saw two rather than one avenue. The original path meant going back to school to obtain a Doctorate in Physics while the new avenue required using my law and business degrees to find a position in the space exploration field. An extremely helpful professor in the Columbia University Physics Department mapped out the route to a Physics PhD. It would take about six years and to my surprise, didn’t require a Bachelor’s Degree in Physics, just the knowledge of math and physics that undergraduates gain through the Physics curriculum. The professor emphasized that the graduate departments were interested in a student’s level of knowledge—not an undergraduate degree. To acquire that knowledge, I could start the fall semester by sitting in on the requisite undergraduate math and physics courses. If I told the professors my aim, they would probably let me sit in on their courses

unofficially and even grade my work. Once I completed the undergraduate courses in two years or less, I would be prepared to take the Graduate Admission Test for Physics. If I did well enough on that test, I could enter the graduate program at Columbia.

The space exploration field route required learning about the industry and determining where my skills fit. To my surprise, the industry included many private businesses in addition to the obvious government agencies. The field had changed a lot since I first majored in Aerospace Engineering decades ago. I decided to go for a position in the space exploration industry rather than the PhD because of time and money. I signed up for one of the larger conventions in the field for October in order to begin networking with people in the industry and began researching the industry full-time at Columbia's business library.

Angel usually left for Flash Dancers just before 6 PM. She liked to get to the club around 7 PM to do up her face and hair. She really looked gorgeous all made up. One day, I came back from my research at Columbia after she already left and went to make a telephone call. Accidentally, I hit the redial button that flashed a number on the digital display. It didn't look familiar to me, so I assumed Angel must have called it. I went to push down the cradle to get a dial tone when a man with a foreign accent answered. Immediately trouble flashed in my mind.

"Who's this?" I lamely asked, unable to think of anything else.

The man asked, "Who are you looking for?"

"Angelina."

He reacted in surprise and curtly said, "You have the wrong number. There is no Angelina here," and hung up.

For the rest of the week, I came home after Angel went to work and found the same number on the redial button. My telephone company provided me an up-to-date list of all the calls made from my telephone. In Russia, the telephone companies only show the first three digits of any number dialed and can only produce records that are a month behind. American phone companies, however, record the entire number and the statements are available on a daily basis, if requested. Angel didn't know that. Over a five-day period, Angel made seven calls to the number of the man with a foreign accent. I hired an Internet private eye to find out who was registered to that number. The private eye said the number was a prepaid cell phone that didn't require a listing of the owner's name and warned me that such numbers were used for illegal activities. I slipped right back into the underworld I thought I had left behind in Russia. The new Angel began to look like the old Angel—only sneakier.

The phone company also listed a few calls to Alfredo in Mexico, whom she promised never to contact again and some to a St. Petersburg's number. I didn't think Angel knew anyone there, but I called the number and sure enough a man answered.

"Hello, do you speak English," I asked.

"Yes, but speak slowly. Who is calling? You American?"

"Yes," and I gave him my name. "I'm Angelina's husband."

Pause, then somewhat sheepishly, "I didn't know she was married."

"Yes, we have been married since March."

"Since March!" he said with surprise. I concluded from his response that he and Angel played around after our marriage about which he didn't know. Not that it would have

made a difference; Russian men like most third-worlders have no qualms about going out with other men's wives, only about getting caught, and this guy sounded caught.

I continued, "What's your name?" I assumed he'd hang up, but he answered.

"Valodya Gavrilov," he said.

"Are you from Krasnodar?"

"No I just travel there for business." So this was not the same Valodya that Angel's diary mentions.

"Why is she calling you from her husband's house?"

"She calls to say hello and tell me how she is doing. We are just good friends." I heard that before. He must be taking lessons from Alfredo.

"How long have you two been good friends?"

"We just met last month." That meant June for which I didn't have any of her diary entries. Was it before or after she begged forgiveness and promised to change?

"Do you recall the date?"

"No, but what does it matter. Nothing happened between us," a sure sign that something did.

"I don't believe that and neither do you. Needless to say, I want you to stay away from my wife."

"I don't call her, she calls me. I suggest you talk to her."

"Look Valodya. I'm not the usual stupid American without contacts in Russia who falls for a pretty liar over the Internet. I managed a security firm in Moscow. I think you know what that means. If you want problems, I will be glad to provide them."

“I don’t want any problems,” he demurely and probably falsely said. Generally it takes a baseball bat to get something through a Russian’s self-destructively stubborn skull. They often remind me of psychopaths who refuse to allow common sense or ethics to deter them from doing something they can do but shouldn’t.

I confronted Angel about the local mobile telephone number of the foreign man she kept calling. I didn’t mention Valodya, yet. “Who’s this guy you keep calling?”

“What do you mean, I don’t call nobody,” she lied thinking I couldn’t tell which numbers she called.

“This number!” I showed her the number on the telephone statement.

Her eyes widened in surprised, she paused and then said, “It’s one of my customers. A rich Indian man, I call to invite to come to the club.”

I was dumbfounded. “You call men you meet while taking off your clothes to invite them to see you strip! Are you nuts! What else do you invite them to do?”

“It’s my business!” she protested. “I call them to promote my business so they will come to club and buy dances. That is all. There’s nothing wrong with it.”

“So you go after them the way you did me when we first met at Leo’s party in Moscow.”

“It’s not the same. I not give lap dances there.”

“It sure looks the same to me.”

“If you don’t want me to then I won’t.”

“Right! You won’t call from my phone but from the club’s.”

“The club don’t let us use its phone.” Here we go again, I thought, with her Clintonesque tactic of ignoring the reasonable connotation of words by ascribing only a literal or personal definition to them.

“You know what I mean. You will simply use a different telephone.” She went into the bedroom without another word, probably to do some magic.

A few days later, I accompanied Angel on the subway to Flash Dancers, since it was in the direction of where I was going.

Out of the blue, she asked, “Why can’t I go out with some of my customers?”

I looked at her in shock. This was worst than drumming up stripping business, but she was serious. “You’re married Angel. Don’t you see anything wrong with that?”

“All I want to do is go out once in a while for lunch or dinner or to a show.”

Angel still didn’t know I kept a copy of her diary through May 2000, so I knew that these professed innocent jaunts were shades of Mexico and Krasnodar. But what really amazed me was that she thought her husband would allow her to go out with guys. Didn’t she have any kind of grasp on what marriage meant?

“If you want to date your customers, then we will get a divorce, and you can go back to Russia where men apparently put up with such conduct.”

Angel regrouped realizing the mistake she made by meekly replying, “I don’t want to date my customers. I only asked to see whether you would allow me to go out. I don’t want to do anything you don’t want me to. I now try hard to do things the American way, so when I am unsure, I need to ask you my husband.”

That sounded a little too glib; then again, maybe she sincerely wanted to change. But so far, the accident with the telephone belied her sincerity. I didn’t want to rely on

future accidents for exposing her mendacity. Angel usually didn't make the same tactical mistake twice. Since I didn't have her real diary after May to rely on, I needed a system of surveillance to provide me with information. One source was her telephone conversations with her mother. Angel confided in her mother more than any other person. I sensed Inessa her only true friend. Their telephone calls should provide a window on to Angel's true feelings for me and some of her activities.

I approached some of my contacts in Russia to see whether they would eavesdrop on Inessa's telephone in Krasnodar, record any calls between Angel and her mother and provide me an English translation of the conversations. To my surprise, they said the government was already recording calls to and from Inessa because of the family's connections with the Chechens, who the Russians were still at war with. Damn, what had I, a white-boy from middle-class suburbia, got involved with? They agreed to deliver recordings for a reasonable price of anything the government didn't consider sensitive to its war and criminal investigations of the Chechens, but I'd have to handle the translations in English.

In New York, I began taking the faxes from her mother off my machine and making a copy before giving them to Angel. And since I had the only mailbox key, all the letters from her mother also went through my hands. I'd wait until after she opened a letter, then search her bags and make a copy while she worked. Also, every morning, I got up while Angel still slept from her late nights at Flash Dancers to count the money she made, which averaged between \$500 and \$600 a night, and search the bag in which she carried her lap dancing gear. Periodically, I checked whether she actually worked on a particular night by making surprise visits or calling the club.

Flash Dancers was very accommodating about telling strangers over the telephone whether a girl was dancing on a particular night. Most of these girls build their own clientele base from which the club makes lots on drinks and admission, so by telling clients when their “dream lover” or regular “ho” dances, the club and girls profit—very business like.

One morning when I opened her bag, I saw what looked like two small pieces of paper folded many times. I almost ignored them but decided to see what notes she wrote. Angel always made notes on scraps of paper, folded them up and hid them away some place. These, however, weren't notes but business cards. My darling wife who promised not to pursue her customers collected their business cards. I assumed she folded them up thinking I would over look them if I searched her bag. I woke her up.

“Why are you collecting your customers' business cards?”

Still half asleep, she blurted out the truth, “I can't give my customers my telephone number here because then they will know I am married.”

I flipped out. “Are you crazy? What are you doing? Arranging tricks on the side with the guys who buy your lap dances?”

“Stop it Roy! I am tired and need my sleep. You don't know how hard it is to stand on my feet all night long.”

“You mean lay on your back, don't you!”

“I not a prostitute! I a good girl! Let me go back to sleep. We talk about this later.”

“Oh, so you'll have time to invent another cover-up. No we talk now! Why are you collecting the business cards of your customers?”

“I told you before, to get them to come to the club and buy my dances. It is promotion.”

“Oh, I agree, it’s promotion—promoting sexual thrills.”

“I do nothing wrong. I don’t make anything with nobody. Let me go to sleep.”

“How many more business cards have you collected?”

“None. Those are the only two.”

I let her go back to sleep and went back to checking her bag where I found three more folded business cards, two with notes in Russian on the back in her hand writing. The consummate businesswoman who takes notes so as to better remember her customers and any of their particular interests. Then I realized why Angel folded the cards. Flash Dancers prohibited their girls from accepting business cards from customers because it provided the necessary exchange of information for a girl to run her own prostitution racket on the side. If a girl got caught recruiting prostitution clients at the club, the City would shut it down immediately. So some girls simply remember a guy’s number or give him their mobile number, but Angel didn’t have a mobile and couldn’t remember numbers well enough unless they were dollar amounts. After secretly accepting a clients’ business card, she simply folded it up and put it inside her vagina. Tong panties don’t come with pockets; they just hide one. She’d then go to the dressing room, take the card out and maybe make a note on it.

That night with Angel at work, I searched through the bags that she kept in the bedroom. I half hoped to find her real diary, but she wasn’t that stupid. I did find a piece of paper with Russian writing on it and a sealed envelope addressed also in Russian to Valodya in St. Petersburg—most likely the same guy I called. This should tell whether they are just

good friends. I steamed open the envelope to find a postcard of New York City with Angel's handwriting, in Russian, on the back along with four kisses in her bright red lipstick—clearly more than good friends. I also found three condoms in her purse. Why did she need condoms other than the ones I kept in the apartment—for her customers?

Time to have the information I collected, including the faxes from her mother, translated. I arranged to meet my Russian tutor, who had visited me earlier in the year in Moscow with her friend. They're warnings about Angel looked prophetic.

My tutor and I met a number of times between in late August and September. We always sat down in the kitchen of her family's apartment in Queens. For some strange reason, any conversation or undertaking of importance for Russians always takes place in the kitchen. By now, I was used to it.

I filled my tutor in on some of my recent investigations but not the government's eavesdropping in Krasnodar. She reacted with her characteristic bluntness, "I told you she was a slut! And I don't like this spying into other peoples' affairs, even if they are criminals."

I never thought of Angel as a criminal, but my tutor was right—again. I feared, however, she might not help me since as a young, pretty and well-endowed Russian nineteen year old, she might abide by the unwritten code of silence to never reveal another Russian girl's true activities.

"This is important," I almost pleaded.

"But I'll help you out," she continued. "I owe you some money from when my friend and I were in Moscow and this should pay that off. But instead of going through all this expense and heartache, why don't you just kick her out into the street and find another

girl your own age, or at least in her thirties.” Once again, my tutor spoke her mind, no matter how brutal her thoughts. I attributed this to her coming to America as a kid, which enabled her to escape the Russian culture that socializes people into pathological liars—never tell the truth because only falsehoods bring gain.

“We’ve had this discussion before,” I responded. “I don’t dream about thirty-something girls. It’s unnatural for a guy to be attracted to females over 30. Look at all the famous paintings and statues of women, they don’t show over-the-hill flabby females, but girls in their athletic prime—late teens and twenties, like you. The young female form is an express ticket to the male’s unconscious. A young girl’s body is a genetically programmed stimulant whether the guy’s five years old or an octogenarian.”

“What’s an octogenarian?”

“Someone in their eighties.”

“Yuch!”

“Relax, I’m not there yet.”

“You’re still too old for me.”

“Is that your mother or you talking? It surely isn’t Mother Nature.”

“Me, and you’re not getting near these,” as she motioned to her Sophia Loren size breasts.

“Haven’t we been through this before? Anyway, back to what I was saying. I remember how Marilyn Monroe knocked me out when I was all of five and she sang “Heat Wave” in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. I couldn’t take my eyes from the upper half of her body.”

“Boy you are old,” she interjected. “Almost an octogenarian.”

“Thanks. Most men don’t say it, but girls passed their twenties just aren’t physically attractive anymore.”

“Then go to the Philippines for some young thing, but get rid of that Russian whore you brought here.”

“You’re right, I know you’re right, but I keep hoping. She says she can change but needs time. If she can change, I want to give her that chance. But she keeps lying about so many things that were she to tell the truth, I probably couldn’t recognize it. And I do like being with her and going places together—don’t know why. Maybe I don’t have to worry about her breaking down in the middle of a minor disaster.”

“You’re just thinking with your glands.”

“I don’t think so. The sex with her is awful and she smells even after taking a long, hot shower—and I mean hot! I don’t know how she can stand it. I tried taking showers with her, but the water temperature nearly burned me and when I got out, she made it even hotter. It must be her Russian blood.”

“More like her demon blood,” My tutor said half seriously.

“Times I actually wonder whether she is descended from some creature of hell. Every so often I take a photograph of her that turns out to show a face strikingly like a medieval painting of a demon.”

“Or just the evil within someone willing to do anything to get out of Russia.”

“She’s out of Russia and to keep me from trying to send her back, why doesn’t she change?”

“You chump! She’s not going to change for you. She looks at you as a dog that she can make do whatever she wants. Promising to change is just one of her tricks. That’s her

hold on you. She has her claws around your heart playing it so you'll feel sorry for her. She knows she can keep you hanging on by hoping she will change. Wake up Roy! You can't change anybody, especially a Russian slut." My tutor's words cut my heart, but I knew she just wanted to shake some reality into it.

We started with Angel's Russian scribbling on the back of the business cards I found in her bag. Angel needed these notes to remind her of something to say when she turned on those high beams, smiled innocently and mentioned something about a guy from their last meeting in order to make him think he wasn't the usual customer but someone special, maybe even the only one. Without her notes, any guy blurred into a haze of men. Thirty or more lap dances a night added up to 150 men a week or 600 a month or 6000 a year with two months vacation. Among the thousands, Angel knew her marks and zeroed in on them. Lonely men with good hearts and money generally fell for her mask of a decent girl trapped by circumstances that they could help her escape with money or material goods.

On the back of the card from a managing director of Nomura Securities, Angel wrote: "Romantic. Tall. He massaged and kissed my back." On another, "From Mexico. Older man likes Russian girls." I felt disgusted.

Next, my tutor translated the piece of paper with Angel's writing that I found in her luggage. She wrote it after I found out about Italy but before I brought her to America:

"Roy wants to revenge against me for Italy, then he will forgive. But if he takes me to America, he will never forget. He wants something from me. It will probably force him to worry. Why does he want fidelity? Why do I have to be faithful? With such an abnormal person there is a need for another person that would help him. But why should I help him? Really why? To be humiliated and worry sick about not doing what I want? I am a symbol of self-realization. He seeks out to manipulate people (using compromising material), pressure them, so he could experience joy; the same kind of joy that his mother had when she was pressuring him. That is his internal complex (conflict)—being the boss. What is in his soul is to use me. Humiliation of others is important to him. To continue with him I must

change prenuptial conditions on infidelity. I am not a slave and will do as I please. If he loved me he would not want me to be a slave to fidelity.

My tutor remarked, “I told you not to marry her.”

“I know, I know. My memory is not that flawed.”

“Only your judgment.”

“I can’t argue with that. Here, this is a card she wrote to this guy, Valodya, in St. Petersburg. I talked to him on the telephone.”

“I didn’t know you spoke Russian.”

“You know I don’t, but his English was good enough. He said Angel was just a good friend.”

“Sluts don’t have friends, only sex partners and customers.”

“Let’s see which.”

“Maybe it is another Valodya than the guy she was humping in Krasnodar?” My tutor’s Russian pessimism always drove her to point out the worst-case scenario. “There a lot of Valodyas in Russia you know.”

“I know. It seemed like every third guy I met in Russia was a Valodya.”

“It’s because Valodya is a nick name for Vladimir—Lenin’s first name.”

“Alright, so what does she say to Lenin’s namesake?”

“On the top of the card she writes, ‘Good luck, peace, love and all the kindness to you.’ Then goes on:

‘Hello Valodya,

This is Angelina. How are you? I am okay. It was really difficult to come here. It turns out that my boss found out information about me from MVD and FSB. And now he watches me. I began to work. It is interesting. I like it a lot. I work about eight hours a day. (I dance.) It is interesting to meet new people, to learn about different places.

I think a lot about you and I miss you and it was great that we could understand each other. Do me a huge, huge favor, please, don't tell anybody, anybody, that I am here—no way. Only my mum knows about it and now you.

I kiss you, I embrace you, I miss you.”

My tutor pointed to the four kisses plastered on it, “What a retard! You’d think she was ten years old.”

“Only ethically.” I added. “She told me only her mother and Azul, a fellow ho from Lithuania, knew she was in New York City and she’d never tell it to a Russian man unless he was her boyfriend.”

“I don’t think you need that to conclude she’s sleeping with this guy. By the way, what are M.V.D. and F.S.B.?”

“You don’t know?” I said with surprise. “That’s right you left Russia about ten years ago. The M.V.D. is the Ministry of Internal Affairs. Remember the forces that Gorbachev sent into Lithuania to put down democratic opposition and the guys Putin sent to Chechnaya along with the military. The F.S.B. is the former K.G.B.”

“Oh yea, I didn’t recognize the M.V.D. initials in English. That’s who my former boyfriend works for. He ended up in Chechnaya.”

“Former boyfriend, what happened? He wasn’t killed there?”

“No, when my girlfriend and I were in Russia visiting my home town Pskov, he tried to make it with her.”

“Did he succeed? She’s a delicious babe.”

“No way! She’s not an American bitch. She wouldn’t do that to me.”

“I guess you two Russian girls are the exception to the norm.”

“I hate to disillusion you, but your wife is not the norm—she’s a whore!”

“Is that different than slut?”

“Don’t be smart!”

“Forget it. Anyway, you’ve been intimate with a number of guys by the tender age of nineteen. You once told me the number but I forgot.”

“‘Intimate’! Are you a dork? Speak English. Let’s see, one, two, three... eight guys. All..., well almost all of whom, I was in a relationship with at the time. And none of whom I sold my body, like your wife does. Girls enjoy sex as much if not more than guys, so if they are careful and protect themselves, why shouldn’t they enjoy their bodies while they can. You Americans are too puritanical. Get real!”

“You think I should accept Angel going out with her customers?” I said.

“Look, she’s going to go out with them whether you accept it or not. And no, I do not approve of her whoring around. She’s married, and at the extreme—a sex freak in love with money. For her it’s fortune and power, the heart has nothing to do with it. If she even has a heart. But I can understand the route she took. I might have ended up the same way given the circumstances.”

“Circumstances have nothing to do with it—morality is a matter of intent. I remember two years ago when you needed money; you were thinking of dancing in a titty bar but didn’t. You have a lot more to show in the chest than Angel, and your ass is nicer. I’m sure you would have made a lot more money than her.”

“Well my boyfriend didn’t like the idea.”

“That’s just an excuse. He’s not your boy friend anymore, so why don’t you do it now? You’re waitressing job pays peanuts. Here’s your chance to make big bucks.”

“Because something inside me says no.”

“That’s what I’m saying. What’s inside you is a sense of decency, of self-respect. You know stripping is just another form of prostitution—trading vicarious sexual thrills for money. Angel has twisted the concept completely around saying that only a few girls can do what she does, as though she belonged to an enviable female elite that valued money over dignity. She actually believes lap dancing glamorous and a form of art.”

“Now that is delusional. But you’ve got to admit that growing up poor could drive any girl to prostitution. I didn’t grow up as poor as Angel apparently was.”

“That’s the excuse Angel sells everybody. Well she isn’t poor anymore and she could easily get a job as a bartender or waitress and make enough to live on, but she doesn’t. She continues her lap dancing and who knows what else because she chooses to. You make a lot less money than Angel, so why don’t you become a lap dancer? Because you choose not to go that route. I know lots of pretty, poor girls in Russia who chose to work at legitimate jobs instead of the easy wealth of prostitution. Angel simply chose the easy way that didn’t require the will, strength or confidence to put in the long-term effort and sacrifice to succeed at a worthy endeavor. Money, glitz and the superficial ‘Entertainment Network lifestyle’ are all she craves.”

“I’m glad you see it my way Roy. Now isn’t it time to throw her out?” My tutor smiled at having adroitly reversed our roles.

But all I could say was, “Soon, soon, just a little more information to make sure.”

“You’re hopeless. What’s next?”

“Faxes from the motherland.”

Most of the first fax contained little of interest. Angel’s mother mentioned that the totally nude pictures by Dmitri Morosov were beautiful. This was the modeling

photographer Angel and I met in Krasnodar around the time we married. Angel and Inessa's fortuneteller in Krasnodar warned that Angel faced hardships in America but would overcome them.

Then my tutor said, "Listen to this! Inessa says 'I saw one of your customers, Arsen, walking with a girl. He was smiling and did not see me.' Then she ends the fax, 'I wish you good clients.'"

My tutor remarked, "Sounds like mom knows what her daughter does for a living and even encourages it. Who's Arsen?"

"I wasn't sure whether her mother knew. Angel said she didn't, but then again why should I have believed that? Arsen is the guy Angel brought home with her in April, after we were married, and when her mother went to St. Petersburg. She spent two days with him, obviously not playing cards. Angel's diary indicates she is in the habit of bring guys back to the apartment when Inessa leaves town, which made me think that Inessa didn't know. But maybe Inessa knew and maybe the guys weren't just someone to have sex with but to sell sex to. I'm just not sure, yet."

"That's because you are still in denial."

"No, I need more facts."

"Okay."

The next fax also concerned mostly domestic matters in Krasnodar, except for one part. Inessa complained that I only thought about money after learning from Angel that I wanted her to pay part of the household expenses now that Angel made over \$3000 a week. Inessa told Angel to stand firm because it wasn't in the contract.

My tutor looked at me, "What contract?"

“There’s a prenuptial agreement, but it only concerns divorce, and a couple of short written agreements. She had a tendency to conveniently forget her marriage vows and other promises, so I wrote down for her the promises she made not to cheat or trick me.”

“Well she has done plenty of that! Looks like both your wife and her mother see you as a business opportunity.”

“It’s beginning to look like that.”

My tutor needed to get up early the next day for work, so we made an appointment for the following week.

She’s A Fool

My daily searches of Angel’s lap dancing bag began to reveal hundred dollar bills instead of the usual twenties paid for a dance. The hundreds probably came from the Champagne Room, but she vehemently denied working in it and always lied about making less than she really did.

“I don’t make anything what you don’t know,” Angel claimed.

“What about your call to Valodya in St. Petersburg?”

As always when caught, her eyes widened briefly, then she pretended not to understand. “What you talk about?”

I showed her the number. “Valodya whom you called at his number and whom you met in Krasnodar in June.”

“He is just a good friend,” I was tired of hearing those words. All three billion men in the world were “good friends” of my wife. “He is a boy that sells jewelry. Katya and I met him during the summer at a market. He is very smart. We have a similar philosophy. I felt spiritually close to him.”

“So close that you wrote him a postcard wishing him love with four kisses plastered across the back.”

Angel either freaked or pulled out a ruse I hadn't seen before. She ran into the kitchen and plopped down by the trashcan, “This is where I belong,” she shouted sobbing. “I am garbage and belong here to be thrown out like nothing more than trash. Use me and let fly like an old toy.” She hit the floor with the flat palm of her hand in order to make a loud noise without hurting herself. A simple technique used by wrestlers to deceive the audience into believing the occasion is genuine. I wasn't buying, but my heart kept breaking a little more each time I caught her in a lie.

“Giving your conduct in Mexico, Russia and now here in America, maybe you are right.”

She jumped up, headed for the knives, “You son of a bitch you will pay for what you have said!” She was fast, got her hand on the carving knife, but I used a martial arts move to knock it out of her hand.

She went back to the tears, “It takes time for me to change to American ways. Why don't you believe me? You've got to believe me!” And she stamped that foot of hers again.

The whole lunatic incident reminded me again of Sam Spade in *The Maltese Falcon* when confronting his Angel, although I chose not to say the lines: “That's good coming from you. What have you ever given me? Have you ever given me any of your confidence, any of the truth? Haven't you tried to buy my loyalty with sex?”

Angel promised not to contact Valodya again. But I didn't believe her and knew she wouldn't leave any evidence of communication in her bags.

A few days later the first recording of a telephone conversation between Angel and her mother arrived from Russia. The conversation took place a day after the confrontation concerning Valodya.

I brought the Russian cassette to my tutor for an oral translation.

“Where did you get this?” She accusingly asked,

“Don’t worry.”

“More secret agents, I assume?”

I replied, “Ask me no questions, I’ll tell you no lies.”

“Okay, let’s do this.”

Angel: One of my customers invited me to an interesting show, but I could not go because I had to work that night. Did anyone call for me?

Inessa: Valodya from St Petersburg called. I told him that you were working in America. I explained that you can no longer call him from America because your boss spies on you. He said he looks forward to see you in Krasnodar in September. I told him all you wanted me to say.

Angel: Good. I too want to see him again. If Valodya calls again, tell him I said Hi. Tell him, I will try to call his home from another telephone. I kiss him, I hug him, I miss him. Tell him everything is okay with me and Katya will send him a letter from me.

My “darling husband” wants to go to Cyprus with us—oh God! Here I cannot go out with any of my customers—it is like prison. It is horrible to feel that every step is being watched.

Inessa: He is like a little tail.

Angel: When you send letters use two envelopes and scotch tape the inside envelope. I must make sure that he does not read your letters.

Inessa: Don’t pay him money for rent, you be tough and keep to agreement.

Angel: There was no talk about paying the rent before I started making money but now there is. Paying rent is not normal for Roy and me. In normal family it would be okay, but everybody understands this is not natural. I was upset, because he wants to help me open bank account, now he will know how much I make, but what can you explain to a man.

And I need a tarot reading to help find a way out of this marriage but stay in America. Will you find me someone new? The other person's predictions were not accurate.

My customers offer me a lot of money for sex, but I am worried that he will find out and have me deported. I do not want to lose my chance to live in America. It was hard work getting him to take me here. It is awful, by agreement, I do not have the right to have sexual relations, I do not have right to lie or to call Alfredo or Valodya. I always feel that someone will find out about me. I know living with him is just a life experience and after these tough times, I will have good times again.

Angel might have good times again, but I doubted I would. My own personal hell kept getting deeper and deeper. Angel had said she wanted to take a few weeks off in September to go home but nothing about visiting Cyprus with her mother. Naturally, I planned to go along and wondered how she would try to sneak away to see Valodya in Krasnodar.

A couple of days later, I found her work schedule for the week that listed her off on Monday and Tuesday. But on both days she left the apartment as if going to work and came home the usual time, after four in the morning. She probably spent the two nights with a customer or two going for dinner, dancing and a hotel. When I confronted her with the schedule, she vehemently claimed her innocence once again. If it weren't for the secret telephone recordings of her and her mother, I might have believed her. But her false claims became a caricature of the oxymoron a "wrongly accused woman" who uses a flushed face, trembling voice, tears, anger and the guilt trip to make a man regret he ever doubted her. She was clearly a pro at convincing men she spoke the truth, but I possessed hard evidence of her deceit. She demanded I come by the club to talk to the manager who would tell me that she really did work those two nights. What else would he say? Angel was a club asset he wanted to keep content. I declined her invitation.

On August 11, Angel gave me a card commemorating our five-month wedding anniversary that contained a poem by Emily Matthews

If an angel is someone who's so filled with love, it's a gift that she constantly shares,
If an angel is someone who looks out for others and gives them a nudge here or there,

If an angel is someone who touches your life with a heart that's both joyful and wise,
Then even though she doesn't have halo or wings, she's an angel in human disguise.

Did she really believe this baloney about herself? Maybe Angel's problem stemmed from an inability to perceive reality. Perhaps I should pity rather than expose her. But as always with Angel, whenever I began to believe she possessed some redeeming quality enabling her to change, the real Angel reverted to its true gorgon soul insidiously slipping another knife into my feelings for her.

"I want to go to Krasnodar to take a rest and see my mother in September," Angel said.

Thinking about her appointment to meet Valodya, I said, "You mentioned that before, so when do you want to leave?"

"You don't understand. It's mum's fiftieth birthday, which is very special for Russians. I want to present her with a trip to Cyprus."

"I thought you never wanted to go back to Cyprus after the bad memories you had about working there? Remember before our wedding, you refused to tell me what you did there because you said the memories caused you too much pain. Now you want to go back and take your mother. That's a little strange isn't it?" Actually, not strange at all for Angel, she probably enjoyed her lap dancing in Cyprus, and given my level of conscious understanding so far, her mother probably encouraged her in that line of work. Still I

wanted to see how she reacted to yet another inconsistency with one of the former stories she told to convince me of both her and her mother's alleged decency.

Angel just ignored my remarks, "It is sunny and warm, and mum has never been in a place like that."

I persisted, "But won't she want to see where you work? You told me she didn't know about your stripping but thought you worked as a model and dancer."

"I'm not going to show her where I worked, but I finally told her what I did in Cyprus and Mexico.

"When was that?" I said in disbelief. "You said you didn't want your mother to ever find out about your lap dancing."

Angel vaguely said, "Some time ago. I don't remember exactly." I didn't think she would remember.

"What did your mother say about her daughter making money as a stripper?"

"I not stripper, I dancer—it is art!"

"So what did your mother say?"

"She understood."

"That was a major turn around for your mother," I continued with feigned ignorance. "When I was in Krasnodar in March, you told me not to mention anything about your working in a gentlemen's club in Mexico because your mother would be outraged that her sweet Angel took off her clothes for strange men in return for money." I went a little overboard with that last bit, but Angel apparently missed the sarcasm.

"I thought it best that I be honest with mum and she appreciated that and forgave me."

“Will she forgive you for dancing at Flash Dancers?”

“She doesn’t know.” That was a lie.

“I thought you wanted to be honest with your mother?” I couldn’t help myself—the lawyer made me do it.

“Stop it Roy! I want to give my mum a present for her birthday. She’s had a very hard life and she deserves this.”

“She deserves to see where her only child took off her clothes for money?”

“Enough! I’m going and I am taking her with me!”

“Fine. I’ve never been to Cyprus. I’d like to see it and the places where you worked.”

Angel sat close to me, took my hand and said in her fake sincere tone, “Roy I don’t want you to come. I want to be alone with my mother.”

“Baloney, you want me to stay here so you can play with your boyfriends in Krasnodar and in Cyprus!”

“How can I go out with other guys if my mother is with me? Be realistic.”

“Easy, find a guy for her or leave her at home or in the hotel,”

Then she said coldly, “If you come, you cannot stay in my apartment in Krasnodar, and I will not live with you at the hotel. I can’t keep you from traveling where you want, but you wouldn’t ruin my mother’s birthday. I want to be alone with my mother during this special time and that’s it.”

I didn’t believe this tale for a minute. She didn’t want me along so that she could ho with the St. Petersburg’s Valodya in Krasnodar and who knew whom in Cyprus. I didn’t particularly want to go to Krasnodar and Cyprus to conduct my own surveillance, but I

wanted to know what she did in those places. A little more evidence of her lying and cheating would finally end my uncharacteristic compassion for her. Kroll's F.S.B. agents were too expensive for such an extensive, multi-country job, at least for me. I then hit on the idea of forcing her to show me her real diary from when I copied it in May until the end of her upcoming trip to Cyprus. The diary I copied in Moscow had plenty of blank pages left in it, so I assumed when she arrived in Krasnodar, she would record her American activities and take the diary, as she usually did on trips, with her to Cyprus to write about her fun times as they happened.

All I needed to do was confront her when she and mother-in-law got off the plane from Cyprus; demand to see her diary on the spot. If she didn't produce it immediately, I'd threaten to tell the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service not to let her back in the country. Of course, I could tell Immigration anything, but it wasn't about to keep Angel out of America, since she had a temporary green card. Angel, however, didn't know that, so the odds were she would turn the notebook over. This way, I would gain a clearer window on her activities from the end of May through Cyprus. A better window than any F.S.B. agents could provide—the window of her mind. Secretly, I arranged my trip to surprise her at the Krasnodar airport on September 25th, the day before my birthday.

A couple of days later, the notebook that Angel kept on the coffee table disappeared. I couldn't find it in her bag, which by now she knew I searched regularly. Too cheap to buy a new notebook and having given up on her scheme to deceive me with the bogus diary, she probably took the notebook to record her real life activities. But in order to keep it out of my hands, she likely stored it with her Russian friend and fellow lap dancer, Tatianna. Angel wasn't about to refrain from keeping a diary for very long. Her delusional belief in

her goddess stature drove her to prize every sordid episode in her self-professed glamorous life. She didn't want to lose any of those treasures to her chronically faulty memory. The disappearance of the notebook meant that when I confronted Angel in Krasnodar, I would demand the notebook I previously copied in Moscow and the one from the coffee table.

The second recording from Russia between Angel and Inessa was delivered that same day.

Angel: This is the psychological repeat of Cyprus. Roy does not trust me because of the past; he thinks I cannot change. He thinks my wanting to sleep with other men is sickness, but he doesn't know how Russian girls can go from man to man.

Inessa: Maybe you should move out, find your own apartment.

Angel: Yes in the last possible resort, but apartments here are expensive, and I would have to share with someone unless I could find a man to pay for it. Roy's wanting me to be faithful is like a sickness in him. I never saw this before in my life in a man. It is not normal! It makes me so nervous that I do not want to even try to go out with someone because I will worry about him finding out and then trying to deport me.

Inessa: Asya predicted your troubles in America. Roy's disbelief of you is stupid.

Angel: I think Roy is psychologically sick. I told him not to come to Cyprus. If he comes I will not be able to have fun with the boys I know there and you know what else. He said I was cruel to him by going out with so many men and dishonored him.

Inessa: Let him build a statute to himself.

Angel: Ha, ha, ha. He only worries that I do not have sex with another man. Worst thing is that he does not believe me. I relax when he is not home.

Inessa: I feel so bad that you spend so much of your nerves because of that idiot, dumb ass. If he comes here I will kick his ass. Tell him that. I am serious. I will choke him with my own hands to death.

Angel: Ha, ha, ha. I will help you.

Inessa: If he comes to Krasnodar, I will definitely kick his ass.

Every time I discovered more of the truth—it kept hurting. I didn't understand why I still cared or why her comment about doing “and you know what else” in Cyprus made my

stomach sink. She didn't feel anything but contempt for me. Her heart pumped only ice water, so why keep looking for a sign of concern, of simple human decency? It made no sense, especially given her and Inessa's perspective on the proper relationship between husband and wife. These two sounded like aliens whose beliefs existed only in nightmares.

Chains

Angel started performing more magic rituals than her regular wake up rites. Often when I came home, strange odors permeated the apartment with candles spread through out. Other times, she locked herself in the bedroom from which I heard her muttering incomprehensible words and smelled the burning of, I assumed, incense.

"What's going on?" I sometimes asked, knocking on the door.

"You will soon understand," she arrogantly replied. "Don't disturb me—it is dangerous. I might lose control."

Lose control of what—Russian spirits, I condescendingly told myself. In the beginning, I dismissed it all as a typical female ploy to distract me from her nefarious acts or some childish game to intimidate me into halting my investigation of her. But then my mind started clouding over, my energy sapped away and I lay in bed until late every morning. I didn't want to deal with the absurdity of my life anymore, hoping for it and Angel to go away. My unconscious, however, didn't give up. It kept prodding me from the abyss of my mind to realize that forces in which I arrogantly disbelieved battled my intellect for control of my life—and I was losing. My intuition once again warned that I faced the specter of Angel's malevolent magic, psychology or whatever it was she did. I needed help and thought about going back to Carmen, whose advice I somehow forgot after returning from Moscow when I started eating the meals Angel prepared, but in which she didn't partake. I

took some of Angel's hair from her brush, knowing Carmen would want that and planned to make an appointment. But as events turned out, I found help from a different source.

One night over a drink with my buddy Mark, who also taught me martial arts, I whined about my disintegration.

"I don't understand what's happening to me. This girl has some power beyond my ability to deal with, which I have never experienced before."

Mark calmly replied, "That's because you don't believe in the spiritual realm. How many times have we discussed the spiritual side of martial arts?"

"Almost all the time," I said.

"Thank you. That's because without the spiritual, the martial arts can't exist. But you still haven't taken that step in believing. You're a lawyer, you're intellectually and physically strong, but you've never been up against someone using the energies of the universe for evil."

"I wouldn't say she is evil."

"Pleaseeee, Roy, I've met her. She's made her choice to use her life for evil."

"So she's a stripper and wants to make money because she grew up poor."

"Excuseeee me. She does a lot more than strip and you know it but still don't realize it. Anyway, the *Tao Te Ching* calls evil a state of self-absorption that is in disharmony with the universal process. Need I say more?"

"She's clearly self-absorbed—vanity to the max and out of touch with human decency," I agreed.

"That means she's evil—period. Believe me this is an area I know about. I've been living the martial arts for nearly thirty years—I trust in the spiritual. It doesn't matter how

you think about it—it exists. For me, I find strength from the Bible and God, for others it's the Koran and Allah or Hinduism with Shiva and Vishnu or Buddhism or what you always talk about, quantum mechanics. But despite your intellectual understanding that there are mysteries science can't explain, in your gut you're still a skeptic.”

“Well it would be nice for some evidence.”

“You see the evidence all the time but refuse to admit it. How many times have you sparred with one of my black belts who messes you up, and then you ask me how it happened? You've played rugby and boxed, how do you explain these guys completely befuddling you? Some of it is that they are more advanced in the technique, but as I always try to get through to the class, the key is connecting with the spiritual. That takes faith in the spiritual and meditation to attune with it. Only then can you move at the last instant without thinking about it, feel the danger coming before you see it and automatically do what's needed to protect yourself.”

“But that's just a sense you develop over time.”

“No. It's a connection you establish with the nature of the world through faith. If you believe in your heart, not your intellect, but your heart that a spiritual world underlies the confused alarms of struggle and flight our senses show us everyday, then you can act in harmony with the true reality of nature. All the surface confusions, fears and distractions melt away. Your perception clears, and that gives a peace and confidence from which you sense not just how to move in a dangerous situation but the way to go in your life.”

“Okay, how can a witch like Angel who believes in God and a spiritual realm use it for evil?”

“Nobody uses God for anything. She may think she is using Him, but that’s just her egotism. It’s the devil that is using her because she chose to use her gifts from God not to contribute to the world but to take. And take no matter whom she hurts. But her belief in the unseen energies of the universe gives her an advantage over you because her belief enables her to twist some of these energies for her own sinful purposes. You, unfortunately, are left only with your reason, and no man can wrap his mind around the metaphysics that she is using to destroy you.”

“Well, I wouldn’t say she is trying to destroy me.”

“Look at you—you’re an emotional wreck. All you think about is her and your investigation for the truth. You’ve got the truth—move on. You can’t even pick yourself up to find a job. You’ve got two graduate degrees with honors from hotshot schools and you’re telling me you can’t find a job. Pleaseeee, if that’s not destruction; I don’t know what is? You’ve put yourself at the spiritual mercy of a Russian whore. And not for nothing, you always told me, ‘Never put yourself at the mercy of a Russian because they don’t know the meaning of the word.’ Am I right?”

Mark was right. I still didn’t want to believe in this spiritual stuff, but it seemed that unseen, unreasoned demons mocked my intellect and laughed as they cavorted around my illusions, tripping me up time after time all in the service of their master—Angel.

“Well what can I do?” I asked. “I’ve thought about going back to this Caribbean voodoo lady I saw before going back to Moscow for Angel.”

“Forget that! When you go home tonight, open up the Bible and put it somewhere that Angel will be sure to see it. Open it to the Old Testament, any book will do, then see

what happens. Also buy a pocket Bible for carrying around with you and stop eating the meals she cooks!”

I didn't like using the Bible for anything because my disbelief made me feel like a hypocrite, but I was desperate and followed Mark's advice that night.

Angel came home, went to sleep and the next day didn't say a word about the Bible that she surely saw opened in the bedroom. She did ask me whether I planned to keep her from reentering the U.S. when she returned from her vacation to Krasnodar and Cyprus. I didn't have that power, but she thought I did. I equivocated in my answer.

Around 10 o'clock that night, Angel called from work. That surprised me. She never called from the club and forbade me telephoning her there because, as she said, management didn't like the girls making or receiving calls. She probably didn't want any calls because it ate up time she could use for hustling money out of some sucker and the calls allowed me to check on whether she was at work.

“What's up Angel?”

“I call to tell you I just sitting here when suddenly it came to me that I been on the downward course. I see now that I start lying and using men when I work in Cyprus. I didn't know any other men except my boyfriend before Cyprus. The world was new to me and I went wrong. I now tell you honestly and truly—I don't want to go out with other men anymore. I see that my life leading me in bad direction and that you try to help me leave this behind. I know now that I must change or great harm will come to me. I don't want to continue my past anymore. I want to live here in a healthy life.”

I was stunned and suspicious but hopeful—again, “I'm glad to hear that Angel. I want you to reach your dreams and hope we can come closer together.”

“Me too my husband, I now completely honest and truthful with you. Thank you for everything. I must go back to work, see you later.”

As I hung up, I thought it feasible for a person to change over night; some do experience a moment of insight that changes their entire life. But the question gnawed at whether Angel was telling the truth or just running another con? Did the opened Bible stir the decency I believed existed in her heart or did it scare her? When we were in Moscow, I told her that I had visited a voodoo priestess for protection from her magic to which she arrogantly responded, “My helpers are stronger!” But now, an open Bible by someone she previously knew as a non-believer may have changed the balance of forces. Was she trying to deter my reliance on the fire and brimstone of the Old Testament because she knew her black magic couldn’t fight Yaweh? Was she now a good Angel or continued as a bad one? Or did the fear of my keeping her from reentering the country after Cyprus motivate her “revelation.” Angel loved money and nowhere else could she make as much as in America. Her past record indicated another scam, and change often takes place incrementally, even when intended. Whatever the truth, I thought it wise to no longer eat the meals she prepared for me. Everyday, I told her to put my dinner in the refrigerator, so I could eat it later. After she left for work, I promptly dumped it in the garbage. I also continued my investigation to see what the facts, rather than her words, showed.

Slowly my thinking process cleared and the oppressive feeling of hopelessness dissipated, but the facts moved in the same direction as before.

Angel knew I didn’t like the idea of her dancing in the private Champagne room at Flash Dancers, so she always denied working there. As I continued to find more and more hundred-dollar bills instead of twenties in her nightly take, I confronted her again with lying

about not dancing in the Champagne room. Since the club paid girls \$100 for thirty minutes in the room, it made sense that's how she earned the hundred-dollar bills. Angel went into cover-up mode again by saying she exchanged her twenties from the usual lap dances for hundreds from the club's cashier. Good story, but unlikely, a couple of the strippers told me the club policy required girls to push the Champagne room, and when a customer requested it of a girl, she had to go because the club made \$150 for a half hour.

Another of the tapped telephone conversations between Angel and Inessa arrived. I again brought the Russian cassette to my tutor for an oral translation.

She started to translate. "You'll like this. Your wife is upset because, 'I do not have the right to sell my body to my customers, I do not have the right to have sex with anyone but Roy, I do not have the right to lie and I do not have the right to contact any of my customers anywhere in the world. I want to go out with some of my customers when they ask me but cannot. Roy only worries about his own interests that I do not have sex with other men.'"

My tutor laughed, "What a wife you brought back. She's complaining that her husband wouldn't let her whore around."

"Did she really complain to her mother about not being able to sell her body?" I asked with what little surprise there was left in me.

"That's what she said. And knowing the type of Russian girl she is, she's probably doing it anyway."

"Damn! Definitely a prostitute and clearly her mother knows it. Angel always said her mother didn't know what she did for a living until Angel planned to take her mother to Cyprus, so then she told her about the stripping."

“You’re a fool! Angel didn’t tell her mother anything because her mother already knew. She just uses that line to make you and others think she is from a decent family. Who do you think raised Angel to be the slut she is? Her mother taught her to live off men. It was the easiest way to make lots of money by Russian standards. Her mother was probably a prostitute herself.”

“Angel told me her mother only knew one man—Angel’s father.”

“That’s just another lie Roy. Like mother, like daughter. Angel probably doesn’t even know who her real father is. She probably comes from a long line of prostitutes, and for them, you are nothing but a piece of business. You of all people with your MBA from Columbia should understand they are just carrying on the family business—nothing personal, only business.”

“That’s the problem—nothing personal.” I dejectedly said and began to see sex as Angel’s service and men with money as her target market.

My tutor added, “Knowing how careless Russians are about sex, I’d get tested for every disease they can test for.”

“Soon, soon,” I said. “What else is in the conversation?”

“Angel says, ‘Sometimes better to sit at work than listen to Roy. He reminds me of Marios, my boss in Cyprus. Marios always wanted to know how many times I met one of his customers, so he could get his commission for each meeting. He always feared we make private deals that he did not know about. Except with Roy, it is not about money already but fidelity. He is a fool and spies on me. His spying is so dirty.’”

My tutor chimed in agreement, “Your spying is dirty. I hope you realize that.”

“Not as dirty as her. Besides, it’s necessary to find the truth. Facing the truth is my only hope. See things as they really are no matter how much it hurts.”

“You’re hopeless.”

“Inessa: ‘Roy is like a little tail. Alexey’s mother said she heard about your marriage and asked to see the photographs.’”

“Angel laughs, ‘What pictures?’”

“Inessa: ‘I told her she was mistaken.’”

“Angel: ‘I want to take a day off, but it is twice as bad to be with Roy always asking me questions. Roy does not believe me probably because he is psychologically sick.’”

“Inessa: ‘His disbelief in you is crazy and senile. He should feel honored. Roy is like a bloodsucker, never satisfied. He only thinks about himself. His prying into your life is like a vampire sucking you dry. He should see that you are not a burden since you make dollars yourself, make food for him—what else does he need?’”

“Angel: ‘Yes, at least he is dumb enough to eat the herbs I put in his food to lessen his suspicions.’”

“Inessa: ‘Keep giving him those herbs. But why does he still dig into your affairs? What is not there for him? Another would have been carrying you in his arms and would have been happy for such a creature as you my little Angel. To have the most caring, loving beauty as you.’”

“Angel: ‘I already put up a magical block against him learning any more about me and from coming to Russia with me in September.’”

“Angel: ‘Did you send my letter to Valodya in St. Petersburg?’”

“Inessa: ‘Yes, he called you and asked for Angela. I didn’t know at first whom he was talking about.’”

“Angel: ‘That’s what he calls me. How is he?’”

“Inessa: ‘He is fine, misses you and hopes to see you in September.’”

I interrupted, “So her date with Valodya is still on. I guess that’s the main reason she doesn’t want me to go to Krasnodar with her, but what’s the reason for not wanting me in Cyprus?”

My tutor replied, “She doesn’t want you along because she is going on vacation—vacation. That means to get away from work, and you are her work.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” I sadly replied.

“Angel says, ‘I hope to see him too. He is very special to me.’”

“Inessa: ‘I think your cousin, Alona, went through your things and saw the nude photographs that Morosov took and your tape of *Showgirls* is missing.’”

My tutor asked, “Who’s Alona?”

“Alona is the daughter of Angel’s aunt—the sister of her mother. After Angel bought her apartment, her mother decided to give their house to Angel’s aunt who, according to Angel, wanted to move from Sakhalin Island to Krasnodar. Alona has been living in Angel and her mother’s new apartment since June to help get the house ready. But apparently, Alona has also been learning about the kind of people Angel and her mother are and is not pleased with her relatives.”

“Smarter than you.”

“Okay, let’s continue.”

“Angel says about her cousin Alona: ‘Young whore, bitch, she needs to get her face beaten. I want to hit her in the face. She is spoiled. For me to buy a mobile phone I have to work to get money from a man, but all she does is ask her father—the little slut. I don’t want her in our apartment when we are gone. Ask Katya to stay in it. I can trust her because I have checked her many times. That little bitch Alona. Tell her if I was there, I would punch her face. Sometimes at the club I play at karate with my clients. They think it is a joke and do not get the real meaning of how I want to punch their faces.’”

My tutor interrupted, “Your wife is not only a whore but a hostile one.”

“Inessa: ‘Smolin called about Japan and asked if you were planning on working there.’”

“Angel: ‘Not now. I make too much money here and have many customers who keep coming back.’”

“Inessa: ‘Be strong darling. I wish you new conquests and, remember, someday you will be famous.’”

My tutor quipped, “Right, the most famous whore in Krasnodar. Both your wife and mother-in-law are retards. Get rid of them.”

“Like mother, like daughter, as you said,” I replied. “But I didn’t realize so much violence boiled inside of her. That part was new.”

“Be careful and get yourself checked by your doctor. I’m off to work. Let me know when you want to meet next.”

The subway ride home from my tutor seemed to get longer each time. The pain, anger and humiliation boiled within me giving no pause for peace. How much more would I take? Why didn’t I just kick her out of the house and move on with my life? What kept pushing me to find out all the truth? Clearly lying was her life, her mother’s life and to everyone, including themselves. Self-righteous psychopaths, a family of mutual deceivers and deceived—I should get away from them but couldn’t let it go just yet. I wanted more of the truth and soon got it.

Maiya, my stockbroker, received the smuggled silverware that Angel purchased in Krasnodar and Inessa sent to America. The alleged \$1500 antique spoons turned into un-saleable collectibles worth at most \$200 for insurance purposes. Maiya lost \$500 and Angel probably profited by \$400, most likely paying out only \$50 to buy the spoons in Russia and \$50 to send them to America.

Maiya knew all about my horrors with Angel and said in disgust, “What’s with this girl? Doesn’t she realize that she could have made a lot more in the long run by being straight with this deal? It seems she can’t help but cheat someone whenever she gets the

chance. One of these days she's going to cheat the wrong person and end up face down in the gutter."

"You're right. I've never met anyone so devoted to tricking people. She seems addicted to taking advantage of others even when it means she'll lose more in the end. I doubt she even realizes her stupidity. I wonder whether she ever had any desire for an honest relationship, rather than one where she just schemed, connived and cheated. To her, everyone is a potential sucker? Perhaps she's just a congenital con artist."

My complaining continued, "Once I borrowed four hundred dollars cash from her and when I returned it, I asked her to count it to make sure I didn't mistakenly cheat her. She counted the twenties, but I could tell there was something wrong. Thinking I paid her less, I asked if it was right. She said, 'Yes,' but not believing her, I took the money back and counted it twice. I didn't want her to feel I pressured her into being cheated by me. Both recounts showed I had actually over paid her by \$20 dollars. She knew it but said nothing. I just walked out of the room in disgust."

Maiya laughed, "You didn't want to cheat her so she cheated you. That's funny. Maybe it's just her culture. President Truman once said, "Those Russians—they lie!"

I added, "And the girls lie most of all. A Ukrainian in my martial arts class described Russian girls as incapable of being honest with themselves, so they can't be honest with anyone. They feel no guilt because they believe they are justified in doing anything to get what they want. They are simply amoral, although they fear the opinions of others and try to hide their actions. When someone learns the truth, the girls feel humiliated but not guilty. And for a Russian girl, humiliation is the worse because to them only the surface appearance matters."

One evening in late August, a coffee cup went missing that I had received when I left WNEW TV News years ago—a prized memento. I looked around and noticed a mark on the kitchen floor. On closer inspection, there were little pieces of the cup spread out in a semi circle of about six feet in diameter. This cup didn't fall on the floor—it was smashed. The next day I asked Angel why she smashed my cup? She said, “You weren't meant to have it anymore.” I didn't even bother to respond. What can one say to such arrogance that would do any good?

Just before she left on her vacation, Angel tried a new ruse—at least she was persistent.

“Roy your suspicions are causing me great nerves. I find it difficult to do my work and do not feel well. You know I have a history of abdominal problems, and they are bothering me again. You must be gentler with me. I am getting rashes on my body, and my customers won't want me. Here look at this.”

She showed me a rash on her stomach that looked more like a hicky than a medical problem.

“Did you go to your doctor?” I asked

“I don't have the time. You must stop giving me nerves, looking in my things and spying on me.”

“Am I giving you nerves, or is it your guilty conscience. Forget that, I doubt whether you have a conscience.”

“Why don't you stop? I told you the truth about everything. I am now completely truthful and honest before you.” Oh not again, I thought.

“Are you going to meet Valodya when you go to Krasnodar?”

“How can I meet him if I do not telephone him? I promised not to call him and I have not.”

“Nice try, even Billy-Bob Clinton would admire it. You agreed not to ‘contact’ him. That includes not only the telephone but the letters and messages you sent him through your mother and Katya.” I knew this would raise her suspicions about my tapping her telephone, but I believed my investigation close to over.

Her eyes widened briefly as usual when the truth slapped her face. She paused to decide which cover-up or avoidance to use. “I cannot work with your spying and aggressive behavior to me. I am sick.” And she grabbed her stomach and sat down with a moan.

“Are you going to meet Valodya in Krasnodar?”

“Leave me alone!”

“What about Cyprus, whom will you meet there?”

“I told you I am going there to show my mother where I worked.”

“No that is not what you said, but it does make sense given what I know now.”

“Roy, our relations are not good—you don’t trust me. I tell you I change but you think I lie.”

“You said that before you trust someone you should check them. I checked you and you can’t be trusted.”

“That was in the past, you must check now.” I was waiting for this.

“Okay, take a lie detector test.”

“No, I will not. You have no right.”

“You just said I must check now, so how else can I check.”

She got up placed her arm over my shoulders, put on her sincerity mask, looked down into my eyes and kissed me, “I kiss you from my clear soul. You are my only lover and boyfriend. I don’t make anything with anyone else. I never go to the Champagne room and will see no boys in Krasnodar or Cyprus. Can’t I make you believe me?”

“I’ll tell you what. If you talk to Maiya and she believes you, then I will believe you.”

“I will do that.” Angel seemed happy, but I didn’t delude myself. Angel couldn’t tell the truth, she had too much to hide. Maiya was in her fifties, divorce and her children grown. During the Viet Nam war, she worked in Saigon for a private firm that provided guns for special operations and flew around with Air America. Maiya knew Angel and Russians and could spot any Russian scam in an instant. Angel couldn’t fool her, but she would try and that would be just one more thing against her.

Lover’s Island

All the talk about Cyprus finally made me see an obvious way for finding out more of the truth about Angel, especially why she wanted to revisit an island for which she claimed to have so many bad memories—translate the part of her diary I hadn’t—the section that dealt with Cyprus. Although likely twisted by self-delusions, Angel’s writings about her experiences in Cyprus would bring me nearer the full truth about my wife than any of the propaganda her mouth spewed in my direction.

Angel’s words always rang so fine in my head that they often made me doubt common sense and obvious truths. Whenever I accused her of lying and dishonesty, she always assuaged my accusations with sonorous words that struck directly at my emotions where her tone fabricated convincing rationales that took me days before realizing their

absurdity. Her favorite excuses were: “It part of my culture. I need time to learn your ways to tell the truth. Please be patient with me. I will change. I don’t know the man for a long time. I just go out into the world for a couple of years. I need time to learn what you a man want from his girl. You know I really a good girl,” and then she’d always smile innocently. With Angel the delivery rather than the text carried the power to deceive. But the bare, soundless words of her diary carried no emotional ploy.

After Angel left for Krasnodar on September 9th, I met with my tutor to do the translation. I didn’t want to do it with Angel around for fear she might get wind of it from her spirits or I might lose control and confront her with what I was learning. The dairy was still my secret weapon as long as she couldn’t be sure I had a copy. If she learned about my translating the Cyprus portion, it would give her a chance to emotionally duck and weave out of her admissions in a way that, coupled with her magic, might make me shelve my planned confrontation in Krasnodar and never learn about her activities after the trip to Italy with Alfredo. Also the information about Cyprus should help me throw her off balance when I surprised her in Krasnodar, making it easier to obtain the part of her real diary I wanted.

“What date do you want to start at and where do we end?” My tutor asked.

“Let’s start with December 20, 1998, when she flew to Cyprus to work in this club called Zygos in Limassol.”

“Never heard of Limassol.”

“Neither did I until I met Angel. It’s on the Greek part of the island—a small resort town of around 75,000 people on the southern shore. Apparently a pleasant place to live but overrun with the Russians.”

“Watch it, I’m Russian,” My tutor warned.

“But an honest Russian.”

“Listen, just because you got burnt by some devious Russian slut doesn’t mean we are all liars and thieves. And don’t forget, two Russian girls, me and my friend told you in Moscow not to marry her.”

“I remember. Anyway, a lot of Russians set up businesses in Cyprus because it’s the only country Russia recognizes as a tax haven. Your fellow countrymen go to Cyprus, register a legal entity, then go back to Russia and conduct their operations under the name of the Cypriot entity. That way the company operating in Russia is required to pay only Cypriot taxes, which amounts to a fraction of what it would be liable for if operating as a Russian company.”

“Why bother, everyone in Russia lies on their taxes anyhow?”

“Right, all Russian companies keep three sets of books—one for investors that shows a profitable growing business, one for the taxman that shows a company about to tank and one for the managers that shows the truth. But the companies still have to bribe the tax authorities to accept their duplicitous accounting. Russian tax officials aren’t stupid. They have a pretty good idea about what a company makes and base their bribes on the amount of taxes they believe the company should pay. With a Cypriot shell company, the taxes aren’t even owed to Russia, so no Russian tax liability and no bribes.”

“Smart, but why all the money laundering I read about that goes through Cyprus if they’ve already avoided taxes?”

“Because the laundered money comes from illegal activities, such as drugs, embezzlement of state assets, selling military hardware, contract killings—you name it.

Russian businessmen, perhaps I should use the term gangsters, since they're usually one in the same, aren't going to report illegal income on any tax return no matter how small the taxes. They want to keep their crimes secret, so they transport the cash in suitcases or through cooperative banks that don't ask questions to the perfect destination point—Cyprus. It's geographically close to Russia, the officials are susceptible to bribery and bank transactions along with the real owners of an account are kept secret. The U.S. government has called Cyprus a haven for money laundering by terrorists and organized crime. That's why your corrupt politicians and their criminal associates move some of the one billion dollars that flows out of Russia every month into Cyprus.”

“There not my politicians. I'm an American now—remember? And I am also well aware that Cyprus is a favorite playground for the Russian mafia. I'm sure your wife fitted in just fine. How old was she when she went to Cyprus?”

“Twenty-three.”

“Okay, how far in the diary do you want me to go to?”

“Stop at July 23, 1999. I already had from there until the end of May 2000 translated in Moscow.”

“I'm surprised one of your teenage girl translators did it for you,” my tutor peevishly remarked.

“Actually, none of them would, so I found a man.”

“Figures. All right, are you ready?”

“Yeah, let's get this continuing show on the road,” I replied steeling myself, but still hoping the diary would speak of a more temperate, less promiscuous Angel.

I have arrived in Cyprus to the girls' apartment in a basement. It is good here, here lives Michelle, Oxana and me, and as well Zlata who does magic.

Marios Athanasiou the manager of ZYGOS and TRAMPS was going to watch me for 3 days, first at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, then at 3 o'clock in the morning, but only on the third day he has watched me, watched how I move when I take my clothes off. Here we make a pound for every drink a customer buys us while we sit with him. On the first day my result is 7 drinks; I shivered when I spoke to customers.

My tutor stopped, "What's this 'pound'?"

"Cyprus was a British colony, so the currency they use is called the Cypriot Pound after the British Pound Sterling. In 1999, a Cypriot Pound was worth around \$1.60. Most people on the island also speak English. Angel studied it for seven years in Krasnodar but didn't practice it until Cyprus."

"So she says."

"Right, anything coming from her mouth is probably a lie. Let's go on."

On the same day I have acquainted with Chris, Marios introduced him to me. After work we have gone in his sports car. It was so nice! We came to a romantic place. I have seen sparkling Limassol, it was all in lights... On the second day he has presented me yellow and red carnations (on the first day he presented me roses). We have gone to a shop. He has bought me a journal and a chocolate. We went to the beach, and while we were talking, a wave watered a little our feet.

On the third day he took me to play cards. Due to my lucky hand we won. If I have correctly understood, we have won 220 pounds. 110 of them he presented to me. I was so glad of it, because I had to pay back a debt.

On the fourth day we went to a mountain and there we kissed for the first time. By the way, on the second day at the club I for the first time danced table dance (taking off my dress and dancing in my tong panties) for a very fat man. He touched me between my legs... After it I came to Chris all trembling. He was surprised and asked what happened. I told and then calmed down. It was filthy and awful. I received money for it.

Recently Chris has presented me 20 pounds - for striptease dance in private so that I did not dance for others. I sat with him practically all evening, and I did not make any striptease dance with other customers, because he does like the atmosphere in here. He considers that such things should be done alone.

My tutor interrupted, "What's the difference among 'drink', 'table dance' and 'striptease'?"

"In the sex industry a 'drink' means the girl is just sitting flirting with the customer, pretending she's interested and asks him to buy her a drink."

“Oh, I do that all the time at bars. What else is new?”

“Yeah, but you don’t get a percentage of the price of the drink. Lap dancers do. ‘Table dance’ means that during a song the customer sits in a chair while the girl takes off her dress and dances in her tong panties. In this place the girls were allowed to touch their customers and vice versus. With the ‘striptease’ the girl also took off her tong panties and danced completely naked before the customer who in this place could touch her and she would touch him outside or inside his cloths. Then there is the ‘private dance’ where the girl and customer go into a backroom by themselves for usually a half hour. The customer plays the club a certain amount of which some goes to the girl. The girl then cuts a private deal with the customer to do what he wants as long as she is willing—the seeder the club, the more willing the girl.”

“Very organized and business like.”

“That’s exactly what it is—a business,” I said with disgust.

It was very interesting yesterday, one customer an artist talked with me. He frankly told me story of his life. I began to dance a striptease dance for him (no panties), but he has categorically refused, he was frightened and paid for a table.

I did not have time enough to write down everything. Remaining details I shall write down in the following year. I am grateful to the year of 1998 with all my heart. This year has given me very much. Let be blessed the year of 1999! Let there be God’s blessing and rule! Let Our Lady send us love, patience and good. Let our guardian angel keep us! Let Nicolas the Thaumaturge help us! And as well let all saints help us! Amen! Forwards, in the kind, clean, fine year of 1999!!!

1999!!!

My God, bless me! Our Saint Lady, give us love and save all of us! Guardian angel keep us! Nicolas the Thaumaturge help all of us! And as well let all saints be with us!

Happy New Year!

So has come the New Year, the year of 1999!

With God’s help!!! I continue.

In the course of approximately our third meeting with Chris we kissed. I like to be with him, we went to hotel and made each other a massage. He wanted me, and I wanted him, but I would not do it. He became angry and told me that from now on he will come

only to look at me, for only 5 minutes, as it will be better for both him and me. I became scared I would lose him and began my tears. It has worked with Chris. I need him. First of all, he is a man whom I trust, and as well he gives me money and each time he presented me flowers (roses).

Last Friday me and one of my girl roommates, went to sea, we chattered, and today I have such a rising tide of energy. And the water there was so fine, and as well sand.

I have purchased a dress for 22 pounds, for this money they have as well shortened it to the length required by the club. Marios' assistant Kostas demands money for taking us to Immigration Service. I will not give him money because this is his job. 1 pound is quite enough for taking us to a shop to buy dresses the club requires.

On December 28 we celebrated Merry Christmas in TRAMPS, the other club that the two brothers Marios and Melios Athanasiou run. We ate salads, meat and danced. Marios and Melios, danced Greek dance. Then girls from TRAMPS danced totally nude. All of them have such cellulite. We have good fun and then began to work back at ZYGOS.

On December 29 I have danced 3 all nude dances, stripteases, and 1 dance in my panties, table. Marios shouted "Bravo!" For the next day I have earned only 35 pounds. And on December 31 we have met in ZYGOS at 11 pm our Russian New year, and at 12 pm - Cypriot New year. It was so fine!

The DJ has presented me red wine, I drank it at home on December 31 with the girls. In cabaret we had a meal of squids, cutlets and I had as well a heap of salads. In the cream pie for desert girls have found 50 pounds. We did not eat all of the cream pie.

Me and all others were dead drunk. I drank Martini, then whiskey with Chris. After it we left for hotel. There we got undressed and kissed, listening to RTR broadcasting. I do not know, but it seems that I am ready to sleep with him. If only I had not my menstruation. I do not consider it unfaithfulness to my boyfriend Alexei in Krasnodar, I do not feel that I am unfaithful, but there is a problem – Chris wants sex without condoms. What, if I suddenly become pregnant? I felt his hot desire. I hardly managed to extract my Tampax and we had sex with no condom.

My tutor said, "Did you get yourself tested yet?"

"I see my doctor the end of the week."

"I told you, Russians were careless concerning sex. They seldom use condoms because abortions are free. But for your wife to have sex with some guy who walks in off the street to a whorehouse is nuts!"

"It's not exactly a whorehouse."

"You wanna bet?"

"Let's` continue," I said knowing deep down my tutor was right—Zygos was a whorehouse.

Me and Chris bathed together. Pouring water was first hot, then cold, and we had fun very much. What will Marios think about our business together since he will not receive money.

O, God, give mum and me wisdom, love, forces and patience!!!

Merry Christmas!!! Happy Christmas !!!

Since the New Year there have already passed 7 days. The club DJ began chasing after me. He presented me toilet water (a magnificent one) and a jacket (which I have chosen myself). And today he presented me underwear (dark blue and white). He as well offered an ordinary dress (lengthy, for wearing in the street), but I refused. Yesterday me and DJ went to the city, I wanted to buy a long evening dress for the club's stage show, but the shop was closed. We had coffee. He is not indifferent to me. We have picked flowers to guess whether one loves the other or does not. We obtained an interesting result – I don't love him but he of course loves me. Still he was touched. It is a pity. He is a pleasant person, but as a man he is not in my taste. I am very much, very much grateful to him. He will soon leave for England, then to Moscow, and to Krasnodar, so what can I gain. He wanted to take my address, but I explained, that I live with mum and that we do not have room for him to rent in Krasnodar. The DJ is a good friend to me and I am very grateful to him, but him to live in my house—no.

Today in the evening Chris celebrated his eighteenth birthday. I wanted to present him a poster, but could not manage to find a good one. So I have purchased him a pie and a picture post card. This night there were no people in ZYGOS. After the nightly stage show, me and Chris went to the hotel. Prior to this (for about 2 weeks) I prepared Chris sexually. He could not suffer any more. Today in the night I made my mind to again have sex with—he has gifted me a lot. Psychologically I was ready (and I do not consider it an unfaithfulness). He has asked me about condoms. I answered: “Why not?” He burst out laughing. It turned out that he himself has purchased them. For about 1 hour we played in love. He entered and left, then from the back. His member was so small - very exotic feelings.

In the same night girls from TRAMPS have met young boys (19 and 23 years old). They got drunk, barfed in the car. Then they went to the girls' apartment. Having arrived, the girls have run and closed the door. These boys started fighting with the landlord. They said they had paid for the girls but didn't get what they were promised. They broke window glass, and somebody called police. There was also one case earlier when Marios beat up two men who refused to pay money. It was awful.

Today I have colored my hair in other tint. I received my alien card. I asked Chris to lend me money for long dress (approximately 30 pounds, but he has given 50 pounds). I told him that I will pay it back, but he answered, that it is his present. I do not know whether to believe him, I do not want to be deceived.

I interrupted the translation, “I don't understand what she means by saying she doesn't want to be deceived?”

“She's obviously paranoid that men are out to trick her or take advantage of her. Something probably happened to her that made her distrustful of them.”

“Or that’s the way her mother raised her. Warning her not to trust any man. To always look out for only herself and try to get the best of men. What a sad life to never be able to trust anyone but your mother, and a mother who encourages her to sell her body for a living.”

“Russian girls always trust their mother. It’s part of our culture and doesn’t matter how bad the mother might be. Shall we continue?”

“Okay”

Today one customer kissed me for 30 minutes, another spoke about his problems with wife (but paid for a table). Another one told me that I am a lady. Others laughed very much and joked, because their friend was going to marry. They laughed and played tricks on my watch, on everything. Inga, Irina and Donna have finished working, now they have holidays. They are going to leave Cyprus next Saturday.

Marios introduced a new system. When leaving with a customer we must register it in a book and call Marios to tell where we go.

Bless me!!!

January 19, 1999

I have been living in Cyprus for almost a month. Yesterday I and Elisa went to gym to go in for sports. For 15 minutes I was running on the racing track. Yes, I have a problem - I had slightly put on weight. Of course, if you each morning eat a croissant you will gain.

I danced for one customer a table dance and then a striptease. During the striptease while I rubbed his member he came. It was funny.

Chris came in when I was sitting with Rikos for the first time. I did not notice him and he passed by. He waited for me for a long time, and then left. The next day he did not come. I rang to him and left messages. When at last he has come, I apologized to him for a long time. We went to play cards. His friend has given me 20 pounds, someone else has as well gave me money, Chris has given 10 pounds - so I got approximately 50 pounds. Later, on January 17, 1999, we also played cards; sometimes we won and sometimes we lost, approximately 5 - 6 hundred pounds.

There sat one man with a lot of golden knick-knacks, three bracelets on each hand, rings on fingers, his girl-friend as well had a lot of golden adornments. They are Russian mafia.

I asked Chris to buy me contact lenses, but he invented many reasons not to do it. Well. The main thing is that I receive money from him, and sometimes it becomes very important for me. Now I have approximately 340 pounds. I want very much 50 pounds

more. It is necessary to me, and I can earn this money. When I yesterday told Rikos about lenses, he at once got troubled, because Marios...

I and Rikos went to make photos near the sea. We made photos and then we wanted to call a friend of Rikos to ride horses. And at this very moment there appeared Rikos' wife on her Jeep. I witnessed the scene of jealousy. He quickly stopped a taxi for me. His wife ran up to me as I entered the taxi, and told that if she once more sees me with her husband, she will send me back to Russia... My taxi drove away but she followed me in her car. My taxi driver turned out to be a good driver, and we lost her. She was funny in her jealousy. In the taxi, I rang to Rikos' mobile telephone to arrange to meet later. Rikos came and we went to restaurant to eat ice-cream. It was delightful. And the restaurant, by the way, seemed to me very cozy.

At the club Marios told me to sit with George. George is a doctor - orthopedist, he liked me very much. I danced to him striptease. He kneeled before me and kissed me between the legs. It was fun. Then he arranged with Marios for me to leave the club with him. We went to Bouzouki. For the first time I saw what it was. There they sang songs in Greek and threw a lot of flowers to me as I danced. Then we went to hotel. There was so beautiful. We bathed, then he slightly massaged my backbone and wanted to make love to me, but I explained that I do not do like this. George told that Marios sold me to him for 100 pounds... He presented me a set of scents Estee Lauder, gave 50 pounds and I left. What wonderful it was that morning at 8 o'clock when I left the hotel.

God bless me! Our Lady save me! Guardian angel keep mum and me! Nicolas the Thaumaturge help me in everything!!! Amen!

"Not a whorehouse, Huh?" my tutor chimed in.

February 02, 1999

3 years and 5 months passed since the day when I got acquainted with my darling Alexei. God, please, send us happiness, love and trust. I rang to Alexei from Rikos' telephone in his car and Alexei got frightened thinking something was wrong because telephone calls are expensive, but I have calmed him. He as always hesitates to tell me about his feelings in his mother's presence. I spoke Russian so Rikos did not understand I called my darling.

On January 27 or 28 Marios shouted at me because of Chris. Chris told to everyone that he was my boyfriend. I just listen without saying anything. Marios said he would straighten me out tomorrow. The next day I had been waiting for approximately 1.5 hours, whining for all this time. Marios told me that I cannot appear to have a boyfriend, because it repels customers. The customers will not buy me if they know I have a steady boy friend. Marios told me that I should not fix time for Chris to come during the club hours. (I ordered Chris to come by the end of performance.) I understood Marios and the importance to our business but I did not understand how Chris could hurt my business by telling Marios? I trusted Chris so much and he has betrayed me, he has disgraced me. But I forgave him.

On January 29 I and Chris went to hotel. I drank some wine and we had a conversation with Chris - a strange conversation full of hints about treachery, about confidence, but at the same time I did not tell Chris that I meant him. He wanted to sleep with me, but I did not give it to him. I excited him and mocked him - so I have to some

extent revenged myself. Afterwards in the morning we went with Andreas to his restaurant for a lunch.

I and Rikos went to store. He presented me a lot of cosmetics, and today I was made a cosmetic mask on face for clearing skin. Rikos presented me a silver ornament with my name. I am grateful to him with all my heart for everything, what he has done for me. For our trip to the farm with horses - there I for the first time in my life rode on horseback. I received such unforgettable impressions. We played a little in the woods and he came. Besides he made to me large photos. Let God give him all good.

Nikolas presented me magnificent flowers and a telephone. I and Regina went to his house, ate shish kebabs. Soon afterwards he and I went by car to the mountain, though I wanted to go to beach. I quarreled with him and he turned his car back to the sea. I got a lot of pleasure while swimming in the sea. Then we went to his house. There I bathed and he presented me a sporting suit, a record player, money and then took me naked and carried me in the bedroom. I stretched my arms to the sides like on a cross, we made sex but I had to pretend I came. I did not like it too much. He was not very good. Afterwards we talked for a long time.

The next day I was sitting with the friend of Andreas. He gifted me many things and told, that he does not want sex, he does not want sexual games, and he just wants to receive inner joy from my presence. He promised me a holiday in Spain. Let all be according to the God's will! After a trip to Bouzouki, he threw flowers to me, washed my legs in champagne and kissed my thighs. He is interesting. Also that day came Chris to the club, but he did not wait for me to return from being with Andreas' friend. I feel good with Chris, but I am very cautious.

Yesterday we made fun of one customer who bought I and Natasha for private room. Instead of playing with him we make masturbation between us two. He was frightened and ran away.

I received a letter from mum. God give me and her all kind, clean, and first of all, love, wisdom, forces and patience. God bless us!!!

February 08, 1999

A lot of events in a very little time. Chris pretends that he did not tell Marios about having sex with me, but he did, and Marios thinks I cheat him out of money. Chris has changed, he loves only himself. When I told him about delay in my menstrual period, he offered to buy a test for pregnancy or tell Marios about it to arrange for an abortion. He is crazy, if Marios thought me pregnant, I would lose business. I am really nervous about it, because the delay makes already 12 days. But now my breasts have already begun to ache, and it is a holiday for me.

Yesterday I and Rikos went to hotel, I allowed him to kiss me between my legs and during sex pretended that I came. It is pleasant to me that he does not pretend to be a great person, for me it is cheerful to stay with him. Sometimes I go with him to a restaurant, sometimes I go with him to a hotel, or I go with him to ride on horseback. It was nice, when I for the first time in my life rode on horseback, the horse went at a light trot. Afterwards my muscles were slightly aching.

The next day, on Saturday evening, Marios prohibited all us girls to go anywhere at all. He says we are all cheating him. We go out on our own to make our own business. Now

we are only allowed to go to supermarket once a week, with his assistant Kostas. No shopping, no gyms. We must go everywhere only with Kostas. We were not allowed even to go to a church for 10 minutes. Looks like we are in a prison.

My tutor paused, “I see now what your wife meant when she compared you with her boss Marios. She thinks you’re interfering in her business the way he did, only he did it out of greed. You’re just a fool husband from another era who believes in fidelity, and she doesn’t like it because it lessens the amount of money she makes.”

“What do you mean?”

“Don’t you see? She doesn’t care about keeping any of her agreements if it interferes with her making money. Whether it’s her contract with Marios, which I assume she had, her marriage vows with you or whatever she had with Alexei. Nothing, no promise, no ethic, nothing matters to her when it stands in the way of money. She’s driven solely by greed. She whores for money, she cheats people for money and she tricked you into bringing her to America where she doesn’t need to pay a pimp. She can run her own business out of Flash Dancers. It all fits. Her name should be ‘Avarice’. She’ll do anything for money and think nothing of it.”

“I’m beginning to think the same. She talks a lot of fine sentiments but apparently only believes in money. Funny, my mother was the same.”

“Your mother was a prostitute?”

“Not that I know of, but greedy and driven by appearances. Let’s continue.” I didn’t bother going into the apparent murder of my Down’s syndrome brother,

On Saturday, February 6, we celebrated in restaurant Lena’s birthday. Kostas arrived there under Marios’ order and took us home, he even did not allow us to eat up our ice-cream. We were sitting so well, we ourselves chose menu, had a fish meal. Marios did not allow us to even eat pie in ZYGOS before work and told us that we should eat the pie after work. And after work the pie was thrown to a waste bin. I have never seen something like this to throw away good food.

After work, I have met Nikolas. When we have kissed each other, he, poor fellow could hardly stand it. He needed quick relief and I gave him it.

Some money - 80 pounds - have disappeared from Sveta's pocket. Some of these notes were marked. In her search she came to me and found one marked note. I have received this note from garçons. After it everyone began to look at me with suspicion. I began crying in hysterics. I wept all the nightlong at work and could only make 5 drinks and 1 striptease.

After, I went with Chris and he even did not make any special effort to soothe me. He spoke only about himself, and my problems were of no interest to him. I made a special torture for Chris. It was a night with wine and with hints of treachery. I pretended that only drinking is of interest to me and I don't want to hear about sex - I was simply tormenting him. And it serves him right - in the beginning he gave me presents and money, but now he only makes faces. But I pretend that all goes well.

Today I have measured myself. Hips - 38.5 inches, thighs - 22.5, waist - 26! I understood - the same already happened to me after past birthday, when I ate many sweets and chocolate. Stop, enough, I will not eat sweets!

I am very much annoyed by Lukas. He has been ringing me up 3 times a day for already 7-th day, he wants more. I went with him to a restaurant. On the way he made me to put on glasses, for no one of his friends to see me in his silvery Jeep. He told me, that he will not ring to me after sex. And now he rings me up again, wants to come to cabaret. He says that without me he becomes crazy, and I answer: "You are in this condition for already a few days."

Andreas wants to buy me tomorrow. We will go to restaurant, to disco. I asked him to take me to a swimming pool.

Oh, God, let our Marios become more kind, let finish with this stupid system that hurts my business, let everything became good! My God, help me!!!

February 11, 1999

Today size of my hips became 39 inches. Andreas has bought me for a day. Me, Andreas and his friend have gone to eat fish to the best fish restaurant. His friend is a man in the age of approximately 60, he is from Italy. We talked about miscellaneous things, then we went to some places (Bouzouki) but all of them were closed. We went to "Runel" to disco, there was so beautiful. I danced with all my heart, drank Baileys. Then we went to Bouzouki once more. Here there was a sea of flowers, whole mountains of flowers. I had to dance under Greek music (during dance all were throwing flowers to me). Andreas said that it seemed to him that he had fallen in love with me. But he felt not so well, because he had very much tired (arrhythmia). Then we went to the hotel, where he for some times asked, whether he should leave but I asked him to stay. He tried to out card in the door many times but was unsuccessful. We slept together. He tried to accost to me, but I stopped him, having lied that I had menstruation. He is a good fellow, he controlled himself very well and paid 50 pounds. We woke up about 10 o'clock in the morning and he had to go to the office.

My tutor said, “What a piece of work is your wife! She’s always cheating people—even her customers. She sells herself, then tries to weasel her way out of performing. This slut is immoral even from a prostitute’s point of view.”

“That’s assuming what she wrote is literally accurate. She may simply use a code for sex when she writes of a guy trying to accost her, that they only slept together or she gave him a massage. Think about it. Would a guy spend a couple of hundred dollars for a hotel room, pay a girl he bought at a strip club an additional 50 to 100 pounds for nothing? I don’t think soooo. Beside, anyone who keeps a diary will paint herself in the best light possible. Angel probably mixes her self delusions and paranoiac drive for secrecy to yield an euphemistic but coded narrative of her real experiences.”

“Right, always leave room for a denial, no matter how ridiculous.”

All that day I stayed in the hotel along. I ate a Kit Kat and also 100 grams of nuts and washed all it down with juice (naturally, it is so easy to put on weight with such foods). Then I went to the hotel swimming pool to swim. In the swimming pool it was very good. The swimming pool was small. I very quickly reached an opposite wall of the swimming pool and turned back. Then I took a walk, made some photos. Then I went to a restaurant, ate some tomato soup, huge plate of salad, squids. In the restaurant they thanked me for everything. They thanked me for order, for my having meal there. They thought I was a star. Then I rose to leave and they have brought to me a present from some unknown admirer of bananas, kiwi, a pear, a tangerine. I had a walk once more, then I again went to swimming pool and went back to the room but I could not open the door. I took taxi and went to the office of Andreas. He was nervous and very tired. I sat and demonstrated how models sit in different poses. Then he took me home, having presented me another 50 pounds. I have arrived home at approximately 7 pm.

Chris began to make scandals. Our relations came to an end. I talked with him for a long time and even burst into tears (feigningly). I understood - all he wants from me is only sex. My problems do not bother him, neither my work nor my state of health. He pays attention to nobody except for himself. Having learned that Andreas has bought me for a day, he got upset. He has no right to interfere in my business. He said that Andreas is crazy, that he gifted hundreds of flowers to a girl who worked here before me. He would better look at himself. Recently he did not gift me any flowers, gave me 10 pounds to buy tights, and that is all. He began to lose in cards, became greedy and began to speak that all this is too expensive for him. I said that if he has any good feeling to me, he would forgive me for spending time with Andreas (he confirmed presence of such feelings having unexpectedly

sneezed). I think, that all this may be for the better, because I become free for other customers, whom I can make more money from. Maybe all this is for the better....

For example, this "little bit crazy" customer Paco has presented me toilet water, besides, he bought to me a toy, then he gifted gold - and he took this gold from himself. And yesterday he gifted me a journal and an organizer (in which there were his personal records). I will give it back today. One customer who wanted to sleep with me, promised to present me a silver bracelet, which I trickily asked for after I complained Chris never made to me any gift.

Now the club has a new system. The girls dance in pairs, one of girls dances topless, the other all nude. Sometimes we make a show rubbing and kissing each other. At this time all the others rest. This system is more pleasant to me.

My God, bless me, give us love, wisdom, forces and patience!!!

March 07, 1999

Here has come 3 years and 6 months since the day when I got acquainted with my darling, Alexei. He called me up in ZYGOS and told that he loves me very much, that he counts days left before my homing. And I do not know, but maybe I will elongate my contract beyond the 3 months.

It is good without Chris. I got acquainted with Stephanos, 3 times went with him to hotel, we only slept together. When we went to hotel for the first time, lighting did not work in the room. For the second and the third times he took with him radio. He is so sensitive, interesting, gentle. But he does not pay much money and does not gift anything. Today I took from him 10 pounds but did not tell him it for massage. He felt offended, I don't know why. I wait him now at the club.

In the studio of Andreas (an artist) I sat in the nude to students for two hours in 20 minutes periods with five-minute breaks. I received 2 pounds from each student - in total it made approximately 16 pounds. I want Andreas to draw my portrait. Here in his studio we twice made love with Rikos - it was terrible, like a dog. For him it is not enough once a week, he wants more than 2 times a week. And I don't agree!!! I have other customers. And he asks, whether he is better, than my boy-friends in Russia. He may not even dream to be compared with them. I solicit from him a video camera for my mum. I put aside 100 pounds for a tape recorder for Alexei. (I will not say about it to mum or she will scold me.) Rikos presented a chain - a silver one, with a little heart made of pearls. By the way, my hips are 39.4 inches. Now I begin to drink purgative tea. Appetite has decreased. I hope, that I will bring down my weight.

I helped Pannikos to make masturbation, he was crying so interesting... I have solicited from him a cream against cellulite. Maybe he will present me a golden chain with my name Alina. This maniac Doctor George raped Oxana, she was drunk. I, Rikos and Oxana went to ride and there saw how horses make love. The ride was so good.

"A little bit crazy Rikos" was engaged in extraordinary incident. I periodically talked to him in the club when other customers want me. So greedy Marios has thrown him out of the club and shouted at me not attending to the club's clients. And Rikos returned with police - he thought, that Marios struck me. Marios doesn't like police in his club... All was settled because I told police that I am all right and no one hit me. It was funny. Rikos said that he will bring me 100 pounds, but gave me only 20.

I will do my best to be in the first place in our business at the club.

Petros has nearly torn my clothes, but promises to buy me expensive clothes. He is just crazy sadist. He promised to gift me a silver chain.

On March 12 we celebrated Vika's birthday. She made a sweet table. Bambos presented to her a gold bracelet and perfumery. We spent that evening well.

In the night of March 13 customers made Natasha and Sveta to dance for 40 minutes without break in private room. Natasha lost consciousness from so much activity. Monika could not stand and refused to work. Oxana as well could not stand and decided together with Monika to refuse from work. Melios came and talked to them, Monika came back, but Oxana did not return.

Yesterday we rode on horseback for 1.5 hours. On the way back I have lost my watch. Many customers did not like my watch, but I hope, that Akhmed will find it.

My darling, Alexei, called me up. He thought, that I will come back next week, but I decided to stay for a while. He was upset very much, but it is a little bit early for me to come back. I need to make more money.

Today came doctor George. He was so glad. In private we just embraced and kissed each other. He was so happy to be with me. Then we went to Bouzouki with Andreas and Masha - that day was Masha's birthday. Andreas presented to Masha a lot of flowers, a pie and a song. It was magnificent. Then I drank wine. I and George went to hotel. I have so relaxed. He kissed me and embraced me and he came in the morning, and then gifted me a watch, an alarm clock, ear-rings with a chain and ORGASM perfumery. It was so pleasant to me. And still he gifted me 100 pounds!!

My God, let everything go properly. God bless me, Our Lady save me and mum and give us love, guardian angel keep us! Nicolas the Thaumaturge help us!!!

I interrupted my tutor, "You know what I don't understand is that Angel has a germ-phobia. She refuses to hold on to the poles in subway cars for fear of contracting someone else's germs but shows no reluctance for pulling the dicks of her clients or allowing them to stick it in her without a condom. It doesn't make sense.

"Sure it does, she's sick—period! Where were we?"

March 21, 1999

Yesterday it was 3 months from the day when I arrived to Cyprus.

Here something happens every day. Once some sucker, a child of approximately 18 years old, sat next to me and Monika. They opened a bottle of champagne. It was good. 1 table dance and 4 drinks. Then we went with them, they have brought us to a cheap hotel. Here Monika began to demand from them 100 pounds for sex - what if there will be a child? My boy tried several times to lay me in bed, threatened me with his arm. I asked him: "What happened to your hand?" So I did not allow any sex to them. We went back to the club by ourselves, for a long time we could not find the way home - we did not know what bus goes to our district.

Once I went with Oxana, a fat man and his small friend. His small friend (to my mind, he had some mental deviations) for a long time (about 30 minutes) could not recollect the road and our car went in circles. Then we have arrived to a hotel. I helped fat man to masturbate, made him a massage. He paid me 30 pounds. The little fool broke Oxana's cosmetics - he wanted to take back the money he paid her for orgasm because he said she not worth it. She climbed over balcony and came to my room. We left from that hotel by taxi.

I asked former customer of Lena who was also named Christopher to take us to Pathos. It's nice to go there, the whole trip takes about 1 hour. There we took photos. He bought me electronic watch, we were choosing for a very long time. And then Eric as well gifted me watch - precisely same model, but of other color. I quickly hide watch Christopher bought me.

"I assume Pathos is a resort on Cyprus?" My tutor asked.

"Right, it's located on the western part of the island. The ancient Greeks believed Aphrodite was born there and turned it into a pagan pilgrimage site long before Christ."

"Your wife probably believes she's a direct descendant of the goddess of love."

"I'm sure she does, all will love her and despair."

Yesterday I talked with Sergey (after masturbating Pannikos) and burst into tears. I told him that I am so tired of it all. Sergey believed me and to soothe me he gifted me a dress, it costs approximately 37 pounds. After it came Pannikos and took me with him. Prior to it I was sitting with Philip. He managed to urge Pannikos to buy a large bottle of champagne - 8 drinks. I thank you, My God.

On March 19 I have received 40 pounds from dances + 10 pounds salary. For the first time in my life - 5 privates 6 pounds each + 10 drinks. Monika began to interrupt my business. She sits with Rikos and does what I usually do. When it is necessary for me to speak with Rikos she says that he is her customer, and that I should hurry my talk with him. Oxana went home.

Today Pamela from TRAMPS at 6 o'clock in the morning left with a customer, and returned at 10 o'clock in the morning without telling Marios. Marios and Melios learned about it and they came to us. Yesterday Marios shouted at me because I went with Pannikos. Marios said Pannikos does not come to club, I have sex with him, I receive something for it but the club does not receive anything. I shouted in answer you son of a bitch, I do not have sex with him and that Marios should not trust to all he hears. Then Marios seemed to trust me.

My God bless me! Our Lady save and give us love, guardian angel keep us! Nicolas the Thaumaturge, help me in my business and in lowering of my weight!

April 03, 1999

It is already the 3rd of April. 3 years and 7 months passed since the day when I got acquainted with my darling. God give us all the best (me, Your slave Angelina and Your slave Alexei).

Larisa from the club helped me very much. She took to Krasnodar my things (coat, jeans) and handed over some of my earnings so far to my mum and 200 dollars to Alexei. After it my darling Alexei has called me up and told that my mum was very happy. He told me that I must prepare for a serious conversation about post-graduate courses (that I must continue studying). Besides my darling told me that he cannot take this money and that it will wait till I myself come and take it. It means, that he wants not my money but me myself.

My tutor commented, “Alexei sounds like a decent Russian man whom I’d like to meet.”

“He does seem like a guy honestly concerned about Angel, and she told me no man wanted her to be honest until she met me. Ha!”

“And you, of course, fell for it.”

Last week here came tourists from Kuwait. Marios sold to them me, Regina, Julia and Nadya (40 pounds to each of us). My admirer, Ibragim, and me drank much wine and I was stupid enough to give in to him. Prior to it I asked him to give me 100 dollars – not for sex, I just needed it. He answered that he had left all his money downstairs with security desk. Most awful that he also introduced his member into my anus. It was very painful and terrible. After it I did not feel my fanny for three days - it was very painful. He told me that he will come once more to ZYGOS to pay me or I could myself come later to him and take this money. He left the next day without paying me. Let God be his judge...

“So that’s why Angel would never take it up the ass,” I interrupted.

“You’re a pervert Roy,” my tutor replied.

“And you girls love it.”

In two days I got acquainted with a very remarkable person. I went with him to hotel and made massage. (I told that without sex it would cost 40 pounds, with sex - 100 pounds). I have excited him and he finished before entering me. I received 100 pounds anyway and money for a taxi. Let God give this remarkable person good health and all the best!

Me and Vika have pierced ears, made one piercing each. Thanks to Eric we paid no money. I went to a doctor, because my delay with menstruation has made already 17 days. The doctor told me that I am not pregnant. In 2 days there began menstruation.

In the club, I am glad when a customer comes during a private dance. Some men come this way for the first time.

Andreas has brought to ZYGOS his son. Now I meet both with Andreas and with his son. Andreas is a remarkable man, he is very careful and attentive, treats me with fruits. He gifted me a golden bracelet (the first one in my life).

Sometimes I have problems with girls. They cry that I always run to each customer in front of them, not giving him a time to enter, though I saw, that Amanda and Sveta were making their way to the customers entering. Monika makes with her customers 75 pounds a day, and I 50 pounds. When my customer Eric refused to buy a dance from Monika, she told to her customer not to buy a dance from me.

“Wait a minute,” I said. “Let me figure this out. 50 pounds a day, six-day week for six months comes to 6,200 pounds at \$1.60 is \$9,920! And she always complained about being broke after Cyprus.”

“What do you expect? Can we continue?”

Situations differ. Yesterday one merry man undressed my left leg, sprinkled it with orange juice, put on my shoe and led me to dance on the stage. We danced, he jumped with me, but he did not buy a dance. God’s will is in everything!!!

My God bless me! Our Lady save and give us love, guardian angel keep us! Nicolas the Thaumaturge, help me in rising my business and in losing my weight!!! Amen!!!

My tutor stopped translating; it was early evening. “My head is swimming. I have got to stop for the day. I can take just so much of this retard. Your wife is nuts you know, not just a prostitute, but certifiably committable.”

“I’m disgusted.” I replied. “This is even worse than Mexico, unless she was just more honest about what she wrote when in Cyprus. What a liar, telling me she danced only in her panties, the men never touched her and she didn’t have sex in Cyprus. Men bought her for hours at a time and it sounds like she enjoyed it. All that hypocrisy—pretending she was a good girl. She’s nothing but a two timing, duplicitous slut!”

“Looks like you were just one in a long line of suckers. Why didn’t you listen to my friend and me—you dope?”

“I don’t know. I keep asking myself why I pursued this girl. What was it that made me keep after her despite all the warning signs?”

“You weren’t pursuing her, stupid—she was pursuing you. She’s the wolf—you’re the goat.”

“Okay, okay. When can we meet again to finish this?”

“Let’s see. How’s the day after tomorrow at the same time?”

“That’s fine.”

The following day I received a call from Angel at eight in the morning, four in the afternoon her time, which was strange since she knows I am usually asleep at that hour. Strange, unless she planned to go out for the evening with one of her beaus and wanted to head-off my calling her late at night to find her not at home by calling me instead. She could have saved herself the effort; I was so fed up with her after the latest part of her dairy that I didn’t much care. But as the fates would have it, later that day a model agency called for Angle requesting an interview. I thought it important for her to telephone the agency directly, so I called her at around midnight her time. Her mother answered and said Angel was a sleep. I explained it was important, but her mother refused to wake Angel up. I then called Angel on her mobile and got no answer. Hours later at seven in the morning her time I reached Angel who sounded extremely sleepy. She said she was jet lagged—party lagged was probably more correct. I was cool and didn’t reveal what I now knew about her and told her about the model agency.

Two days later, my tutor and I picked up where we left off.

KALO PASHA!
(Happy Easter)

April 16, 1999

CHRIST HAS ARISEN!
REALLY HE IS ARISEN!

My tutor laughed, “When she says ‘arisen,” I can imagine what she’s thinking.”

“Enough commentary.”

“You’re such a stiff. No pun intended,” she laughed some more.

It was so wonderful! We girls went to Russian church, and for the first time I participated with a candle in my hand in religious procession, we followed the parson. All was so wonderful.

The only thing that we could not manage was to consecrate Easter communion - Kostas arrived and took us from church back to the club.

Later we went to TRAMPS, had a meal, talked and danced. I pitied that I did not go with Stephanos - he could take me in the night from church and we might go somewhere to make love. All girls have bitten off 12 times from 12 Easter cakes to make this year happy for us.

I learned from Sergey that he loves a girl, Liuda, who works as I do in a club, but his parents don’t want him dating such a girl. They think she is a whore.

Before Easter Marios sold me to other customer (Anton). Stephanos wanted to take me that night, but the club did not tell him, that I was already taken by another customer. He thought that I decided to get rid of him, became angry and did not want even to speak with me or even see me. I burst into tears, but later, thanks to God, he apologized, saying that he was drunk. To tell the truth I want him.

I am awfully tired of masturbating these fuckers in the private dances.

On Tuesday I had 5 striptease dances.

One boy had to marry on Saturday, he came to us with his friends. We danced for all of them a table dance. Marios gave Julia a wedding dress and she danced for this boy a striptease on the stage. When this boy wanted to leave his friends did not let him.

One customer seized me by hand. With this customer there was sitting a girl in a kerchief. It turned out that she knows how to tell fortunes by looking at hands. At first the customer introduced himself as Mustafa, then as Akhmed. He wanted to buy me for three days. Then he talked to Marios and bought me for three days.

We were all together - Tatyana, her husband, Akhmed and I. In the first night in hotel Meridian he bothered me with sex. He followed me constantly speaking ‘please, please.’ I did not give it to him. Touching exasperates me, I am tired of it. After it he began to respect me, he said that I am not the same girl as all others. These three days I stayed with him in the hotel and we went to different cabarets, twice swam in swimming pools (in an outdoor and in an indoor).

And what is the most important, he invited me to go to Egypt. He offered to open for me all ways, it is possible to find job and entertainment everywhere, he asked me to marry him. He would divorce his a wife with whom he has 2 daughters and a son, for whom I helped to choose clothes. He offered me everything I might wish - house, career. He could even purchase for me humiliation of my boss and make Marios clean my footwear. I decided

that next week I will go to Egypt with him. Next week he will come for me, I might leave even the day after tomorrow, if visa comes through.

Tatyana is a remarkable person, she is from Rostov. She is only 22, former ballerina, clairvoyant, slim. And I am so fat--restaurants, croissants for lunch. I will bring down my weight.

Now I am waiting for doctor George to buy me for the night.

My God bless my leaving Cyprus for Egypt! I thank You and I ask for wisdom, forces, love and safeguarding!!!

April 25, 1999

It was a crazy week. Marios is going to leave us, he wants to manage his other club TRAMPS and let Jimis run ZYGOS.

We had no business for three days. I had only 1 drink.

I went with Stephanos, got drunk with tonic (40 percents of alcohol). I drank so hard for the first time in my life. It is abnormal. Then I barfed. Poor Stephanos ran after me offering a seat so it was more convenient to me. And it was too bad to me. Stephanos cared for me very much, but then he himself felt bad - his temperature rose.

Marios shouted because there was no business. He discharged Vika and Natasha. We wept, all hoped, that Marios will on Sunday leave for TRAMPS.

On Friday I for the first time had 8 privates and 12 drinks. I was wasted. Before that this one ass hole with a big shlong bought me and wanted me to make him oral sex, I persuaded him to give me 10 pounds in return. I nearly gagged.

Another customer had a house with a lift. He took me just before my day off, it happened very unexpectedly, 20 - 30 minutes prior to closing cabaret.

Yesterday I had 1 private and 10 drinks. Marios shouted at me for not switching up lights during my dances so the customer could see me better, though I did.

Me and Serge went to make love.

At 11:30 in the morning, I met with Pannikos. Prior to it Pannikos presented me a ring of white gold. I dreamed of it so much. He and I went to Aqua-park. There we went boating, swam. Then I for two hours was riding his Harley Davidson motorbike. We greeted everybody, having gone round for several times. We bathed in the sea (my eyes watered after salt water). I myself rode water motorcycle - maximum speed on water is 60 km/hour.

A security guard at the club sold to Eric information that I had sex with Serge. I started my tears for Eric who kept asking me why I did it. I told Marios about that security guard, he became very angry. I took from Eric all my money that he kept in his bank account. I was very much upset. Eric promised to gift me on Tuesday a video camera for my mum and now I will not get it. But Akhmed will come tomorrow.

Leandros paid me with shoes and the rest in dollars. Apartment in the center costs 12 000 dollars (one-room) or 15 000 dollars (two-room).

Yesterday I again rode "Albano" - this is my first horse. I rode very fast, all alone.

My God bless mum and me! Our Lady give us love! Guardian angel keep us!
Nicolas the Thaumaturge and all saints, help us!!!

May 06, 1999

I have been thinking hard for all 3 weeks. I did not know whether it is good or not to go to Egypt. All discouraged me from this trip. I decided to go and packed my things. Akhmed came and took me. He promised me visa, but said that there emerged some problems.

Before it I went to a doctor and asked him to give me a medical report that I am sick so I could get day off. I told the doctor that I have pains in my abdomen. The doctor gave me some tablets. Then he wanted to make analyses for me, but he did not give me a medical report. My pulse was 80, 110/70- i.e. normal. Horror. Marios got angry because a customer could not buy me because I was getting tests done in the hospital.

“Interesting,” I said. “She apparently has this bag of schemes she uses over and over to fool people into getting what she wants.”

“What are you talking about?” My tutor asked.

“Her fake illness to get off from work. She used the same line about serious abdominal pains before she left for Krasnodar and Cyprus to make me feel sorry for her so that I wouldn’t try to keep her from reentering the country.”

“She’s a grifter. That’s how she gets by.”

“Some times I think you are on her side.”

“Hey, you’re the one who got yourself into this mess—not I. After all your time in Russia you should have learned that the girls stuck in that place are not the little miss innocents they pretend to be. American men idealize these Russian babes as passive and dutiful—they aren’t, they’re just better liars.”

“Hard to blame American guys given the storm-trooper-booted girls they find here.”

“Then let them deal with Russian girls who know exactly what they want from foreign men, which is to take guys for everything they’ve got, especially a ticket out of Russia. These pretty young girls make a living by hooking up with a foreigner, wrapping him around her finger, getting him to buy her expensive presents and dinners, and after he leaves, she repeats the same thing with another guy until she finds one dumb enough to take

her home with him. They have few notions about love. Remember when you were still in Russia, I told you to have fun and not get seriously involved.”

“I remember, I remember. Let’s continue with Dark Angel’s exploits.”

“Ouuuu, I like that name. How fitting.”

This night George took me. Prior to it I made a silly mistake - I asked Andreas to go to hotel “Meromania” and to take there from Akhmed a copy of visa for me. Akhmed got jealous over Andreas and lied that he couldn’t get visa. It was the turning point in my going to Egypt. Akhmed no longer wanted me.

I went with George to “Meridian” hotel. He gifted me a bracelet and ring made of three kinds of gold - white, yellow and red. He gifted as well an alarm clock and a silver frame for a photograph... All was good.

Marios shouted at me about trying to leave to Egypt with Akhmed and my going to the hospital to fake an illness. He told that I must all the next day stay at home and wait for him to decide what to do with me. All day I had been waiting for him, but he did not arrive. On that day I should have a day purchased by doctor George. In the evening Marios called me to office and told that on Sunday I would go back to Krasnodar.

I could not work. I was shocked. All the money I hoped to make gone. Stephanos came and bought me, and Marios told Stephanos that he has me until 7 o'clock in the morning when Kostas would take me back to the club.

Marios threatening to send me back to Krasnodar turned out to be a psychological trick (a lesson for me). I went to office and talked with Melios and Marios. I told them that I understood my mistake. They forgave me.

On May 2, 1999 Marios had his birthday. I signed a congratulatory card to Marios and apologized once again. We ate a pie bought by Kostas. We enjoyed a good time. Marios embraced me in the office and apologized for so much shouting at me. I took him by the hand, but this time he immediately made me leave the office. As boss he is very much pleasant to me. If he is in a good mood, I as well feel myself normally. But sex happens in different ways.

Now business does not go. Yesterday one son of a bitch ordered a dance, but did not pay, because I have not allowed him to kiss between my legs.

Akhmed does not call me up. My God, give me forces that Your slaves Andreas and George still want me!

Good luck! My God bless me! Our Lady save me! My guardian angel keep me! Nicolas the Thaumaturge, help me in my business, in lowering of my weight and in all my deeds!!! Amen!!!

May 16, 1999

There happened so many events in so little time. First, I seriously intend to decrease my weight, because I became as thick as a cow (chest - 37 inches, waist - 27, hips - 40, one thigh – 23, calf - 20.) Am I a strong person or am I not? Now I control what I eat and how

much I eat. I have a very strong will. I will stand it!!! For this week's term I must decrease volume of my hips to 39 inches. I can, I will stand it. I am strong. I control everything.

For this period of time there happened many things. Andreas arrived to ZYGOS, but I could not speak to him. I was busy with another customer.

One fine day Marios organized to drive us girls home after work. He waited, while we were changing our clothes. That day I was very tired, because I had 8 table dances. Marios began to preach that it was immoral for us to cheat him out of money by making our own business with the customers. He managed to irritate me.

The next day he again conducted a meeting. But his income did not improve so he decided to keep close watch on us and the customers. For one week we did not go anywhere with a customer unless Marios recorded the time spent with each customer. He watched the time we left the club and the time we returned.

Monika and Vera were discharged because they still made private business with customers. All of us wept very much in fear...

One fucker has not paid me for dances (I danced two dances). Another lied something about money. I have danced, and he did not pay, and Antonio, the security guard, stood silent and looked at all it, not even trying to help me. Amanda as well danced to the same customer 2 dances, and he as well did not pay. Soon Amanda was also discharged for cheating Marios.

Two other girls came to our cabaret from another cabaret, because their cabaret became bankrupt.

Sonya celebrated her birthday. It is good, that the girls helped her to cook everything, all passed easily.

At club Rikos began to joke, that when I give private dance to his good friend Eric, I allow his friend to put his fingers in me. I spoke with Rikos without tears, very boldly and refuted all he said. Rikos does not know, that we meet with Eric privately.

Once I and Stephanos made love near the sea under noise of wind and sea waves, and then I lay in the sun without clothes. It was so wonderful.

On Friday there was a party. Two persons from one telephone company, but from different countries were going to marry. On that day arrived people from Africa, America, Australia - in total about 20 persons. We danced there. We all put on T-shirts, I strutted and enjoyed a nice time.

Angelos (former customer of Regina) promised to present to Sonya and to me golden rings. Regina promised him very much, but made love with him only once, but received from him many gifts.

The girls are having a good time at the club. They have purchased themselves drinks, Marios was shocked.

Once we forgot Regina at home and left for work without her, after it she was stinking very long. And there was one more case, when she has fallen asleep in the girls room, sitting on the toilet—it was funny.

Now Marios has left for Krasnodar to see my model agent Anastasia Vasilyeva to arrange for more of her girls to work in ZYGOS and TRAMPS, I sent with him my package of money to hand over to my darling Alexei who will pick him up at the airport. Mum will be so happy when she receives the package.

On Sunday Monika and Vika came to us, I spent with them only 1 hour. Now I live with Olya and Sonya. We have more or less good relations.

It is interesting, when my menstruation will begin. Due to my nervous strain my menstruation has already delayed by 17 - 18 days.

And yesterday I made sexy photos in the club "Four Seasons".

My God, bless me to work. Give me forces and patience in all cases, and help me to grow thin. Amen!!

P.S. I rode with Andreas on his Harley Davidson motorbike with the speed of 150 km/hour. I was dressed in his jeans and jacket. And what a miracle is that bike. He is a good boy. My God bless me!!!

May 22, 1999

Time goes fast. Term of my contract ends in one month. I have to grow thin. And I will grow thin! Amen.

I worry very much because of delay with my menstruation. In one week there will be a month of delay. I drink tablets for regulation of menstruation cycle. My God, help me, make so that my menstruation begin!!! According to information received with magic pendulum and cards I am not pregnant (there are even no signs present). Oh, My God....

Yesterday I did not go with girls to walk in the center because one fucker bought me. How he manages to work in a bank, I wonder. I burst into tears when I could not go with the girls. On the other hand, the girls have overeaten. Regina celebrated the traditional day that everybody with her name celebrates in Russia. She brought pies. Well, I also have eaten these pies.

Today I and Pannikos went to a beach and on the way back his car could not start. Well, we pushed it a little and then I went home with him.

Yesterday I had 4 privates, 1 table dance and 12 drinks. And on Wednesday I had 7 privates and 2 drinks. On Thursday it was bad - only 1 private and 2 drinks. (Horror!)

Yesterday I and Stephanos were going to go to Larnaka but Stephanos did not come. So I went with Davie. He wants to gift me an icon (gilded with 24 carats gold) where image of Jesus Christ was drawn by Davie himself. Here I recollected a prediction by a fortuneteller - I was told that I will receive a thing - a gift, which would cause to me many problems in Cyprus and in Krasnodar. This gift is a thing. And yesterday I began to recollect this prediction. I think I will accept it and then sell it in a shop—he will never know. On our way back from Larnaka we rushed with the speed of 130 km/hour on motorbike. I shouted. It was terrible, going so fast was very risky. I did not feel my face.

Eric again promised, but did not arrive at the club.

My God, help me!!!

May 29, 1999

Time flies. When I was with one young customer I have nearly fallen out of room for privates when his member shot fast and furious. It was amusing, some of it hit my thigh.

Eric gifted me - at last! - a video camera, dream of my mum. She so dreamed of video camera. She will be so happy. On the same day I and Masha have gone to the church "St. Raphael", then we swam, ate, had a massage. Eric began to chase after Masha and even does not try to hide it. He bought to her a bathing suit for 39 pounds, bought to her and to

me slippers. He makes to her business twice more than to my, and gifts flowers to her but not me.

Stelios gave me 30 pounds, he put it inconspicuously in my bag. And yesterday I bought to me a dress for 23 pounds and pajamas for 44 pounds. At last, God be praised, there began my menstruation (I waited them for about one month).

I and Stephanos went to Georgio Beach, I wanted to swim so much, but I could not, as he wanted to make love to me. I was tired and as I was in my dress I went directly in the sea, in waves. I half-cried half-wept, and then burst into tears. Stephanos calmed me and gifted to me a towel and yellow flowers. He apologized, if he had offended me. All ended normally the way I wanted it.

By the way, one rich Arab with his friend took me and Masha, then we danced in disco, but in the hotel he saw that I have menstruation. He was offended, called up Marios and complained, rich scoundrel.

Bambos gave me a medicine - if I will take it, then I may lower my weight by 22 lbs. in one month's term. Now I weigh 170 lbs. My God bless me!!!

When Eric gifted to Masha a stuffed monkey, Masha had a conversation with a woman selling flowers. Masha wanted to tell this woman "The monkey looks at you" but the woman heard something like "The monkey looks like you" and refused to sell us flowers. We laughed.

Three days ago Nadya got dead drunk. All girls tried to bring her round. They took her to bathroom, made coffee for her. They worried and feared, that Marios would see her. Regina is a fine girl, she slapped Nadya across her face. Nadya came alert and soon she was again sitting with customers and drinking whiskey.

Bambos gave me a medicine for improving metabolism. My God, help me to achieve hips of 39 inches. Oh, God, let it be so!!!

June 06, 1999

On June 2 there were 3 years and 9 months since the day when I got acquainted with my darling Alexei. He has sent me such a letter.

I asked one Arab customer (he told me that he is rich) for 65 pounds for tape recorder after we went to hotel. He gave me 70 pounds and 5 pounds for a taxi. Let God give him all good!

As for Stelios, I did not give it to him, so he took back the 65 pounds he paid for me by credit card. Greedy son of a bitch! He feels offended and does not want to come to cabaret.

Nadya and Masha got dead drunk. They were wallowing on the floor in toilet. Marios has beaten them black and blue and then forgave them. They were in such condition. Regina was discharged for private business with customers and received 3 days of vacation. She wished me all best and warned me to be artful in my business.

Alexia came to cabaret at 10 in the evening. She wore glasses and a hood. Antonio called her to office and she left. She had such a look as if she was asking "What has actually happened to me?" She lost her salary for 2 days. She had gone with a group of Greek seamen without making them pay Marios for her.

I went with Eric to ride on horseback. I swam in the sea, water was very warm, a girl from Krasnodar made massage to me.

On Thursday came Stephanos, he had been sitting with me for half a night and ordered 2 table dances. It was so cheerful and wonderful! Then after making love in the hotel, I spent a whole hour waking him up, for him not to be late to work.

I have been keeping diet for already four days. Those medicines which Bambos gave me made me bend in convulsion, but then, thanks to God, all passed. I lost only 15 lbs of my weight.

Olga celebrated her birthday, I did not overeat for the first time. Olga wants to leave on Sunday, she is tired of Cyprus. And I still have 3 weeks.

Recently here came so many new girls - about 15 persons. They drank with us, for them it all is a novelty. But each takes a little bit of business - and the whole business goes downwards for me and other girls. May God help me (in my growing thin and in my business).

Lena has left. She is a good girl, she is approximately 34 years old. Another girl came at once to her place. Now in our flat live four girls.

I went to a dentist. All is well, except for my gingivitis. I rinse gums with preparation. I should be more careful with customers.

Stephanos says that he will miss me very much. He wants me to write to him letters. Pierre fell in love with me. Today we sat, talked and he presented me a post card and 20 pounds.

Sasha left two days ago - her husband took to himself her son. He wants to sue Sasha for divorce because he learned she works in Cyprus as a prostitute. She has two times more luggage than me. I went to shopping center and bought a skirt and a blouse.

I thought where to hide my money when I go back to Krasnodar. There are three variants - in luggage, in heels or inside me. To hide in heels, it is necessary to purchase proper shoes.

Doctor George shall arrive at the club today.

My God bless me! Our Lady, give us love! Guardian angel, keep us! Nicolas the Thaumaturge, help me in everything!!! Amen!!!

June 15, 1999

There are only two weeks left - and then I go home. Yesterday, on Monday, I had 4 privates and 5 drinks.

I went to dentist - 2 of my teeth ache. I cried so much - the pain was very strong, my gums were aching. Prior to it Eric paid to cure 3 teeth - it was very expensive. Curing of 1 tooth costs 30 pounds, curing of 3 teeth cost him 150 pounds. He presented to me a dress and as well presented a dress to Julia. He makes more gifts to Julia than to me, she belongs to the next generation of girls at the club, and he pays to her more attention than to me.

I and Christopher (he gifted to me a watch) went to Pathos and for the first time here we made love. It took him 1 minute to come inside me. Then we went to Andreas' restaurant to eat fish. I called up to doctor George but he does not want to talk with me. Why? I am very, very much disappointed for I will lose money. I will insist on conversation with him. Probably, someone has told him something very bad about me. I need to put some herbs in his food.

My tutor asked, "What kind of herbs?"

“Who knows? Probably the same that she put in my food before and after our wedding. I think it’s all part of her bag of black magic tricks.”

“Or drugs?”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Look, she lives in the Caucasus, which is a transshipment point for Asian opiates going to Europe and the U.S. Even I know that. So drugs are cheap and easy to come by in her hometown. She slips some to her Johns so that they keep coming back to her thinking it’s she who makes them feel good when it’s actually the drugs.”

“That’s it!” I shouted. “You’re a gem. I could kiss you!”

“Don’t you dare.”

“I couldn’t make the connection. I thought the so-called herbs she slipped me were part of her black magic, but no, they were drugs. That’s why guys fall for her—so simple and so effective. She’s lousy in bed and she has awful body odor. Not exactly the criteria for a geisha girl, which is what she emulates. In fact, one of the reasons I initially thought she wasn’t a prostitute was how bad she was at sex. But she wasn’t selling sex because no one would pay for it from her. She was secretly selling addiction to the narcotics she slipped in the food or drink of the customers she wanted money from. She’s a pusher, but she does it in such a way that the men think it is her that makes them feel ecstatic when it’s actually dope. She made herself the drug of choice for her customers without them knowing it. Ingenious, simply ingenious to transfer the nirvana of drugs to herself, which makes her, not the drug, the object of hunger in the man’s mind. That’s why I always felt bad after she left. It had nothing to do with love or any other psychological reason—she simply used drugs to addict me to her. That’s why I liked just hanging out with her because I was stoned

and didn't realize it. She slipped narcotics into my food and I identified the good feeling with her—amazing!”

“It's also why you brought her to America after learning about her slutting around and why you still haven't gotten her out of your life.”

“But cold turkey from whatever she was slipping me would last at most a week or two. So by the time I was back from Moscow, I was over the drugs.”

“You were physically over them. But drugs also cause long term psychological dependence, and you're not over that part yet.”

“Good grief, what a curse!”

“I'll say,” replied my tutor. “She's one vicious slut. How does she know whether someone is allergic to the dope she feeds them or what their tolerance level is?”

“She doesn't. You just translated about Stephanos who couldn't wake up to go to work after spending a night with her. She probably gave him too much. And Andreas who was having heart problems. You don't give opiates to a guy with a heart condition.”

“She could kill guys doing this.”

“I'll bet she has already, but doesn't give a damn. If she had overdosed me in Krasnodar, she would have started the tears flowing for the police, saying, ‘You know these Americans and their drugs. I tried to stop him but he wouldn't listen.’ Men are less to her than the kitten she once killed. She doesn't want their hearts—only their money.”

“She killed a kitten?”

““Yep, once Angel told me that when she was a teenager, a kitten kept rubbing against her legs, so she stamped her foot on the kitten's hindquarters crushing its back legs. Then she just watched in glee as the kitten crawled away screeching in pain to die. Funny,

my mother didn't like my cat rubbing against her legs either. Always thought mother had finally poisoned my cat."

"Your wife better hope I never see her, I'll ripe her face to shreds!"

I was fully certain my tutor could do just that. "It all makes sense. Most of the guys she writes about were regulars with prostitutes. They're not about to fall in love with one and take them back to their country or give them so many gifts as though they were chasing a regular girl. And they are not about to pay money for intercourse only to get a massage, assuming her diary isn't coded to hide many of her tricks."

"You did."

"But I didn't know she was a prostitute and didn't meet her in a strip club. In the beginning, I thought her a model and dancer, which was probably when she started feeding me drugs. No these guys were too worldly to fall for a pros, but they would have gone after her licking their lips for another fix of Dark Angel's magical brew—dope."

"But why doesn't she write about it in her diary?"

"The possession or use of narcotics in Russia can put you away for a long time. You know that. A friend of one of my translators over there is serving two years for possessing a joint. Would you want to spend two years in a Russian jail?"

"No thank you!"

"Right! And the only time she ever mentions secretly feeding me something was before our wedding and then she referred to it as 'salts and sugars'. When I confronted her, she steadfastly refused to say what the salts and sugars were. Dope is a punishable crime everywhere, prostitution nowhere."

“Dark Angel is too nice a name for her,” my tutor added. I can’t think of a word low enough. What a combination: whore and pusher, but the usual pusher is generally honorable enough to tell his customers what they are getting.”

“I never believed girls like her existed except in the movies. Let’s finish the translation up.”

I have gone to gym. My weight is now 169 lbs. After running and exercises – 164 lbs. There is a lot of water in my body. I must leave with hips of 39 inches. I must! My God, bless me and give us wisdom, forces and patience!!!

June 23, 1999

On Friday, at 6:06pm I called up Stephanos. I told him that I shall go with another customer who bought me to Ayanapa. Stephanos felt offended, has wished me Godspeed and I switched off telephone. I wept so much.

“What’s Ayanapa?” My tutor asked.

“It’s a seaside resort on the south shore of Cyprus where the young, people your age, go for fun and sun.”

“I’ll keep that in mind if I ever travel to Cyprus.”

On Saturday I made a record - 10 privates, including 5 to one remarkable grandpa, and as well 2 table and 12 drinks. In total it made 500 pounds. Stephany took me and we went to Larnaka. I had to leave early because I had to see grandpa from whom I earned 60 pounds for 30 minutes of masturbation. Then grandpa and I ate in restaurant and I sold him for 10 pounds copies of 2 photographs that Leo took in Moscow of me naked.

“Who’s Leo?” My tutor asked.

“He’s the guy who runs the modeling agency in Moscow that Angel worked for.”

“You mean her Moscow pimp.”

On Sunday I worked without much effort - 5 privates, 4 tables and 8 drinks. Three customers wanted to buy me - that son of a bitch Stelios, a fat man and Davie. I preferred to leave with Davie. We went to hotel. I came back by motorbike. It was marvelous!

In Monday morning I went to pose. For 2 days I earned 15 pounds (in total I posed naked for approximately 3 hours).

Later on Monday I and Stephany went to ZYGOS and there I explained to the new girls the best approaches to work (everyone listened to me so attentively). Now Freedom, my contract with Marios and Melios is finished and I hope to go home Sunday. Then me and Stephany we went to beach and swam. After it we went to hotel. (That day the son of a bitch Stelios told my ma that he bought sex from me. He thought mum did not know.)

“So,” I said, “we finally know what we suspected about Dark Angel’s mother.”

“Speak for yourself. I knew all along her mother was an old whore who taught her daughter the ropes. She probably started pimping Angel out when she was a teenager or younger.”

“You really think so? I never even thought about that.”

“An easy way to make money.”

On Tuesday I and Stephany went to amusement park. It was so wonderful to be in weightlessness ride. And I did not fear at all in the horror room, only in the very end we were sprayed with water. We drove small cars. Then I for the first time came to the restaurant “Perfect”. Stephany was telling me his love stories.

Today Kostas promised to take me to Pathos but he did not come. I participated in advertising of exercise training device - they photographed me in clothes and naked, I was paid 50 pounds.

Now there is a problem because there are no tickets to a plane to Krasnodar for Sunday. Maybe I will have to go via Moscow, sit there for a day in the airport, and then fly to Krasnodar. My God, help me to avoid it! Make it so that there appeared one place in the aircraft for me! I beg you!

My God, bless me and help me...

June 27, 1999

Now I am sitting in the plane. Each day I thought about the ticket. I got it all by myself. Marios didn’t help. On Friday one Arab helped me. I went along Anarsthasezia Street. The Arab stopped near me and I went to him. We had a meal, then he begun to accost to me. “You son of a bitch!” - shouted I to him. And he said that I was mistaken and that he was not like all the others. He presented to me a skirt and two T-shirts. I am very grateful to him. He helped me very much and I have saved a lot of money.

Stephany and me again went to amusement park. We twice rode on the upside down attraction. Oh, Stephany, Stepanit. Then I drove a car. On Friday in the evening we went for a walk. In pub I drank cocktail and excited myself. He as well tried the cocktail, became excited, and tried to dispose himself to making love but unsuccessfully. Then we went to Greek disco.

On Saturday I have persuaded Stephany and we went to Ayanapa. We stayed in “Swim Park World” for 1.5 hours. He laughed looking how I was sliding down in water

from a 2-stage slide, how I clumsily tried to walk on rocks. I received so many impressions. Then we went to ZYGOS. We sat at a little table. Instead of DJ there was Marios. It was very stuffy. All girls were dancing together on the stage; it was awful. I said goodbye to everybody. I thought that someone has taken my 500 pounds, but then, after a talk to the girls, I understood that I myself had put aside 500 pounds from the 1800 pounds I would bring back myself to home. It was very shameful to me that Stephany and I had to open Lolita's bag and to look what was in it. My God, forgive me, Your sinful slave. Stephany fell asleep. I wanted to make photos of the disco, but he did not give me his camera, because he was already half sleeping. All this time we each day slept in the hotel.

On Thursday Stephany overslept and was late to his work. In spite of the fact that sometimes he did what I did not like, he is very - very much pleasant to me. I like his odor, course of his thoughts.

On Thursday I went for the last time with Eric to ride Albano. My legs ache for already three days. There was so beautiful there.

I wheedled from Eric 50 pounds and spent them. And today I have also wheedled 25 pounds from him for massage. I am very, very much grateful to him for all he did for me. God give him all the best.

Today in morning we gathered with the girls, we sat, talked and had a drink. Forgive me, girls, for my badly thinking about you. Let God give you good business.

We arrived at airport at approximately 11:50am. We went and bought the ticket. One woman was flying with her daughter. With their help I managed not to pay for extra luggage - I gave them 2 of my bags when they weighed baggage. All happened so quickly. It turned out that our aircraft was taking off at 1:10pm (local time). I had time for only 1 kiss to Stephany. I thank him for everything. Cyprus, Limassol, I thank them with all my heart for everything!!!

My God, bless me! The aircraft began to take off. 1:57pm, June 27, 1999.

June 30, 1999

Thanks to God, I has arrived home in Krasnodar! But I suffered so much with my bags! It was good that I was together with that girl. I had with me 1 package with the tape recorder and video camera, my "Fa" bag, 1 bag of money to Elvira from Marios, and my small bag. And in all I had 2 major bags, 2 green bags "Fa", 1 black bag, 1 package and I had to carry it all alone. Oh, Russians, Russians. They never try to help, they only care about themselves.

I wanted to come back so much. It was raining when I arrived. Thanks to God, customs had no questions to me. They asked whether I carried something valuable. I answered "I have no gold" (though I had golden rings on fingers, money and electronic goods). Mum met me with balloons. It was so difficult living in Krasnodar after Cyprus. Everywhere there is much dirt, and there is no sun in the sky.

My darling Alexei, after Stephany, I could not kiss him. It was difficult to me to stand Alexei's touches. I miss Stephany so much. I miss his laughter, his kisses.

We have celebrated my homing. We made a pie. I was glad to have some melon and to see Alexei's mother.

On Monday I and Alexei went somewhere (I do not remember where exactly).

Yesterday I called up Stephany. I was so glad to hear Stephany's voice. "Its very hot here. Angelina, I have lost 2 lbs!" Stepanit, my dear boy. We talked about my arriving home, about my missing him. Then I went to Alexei and talked to him.

I called up to Moscow. Leo invited me to arrive about July 15 for customers. There will be a festival with participation of Hollywood stars.

My tutor asked, "Is that when you met her at the party in your apartment building?"

"A week later."

"Lucky you."

"All right, let's get the rest of this over with."

July 17, 1999

There happened so many events. I began clearing my intestine in the medical center. I began keeping diet, ate raw fruits and vegetables, and my intestine has inflamed and I had Venus disease. My temperature lifted up to 101.7 F. When my illness ended, my weight was only 161 lbs (in comparison to 172 lbs earlier).

"That means V.D. Roy!" My tutor emphasized.

"Give me a break. I'm getting myself tested tomorrow."

On Thursday I had some purgative tea. On Friday my temperature again rose up to 100 degrees. On Saturday we went with my darling to disco "Joy". We ate ice-cream, drank cocktails. We made love, it was painful to me. In the morning we ate sausages, then we went to choose a gift for me.

On Wednesday I felt gynecological pain. Then we decided to go to the Black Sea. I felt sick, there were shooting pains everywhere in my abdomen. I was sad. We swam in the sea. Water in the sea was warm. I have bought chocolate. We went to discos, it was so wonderful.

The pains did not cease. When we were going to go to bed, I could not fall asleep, pains became intolerable. We went to look for the first aid. At last we have found it. Medical attendant made me an injection (he turned out to be a good fellow). My darling paid to him something, I do not know how much, but he did it on his own will. We continued our trip. I was falling asleep. My darling as well began to fall asleep. We stopped to sleep near the post of the road police for safety. Here I again woke up because of cutting pain. My darling, it was so difficult for him to stand all this. He did not have slept his full, I was crying. He ran to find out, where there was hospital. We came to the hospital and found there two silly woman sitting and saying: 'We cannot make anesthetizing, first you must make analyses and then we shall talk'. And they said it after I had been bending from pain for already 50 minutes! Only when my darling put some money under her journal she reluctantly made to me a pain killing injection. I did not know that he had given them money.

Thus suffering we came home. On the way home my darling banged against a pole when we drove from the hospital. In the morning we called up to First Aid. I was completely examined. There was detected gynecological infection. I was laying under IV, they made to me analysis of urine. I had to go to hospital. I wept so much. They did to me a gastroscopic and gynecological examination. Then there began spasms and began girdling pain. I am very grateful to my mum, she helped me very much. Alexei, my darling boy, as well helped me, I am as well grateful to him for everything - for water he brought me, for everything.

Thanks to God, I was out of the hospital already on Tuesday (diagnosis: inflammation of the gall bladder, inflammation of stomach, duodenum and gynecology disease). Diet: it is prohibited to eat anything fat, fried, I have to eat 6 times a day, each time eating very little + to take medicines including penicillin.

“Well,” my tutor said, “she clearly had some diseases.”

“I’m sure she did, working as a prostitute, but that doesn’t mean she didn’t fabricate a repeat of her symptoms in trying to make me feel sorry for her so that I’d do what she wanted.”

Today I have arrived to Moscow and recalled with Mark my work in Cyprus, my dances. In the end of all these conversations I spent 500 roubles and bought him some food. I have spent 500 roubles, and managed to buy so little! Leo knows everything about my Cyprus work and has work for me here. It is nice in the apartment where Leo placed me (there is a teapot, a radio, a small TV set, black leather sofa.)

My God, bless me, bless me! And give us wisdom, forces and patience! Our Lady save us and give us love! Guardian angel, keep us and save us! Nicolas the Thaumaturge, help us in everything!

At this point, I wearily said, “You can stop there. I had the rest of the diary translated in Moscow.” Then quipped, “Well, maybe she has changed since Cyprus. What do you think?”

“You idiot!” my tutor succinctly and loudly replied. “She’s a whore, a pusher and always will be. That’s how she makes her money. Do you understand?”

“Yes my tender-hearted Russian girl, I was only joking.”

“Good. If I didn’t care about you, who would? I’m just telling you the truth, which I think you see by now. She’s the worst type of Russian girl you could find.”

“And I had to marry her! What a dope.”

“Are you still going to Krasnodar to try to get the rest of her diary?”

“Well it will bring me up-to-date on her activities. Cyprus occurred before I met her and....”

“What’s with you? Why do you keep looking for a way to believe that she is as pretty inside as out?”

“Okay, okay, I’ll admit the marriage is doomed, but I just want to see what she was thinking and doing after she begged for a last chance and promised to change. That’s the issue—what was in her mind for the last four months. This way I will be sure.”

“I don’t think you’ll be sure until she puts a knife in your back or enough drugs to kill you.”

“She does have a violent temper, but I can handle the risk, including the drugs with which I have had some moderate experience.”

“You’re nuts! And I’m sure your druggie days were more than moderate given what I’ve heard about you hippies and antiwar radicals.”

“You had to be there,” I replied.

“What if you don’t get the rest of the dairy?”

“Oh, I will get it. I maybe a moron when it comes to romance, but squeezing information out people I can do.”

“Let me know what happens and good luck.”

“Thanks,” I said as I left for on another painful subway ride home. I swore I would never fall for romance again, I would never do a good deed again and when I wanted sex, I would buy me a prostitute. After all, that’s what I unknowing did with Dark Angel.

Remember Then

At my apartment, the mail brought a card from Krasnodar dated September 11, six-months to the day after my marriage to Dark Angel: “Always with you belief, hope, love unforgettable, your Angel.” How many guys did she use that line on?

I immediately took down the many photographs of Dark Angel that haunted every room. When she first spread her smiling pictures throughout, I thought them for my benefit—what a fool. No, she arranged them for herself as shrines to her artfulness in using people to gain her ends. Well, her using me was over. I also scrapped off of the mirrors, appliances and cabinets the stickers of Walt Disney’s Lady and the Tramp that she plastered everywhere. I knew who was the tramp in our relationship. At my doctor’s, I told him the story about Dark Angel and he tested me for every commonly occurring venereal disease. The tests turned out negative, and I considered myself lucky.

A week before my flight to Russia to surprise Dark Angel when she and her mother returned from Cyprus, she called sobbing, “Roy, I have just got some very bad news.”

“What is it?” I said upset by the sounds of her crying.

“Remember I told you about the time I was hospitalized after Cyprus?” she lucidly said without having to catch her breath.

“Yes, but you didn’t really explain the problem, only something about your stomach.” Always the trickster, she never mentioned to me that her hospitalization involved a venereal disease, and I wasn’t going to give away what I just learned from her diary.

“I just came from a sonogram,” sobbing again and trying to catch her breath this time, “and, and...and they say...they say... I have a growth on my gall bladder...and growths like this...like this are often incurable.” More sobbing. The dread of cancer seized

my mind, but between her sobbing and imperfect English, I wanted to make sure I understood the situation.

“Relax Angel, relax,” I said and she calmed down rather too quickly I thought. “Tell me again what they said.”

“They said that there is a middle size tumor growing on my gall bladder. If it keeps growing, they cannot do anything for me and....” She went back to the sobbing.

“Easy, easy, what else?”

“It may mean that I don’t have much longer,” she began to whimper and whine.

I was hoping she didn’t start sobbing again because then I would never get the facts. “Take it easy Angel. Breathe a little. Who told you this? Was he a specialist?” Doctors everywhere make mistakes and probably more so in Russia with its antiquated equipment and out dated techniques.

“It was the man who ran the machine that took the sonogram.”

“Is he a doctor?”

“No, he is a technician.”

“Did you see a doctor with the sonogram?”

“I showed it to my eye doctor, and he agreed with the technician that it could be the type of growth they cannot stop!” Her sobbing immediately started again, right on cue. At that point, I began to suspect she was trying to use sympathy to manipulate me into not trying to bar her from reentering the U.S. Her feint meant to raise the specter of a dire illness that only American medical care had a chance of curing and that without it, she might die. Nice try, but I didn’t have the power to keep her out of the country anyway, so the whole apparent ruse was meaningless although she didn’t know that.

“Did you tell your mother?”

Silence.

“Did you tell your mother?”

“No, I didn’t want to upset her before our trip.” How convenient, I thought, and any remnants of the sympathy her crying initially caused vanished.

“Let me get this straight.” I said. “Some technician says that you may be about to die because of an apparent growth on your gall bladder. Then you go to your eye doctor with the sonogram for his analysis and he agrees. Why didn’t you go to a specialist?”

“Because I don’t have time before my trip to Cyprus.”

“So do it in Cyprus. That way you won’t ruin your trip worrying about a problem you may not have.”

“The doctors are expensive in Cyprus, and I don’t want to waste the time.”

“Then make an appointment with a Krasnodar doctor when you return.”

“I wouldn’t have the time then.”

“Okay, I will make an appointment with your doctor here for when you return.” I knew she wanted to here that because to her it meant I wouldn’t interfere with her returning to America. Since none of this affected my plan to surprise her and get the rest of her diary, I didn’t care. Actually, her belief that I fell for her latest scam would put her even more off guard for when I confront her at the Krasnodar airport.

“Okay,” she said. “That is a good idea. The medicine in America is better than in Russia. Do you miss me my husband,” she cooed.

She really has nerve. “Naturally, darling. I don’t think you will need to worry about this growth once you see a specialist here in America.” I said playing along with her latest con.

“I hope you are right. Call me in Cyprus.”

“For sure, have a safe trip.”

As I hung up, I recalled a scene from the Star Trek Movie: *The Search for Spock* in which Captain Kirk, while fighting a Klingon on a disintegrating planet, tries to keep the Klingon from falling to his death, “Give me your hand,” Kirk says. But in the face of such compassion, the Klingon sees only an opportunity to take advantage and grabs Kirk’s ankle trying to pull him over the cliff into the flow of hot lava below boiling up from the planet’s interior. Fed up, Kirk kicks the Klingon repeatedly in the face saying, “I have had enough of you!” The Klingon falls to his fiery death.

From the time I brought Angel to America, until she left for Krasnodar and Cyprus, I tried to salvage our marriage, to help her pursue the dreams she talked about and to believe her words despite her actions. I took her wherever she wanted to go—plays, tourist attractions and, of course, Brighton Beach. I searched for a seed of honesty in her, a sign of change and sincerity, but all I found were the honey dripping words of deceit. I kept telling her over and over that her honesty was crucial to our relationship, but she just couldn’t speak the truth about anything. She couldn’t give up her Klingon ways of always trying to take advantage of people who offer a helping hand.

I took a walk up Fifth Avenue looking for some peace and understanding—how did my life degenerate into the stupidity of this marriage. Here I was, a middle-aged man who belonged to two of the four national academic honor societies, one for law and one for

business. I worked in politics, labor, media, government and a Wall Street law firm but had no career. My MBA in finance with honors from Columbia University's Business School couldn't even help me find a finance job in a fourth world country like Russia. All I found was working for some incompetent lesbian at a badly run, over hyped gumshoe agency in Moscow. In a matter of days, I would board a plane to Moscow, stay with my two nineteen-year old translators because I couldn't afford a hotel, then fly to Krasnodar to surprise my wife when she returned from a place she used to work as a prostitute so as to psychologically pressure her into turning over the parts of her diary I didn't have because I wanted to know with how many other guys she committed adultery during the past four months of our marriage—amazing. Never in my darkest nightmare did I imagine such a situation. Out of all the whores in the world, I had to marry a Russian prostitute.

In the fifties as a kid, I sometimes awoke in the middle of the night to the noise of jet engines and wondered whether Russian rockets were coming to end my short life. It now seemed a Russian prostitute was doing what the Soviet ICBMs didn't. What the hell happened? How did I end up here?

I left Wall Street in 1989 to take care of my two ailing parents—two people I didn't even like, a couple of Nazis. My father was in a nursing home but mother could still handle some of her own matters, except paying bills, taxes and maintaining her house, which fell to me. Cravath tried to talk me into staying at the firm, but I was such a wreck from four years of handling the parents' affairs and the long hours as a lawyer that I didn't know where my self-interest lay. I thought all I needed was six months to place my parents' affairs in order, find someone to handle the chores I did and then back to a career of some kind. Wishful thinking, a stroke incapacitated my mother, and I ended up hiring nurses around the clock to

keep her in her house because she abhorred nursing homes. Why did I do this for such a selfish, cold-hearted person? Was another female using sympathy to play me for a sucker? Mother never cared about anyone except herself.

While managing what turned into a one-person nursing home, I heard about the twenty-fifth annual reunion for my high school class. Like an idiot, I went. Included among my former classmates whom I had not seen since graduation was Leslie. When we were seniors, Leslie was the cheerleader captain, very popular, smart, blonde, blue-eye and large breasts. Back then we knew each other, sometimes ended up at the same parties but nothing more. I still vividly remember the senior class trip when the two of us talked for a short time in the bus. During that conversation, an intense premonition swept over me, warning me to stay away from Leslie because something bad would come through her, although I couldn't imagine what. I heeded the omen that summer, and with the help of life, we never met again until 1991 at the reunion.

It turned out that Leslie and I both lived in New York City. My premonition from 25 years ago laid buried deep in my unconscious, so I saw no reason not to hang out with her, socially—not romantically. Leslie's age and feminazi beliefs didn't make her attractive as a girlfriend. She invited me to a friend's barbecue in Westchester County. There I met a professor from Hofstra University who recently returned from an academic trip to Russia during the failed coup attempt in August 1991, which eventually brought down the Soviet Union. The changes in Russia sounded exciting, and I mistakenly believed the Russians wanted a democratic state ruled by law rather than the self-interested decisions of the powerful. To my comic-book thinking and idiot idealism, that meant a lawyer like me could have an impact. I know better now. The Russians only wanted money so that they could

push around other Russians and feel superior. They didn't give a dam about, nor understand the concept of individual rights and the need for laws to protect those rights. Everyone in the former Soviet Union was out for himself or herself, no matter whom they hurt so long as it wasn't them or someone on whom they depended. The Hofstra professor invited me to a conference for November in Moscow where began my inexorable descent into the failed lunatic world I now inhabited.

My walk on Fifth Avenue took me passed St. Patrick's Cathedral. I thought about going in, but I didn't believe in God, the Father or any of that. The quiet inside, however, might allow me to think more clearly, give me some perspective and understanding of the right way to move during one of the worst emotional situations I ever found myself in. I crossed the busy avenue, climbed the steps and entered a world of apparent peace. I choose a pew midway down the aisle on the left, sat back with my arms stretched out along the top of the wooden bench—not exactly humble, but then again I wasn't a believer, just an interloper.

I didn't think but just took in the beauty and feeling, not understanding the ancient knowledge that the architecture, stained glass windows and statutes represented. Perhaps those symbols communicated to the Jungian archetypes in my unconscious that genes carried from generation to generation down through the millenniums. Such places might carry the wisdom of the ages because men intended that of them. Perhaps they weren't houses of some omnipotent spirit that ruled the universe, but rather the bearers of the best in the spirit of man, as that spirit struggled through countless lives searching, finding and then losing again reasons for the trials of life and how to deal with them. I didn't find a reason for the plague of the Dark Angel on my life, but to my real surprise, I sensed a current of

whispers from men destroyed by the treachery of women over the span of our species' existence stretching forward into the future. I was just one of many, past, present and future. That brought me some comfort. It also made me feel detached from the consuming horror of her influence, as though reading a novel about someone else and at ease over the uncertainty of whether my actions were right and how it would all end. I understood to just move forward and see what my trip turned up.

I left St. Pat's believing I had learned an important lesson—if you need help, go to a church and ask for it; a spiritual realm apparently exists.

Diary

September 21, 2000, I arrived at Kennedy airport for my flight to Moscow, the first leg of my trip to Krasnodar. I telephoned Dark Angel's hotel room in Cyprus because I wanted to head off her calling me at home and finding me not there. There was an outside chance she suspected I would show up in Krasnodar or Cyprus to spy on her, so I wanted to allay those suspicions by creating the illusion that I was still at home in New York. At 11 PM Cyprus time, she wasn't in her hotel room, which didn't surprise me, probably out with an old customer. So I left a message telling her I'd try tomorrow and boarded my flight to the land of barbarism.

I flew the Russian Aeroflot airline, as I usually did, because it cost less, provided better service and most Americans believed the carrier unsafe, so fewer flew it, which meant more room to sleep during the nine-hour flight. The airline's flights from New York City are probably as safe as Delta's because it uses western made planes and Delta's maintenance crews. The downside, however, meant that Russians comprised most of the passengers with more than a few unfamiliar with modern day toilets—especially the procedures for using

them on airplanes. I always planned to use the commode in the early part of the flight before too many of the passengers who failed toilet training turned it into the typical foul experience of most Russian toilets. Towns with dirt streets in the Amazon maintained cleaner restrooms than those in Moscow while outside of Moscow, modern day plumbing consisted of a hole without anything on which to sit. I assumed something in the Russian genes enabled them to squat down without losing their balance or soiling their cloths when using these medieval toilets.

On the plane, I hoped no one would sit next to me, or if someone did, then a Russian who didn't speak English because I didn't feel like talking. Naturally, an American, from what I could see, the only other one on the flight, sat beside me. In his mid-forties and with a smile on his face, I knew exactly why he was flying to Moscow—to meet a young Russian girl. I was half wrong; Dennis had already met the girl, in her early twenties, traveled to visit her and her family a few times, and now, feeling young once more and full of renewed hope or illusion, headed to Moscow for his wedding. I didn't miss the irony.

Like most guys in his situation, Dennis first married an American girl back in his youth, but over the past fifteen years or so, his wife bought into more and more of the Feminist special interest group's propaganda that made living with her unpleasant. Dennis and his feminized wife had owned a suburban house, so he, as all men of the house always did, maintained the yard, raked the lawn, shoveled snow and made various repairs around the home, including perching precariously a top a ladder to clean the gutters or repair the sliding. But that wasn't good enough for the Feminazis who demanded he also help with the cooking and cleaning—the wife's traditionally tasks.

As we talked, we agreed, as did virtually most middle-aged American men, that feminism was merely a scam to make men's lives harder by adding to their duties some of the obligations traditionally handled by women. Feminazis always complained about the "glass ceiling" that allegedly kept them from the highest paying and most prestigious jobs. But neither of us ever heard them complain about the "tombstone basement" where men make up ninety percent of the workers in the most dangerous and health damaging jobs. When a boy is born in America, he has a 90% chance of ending up in such a job as compared to a girl who only has a 10% chance. Girls don't have to worry about taking such risky jobs in order to survive or support a family. They need not face dying younger and at higher rates from the ten top killers in our society. The Feminazis, like all self-centered little girls throughout history, want men to give them the best that society has to offer while protecting them from the worse. They don't want equality but preferential treatment. Dennis, like so many American men fed up with dealing with the new American feminist princesses, turned to the Internet one day where he found his possible dream girl, or at least, a young, pretty and feminine one. Off he went to Russia, and after a couple of visits decided to divorce the feminism that had intruded into his life over the years.

Not wanting to trample Dennis's pearls in the dirt, but feeling obligated to at least put him on notice that in Russia evil not only bangs on one's front door with loudmouthed, hypocritical accusations trying to intimidate but also slithers in the back door on a smile of duplicity, I told him my tale of horror. However, I didn't push my belief that although Dark Angel probably represented the worst of Russian girls, all of the young pretty ones in that country exhibit an uncanny proficiency at manipulating western men with lies. He politely listened to my story, but I could see his fiancée's spell of "sugar and spice and everything

nice” clouded his caution, or possibly pessimism warped my perception. Regardless, he invited me to his wedding that Saturday because he would feel more comfortable with at least one other American there. I accepted. Why not, I will see what a real wedding in Russia looks like.

Our flight arrived Friday morning; my driver took me to my teenage translators’ apartment where they put me in Anya’s room for my stay. From there I called Dark Angel in Cyprus to make her think I was still in America.

“Roy, where have you been? I called the apartment three times and no answer,” Rats! Dark Angel sounded suspicious. My scheme of calling her everyday as I made my way to Krasnodar in order to activate her genetic cheapness and deter her from spending the money to call me had failed. Then I realized the fatal flaw in my scheme. She probably used the telephone of one of her old customers—an additional perk for providing sex. That’s what she did when calling her old boy friend Alexei from Rikos’ car back in 1999. Knowing her, she probably used Rikos’ car phone for her calls to New York as well. Dark Angel’s calls also indicated she feared me spying on her in Cyprus, interesting.

Buying time to concoct an explanation, I went on the attack, “I called you late last night, but you weren’t in your hotel room? Didn’t you get the message, or did you stay somewhere else last night?”

“Me and Mum went to a show and then a club.”

Still grasping for a cover, I asked, “Did you take her to the place you worked?”

“Yes, she wanted to see it very much. She approved.”

“I’m sure she did,” trying not to sound too sarcastic while thinking it probably looked very classy to an old Russian whore like her mother.

“Where were you when I called?” By now I came up with a plausible lie—two could play this game.

“I’m at Maiya’s for the weekend down at the Jersey shore. I’ll be back in New York Monday night. Here’s her number.” The perfect story, if Dark Angel telephones, Maiya will tell her I’m out on the boat or something. By Monday, when I’m suppose to return to my apartment, Dark Angel will fly into Krasnodar where I will be waiting to spring my trap.

We exchanged other lying pleasantries, and as soon as I got off the phone with Dark Angel, I called Maiya to clue her in on covering for me.

Saturday, I met Dennis for his civil ceremony at the Wedding Palace, which looked more like a commercial storefront than the fairy tale images the name conjures up. Few Russians married in church, even though after the fall of communism everyone got religion: politicians, racketeers, gangsters and prostitutes. The clergy charged Russians too much for their marriage services, and if an American walked in the rectory, visions of expensive wines would drive them to add exorbitant greed to the list of “thou shalt” commandments. The clergy’s greed, however, does result in very elegant weddings. I accidentally caught one in an old church in Rostov on Don. The couple and a small number of well-wishers stood in the nave beneath a high vaulted ceiling while three older ladies sang in perfect harmony without instruments as incense wafted across the shafts of light from stained glass windows.

Dennis’ bride, Olga, lived in Siberia and brought to the wedding both her parents, which surprised me because the dysfunctional nature of most Russian families often resulted in a single parent household. A few of the bride’s friends also showed, including a hot looking college coed with whom I flirted a little, but restrained myself from stumbling down

that path again. By this point in my Russian travails, I immediately saw through the phony smiles of innocence to the real duplicitous nature of pretty, young Russian girls with shark-hungry appetite for material goods, money and escape from the motherland. These felines knew western men were suckers who easily fell for the illusion of their sexy packaging while most Russian guys didn't. I now understood why Russian men behaved so standoffish toward their female comrades: the guys knew in their genes the viciousness the feminine mask disguised. Russian men from their early twenties to sixties knew how to deal with the young ladies of their country—trade material goods for sex and never, never, never involve their hearts. Olga's uncle knew the game. In his mid-sixties, former diplomat, meaning K.G.B. and now F.S.B., he spent his leisure time buying pretty, young coeds with material goods.

Russians and a few westerners periodically hired a few coeds for Banya orgies. The guys and girls would sit around in towels, talk, eat, drink, use the steam bath and periodically go off into a room for sex with a different partner, usually without protection. The revelry usually lasted until the early hours of the morning. None of the participants needed to worry about AIDS because in Russia the government made up figures that showed the disease was not a wide spread health risk. In truth, the incidence of AIDS in Russia is closer to Africa than in the Vatican.

After the wedding ceremony, we drank Russian Champagne, which is much better than French, while standing on the sidewalk in front of the Wedding Palace listening to a boom box. Following tradition, the wedding party decorated the married couple's car with white ribbons, bows and two large wedding rings about a foot in diameter interlocked together on the car's roof. The rest of us piled into Russian built autos, which always

reminded me of the “Match Box” cars I collected as a child. Off we drove for the customary visit to Red Square and then to the Moscow State University heights that overlooked the entire city. Newly weds in tuxes and gowns usually outnumbered tourists at these two sites during the weekends from June to September. Next was the reception at a restaurant on Old Arbat Street, which no longer functions as a street but a pedestrian walkway where Russians stroll among artists selling paintings and entertainers performing along its expanse of souvenir shops, cafes, theaters and a McDonald’s.

About ten people attended the reception, including a professional hired especially for the occasion who kept everyone entertained by making toasts, telling jokes and organizing little games. Russians are big on toasts, probably because it keeps their lying abilities sharp. Tradition called for everyone at the reception to make a toast. I said, “May the couples dreams come true. Hoping that they each dream for the same thing,” which got a few laughs. After a couple of hours of fun, I said my goodbyes, wished Dennis and his bride luck and kissed the hot young coed on the cheek promising to call her, which I knew I never would. Caught the Metro and dejectedly went back to my translators’ apartment sadly recollecting my wedding day that contrasted so sharply with Dennis’ and wondered why I always stood alone on the outside looking in on these apparently happy events of life.

Sunday evening I flew into Krasnodar, haggled with a taxi driver—Russians always try to cheat Americans—and checked into the Moscow Hotel: the same place I stayed on my first visit to Krasnodar for the Eve of the New Millennium—an eternity ago. I contacted the translator I had arranged for, Natalya, and scheduled her and a driver to take me to the airport the following day to surprise Dark Angel and Inessa when they arrived from Cyprus. I wanted to take a private car rather than a taxi in case Dark Angel tried to use as an excuse

for not handing over her diary that she left it at home, something I doubted. Since I wasn't about to search through her luggage on the sidewalk, a car would allow me to take the two of them back to her apartment while my translator listened for any scheming in Russian to keep me from the diary. I wasn't going to let these two lowlives out of my sight, so they could deep-six the diary.

Monday evening, Natalya, the driver and I set ourselves up at the airport. The Krasnodar airport consisted of one small terminal that looked like it belonged in the 1930s. Disembarking passengers walked from the tarmac into a short enclosed hallway then out one set of double doors onto a small open-air plaza. Straight across the plaza was the parking lot with bus and taxi stands while off to the right a series of small shops. I instructed the driver to watch me, so when I waved, he could bring the car around for our reluctant passengers. Natalya, I stationed in front of the doors where Dark Angel would exit in order to signal me in case I missed her. I showed Natalya pictures and briefed her that Dark Angel's height and blonde hair made her stand out like a beacon. I found a vantage point inside a newspaper shop behind a magazine rack that allowed me to watch the exit doors but made it impossible for Dark Angel to see me. Before I confronted her, I wanted to see whether one of her customers or anyone else met her.

It started to rain some while darkness began to fall. Natalya came over to me to say that Dark Angel's plane had just landed. About a half hour later, Dark Angel and her mother walked out the exit and headed across the plaza towards the buses with Natalya in pursuit. Only a blind man could have missed my giraffe of a wife. No one met them yet, maybe in the parking lot. As they passed my position, they headed along a sidewalk bordering the parking lot. I moved out until about five yards behind with Natalya closer

trying to overhear anything they said. Every time either of them made a move to turn, I ducked into a door or behind some store display. They finally stopped at a bus stop while I hid in a doorway. Natalya walked back looking for me; I motioned to her. “They’re going to take a bus home,” she said. Rats! That meant no one was picking her up—time for the confrontation.

I walked up behind Dark Angel unnoticed, “Hello Angel.”

She spun around and stared at me, speechless with eyes wide open trying to grasp whether she saw a ghost or the real me. Clearly she didn’t know what to think or do. She must have frozen, figuring I followed her from Cyprus and knew all about her activities there.

“Come over here, I want to talk to you,” as I motioned her to a place away from her mother. I didn’t want Inessa, who understood English but like most Russians pretended she didn’t, to give Dark Angel any help in weaseling out of my demand.

“What you do here?” she finally asked.

“I’ll tell you. I want your diary from May of this year to the present, and if you don’t give it to me, I will keep you from entering America again.”

Her eyes narrowed with malice but no tears, hysterics or lies about never having a diary. “It is my private thoughts and they are meant for no one.”

“Then you can stay and rot in Russia because you are not coming back to America. Where is it?”

“Why you want my diary?”

“To see how much you’ve been lying to me and cheating on me—very simple.”

“We have a saying in Russia that it is better not to know too much because then you can believe what you want.”

“I know, and we have a saying in America as I’ve told you before, ‘The truth shall make you free.’ Where’s the diary?”

“It at my apartment.”

I didn’t believe her, but I came prepared. “Okay let’s go.”

“We have to wait for the bus,” she said, trying to play for time and a chance to talk with her mother.

I waived my hand and the driver pulled up, just like the movies. “You have the longest legs Angel, so why don’t you get in the front.” I wanted to keep her and her mother apart to avoid any whispering and make her feel isolated so as to keep the pressure on in order to make it difficult for her to invent some con to escape her predicament. I sat menacingly behind her in the back seat with Natalya between Inessa and me just for insurance against Inessa doing something stupid—like attacking me.

“So how was your trip?” I started to chitchat in order to distract her from the furious workings of her mind on how to con me out of what I wanted.

“It was nice. I saw some old friends.”

“Your old boss?”

“Yes and a friend Stephanos who worked in a bank and two others Rikos and Andreas.”

I recognized the names as guys she prostituted herself to when she worked in Cyprus, but why did she tell me she visited them? She didn’t know I read her diary, so she must have feared I conducted surveillance of her in Cyprus and tried to establish a cover-up

for hanging out with these guys. Either way, I knew she probably engaged in some sexual activity with them in return for money.

Then Inessa started a low boiling rant of which Natalya translated only a little because most of it made no sense or Natalya found offensive, these Russians and their sensitivities. I leaned on Natalya to translate.

“You have no right to come here and ruin our beautiful vacation. What do you want?” Inessa asked.

“Ask your daughter. She knows what I want and why.”

“We just had a very pleasant holiday and you ruined it,” Inessa continued.

“No you had a pleasant trip because I didn’t decide to come here before you left for Cyprus. You should be thankful I ‘m so considerate. Unlike the two of you.” I could be as nasty as any Russian.

“What do you want from my daughter?”

“I want from my wife the truth. The truth about what she did in Cyprus, in Mexico and continues to do while married. I assume at sometime in your life you’ve heard of the word Pravada (truth in Russian), but I doubt you ever knew what it meant.”

Angel interjected, “Don’t insult my mother.”

“Then tell her not to insult me, which she does on a regular basis.”

Inessa continued, “My daughter a good girl—she like little angel. She works hard as a dancer and model in Cyprus and Mexico. You are lucky to have her.”

I pulled out my list of the guys Inessa’s little angel sold herself to in Cyprus and Mexico, waved it around a la Joseph McCarthy—who was right about the Commies, he just

got the individual names wrong. “I have here a list of dozens of your daughter’s prostitution customers. How can I be lucky to have married a prostitute?”

That angered Inessa, “Alina not prostitute. How dare you say that? She is pure as snow.”

“Yeah, New York City snow.”

Inessa continued, “Your papers mean nothing. Take them back with you, they are useless here.”

Speaking to Dark Angel, I said, “Do you want me to show your mother the list of all the guys you sold yourself too?”

Dark Angel replied, “I don’t want to cause any trouble now, put it away.” It wasn’t her mother she didn’t want to know about her Johns, since Inessa knew Dark Angel worked as a prostitute. Rather, Dark Angel feared that the other Russians in the car would learn about her foul occupation and gossip to people in town causing her humiliation—the dread of all Russian females.

Inessa continued raving, but Natalya only translated her repeating that I ruined the trip they already took and the uselessness of my papers. The rest were probably various insults.

At Dark Angel’s apartment, Natalya and the driver waited outside as I went in to collect the diary. As I walked toward the kitchen with Dark Angel, I noticed the Barbie Doll I had bought in January in Las Vegas for Masha, the ten-year-old daughter of the Transneft manager.

“Why didn’t you give Masha the Barbie Doll?” I asked Dark Angel.

“I have no time.”

Baloney, she decided to keep it for herself. Stealing from a ten-year-old, how
Commie can you get?

“Can I make you something?” my wife innocently asked.

“No thanks,” I replied, remembering her tendency to put drugs in other people’s
food. She made herself some tea.

“Why do you want my dairy?”

“I told you, but I’m only interested from May to right now. I want to know whether
during that time you ever told the truth, which I doubt.”

“Oh, and Roy then pure always tell the truth!” She tried to put me on the defensive,
but I didn’t bite.

“The diary Angel.”

“It has very personal things that I think. It show my inner feelings. It not meant for
anyone but me.”

“I thought you said back in April that your secret life was over.”

“It over, but my diary looks into my heart, and no one has right to see in there.”

Thank goodness I didn’t have a heart like hers, I thought. Still no tears or hysterics, I
guess she figured them useless, or somehow I missed another con she was running. “You
have a choice, give me the diary or you don’t get back into America.”

“Mum,” Dark Angel told her mother to get her diary. Since her mother knew where
Angel kept her diary, she probably read it. This provided further confirmation, as if I
needed it, that Inessa knew everything about Dark Angel’s whoring for dollars and
encouraged it.

Inessa returned with both volumes. I recognized the one I copied most of in Moscow and the one that previously sat as bait on the coffee table in my apartment. To cheap to buy another notebook, she continued her real diary in the notebook she first used as a ruse, which was why it disappeared.

“What dates do you want?” Angel asked as she took the notebooks, and as she did, I notice new markings indicating these books were just two in a series of volumes. Couldn’t make out the Roman numerals, but Dark Angel must have kept volumes from at least before 1996. What trash reading they must make.

“From May to the present.”

“I didn’t write about Cyprus yet. I guess you should have waited,” she said with her Cheshire grin as she showed me the last entry was during her flight from America to Russia earlier that month.

“Can’t win them all,” I said.

She ripped out the pages I wanted, but before giving them to me asked, “I want your promise that when you have them translated, you will only translate what I did and not my feelings. My feelings are personal to me.”

“Okay, if that is what you want. I promise.” I lied and without any qualms—it was time for fighting fire with fire. She repeated her request, and I promised again, but this time crossed my fingers in my pocket.

“I’ll see you back in New York.” I left without bothering to kiss her, since she probably kissed plenty of things in Cyprus. Maybe she and Inessa rented themselves out as a team. Who knew, but I wouldn’t have been surprised.

Outside my driver and translator smoked their ubiquitous cigarettes and warned me to watch myself because, in their words, my mother-in-law was dangerously crazy and of a criminal mind. That surprised me. Although I had a low opinion of a mother who encourages and benefits from her daughter's prostitution, I never thought of Inessa as mentally unsound, dangerous or a hood. My associates were probably right, since it takes a Russian to realize the true nature of another Russian.

The driver dropped me at my hotel. I arranged for Natalya to take me to the airport the next day for my flight back to Moscow.

Eight o'clock the next morning, I abruptly awoke out of a jet lagged induced sleep to loud banging on my door. Like Kafka, I feared the thought police or some such criminals. Generally in Russian hotels only invited guests, prostitutes, the police and criminals are allowed passed the security in the lobby or the matrons on each floor. So who's left to keep out? No use pretending I was out, since whenever a guest leaves his room, he's required to deposit the key with the floor matron who keeps it lock in a metal cabinet. No key in the cabinet means the guest is in his room—a hold over from Soviet times to keep tract of people. Feeling like a cornered rat, I opened the door and in strutted Dark Angel.

“What do you want?” I asked, not at all pleased to see her and immediately on guard for some trick.

“Were you going to have that stupid girl from last night translate my diary?”

“No, why?”

“Her English is awful, worst than mine. She is no good for translating my diary, and I don't want her stupidity to cause me more problems.”

Her criticism didn't make any sense. Natalya spoke excellent English, a lot better than Dark Angel, so why the show, I wondered still half asleep.

"I'm leaving tonight and have no plans to use Natalya to translate your diary."

"You promise me?"

"Yes, I promise," and this time I meant it because I didn't have time for a translation before I left. "What are you afraid of Angel?" The moment I asked, I knew the answer. Russian girls dreaded humiliation and Natalya, a girl living in Krasnodar, might gossip about some of the sorted details of Dark Angel's life that could easily get back to people she knew.

"I just don't want her to make mistakes that will mislead you into thinking bad about me," she said with her innocent, sincere look in an effort to deceive. I countered with the truth.

"You just don't want your fellow models to learn about your prostitution?"

"I told you I not prostitute!" Her image of innocence immediately vanished.

"Come on Angel. A guy gives you money, so you'll provide him some sexual act whether intercourse, which is the only act you call sex, or masturbation or blow jobs or he kisses you between your legs or fondles intimate parts of your body. That's prostitution."

"Not unless you do it everyday."

"Wait a minute," as I shook my head to more fully wake up. "You're telling me that unless you sell sex everyday, than you are not a prostitute?"

"That's right," she firmly said. I couldn't tell whether she actually believed this malarkey or was trying to convince me of it.

“That’s not how the laws in your country, my country, Cyprus, Mexico and your church define prostitution. The key is money for sexual favors, and you’ve done a lot of that.”

“But after I do something, I go to church and ask the God’s forgiveness and the God forgives me, so it is as if it never happened.”

I just looked at her in amazement, then she added, “If the God can forgive me, why can’t you?”

I didn’t even bother to clue her in that my arrogance didn’t reach those proportions and just shook my head in disgust. “Enjoy your meeting with Valodya from St. Petersburg.”

“I don’t see anybody.”

“Right, and you are an Angel spreading love and joy to all. I’ll see you in New York. Goodbye.” She left and I went back to sleep.

Back in Moscow, I arrived at my translators’ apartment just before midnight. Anya was out, but Sasha greeted me with “Happy Birthday.” I had forgotten about it, September 26th—what a birthday! We sat at the kitchen table drinking tea and eating a small birthday cake. Russians, especially Russian girls like their sweets. I wondered out loud why I ever married Dark Angel.

Sasha replied, “Because you were lonely.”

“I’ve been lonely all my life, why should it matter now?”

“Because you’re getting older and the older you get the more lonely you feel.”

“I guess you’re right. It’s the best explanation I’ve heard so far. But why didn’t I choose someone else. I’ve been around. It’s not as though I were some nerd who never went out with a pretty girl. All my girl friends were pretty. I even went after you.”

“I remember, and you also wanted Anya.”

“Okay, okay, so I’m a man.”

“And you like young girls.”

“Pretty young girls. But I never went near a prostitute. I was always too conscious of my health and revolted by their lewdness, crudity and lack of class. What was going on in my brain to marry a one?”

“Maybe there’s more to you and Angel than the surface of the pond shows.”

“Sounds like a Russian saying. Well, I have to get up early for my flight. Thanks for listening to my moaning again.”

Sasha giggled, “Not at all. I hope this all ends for you soon.”

“Thanks, but somehow I doubt it. Good night.”

Runaround Sue

Back in New York City, I saw my tutor again for translating the remainder of Dark Angel’s diary.

“Glad you’re back safe,” she said, opening the door to her family’s apartment. “I hope this is the last of it. You know it’s not going to change anything but only make you feel worse.”

“The truth is worth the pain; just as justice is worth the effort,” I said.

“Oh no, you’re not going vengeful on me. Are you?”

“No, I still care about her, just not as a lover, or perhaps I should say a customer. I hope she wakes up and straightens her life out before something really bad happens to her.”

“Always the idealist,” my tutor responded, “I think her doom was sealed a long time ago. So where are the last incriminating pages of the glamour girl’s infamous dairy?”

“Here. Unfortunately, she didn’t write anything about her vacation in Krasnodar or Cyprus.”

“Maybe she did, only in a different volume.”

“What do you mean?” I asked with surprise thinking I covered all the bases.

“You said she left the phony dairy in the living room, and then it disappeared. Maybe that was just a trick to make you think she started writing the truth in it. But she really had another volume that covered her real doings in America and her trip to Krasnodar and Cyprus. You did think she might have suspected you of reading her diary.”

“Rats! I never thought about that. She’s as slippery as a lap-dancing poll.

“Very unfunny. Good thing you don’t work as a comedian,”

I ignored her barb. “I think you maybe right. Sure, she had plenty of time at home and in Cyprus to make entries. She generally wrote about her experiences right after they happened because she didn’t have the best of memories and knew it. On our trip to Las Vegas, she wrote on the plane in the airport and the hotel room. Nuts, I should have brought you along. You would’ve enjoyed the ride from the airport when her mother starting going off the deep end. But I still have the truth up until I took her to America in July. I saw her take those entries out of the volume I copied part of in May just before her visa interview. So those entries are probably truthful. Well, let’s see what both sets of entries show. The marriage is over, but I’d like to see how big a fool I really was, and no I don’t need your opinion on that point.”

“No, you already have it. So where do I start?”

“These entries. They pick up when she came to Moscow in May after her trip to Italy with Alfredo.”

“When she visited her husband because she needed to go for her interview at the Embassy to get her visa to America. How sweet!”

June 05, 2000

I came to Roy. My cellular phone was disconnected, I could not call him. I did not have the keys to open the door to his apartment and had to ring. He looked so surprised when he saw me. He began to ask me – How I came, what and where and so on. He was questioning me for a long time and got infuriated because he could not find anything. He thought that I spent time in Moscow with some boy-friend and now came to him. He calmed down after I made him food with my special herbs. He likes my tasty meals.

My tutor sarcastically interjected, “As an old hippie, I’m sure you liked those drug-laced meals.”

“Don’t disparage your elders. Let’s move on.”

After mimicking my remark, she continued.

The next day we went to watch Maria and Alexander’s band in the Country Bar. But I was so tired from my trip to Italy—I did not sleep for a long time. We also went to take photos and when I asked Roy to give me my purse, he took it and began to open all its sections and look what was in (as if it was a joke). I was watching at him perplexedly but very calmly. He was examining me. After it I understood that he was still suspicious and would search my luggage, which traveled to Italy with me. So, when Roy’s driver met me to help me register in Moscow I gave him a package with everything from Alfredo (money, jewelry) to hold for me. I told him I thought someone might break in Roy’s apartment and take these valuables. I feared that he might tell something to Roy.

The rest of the days Roy was annoying to me about the letter from the Cyprus Police for my visa interview. My impresario, Melios, in Cyprus sent the letter, after paying the police for a good one, to my apartment in Krasnodar. But it arrived when I in Italy. Roy bothered me about not having the letter. I called mum to send it to me in Moscow. On the letter my name was written incorrectly but by the time it got too Moscow, it too late to change it before the interview and Roy kept annoying me about it.

On Sunday before visa interview we went out of city with Maria, her boy friend Alexander and their friends (some people were from England, some – from Italy, but there were many Englishmen). I rode horses. We decide to take a boat and I was rowing. We ate shish kebabs. Meat was a bit tough and my tooth ached. It was a jovial man from England who cooked shish kebabs. We went with Roy to the forest, he wanted to have sex with me, but we refused because sometimes there were people passing by. The most important was that his age might be clearly seen. If he were a young boy we would do it with pleasure for people to watch. It was nice out of city.

My tutor paused, “I notice that she often uses the pronoun “we” for the pronoun “I.” Any reason for that?”

“Got me? Maybe she uses ‘we’ as part of her deception. She goes out with guys for money, gifts and to experience new places, but she can’t like all the guys who take her out. So, in her mind she pretends she is with her mother, but uses the plural pronoun to make the guy think she is referring to the two of them as a couple. It’s subtle but works on the unconscious, and she carries it over into her diary. As far as I can gather, the only person she was ever close to was Inessa, her mother, whom she idolizes. Maybe she sees the two of them as a team and mentally takes her mother with her wherever she goes. Having imaginary conversations when away from home.”

“So you get two for one in bed.”

“Don’t make me sick. Her mother is short, dumpy and wears purple eye shadow.”

“That’s disgusting. Maybe Angel has multiple personalities.”

“Could be? I sometimes wonder how she can integrate her prostitution with her alleged belief in God. I once asked her how the Russian Orthodox Church defined prostitution, but she refused to talk about. Now was that to avoid facing her own hypocrisy or to maintain for me the image she uses to sucker people but knows full well is false? Who can say? But she is extremely close to Inessa, so I thought the use of “we” for “I” meant the two of them against men and the world.”

“If she feels that tied to Inessa, then she’s probably living the same type of life her mother lived or what she imagines her mother wants her to live. Either way, the real evil here is Inessa turning her daughter into a slut to support the two of them.”

“You’re probably right, but even though a parent’s incompetence or immoral intent in raising a child leads to the grown child doing evil deeds, the grown child is held responsible, not the parent.”

“I’m not saying Angel is innocent. She’s an adult and knows better unless she’s mentally ill, which I wouldn’t be surprised. But her mother should be punished for raising her daughter as a prostitute. That’s just low! Using her child’s body to enrich herself.”

“I agree, Inessa should be locked up, and Angel forced to see a shrink every day. But our society hasn’t yet reached the point of holding parents even partly liable for the harms caused by their adult children. Probably because psychology is still an inexact science, but someday we may be able to trace with certainty specific behaviors and individual acts back to the parents’ programming of their child. The courts could then hold the parents liable as accomplices by failing to properly raise their children.”

“You mean make it a crime to screw up raising a child?”

“Why not? It should be a crime. I can’t think of any greater harm than destroying a child’s life because the parent thinks the child exists to serve the parent’s interests. Whether the parent acts as the child’s pimp, which I’m sure is the basis of the relationship between Dark Angel and Inessa, or the mother sacrifices the child’s destiny in order to have a companion for when she grows old or some other self-serving aim, the parent should be severely punished. Children can’t fight for their rights—that’s the parent’s job. But when the parent becomes the violator instead of the protector, then they must pay and pay dearly.”

“Uh-oh, sounds like deep seated hostility against your mother is boiling over.” My tutor tried to calm me down.

“And rightly so. Anyway, incompetent and malicious parents should at least be held civilly liable for the psychological harm they inflicted on their children.”

“It’s an interesting idea. That way people would think more seriously about having children and pay more attention to raising them because they could be sued for screwing up. Just like driving a car, you do it badly or recklessly, you can end up in court because you can kill people.”

“Exactly,” I was a little surprised that my tutor actually agreed with one of my ideas.

“But how do you define a proper upbringing?”

“That will probably take decades and a lot more advances in psychology. But we can define certain prohibited acts today, such as angrily repeating to a child, ‘I wish I had listened to your father and never had you. You’re a monster. How could I give birth to someone like you?’”

“Angel’s mother told her that?” My tutor exclaimed.

“No, that’s what my mother always told me.”

“Hello, Roy,” My tutor waved her hand in front of my face. “I’m not your shrink—I’m your translator.”

“Okay, okay. The point is there are certain things no sane person would say or do to a child. That doesn’t mean children can’t be punished for doing wrong, just that parents shouldn’t take their own insecurities out on their kids or manipulate them for the parents’ ends. The parents brought the child into this world, so they are responsible not just for food, clothing and shelter but to help the child find his way, not the parent’s way in this world.”

“Well, such social changes wouldn’t help you or your wife.”

“I know. I’m stuck, let’s go on,” I said.

May 30, 2000. We arrived at 7:30 in the morning at the US Embassy. Roy brought his translator Sasha, a short pretty girl. I found her very attractive. Approximately at 8:30 the window had opened and a man called us for my interview. Questions were asked only to Roy. We passed everything. Visa was ready on the next day. On May 31, 2000 I received visa to America!!! Praise to God! All goes well.

During my other days I got registered in Moscow. That cost \$30 and Roy gave \$40 so I made \$10. Still the \$40 Roy gave is much money especially if I take into consideration that this money would be very helpful to me later. But registration in Moscow will allow me to come here any time and make money with Leo.

To celebrate, I and Roy went bowling. I won 2 games. I had scored 127 balls and 102, and Roy had 101. He won a game in billiards. We went to a disco where we participated in competition. We had to tell or to sing about summer. He sang “Summertime” and won beer. In the next competition I was rolling an egg from one trouser-leg to another and he from one sleeve to another. We won 2 bottles of beer. The third competition was to dance and to kiss. Somebody else had won that competition. Then I left Roy and went to watch men’s striptease where only girls were allowed. There were boys with attractive bodies; among them was one Negro. It was nice and very erotic. Four of them were undressing a girl in the audience.

In sex with Roy I finished only once, when I first arrived, and never more. He is only a way for me to get to America but sometimes I felt pity to him – he spends so much money on me. But I must make my future as I envision no matter what.

When I left for home, Roy tried to give me money but I refused to show I cared about him and not his money. Alfredo paid me well in Italy. I did not need any more money. Still, Roy slipped money in my pocket—1700 roubles. I got my package from Roy’s driver without Roy learning a thing. He knows nothing about my trip to Italy. He is such a fool.

I was happy to return to Krasnodar. Now I will prepare to go to America.

Mum did not get to defend her Masters thesis at the Academy, because professor Vera Ivanovna did not give her a credit. She said mum failed to earn the credit. Mum was not allowed to defend her thesis. Let God be judge to his slave Vera! She will pay for what she did to mum! I will see to it!

My God, bless me!!!

P.S. Roy saw me off up to the very departure of the train. I tried to be attentive to him; I cooked tasty dinners.

My tutor asked, “Is her mother still in college? I thought her a professor.”

“Not a professor, Inessa is just an instructor who teaches gymnastics and aerobics at the Krasnodar Academy of Physical Culture and was trying to get a Masters so that she could earn more money. She failed, but found someone else to fault, typical of her and her daughter to blame everyone but themselves. This P.S. part is interesting. I originally thought she wanted me to leave before her train left for Krasnodar so that she could sneak

off to one of her customers, but apparently she just didn't want me around. Well, the feeling is mutual now."

"I'll bet those tasty meals packed quite a wallop," my tutor sarcastically remarked

"I can't remember."

June 25, 2000

On Friday, June 9, Hollander called me up and asked a strange question whether there was a case when he believed one of my lies. I answered that there was no such a case. But it put me on my guard.

"What was that about?"

"To tell the truth, I don't remember. By June 9th, I was already having her diary translated, so when I asked the question, I already knew she lied repeatedly. Maybe I was giving her a last chance to tell the truth. Who knows? I was a wreck at the time between her black magic, my pummeled heart and the drugs she repeatedly put in my food."

On June 10, Katya, Alona, my cousin, and me went to Gelendzhik on the Black Sea to carnival. We had to stay there for a night. We looked for a place to spend a night and found one place—80 roubles for a night per person. Then we found one remarkable woman who allowed us to stay for 60 roubles per person. From 7 at night to 4 in the morning there was a festival. There were performances of sportsmen, dancing groups and circus acrobats. Everyone wore a mask with antennas on the head. Thieves cut Katya's bag but did not take anything. We went to a disco where local boys were looking at us. They thought that we were all from a show group. Everyone wore a mask with antennas on the head. We refused to men who were looking for a girl for one night. I threw at one man some sand and he answered: 'You fool!' It was so cold that we decided to go to that woman, knocked at the door and stayed at hers for 30 roubles. God give her all the best!

On Sunday a surprise waited for me at home but I didn't know until we came back on Monday. Roy disappeared. I telephoned his Moscow apartment where the maid said he moved out. Then I called his old office and they knew nothing about where he was. For 3 days, I could not find him, but then on the 4th day he called my mobile. I was in the post office to send nude photos to Alfredo.

I interrupted, "So even while she pleaded for one last chance and promised to change, she was plying Alfredo with her photos!"

"Duh! What do you expect? It's her business."

“I know that now. What’s the slut say next?”

I was shocked. He told me that he knew everything in detail: about Alfredo in Italy, about Valodya in Krasnodar and even the apartment... I think that somebody has told Roy all about it. In March, Roy was with me all the time – in Krasnodar and at my apartment. All of it was so strange...I admitted that it was my fault. I did it. I begged for pardon and cried. I was telling him that forgiveness is the highest moral virtue. I asked him to give me my last chance and that without him I have nothing. I lost hope that he would forgive me. I watched at everything with other eyes. He has an inferiority complex since his childhood, and he looks for truth to control other people. But I am not a slave! He needs a psychologist. The problem is in his real feelings to me. I am a stimulus for him. He sees me as a real wife, but it is absurd... I will never see him as a real husband.

My tutor turned to me and said, “Well that’s pretty clear and should explain everything even to you. She says it right there, she never thought of you as a husband, which means you were just a ticket to ride to America. Don’t feel bad, I’ve met plenty of Russian and American girls like this who use sex for personal power and that power for money.”

“Yeah, she’s a parasite jumping from man to man using her power to exploit money and precious bobbles, wrecking havoc and then moving on to the next fool. That’s why she was always so secretive, hiding her scouting expeditions for new hosts or telling outlandish lies so that I wouldn’t realize she was manipulating me. She was quite good at keeping secret her true motivations for marrying me.”

“Only to you Roy. Everybody else knew she was playing you for a green card.”

“Now I know it but still can’t believe it in my gut.”

“You’re still hopeless.”

On Sunday, when I was at Natasha’s, Roy called me up and told me that he forgave me. He apologized for the time to think, for the pain, which he had caused to me.

“You apologized to her! What is in that brain of yours?”

“Whatever it was, it’s not there anymore.”

Roy demanded that I must cease to meet and to speak to Alfredo. He sees in Alfredo his rival. I will do as I wish but discretely.

What a thing Lena thought of. Roy became suspicious in May because I did not arrive in Moscow by train since I flew in from Italy. When I landed in Moscow, I should have taken a local train to a station outside Moscow and there boarded the train from Krasnodar. He would have been completely fooled. I will learn.

“This wife of yours is hopeless. She thinks doing wrong is when you screw up and get caught.”

“Amazing, isn’t she?” I agreed. “One amoral girl dedicated to perfecting her devious methods so as to more effectively manipulate others.”

I had a good time in “Joy” disco. We danced – there were three of us: Sergey, Katya and me. He offered to take us home without wanting sex.

June 19 I met Roman in the park. I put on a black wig. We kissed a little. He is funny...

This time I interrupted, “What was that date again?”

“June 19th. Why?”

“Wait a minute,” as I grabbed my briefcase. “Here it is. I thought I had it. Dark Angel wrote me a long letter in English on the same day she was playing around with Roman, and after I agreed to forgive her.”

“Ouuuu, goody. Let’s hear these lies that you obviously believed at the time.”

“She says, ‘From all my soul I wanted to try to give to you new direction. I wanted to help you find the goal of your life. Help you understand for what you live and how you can be happy. I wanted to help you understand the philosophy of this life and why you have especially this life. I want to tell you again, that I never think about your money—how to get this—for me it not interesting.’”

My tutor interjected, “She’s real good, using your own philosophy against you, trying to make you think she cares about you the way you care about her. What else does your smooth talking criminal say?”

“She lists a bunch of beliefs from some book on Karma by a guy called Sergey Lazarev. She claims he changed her from an egotistical, vengeful girl to the kind hearted Angel she is now.”

“That’s a laugh—she doesn’t have a heart. There’s no way she can believe in Karma with the hurt she spreads around. It must be another trick to sucker guys like you into thinking they can trust her. What does she believe?”

“Some of this doesn’t make any sense, probably because of her broken English or twisted mental faculties:

“Outside equally inside;

Similar magnetic similar;

What you don’t like in other people is presence in you;

If we go away from something, so here to be pain;

Before do something, think about what happen before, during and after and use your thinking, feeling and premonition to learn lesson from situation;

The situation will give birth or magnetize your thinking and blocks;

Our block is what we must know and understand about this world;

If you hit the same situation or problem, it is because you need to learn something from it;

Don’t try to change world or people, change yourself and that will change others around you, will change the world;

If you talk that you change, therefore, you don't change—it mask;

If somebody give you advice or help, don't think it limits you that you can't master it;

When you don't have something what you want to have, you either don't want it or it not advisable yet. If you want to get it, be precise, find description of what you want. Learn limit crystal of mind idea;

Real power includes love and attention to yourself and to people;

Think about what you want, not about what you don't want;

Negative emotions don't give to you what you want, they bring only what you don't want;

If you every time repeat to yourself why you can't have a subject of your dreams, you never get this. Start to tell yourself why you may have what you want.

Concentrate what on what you want to have, but not on the escape what you don't want. Many people knowing what are don't want, but very few knowing what they want.

If you can't believe in the opportunity to have something, you will never have this;

To learn, make well-being in your life—it a process of your growth;

You came in this world to have pleasure from life, not suffer.

You (here she underlined "You," meaning me) cause what happens to you."

My tutor reacted, "What a con artist, trying to make you feel responsible for her whoring around. She wants you to follow her commandments while she's exempt to make it easier for her to sucker you. As though it's not already easy enough. She sure doesn't need

any lessons in hypocrisy. She probably only believes the one about having pleasure, but hopes you'll buy into the rest. As for the ones that talk gibberish, she probably did that on purpose so she could give them whatever interpretation served her purposes at the time. She just wanted to make her goal of getting a green card easier by warping your thinking into believing you were the guilty party and not she. Any other twisted thoughts in that letter from the soulless Angel?"

"You'll like this, 'If something happen to me strange or if I find that you avenge on me, it will be one of your biggest mistakes.'"

"Not only a conning but threatening wench," my tutor said laughing. "I guess she sees in you what is in her—a thirst for vengeance. And what about her belief that real power is love? What trash, this is all intended to distract you from her true nature—a conniving whore."

"There's more, she writes, 'You have difficult childhood. Your parents pressed on you and from this time you have complex—the complex of degradation. Why you need the truth? This for degradation of yourself and to lord over other people, so you can be boss. I'm your good friend but I'm free, I'm not female slave. I have my right, my life. I'm not toy which you can use and if don't need—let fly. All things in this life return. Try to be more open and more trust. If somebody do something, stop and wait and ask yourself why? What the real reason? So, I hope this letter will help you better understand yourself and the goings on around you.'"

"What a phony," my tutor said. "It was just another trick to get to America."

"She's pretty good at turning the tables to make herself out as the righteous innocent rather than the scoundrel," I said.

“Where were we with the unmasked Dark Angel?”

“Kissing Roman.”

At an exhibition I got acquainted with two boys from St. Petersburg who were selling jewelry goods. We went to cafes, chattered, and drank. I and Katya were so drunk, we rode the boys sports bikes. But she hit a pole and I hit people.

On June 24 I and Katya went to the exhibition again to meet the boys and had a party. We sat there and had some pizza and drank. Valodya was squeezing my hand. All the discos were full. They decided to sleep in the hotel. I refused to go with them because I said that I am watched. Katya was jealous because both Vanya and Valodya preferred me. Katya and Vanya went to her home.

I bought from these boys rock crystal ear-rings and Katya bought a ring. A man from St. Petersburg gave to me a picture made of amber – I will present it to Roy. These boys are good fellows – let God send them luck!!!

My God, bless us and give us wisdom, forces and patience!

July 06, 2000

We met once more those two boys on Monday. We persuaded them to stay one more night in Krasnodar. We ate salad, drank some wine and for the first time in my life I was drunk and kind. In the evening we went to Katya’s. We bought shrimps and wine. We kissed with Valodya, and I myself began it. That moment all my hatred to men came to the surface – I was like a tiger. We were in the kitchen, I we had sex on the table. At 5:30 in the morning, I had to leave and Valodya and Vanya went to see me off. I stopped a car and the driver tried to accost to me. I let him rub my knees in order to save some money on the fare.

I stopped my tutor, “So she lied to me about not hoing any other guys when we had our little talk of honesty in Moscow before I brought her here. She never mentioned Valodya from St. Petersburg, and when I confronted her about that postcard to him, she coped that tired line of Valodya being just a ‘good friend’. Even Valodya lied to me when I called him about the postcard, saying ‘nothing happened between them.’”

“You expected this guy and your wife to tell the truth? Look, if you want to see the true nature of your wife, it’s in this line: ‘I let him rub my knees in order to save some money on the fare.’” You can’t get much lower than that. Allowing some stranger to rub her legs to save a few rubles. The driver probably realized the moment she got in his car that she was a prostitute and tried for a quickie.”

“He would have gotten it if he had offered dollars,” I said.

Nadya advised me not to go to America with Roy and said that if I went with him then my fate would come to a collapse. But I decided to go for now and make some money and to get a divorce from him later after I become a permanent resident.

On June 28th I and Katya were going to go to Anapa on the Black Sea to see Valodya and Vanya. A friend was ready to take us to the station, but when I rang mum to tell her I was going, she told me that somebody had called me up twice (it was Roy). How did he sense that I was about to go visit Valodya? His spies must be everywhere. We returned our tickets.

“You had spies watching her in Krasnodar?” My tutor asked.

“No, that was too expensive. But while doing some research at Columbia, my intuition told me she was about to do something bad again, so I called her mobile twice but got no answer. Obviously, her mother then told her about the calls, and she correctly assumed it was I.”

“Perhaps there is more to you than meets the eye Mr. Den Hollander,” my tutor said half sarcastically.

I went for 1 day to Kanevskaya, to visit Yulya, my friend from Chechnya and then she came to me. I bought a white wig. We met my friend Dima. Two boys were accosting to him and I thought that there would be a fight. But Dima is a clever boy; he managed to avoid it. We went to Yulya’s husband Igor. He wanted to run from her when she appeared in the wig.

My God, bless me in this difficult way to America! I decided to begin a new diary for Hollander not to use my information.

My God, bless me and give me wisdom, forces and patience!

“Rats! I thought she might have wised up. By July 6th she realized my information came from her diary, so her writings in the second notebook I got in Krasnodar are probably sanitized.”

“Your wife may be sick, but she’s not dumb. I’m sure there’s another notebook some place in which she wrote the truth about her fun times in America and her recent trips

to Krasnodar and Cyprus. Anyone as vain as her couldn't resist. You should have forced her to turn over that notebook when you were in Krasnodar."

"“You're right. I just didn't think about it at the time. I underestimated her. This girl is more dangerous than I thought.”

“Well then let her go endanger someone else and kick her sorry ass out into the street.”

“The relationship is over. I just need to work out her departure.”

“Work out what? Kick her out! She deserves it. You know she's always counted on you being a gentleman, which for her means sucker while she use every dirty trick around to get her way.”

“Her day is coming,” I lamely replied.

“For your sake, I hope it's before the Second Coming.”

“Still this second notebook might reveal some things. Often she's unable to stick to a plan and makes mistakes. Let's see. You never know where information, even false information may lead.”

July 12, 2000

MY GOD, BLESS ME

Our Father in heaven, holy be your Name, your kingdom come, your will be done, on earth as in heaven. Give us today our daily bread. Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us. Do not bring us to the test but deliver us from evil. For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours now and forever.

I began my new diary because the previous one has already ended. It was useless to take it here because it contained a lot of very special information.

On July 08 I has found my Show-Girls cassette – I found it on the shelf which my mum and me had looked through several times. It appeared after my cousin took it. The rest that she took has not appeared – its time has not come yet. I am very grateful to my mum for all her help in getting me to America. May God, send happiness to my dear mum!!!

As I planned, I wore my wig to Moscow to distract Roy. Roy was sitting with a bouquet of orchids... He could hardly recognize me and asked what I had done to my hair.

He was cold, he wanted to speak to me after arrival, and we spoke a little and went to “Bowling”. It was wonderful.

I shamefully won only 68 points. I played billiards not so bad. And I won playing ice hockey. We had some wine and tried to quarrel and to kiss. At home he began to accost to me and then he took me at the table, saying again and again that he was fucking me... I was exhausted and he carried me to the bedroom, tied my hands with my trousers and continued. He wanted me to begin asking him to stop. It was wonderful! All it continued for 1.5 – 2 hours. I felt that all his anger with me, all pain, which he had to stand in connection with me, are pouring out of him at that moment.

July 09 became the most important day because that day there was to be a conversation, according to results of which I would either go with him or stay here. We spoke sitting in that very Victory Park where we first sat and talked nearly a year earlier. The conversation continued for 2.5 hours.

We told to each other what we were doing beginning from December 01, 1999 when we first were intimate. He told me what he had been doing in that period, and then I told him about my deeds. It turned out that he tried to accost to the girl-interpreter the small Sasha who told him no because he was married... All men are fuckers...

“What a hypocrite your wife,” my tutor said with disgust. “She’s out whoring for money, fun and to get ahead, but thinks she’s entitled to loyalty from you. This girl can really compartmentalize her thinking.”

I as well had to tell him everything, but did not tell about boys from St. Petersburg. It is strange that somebody provided Roy with false information that Alfredo was allegedly in Moscow in May after my trip to Italy. It is not true, otherwise it would be senseless for me to go to Italy. Conversation was rather interesting. It turned out that he himself used magic (I myself taught him to my own misfortune) – he went to some fortune-teller in New Jersey and this fortune-teller told him everything – that I was admixing something to his meals before our wedding. (He wanted to sleep even in the day.) I had to tell him I did it because he was too aggressive towards me with all his questions and I wanted to lower his level of aggression.

My tutor said, “Well she admits lying to you about Valodya from St. Petersburg. That seems to indicate a real diary.”

“I don’t think so. She always mixes the truth with lies in order to make her deceptions appear more believable. Admitting she lied to me about Valodya is probably just a trick to make me think the rest of her writings in this notebook are accurate. She’s not going to write down the truth in a book I might get my hands on.”

Well, it was hard to stand but nevertheless interesting. The next day we went to airport. My plane departed 3 hours after his. I saw Roy off.

My flight was good. I worried about customs control. I came to a man and they took me to “immigration office” where a girl took my fingerprints. I worried very much but I had with me wonderful orchids, which had opened during the last 10 hours on the plane. God be praised!!! I am in America.

I waited for Roy but I did not know whether his plane had already come, because it was at another building. I went by Free Bus (some people helped me, let God give them health) to another building and began to look for Roy, though I did not know exact number of his section. And here God helped me – Roy was going in my direction. It was wonderful! Later he admitted: he feared that on receiving my visa I would fly somewhere else, for example, to Mexico – to meet Alfredo, to work in California or somewhere near to Mexico. I did not have in my mind anything of the kind!

After arrival we had a rest. Then we went for walk, studying streets, subways and stores. Roy didn’t want me to work in lap dancing club but I told him I needed to save money for me and mum. We tried to find a job for me in two clubs – in “SCORES”, a highly elite club where you have to pay \$300 to the club for the right to work (they did not take me, explaining, that they have many girls from Florida), and in “Stringfellows” – they refused without indicating reasons (may be, because this is not mine). I returned three times to “Flash Dancers” – I came there alone, in the daytime. The manager was dissatisfied once with a dress, the other time with shoes. Russian girl Nikita helped me with a dress and advised to come to “audition” in the evening. I began working on Sunday night and earned 400 dollars, then 540 and yesterday, on Wednesday, I earned 650 dollars. God be praised!!! One man from India comes to me for 4 days; he wants to have sex with me. He is so funny... I began to mock him. He said: “Come to me in 15 minutes”. I answered: “Fix your alarm-clock or do you need help of 911? Your hair has grown and became gray while you had been waiting for me.”

Yesterday Roy and me had Day of Love – a sexual experiment. And today we met Louisa, Roy’s friend from the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and her boy friend. She use to stay at his apartment. We spoke about clothes. I have to go to shops on Saturday. I hope, I will prosper. God send to me and to my mum wisdom, forces and patience!!! My God, bless me!!!

August 05, 2000

July 23 is a special date – a year ago I met Roy. A lot of events happened with us and between us. He presented to me a pot with flowers. I hanged curtains in all rooms, and they became so cozy. My God, help us understand, respect and believe to each other.

My tutor commented, “This is beginning to sound as though she expected you to read it. The mean, nasty and self centered Dark Angel seems replaced by a normal person.”

“I agree, so I’ll just take it with greater caution.”

I worked for a week and a half so I waited so much this day off. But that day became a heavy one. It turned out that Roy knows everything what happened in Milan – in the room, about my conversations with Alfredo and how we mocked and laughed about how easy it was to fool Americans. How did he manage to learn it? I think that he took information from microphone installed into telephone. It is so dirty...

For all the night I and Roy played billiards, had meals in MacDonald's and sorted out our relations – I wished I had not taken that day off. I could have earned money.

On Monday I had my 2nd day off. It was the same, but this time it was better, softer. On Sunday we again began to sort out our relations and went to billiards, because bowling was closed. I had hysterics because he said I didn't deserve to be in America. I was sinking the eight ball on purpose – he so likes to win but the game was not interesting to him. When we played the 3rd game, I became a superhero – I scored the black ball. I wish I worked rather than go out with him. But it is so difficult to me...

My tutor asked, "What's this superhero stuff?"

"She pretends at times she is a superhero and goes around saying, 'I am superhero here to save the day.' She picked it up from the other of her favorite movies the *Mask* where some guy goes around pretending he's different characters."

"Maybe your wife should be committed?"

"She needs some kind of psychiatric intervention."

I worked on Friday until 4 am and then at 8 am went to a promotion for Bloomberg's Annual picnic. We met Cindi and Everett. First we had a meal and then make-up. We stood as statues. It was so interesting. First the main speaker, a silly head, was saying some rubbish, and then everything became dumb. Everyone ate, walked and we were standing as statues. One man put a glass in my hand. He ate, then he said "Thank you" and went away. A child began to offer me money – it was funny. In the end we were dancing African dances. It was marvelous! And then back to the work at Flash Dancers. I went around like a vampire – without feelings, I had no forces.

Yesterday (for the night from Thursday to Friday) I earned \$900. It is my record. Though, a biker gave me \$50 but I did not dance to his friend. I danced to the last boy 5 dances non-stop. He gave 150 dollars. I was late to the Champagne Room. I had to dance 5 songs, but I danced 9 or 10. I had a stress and laughed so much. I was tired. One man was looking at me with enchanted eyes and gave one dollar after another. He gave 20 dollars. I did not dance on the main stage. It was wonderful!

I fixed a date for a plane to Krasnodar. I leave on September 09 and come back the end of the month. My God, give me forces not to make silly deeds and mistakes. Give me patience, forces and bless me!!!

August 21, 2000

Though there has passed just a little time, there happened so much events. In the night from August 9 to August 10 Roy woke me up and told me that I had not worked on Monday and on Tuesday and had spent this time with my boy-friend. I was shocked. That sheet of paper, where manager did not make marks for Monday and Tuesday – it changed everything. I had a hysteric and felt pains in liver and gall bladder. I tried to prove. He was not at home for day and night. I waited for him in the club to talk to the manager, so I could prove I had actually worked on Monday and on Tuesday, but Roy did not come. I call him up, but he said that it did not matter anymore. I woke Roy up in the morning and we agreed that we live in different apartments. He was very aggressive, me too. In him woke up former feelings of horror and suppression, everything has changed.

My tutor remarked, “Yeah, this all sounds too phony, too much a cover. It’s not the real Dark Angel. She’s just serving her own devious interests here, especially her sympathy wringing abdominal pains.”

“She was probably with some guys on those two nights and convinced the manager to lie to me that she was working. That’s her business.”

On August 16, we were at the Statute of Liberty. It was wonderful! Nature, we climbed 349 steps, went by a steamer.

At work customers a few times tried to take me to Champagne room, but I did my best to avoid it. One day a few sons of a bitch tried to touch me, but I did not allow. One of them began to say that I was the worst of all. But afterwards I danced 5 dances for someone else, so I am not the worst. Last Monday I earned approximately \$900. One customer ordered approximately 20 dances. It was marvelous!

On August 17 there was the Miss Hawaiian Tropic beauty competition. The day before it I tinted and combed my hair. I was in a good mood. All the contestants had a meal in a restaurant and took photos. We tried to find answers for the questions. It began... The first question was “Why do you think that you may be Miss Hawaiian Tropic?” I answered that due to my long legs I can run round a beach and with Hawaiian Tropic cosmetics so I can help people to avoid being sunburnt. All answered seriously. I showed myself the best I could. Question: “What would you take with you to an island?” My answer: “A toothbrush and a comb”. I did not explain wittingly why. They watched my breasts, my language, how I communicate with judges and with audience.

Now I have a problem with the money. Roy found out that I do not put all the money to the bank. Taxes! Now I have in the bank approximately \$6300 and approximately same amount in cash. I want to take all this money to Russia. Roy thinks I am scheming and he is afraid of the law. I will pay some taxes-I do not want any problems. But I will be smart about it. God bless.

September 09, 2000

Though there has passed just a little time, there happened so much events... In the club I had twice 900 dollar nights. It was wonderful! But later, on Wednesday I earned only 600-650 dollars. On Saturday there were two cases when customers did not want to pay for dances. The first time it was a company – they said that I was dancing a dance which was not ordered. Bodyguard helped me and they paid. And in the second instance a customer took 2 dances, but paid for one. He said that he ordered only one. I was disappointed. But later I told about it to one customer and he gave me an extra 20 dollars. For the first time I went to a single room - I danced to a bearded man from TV in the Champagne Room. On Monday we sat there for 2 hours, I danced (I was so frightened). I allowed him to touch me. I received a pleasure.

“Is this single room the Champagne room?” My tutor asked.

“I don’t know.”

“She told me they had cameras in the Champagne room to keep such stuff from happening.”

“And you believed her?”

“Well, under State law, what those two did constitutes prostitution, and I thought Flash Dancers wouldn’t want to put their license in jeopardy.”

“Get real Roy. These clubs pay off the cops to leave them alone. Besides who cares what these sluts do there. Maybe this single room is an even higher price room that offers more intimate settings, but then why would she include it in this sanitized part of her diary?”

“By then the marriage was pretty much over.”

“She probably just wanted to upset you.”

“Who knows,” I said in exasperation. “Let’s go on.”

People were leaving the club. I was in a good mood. One customer dropped beer when I asked him to free up space for a dance, and accused me, saying, that it was me who moved the beer. For another customer I danced in the place where somebody had spilled beer. It looked like he had made water. When I was dancing for another man, I spilled beer (accidentally) and kicked him in the eye (accidentally). Merry. Each day my business was turning to the worse. On Sunday I earned \$500 but Monday there was Labor Day. I hardly managed to earn \$200 – there were very few people in the club. I worked with pleasure.

In total I earned 17 – 18 thousand dollars in 1.5 months (including everything – expenses, meals and presents). One time I did not manage to control myself and touched a

customer. Manager saw it and warned – one more case like this and he would fine me. God forbid!

I was worrying for mum because of that little snake cousin Alona and her mother Aunt Sveta. Sveta came to Krasnodar to stay in our apartment until they could move into our old house. Aunt Sveta was rude to mum after all her efforts with documents on our house. Mum was sobbing violently with offence. She was offended in our own home. Aunt Sveta began to eat separately, and then, when they found a place in Stavropol, they refused to live in our old house after all our work. I am glad. God be praised! These little snakes will learn something new about life.

I was disappointed with Roy's attitude toward my mum. When I was telling her by phone about my problems, she told in a temper that all would be OK. I miss Roy very much when he is absent. He is very important to me.

“That's it,” my tutor said. “The last part about missing you is clearly for your eyes, but you are important to her—important in getting her a permanent green card.”

“You're right, and the excuse she gave for her mother threatening to kick my ass if I showed up in Krasnodar during her vacation seems manufactured just for me. I'm sure this second notebook is a sanitized version of the truth except for the part about her earnings at Flash Dancers. Her income is pretty much accurate because I used to count her money nearly every morning.”

“I think your wife's sickness has spread to you. So what now my lawyer?”

“Time to get this slut out of my life. Dark Angel returns in a few days, so I'll just tell her to get the hell out. I'll give her some time, but I don't want to see her again.”

“About time. Keep me informed. I wish you luck.”

I've Had It

I met Dark Angel at Kennedy airport on September 29, 2000 not because I wanted to but because she previously weaseled out of me a promise to meet her. What did it matter to her whether I met her or not? She knew how to get back from the airport—probably wanted to save money by having me pay for part of the taxi, since an American taxi driver wouldn't be satisfied with just rubbing her knee. That one incident with the Krasnodar taxi driver, out

of all her repulsive acts, sickened me the most. For Dark Angel, her body, personality and, although she didn't realize it, her soul were just goods for rent or barter to anyone with the money. She may have also wanted me at the airport for fear she wouldn't be allowed back in the country. It's a lot easier for females to manipulate a man's emotions in person than over the telephone. I could just imagine the act she'd put on to get me to come to her aid.

Waiting for her arrival, I hoped the plane would crash, so I could collect the life insurance I took out on her and put this revolting development in my life behind me. But such miracles only happened in the movies. No, to exorcise her from my life meant convincing her to move out of my apartment and get an annulment or divorce.

To my disappointment, the plane landed safely and she exited from the gate. We didn't have much to say.

"Where are my flowers Roy?" She demanded. Dark Angel always made a point of making sure I knew when she wanted flowers. She viewed me and all the other men, with the possible exception of her old boy friend Alexei, as business transactions, so receiving flowers either served the delusional part of her brain that she was not a prostitute or the exploitative part that her demand for flowers helped deceive her victims into believing she liked them. Regardless of which, my playing her games were over.

I adopted one of her tactics and didn't respond to her question. I knew it would just spiral into the inevitable confrontation that loomed before us, which I wanted to avoid until I knew for certain whether the alleged problems with her gall bladder were serious. More dumb sympathy displayed by me. Unlike her and other Russians consumed with their manic, barbaric ruthlessness, I took no satisfaction in taking advantage of persons when they were down. Where's the honor in that? Besides, even though the marriage vows meant

nothing to her, they obligated me to take care of her when sick. Neither she nor most Russians will ever understand that when you make a promise—you keep it, including the ones made to yourself.

In the taxi Dark Angel said, “Here’s my sonogram. You see there is the growth.”

I couldn’t see anything, including any indications it was of her or when taken.

“I can’t tell anything from this, but we’ll see your doctor next Tuesday.” I said.

“You don’t have to come,” she deviously interjected. “I now know the way and can go by myself.”

“Now, now Angel, this is important and I wouldn’t want you to get lost.” I too could feign concern. I wanted to hear from the doctor, and not Dark Angel, what was the problem—if any.

At the apartment Dark Angel gave me the amber picture she received when hanging out with Valodya and Vanya in Krasnodar back in June. I handed it back to her.

“Why don’t you want it? It very good for your health and cost me a lot,” she lied.

“It cost you nothing,” I retorted.

She didn’t respond but accusingly asked, “Why did you take down the pictures of me and all the little Disney stickers?” Whenever put on the defensive, she usually attacked, but this time it didn’t matter. She possessed nothing I wanted, especially her emotional love of which I doubted her capable.

“Because I decided to.” That caused her to change subjects.

“I want to get my own mobile telephone. Where can I buy one?” she asked.

“There’s a store across the street and a couple more down the block.” I expected this. How could she run her own private prostitution service without a telephone—but that also didn’t matter?

A couple of days later, we visited her doctor for the sonogram. A female attendant took Angel into the testing area for the procedure. A half hour later she came out teary eyed.

“What did the doctor say?”

“It is what they told me in Krasnodar,” she sniffed. “I have a dangerous growth on my gall bladder, and all we can do is watch it and hope it does not grow.” She started blubbing, but I was beyond her cheap tears.

“Are you sure you understood correctly?”

“I talked to a Russian doctor and she told me.”

“What was her name?”

“I don’t know.”

I didn’t hesitate for a minute. I knew she was scamming me and I was going to find out the facts. A white, middle-aged male lawyer in a suit goes where he wants. Pushing through the doors to the testing area, I found the attendant who originally escorted Angel in for the sonogram.

“I’m looking for the Russian doctor who told my wife the results of her sonogram.”

“We don’t have any Russian doctors here,” the attendant politely said.

“Do you have anybody, maybe a nurse that speaks Russian who told my wife about the test results?”

“No. I don’t know who your wife talked to, but if you want, you can talk to the doctor who analyzes the sonograms.”

“Yes, that will be fine,” I said. The attendant led Dark Angel and I into a lowly lit room where an overweight gentleman sat in front of a machine for analyzing sonograms.

I introduced myself and asked about the diagnosis of Dark Angel’s sonogram.

“Here it is,” the doctor said bringing up a computer-generated image. “You see here. It’s a fold in the gall bladder. Nothing to worry about.”

“So she doesn’t have a growth that needs watching because it might be cancerous?” I asked the doctor.

The doctor looked at me in surprise, “No! It’s just a fold. But it can cause some discomfort if she eats too much fatty food. These are very common and there’s no need to watch them.”

I thanked him, knowing now for sure the whole gambit was to make my feel sorry for Dark Angel, so I wouldn’t try to get her bounced out of the country. America meant the most important part of life to her—money. She was one harsh, money-grubbing girl from a country of crass materialism devoid of moral or social responsibility. It was almost time to tell her, “Goodbye Baby Bye Bye.”

That night Dark Angel didn’t work and the movie *The Maltese Falcon* was on television. I thought it appropriate that we watch it together.

Near the end, Dark Angel complained, “You think I am like that Angel.”

“You’ve got it, precious. And this is the part I want you to listen close too.” Sam Spade says to his nemesis Angel, “I won’t play the sap for you. You have never played square with me for half an hour at a stretch since I have known you. I won’t walk in I don’t

know how many other men's footsteps. I have no earthly reason to think I can trust you. I wouldn't because all of me wants to regardless of the consequences, and you counted on that with me the same you counted on that with all the others." I, however, had already played the sap for Dark Angel, but it was over.

Dark Angel just sat with a sour look on her face, probably planning how to get revenge for my daring to offend a goddess such as her.

At the end of the movie as Bogart walked down the stairs holding the "stuff of dreams", the fake Maltese Falcon, I turned to my fake dream and said, "I want you to move out and I want a divorce."

She showed no emotion as she still looked at the TV, but I knew the anger boiled inside of her, "Why do you want this Roy?"

"Just like Humphrey Bogart said—I don't trust you and don't believe your incessant lying. You are a cold-hearted user, and that is being kind. You and your mother think men exist so you can use them for your whim of the moment with no concern for the emotional harm you cause."

"I told you I don't want you talking about my mum." Whenever I criticized her mother, Dark Angel became extremely defensive and protective. It was easy to tell the sincerity of her reaction to criticism of her mother because it differed so dramatically from any of her other feelings, which, except for anger and love of money, were feigned.

"The truth hurts, huh?"

"Don't talk about my mum!"

Fine, I didn't give a damn about her mother, "All you do is hide behind that mask of innocence. Do you really believe that phony visage will continue to take you far? Perhaps

it has up until now, but one day it will be your undoing when someone lowers the hammer of justice on your lying, cheating and conniving head. You line up men like little ducks to be plucked, take them for a sacrificial ride to your own self-aggrandizement and lust for money. I thought you smart enough to change, so I gave you a chance—that is called civility, which you and other Commies mistake for weakness. I even thought you might understand the concept of empathy. But I was wrong. You care not the least for others, so driven by your own self-indulgence for material pleasures that you even congratulate yourself on your deception and dissembling as the accomplishments of a great artist and the will of God.”

“I know what compassion is.”

“What?”

“If you know someone for a period of time and over that time you have tested them for trustworthiness, and they passed all tests and they show that they are willing to do things for you, then you can feel compassion for them.”

“You’re hopeless,” I said. “The point of compassion is not what someone does for you, it’s a desire to help someone in need because they are a human being, not because you have tested them and they are useful to you. It comes from an unconscious knowing that we are all linked together beyond the physical differences and separations of our senses. Compassion is what the German philosopher Schopenhauer considered the clearest evidence of a bond among all mankind; otherwise, why would people do clearly stupid and dangerous things to help others who are strangers. When we first met, and I hardly knew you, I offered to help you get an apartment, but you thought it some hidden motive to take advantage of you. You’ll never get it. By your definition, Schopenhauer is a jerk. And after my

experience with you, I'm beginning to think the same. But maybe he is only wrong in Russia, or only wrong with people like you who use the compassion of others to knife them in the back."

Surprisingly keeping her calm, Dark Angel asked, "What didn't I do for you? I clean apartment and make you meals from my clean soul."

"You call putting 'salts and sugars' in my food to insure I would marry you, to keep me so befuddled I wouldn't see the truth, you call that coming from your 'clean soul'?"

"You were aggressive to me. I had to do something."

"I'm sorry Angel, but there is no justification for putting what I am sure were narcotics in my food. What if I was allergic to them? What if you gave me too much? But you didn't care, because by not giving them to me you stood to lose your chance at lots of money in America. So what if I died or suffered some crippling injury, you wanted the money only America offered, so why not gamble with my life—you didn't have anything to lose."

After a pause of silence, I asked, "What kind of drugs did you use?"

"They were just salts and sugars from my clairvoyant. I don't do nothing."

"Still wouldn't tell the truth. You lied about not being able to live with me in Moscow for three months after our marriage because of your eye operation, fixing up your apartment and transferring the house to your aunt, when the real reason was you wanted to continue your life style of partying and whoring with whomever you wished. You didn't want to live with your husband, because for you I was nothing more than a ticket to America where you could make lots of money in the sex industry. You pretended I was the one and only, even though I was more like 46th on your list."

I was on a roll and not about to stop, “Then after I found out about your adultery, you played on my compassion, which for you means suckering people into feeling sorry for you, so they will help you when you don’t deserve it. Interesting, you understand compassion as a weakness to be exploited in others. That’s probably why you never feel compassion for others for fear they will exploit you. You begged me to forgive you, promising that you would change and be faithful, but it was just another lie to trick me into bringing you to America. And I fell for it, thinking how could I abandon another human being to live a miserable existence in the hell of Russia. You knew I would fall for it, because as you once said I have a good heart. You must have laughed with your mother about how foolish I was to feel compassion for a whore like you. But now I realize some people like you and your mother deserve to live in the hell of Russia.”

“Don’t talk about my mum, and I not whore!” Dark Angel replied growing angry.

“But in America, you continued to chase after men to sell sexual favors. When I confronted you with this, you still played those old cards of ‘it my culture’ and ‘I will change, but it take time.’ Well you’ve had your time. There is no decency, nor shame in you.

I saw her insides seething with hate, although outwardly she just stared straight ahead wearing her mask of composure. She knew I was beyond her powers and feared that a divorce would ruin her chance to stay in America permanently so that she could continue raking in the cash from lap dancing and prostitution.

“I’m not your toy that you can use and if you don’t need—let fly. I will not move out and I will not get divorce because then I will not be able to get a green card.”

Dark Angel finally spoke the truth—amazing, but I was ready for it. “No, we can separate, then get a divorce and you may still get a permanent green card.” Dark Angel received a temporary green card when I brought her to America, which allowed her to live and work for two years. After the two years she needed to apply for a permanent green card, which, if successful, she could live and work here basically forever, even bring her mother over, which I’m sure she planned on doing. A separation and eventual divorce didn’t necessarily mean she’d be deported.

Dark Angel responded, “I don’t believe you. I talk to people who say that if divorce, I will have to go back.”

What I did next, I knew was a mistake, but I wanted this demon spawn out of my home. “Go see a lawyer. I’m sure some of the girls at Flash Dancers know immigration lawyers. You have the money, go ask one. I don’t expect you to believe me. See what a lawyer says.”

“I will do this and we will see.”

“One more thing, I want you to get your own bed to sleep in.”

“I don’t want to pay the money,” she objected.

“I’ll pay half, but you’re not going to sleep in my bed anymore.”

We picked up a bed for Dark Angel, and about a week later, she claimed to have talked to an attorney. Sticking to her old habits, Dark Angel reported the attorney told her that a divorce would prevent her from obtaining a permanent green card.

“If we divorce in America, the INS will find out and not let me stay,” Dark Angel claimed.

“So let’s get divorced in Krasnodar,” I countered.

“But ZAGS will tell the INS.” I ran the ZAGS part passed my Russian lawyer Dennis who said, “That’s a laugh. ZAGS can’t afford to contact the INS and doesn’t care.”

Dark Angel was lying and I demanded the two of us meet with this alleged attorney of hers. That forced her to go out and actually find one. She never talked to an attorney in the first place because she didn’t want to spend the money. So, as usual, she just lied about. Unfortunately, it took her until the end of October to find a lawyer. I wanted her gone by then, but the delay with the attorney meant the end of November. My tutor, my Moscow translators, my Slovakian female friends and the girls in Mark’s martial arts class told me to throw her out into the street immediately. They knew an alley cat like her could easily find another sucker, but once again my concept of civility and the way a gentlemen acts prevented me. Men from my generation clearly operate at a disadvantage. We have a strict code of behavior concerning girls; whereas, they have none towards us, which is probably why the Feminazis are so successful.

Come And Get These Memories

Dark Angel wanted to arrange her new bed so that the head of my bed pointed north with hers east while one side of her bed lay along a wall.

“What’s the difference?” I asked.

“It is important for the health.”

More magic I shook my head. “To do it your way will make the bedroom impossible to move around. Besides it is only for two months, I hope.”

“All right, but my bed must have one side pushed against a wall,” she firmly said.

“Afraid of falling out of bed?” I derisively asked.

She ignored that but came up with a suitable place for her bed, “Help me put it over there touching that wall.”

With the side of her bed flush against the wall, Dark Angel began sleeping with her face and the front of her body wedged into the ninety-degree angle the bed made with that side of the bedroom. From around 4:30 in the morning, when she returned from Flash Dancers, masturbated and showered, until one o’clock in the afternoon, she lay squeezed in that position without getting up and without moving, as though trying to disappear. It struck me as very bizarre. Maybe she had a childhood fear of mice crawling over her belly. One night, I decided to play a little joke by placing my hand under her pillow as though it were a mouse. She went ballistic, jumped out of bed, turned on the light.

“What do you do!” She shouted, picking up her pillow. “Did you put something in my bed?”

“No, it was just my hand. Take it easy. It was only a joke,” but apparently not to her.

Dark Angel tore off the sheets and the pillowcase pulled the mattress onto the floor and lifted the box spring searching for something she thought I put there. After putting her bed back together, she crawled in, slapped her pillow a couple of times in anger and warned, “Don’t ever, ever put anything in my bed or you’ll be sorry.” She rolled into her corner and I turned out the lights. Before traveling to my favorite part of life—sleep, I wondered about what kind of hell seethed below her calm exterior, which only intermittently erupted.

Around the house, Dark Angel wore her work clothes—tong panties. The next day after doing some mumbo jumbo in the bedroom in her tongs and before going off to exhibit herself in her tongs to strange men, she straddled my lap facing me while I sat on the couch

trying to read. Whenever I tried to work with her around, she seemed addicted to interrupting me with irrelevancies. This time her distraction differed, “Why are you afraid of me?”

Where did that question come from? She didn’t scare me, just disgusted me. But no reason to cause another quarrel, so I lied with the only response I could find, “Because you could kill me.”

She laughed and said, “That would be easy. Before I found the God it would have been easy for me to kill you.”

I didn’t expect that, thought it bravado but was intrigued enough to find out more, “How would you do it?”

“I could put some of the poison I have in the kitchen in your food.”

I already thought she was putting drugs in my food, which was why I dumped her dinners after she left for work, but never imagined she kept it or as she called it “poison” in the kitchen. This girl was sicker than I thought.

“What poison?” I asked.

“The green powder I keep on the counter.”

“I thought that was herbs you brought from Krasnodar?”

“It is from the Caucuses, but you can buy it in Krasnodar.”

“What do you need poison for?”

“I use a pinch for nutritional purposes but too much will kill you!” She said with her Cheshire grin. “I cannot only poison you, but my Russian friends would kill you with pleasure if you interfere with me, so watch out!” And she got up to go prepare for work, which meant changing her tongs.

Her threats didn't bother me, they held no terror, but only made me feel comfortable, as though right at home in the bosom of my mother, which I'm sure I never got near as a baby. So why the homey feeling?

I went into the kitchen and looked at the greenish-brown powder she kept in a small bag that looked like it came from a Russian grocery store. The English translation of the print said "Ice cream or Freeze of the Caucasus." Didn't sound like poison or drugs to me unless she just used the bag as a cover for bringing it into the U.S. These alleged herbs were probably the same she used on me in Russia, put in my dinners here, fed to her wealthier customers and used to get her through the night. I didn't give a damn anymore, but for some unconscious reason, I took a sample and stored it away.

Dark Angel hated me finding out the truth about her because it made her scheme of growing rich in the American sex trade more difficult and costly. Now she needed to hire an attorney not just for the divorce but to do the paperwork to help her acquire a permanent green card. Had I stayed in the dark as she planned, the costs, time and work would have fallen on me. Her lust for revenge raged inside under a cool, calm and collected appearance. One day it burst into the open as we walked across Union Square.

"Look," I started. "You tricked me into marrying you with a little help from your 'salts and sugars' and conned me into bringing you to America with that 'I will change' routine. Those 'salts and sugars' were drugs, weren't they?"

"They only herbs that I use for nutritional purposes."

"Oh, like the herbs you used with Alfredo in Italy to heighten your sexual experience?"

"Stop it Hollander! You cause me nerves!"

“Then tell the truth, you took drugs with Alfredo in Italy to come better.”

“Yes, now leave me alone.”

“Not yet. This lawyer of yours that we’ll see will probably fulfill the scheme you had from the beginning of getting a permanent green card so that you can make lots of money in the sex industry here. Even bring over your mother. Naturally, the lawyer will charge you, but maybe you can trade some sex for his services. I’m sure you’ll try.” Dark Angel just looked straight ahead churning inside. “Don’t you think it would be fair to reimburse me for some of my expenses and time that I put into helping you pursue a legitimate career here? Not the stripping and prostitution but the modeling work. The people I introduced you to, the research, composing your letters, advise on how to deal with Americans, going to meetings with you and explaining them afterwards. When you accepted my marriage proposal and on other occasions, we did talk about my helping you with your legitimate career. So when you used my help, it was the same as a verbal acceptance of the offer. I might even have a lawsuit against you for breach of contract.”

“You son of a bitch!” She yelled, hauling off and slamming me with a haymaker to the back. She just missed my spine probably because my martial arts class taught me to keep my back erect at all times, so the muscles protected the backbone. Still, it hurt. Dark Angel was no weakling at 150 pounds of lap-dancing muscle. Rather than decking her, to my surprise, I just kept walking, assuming she meant “no.” Why didn’t I just punch that whore out? What decayed depths of my unconscious made a girl hitting me in anger seem natural and acceptable—more traditional gentlemanly programming or feminazi intimidation?

“You want me to pay you so I can stay in America,” she accused.

“I didn’t say that. You’re going to get what you started scheming for back when we first met in Moscow. Don’t you think you owe me a little for the hell you knowingly caused me and the time you cost me in your single minded drive for fortune and stripper glory.”

“I’m an artist—not a stripper. I owe you nothing!”

What did I expect from a Russian prostitute? Fairness, they just couldn’t understand. At least she would be out of my life—soon.

She reminded me of the joke where a prostitute accused a customer of rape. Judge to prostitute, “So when did you realize you were raped?” Prostitute to judge, “When the check bounced!” Judge, “Guilty!”

A few days later, I traveled to Washington D.C. for a convention on space exploration to start moving forward with the remainder of my life, since Dark Angel would soon take up residence in my dustbin of history. At four in the morning my hotel room telephone rings, it’s Dark Angel.

“Why are you calling me?” I asked.

“I didn’t mean to call you, just to see what your room number was, but the operator rang your room. I sorry, I wake you.”

“Goodnight,” and as I hung up, I knew she was checking that I was in D.C., so she could go out hoing one of her customers. This slut never stopped running a con.

On October 30th, Dark Angel and I made our way around the tickertape parade for the Championship Yankees to the office of the lawyer she found. Peter Petrovich was a Russian lawyer in his thirties working as a paralegal for the firm Kuba, Mundy and Associates, which specialized in immigration matters—largely for Russians. Both Kuba and

Mundy were descendants from Russian Jews. Petrovich told us he still needed to pass the New York Bar Exam before he could start practicing law here.

New York and other states require Russian lawyers to pass the bar exam before allowing them to practice in America. The states aren't worried about the Russian inability to tell right from wrong—few America lawyers are capable of that distinction, or if they are, they see it as a distinction without a difference when it concerns cash flow. The states are concerned that the legal education in Russia consists mainly of knowing who to pay and how much. In America, it still takes some knowledge of the law to effectively advise and fleece clients.

When Petrovich started giving us legal advice, it surprised me because he wasn't supposed to do that. But I didn't complain, he spoke fluent Russian, which helped Dark Angel understand, and I needed Dark Angel's belief in his advice to get her out of my apartment.

I told Petrovich, "We want to go our separate ways, but she still wants to work in America and be able to obtain a permanent green card in July 2002, when her temporary residency ends."

Dark Angel started to cry. I assumed she was trying to pull at Petrovich's heartstrings hoping for a reduction in fees. I was sure later she would pull another part of him for the same reason.

"There will be a problem, if she applies for a permanent residency after a divorce. The INS will likely require her to leave for Russia." Now, I knew why Dark Angel started crying, but she missed her cue and began before Petrovich delivered his rehearsed line. These two refugees from the Communist Block obviously worked out this routine to

convince me to keep Dark Angel in my apartment and the marriage in tact because it would save her money. I was sure she had already pulled that other part of Petrovich.

“No, no, no, no.” I said, “That’s not the law. We can divorce now, and she still can become a permanent resident under the marriage termination waiver [8 U.S.C. § 1186a(c)(4)(B)] or the hardship waiver [8 U.S.C. § 1186a(c)(4)(A)]. We both know that once an alien spouse is admitted to the country, it’s virtually impossible to deport her. It’ll just take more effort and money on her part.”

“Just a minute. Let me run that by Mr. Mundy to make sure, and if so, what we need to do.” Petrovich left to consult with Nicholas Mundy.

When he returned, he said, “All right, Mr. Mundy says it shouldn’t be a problem if we do the following. You two can separate now, but it would look better to the Immigration Authorities to sign a legal separation agreement next year. Since you were married this year, a separation agreement dated next year creates the impression of a marriage that lasted at least a year. The authorities don’t look to close at these things.”

I laughed inside, typical dishonest Russian and crooked American lawyer. Clearly, Dark Angel and Mundy had discussed the marriage termination and hardship waivers but she vetoed both because of the cost. I saw why Dark Angel chose this firm. She, Petrovich and Mundy should get along well together. She’d probably also end up in bed with Mundy in return for free legal work.

Petrovich continued, “One year after signing the separation agreement, the divorce will become effective. Then we will need Roy’s help with immigration to file an affidavit in which he says that the marriage fell apart from cultural differences, incompatibility or some other reason. Is that fine with both of you?”

That part meant my lying to the INS, which I didn't like, so I played for time to do some more legal research and run it by a lawyer friend of mine from Harvard. For the moment, I agreed, not wanting Dark Angel to spend any more time in my apartment than necessary. We made an appointment for January to sign the legal separation agreement.

On our way home, Dark Angel said she would probably not have another boyfriend after we separated. I laughed.

“What is it with you? Do you really think I believe that? Do you think I care? I'll show you how much I care. I'm not going to Disney World with you.” Back in August when I still hoped she'd change, we made reservations to go to Disney World in Florida for her twenty-fifth birthday on November 10, 2000.

She coldly insisted, “We make reservations to go and we go.”

“Go with one of your customers. The plane and the hotel room are already paid for. Invite your favorite customer. Surprise him with the fantasy that you're spending money on him rather than the other way around.”

“I have no one else to go with and I will not go alone. You promised.”

Not this again, I'm bound by my promises, but she's not by hers. I was fed up with keeping my word to a harlot and vowed after Disney World—never again.

It turned out I enjoyed Disney World despite Dark Angel's presence, lots of decent entertainment far from her line of work.

After our Florida vacation, Dark Angel found an apartment in Astoria, Queens and arranged to move out December 4th—yes! She told me a few times that once she left there was no return. I hoped so, but on one occasion she added, “Once I am gone, something bad,

very bad, even death will happen to you. All I need do is get my Russian friends to hurt you.”

My mind instantly pulled up a scene from the movie *Casablanca*. After all, like Rick, I too owned a saloon, well, a tiny part of a saloon called the “Casablanca” in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Its main attraction consisted of paintings of scenes from the movie. My response to Dark Angel’s threat seemed appropriate, “Go ahead, you’ll be doing me a favor.” She didn’t get it. She just looked puzzled and went into the bedroom to do magic, which, despite my nihilism, caused my instinct for survival to give me pause to wonder what kind of black magic Dark Angel was now brewing.

I went to the bedroom, pounded on the door until she opened it and confronted her about the rituals she daily performed.

She laughed menacingly and denied doing anything but exercises, “Magic exists only in fairy tales for children, my darling husband.”

“Then why do you practice it with divination cards, candles and incense? Why do you believe in reading palms and in astrology?”

“I don’t believe in such nonsense and never did,” she claimed.

“Now that’s a Nixonian lie if I heard one. You’ve been an advocate of magic since I met you. Are you trying to rewrite history the way the Communists did in your country?”

“She said magic is for scared little children and I not child,” then promptly closed the door and locked it for another ritual.

Do You Believe in Magic

I finally went to the law library to research what Mundy and Petrovich wanted me to do so that Dark Angel would receive a permanent green card. Their scheme scowled at me

from the law books. In order for Dark Angel to receive a permanent green card after our divorce, she needed to prove to Immigration that she entered into our marriage in “good faith.” That meant she married in order to establish a life with me and with the intention of fulfilling her marital obligations rather than just to obtain a green card. A crucial piece of evidence for proving her “good faith” was an affidavit sworn to by me that the marriage fell apart because of incompatibility or some other innocuous reason, and, as far as I knew, she didn’t marry me primarily to gain entry into the United States. All of that meant perjury, which for the ordinary citizen didn’t matter since the prosecutors rarely went after this type of perjury, but for me, a lawyer, subject to disciplinary actions by a special court committee, it meant the possible lost of my license to practice law. By signing such an affidavit, Dark Angel would always have a club over my head. True, a club that rationally would harm her as well by threatening her residence status in America, but still people don’t always make rational decisions. The thirst for vengeance leads many to desperate acts inconsistent with reason. It didn’t require a fortune teller to imagine Dark Angel’s involvement in the sex industry leading her into a situation where desperation or vindictiveness might overcome reason with her deciding to take both of us down or at least threatening to do so, unless I provided some type of favor—probably money.

My attorney friend Jeff gave me his take on the affidavit Mundy and Petrovich wanted. Jeff was probably the most intelligent guy I knew, a graduate of Harvard Law. We first met working on a state senate campaign of a mutual buddy in Boston. Over the next twenty-five years we kept in touch. I respected his advice.

“Don’t do it,” he said. “She’ll have something on you for the rest of your life. The INS doesn’t care if some alien lies to them, but if they learn that a lawyer did, they’ll lick

their lips from ear to ear and do everything they can to take away your license. It makes no sense to put your livelihood at risk for her. You've got what you wanted. She already paid the deposit and first month's rent on her apartment. From what you tell me about her cheapness, she wouldn't forego that money just because you refused to do what her lawyer wants. Tell her you won't perjure yourself for her. She's the criminal not you."

Jeff was right and I told Dark Angel.

"You told my lawyer you would help me with green card and you will!" She angrily demanded stomping her foot.

"I'm not going to lie to the INS for you. I'm not going to jeopardize my ability to practice law for a slut from the former Soviet Union!"

"You liar! I will not allow this!" She grabbed her purse on the dining room, pulled the black handle steak knife she always carried, but I grabbed her arm before she could start flaying away. "You son of a bitch! You will pay for this!" She shouted, until I made her drop the knife. Then the tears and like a kid she ran into the bedroom slamming the door.

Early the following morning, shortly after Dark Angel crawled into her bed around 4:30 in the morning after a lucrative night of stripping, I awoke or thought I awoke. To this day, I am not sure whether what I saw was a nightmare, shadows in the dark or real. A small dark skin girl, maybe four feet high, wearing only a grass shirt with beads and charms strung around her neck, frantically whirled in a manic dance in the middle of the bedroom equal distance from the sleeping Dark Angel and me. The apparition, spirit or illusion looked around eight years old with its hair standing up like a bunch of straw tied in the middle. Its face, a black cloud with no features except two burning red coals for eyes. The left hand swung a tomahawk menacingly while the right drew symbols in the air. I assumed

it one of Dark Angel's minions either protecting her or casting a black magic spell to make me do something, keep me from doing something or help her get revenge. Unfamiliar with what to do in this situation, I decided or dreamed I decided to keep an eye on it. If it moved toward me, then I would attack; otherwise, wait for the sanity of the sun to arise. But my resolve failed, I immediately fell back to sleep or the nightmare ended—I don't know which.

When I got up later that morning, I realized Dark Angel had once again launched an offensive against me using her Russian magic and psychic powers to manipulate me into perjuring myself before the INS so that she could continue the nightly satiation of her feral lust for the money in America. My decision not to go along with her lawyer's fraud on the INS jeopardized an easy and cheap route to a permanent green card. She would use any means available to make me sign that affidavit. I needed to prepare a defense to Dark Angel's supernatural and female duplicitous influence, so I telephoned Carmen, but the soonest appointment was not until early December, three weeks away and just after Dark Angel moved out. Three weeks seemed years with all the lunacy swirling around me. I felt like an exiled mortal thrown into the mist of the underworld's celebration of Halloween in the "Night on Bald Mountain" section of the movie *Fantasia*. Dark Angel's eyes glaring hatred reminded me of the horned demon directing the madness in the movie. Then, as the fates willed, a longtime friend, Cheryl, called to see whether I wanted to go to Puerto Rico with her over the Thanksgiving holidays. I jumped at the chance. Before boarding the plane for a week in sunny, warm and friendly young girls with brown eyes Puerto Rico, I borrowed a book on Russian magic from my tutor. Time that I studied what the bane plaguing my life used against me.

Ironically—I'm getting tired of this word cropping up in my life—Cheryl and I met on my first trip to Russia at a nomenklatura conference in the Kremlin in 1991 when the allegedly former commie bureaucrats were still trying to figure out how to enrich themselves at the expense of Americans. On that trip, it seemed every one of those bureaucrats proclaimed himself a dedicated capitalist, but was more accurately an incorrigible con artist pushing some get-rich-quick scheme or another in which Americans would hand over cash to Russians who knew nothing about finance but guaranteed returns in the hundreds and even thousands of percent—right out of Abbot and Costello.

Cheryl attended the conference as a professor of accounting from a large university in New York. In her do-gooder way, she believed, as did all the Americans at the conference, including me, that the Communists wanted to learn about accounting, business, economics and law in order to change from state syndicalism to a fair and free market. The world, however, now knows these converts to capitalism just wanted to learn how to cover up their stealing from the scrutiny of foreign investors because they, unlike Westerners, knew Russia was a kleptocracy with them as the kleptomaniacs.

Cheryl actively championed feminist causes while I considered feminists nothing more than modern-day Nazis out to destroy the freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution in order to impose their own self-serving brand of thought, speech and action on all Americans, whether they liked it or not. So to both our surprise, we became friends and hangout ever so often. I actually found Cheryl's feminazi tenet of taking charge of the logistics pleasing. Whenever we did something together, she assumed the burden of making the plans and executing all the little details. She made all the arrangements for our Puerto Rico trip while I just went along for the ride. In fact, I couldn't have picked a better hotel or time. When

we arrived, the Miss Teen Puerto Rico pageant filled the hotel with three days of photo opportunities of lovely young teenyboppers wearing swimsuits, miniskirts and comely smiles. I chatted up a few, what a delight. None tried to censure my speech or demean me for following my genes. They knew why I was talking to them and played their roles with a smile, grace and an attack of pheromones to put me under their spells. However, the curse of Dark Angel kept my heart from further pursuit, so I turned my attention to learning about the Russian occult.

My tutor's magic book explained a lot about Dark Angel:

- Witches must wear their hair long for making magic, which explained why Dark Angel refused to cut her hair even when model photographers advised her that short hair would increase her chances in finding jobs.
- To make a man a slave, a woman puts menstrual blood in his food. Dark Angel already told me about this trick, but now I wondered whether she used it along with the narcotics on me.
- To make a woman fall in love, it was necessary that a charm be secretly placed in her bed, and one type of charm placed under a women's pillow would cause her to confess her adultery. That's why Dark Angel freaked when I playfully put my hand under her pillow one night. She feared my using magic to make her love me or confess her adulterous activities.
- To destroy a sex partner, bury a glove of the lover and he will pine away. I remembered the two pairs of gloves that vanished from my apartment in December 1999 after Dark Angel stayed with me. I guess she took them just in case, and now that the case occurred, one of my gloves, if not all, probably lay beneath the earth.
- Against the evil eye or sorcery witchcraft, wear braided hair—it will entangle the sorcerer's eyes. In the beginning of our relationship, Dark Angel's hair always hung loose, but after I told her about my visiting a voodoo priestess to protect me from her, she always wore her hair braided except at work where the men enjoyed long, perfumed hair falling over their faces and groins.
- A person who sleeps with his head to the north will soon die. What a lovely young lady, trying to dupe me into speeding my demise with the rearrangement of the bedroom to fit her bed.

- Words, numbers and symbols are identified with the forces of nature and of a person's own psyche. Through them the sorceress summons and controls the power of her mind and the forces of nature. Dark Angel always drew symbols and numbers on the letters she sent me, which I stupidly thought cute expressions of her inner child. I now knew the only thing inside her, besides numerous men, was a demon. And when she returned from her vacation to Krasnodar and Cyprus in September, she started using strange words, neither Russian nor English, whenever the conversation turned to her nefarious acts. Most likely casting a spell to muddle my thoughts.
- Two triangles symbolize the spirit that controls the physical body while the drawing of an eye represented the evil spirit. When Dark Angel first moved into my apartment, she put, half-hidden under an end table, a drawing with a huge eye inside of two triangles. Using evil spirits to control me for her evil ends.
- Rings are worn for protection, which explained the plethora of them on Dark Angel's fingers. I never saw anyone with so many rings. At least she didn't put any in her nose.
- Witches take the energy from living things to help fuel their personal magic. That explained why the plant I bought her died so quickly. She just sucked all the energy out of the little thing as she did with men.
- Witches charge candles with their magic that releases when burned, but if someone physically alters a candle then the magic might back fire on the witch. No wonder Dark Angel threw a fit when I removed wax from one of her candles to make it light easier. She feared I had reversed her magic to affect her instead of me.

Looked like I married a witch or someone who believed she was a witch. Drugs in my food, duplicity and infliction of emotional distress weren't enough for Dark Angel—she attacked on all levels. Except for the occult, I believed I could handle anymore assaults for I had grown up dealing with another malevolent female—my mother. But Dark Angel's use of satanic forces gave me pause. I still didn't fully believe in the power of the arcane arts in America, probably out of a premonition that if I did, I was doomed for certain. Assuming sorcery existed, Dark Angel must have studied and practiced it all her life while I knew next to nothing about witchcraft except for reading my tutor's book and a visit to the voodoo priestess Carmen. If Dark Angel could control forces that modern science didn't know

about or manipulate known forces in ways science couldn't explain, how could I defend myself? I couldn't.

On the other hand, if all this mumbo jumbo represented the ravings of a psychopath bent on power, then my believing would pull me into a dark, twisted realm where goblins, gremlins and ghosts ruled the oceans of the mind. The power of magic might lie not in the witch but the belief in the mind of the victim. I chose a schizophrenic course—belief and disbelief. I'd use Carmen and the book to try to protect me from the black arts, but my belief in empiricism to keep Dark Angel from sucking me into a medieval nightmare of the mind. My strategy allowed me to find solace in the warning at the end of my tutor's book in which the author talked about someone like Dark Angel: "If you practice magic to control someone, then someone else will control you. If you practice magic to satisfy your ego, something will come along to crush it." Following my both sides against the middle approach, I conducted a few self-protection rituals in the sand by the ocean as prescribed in the book.

Despite Dark Angel, I enjoyed Puerto Rico. Ever since my first trip to the Amazon ten years earlier, "south of the border" remained close to my heart with its leisurely place of life, friendly girls, sunny days and the jungle—the one place that flowed into my soul making me feel like I belonged there. I actually thought about moving to the Ecuadorian rain forests, but like an idiot ended up going to Russia instead. It was too late to go back. Thanks to the stock market's latest round of thievery, I no longer could afford to live in Latin America without working, and thanks to wasting years with Russia, I had reached an age prohibitive of my finding a job in South America. All employers worldwide discriminate against the middle-aged.

Cheryl and I traveled around the island in the balmy weather to sunny beaches, a tropical rain forest, a jungle farm of a friend of hers and to clubs. But ever present in my mood the unchangeable fact of the stupidity of my life as exemplified by my involvement with a tart like Dark Angel. All my life, I kept making dumb decisions. I went in this direction, then that, then changed again always throwing away opportunities until I reached the age where none apparently existed. Labor, politics, media, law and business management, what the devil caused me to go in all these directions that only resulted in more and more misery? Life was, after all, fundamentally simple. When young, everyone hits on an activity, an endeavor that thrills the heart, widens the eyes and intrigues the mind. All anyone need do then is to go after it and keep after it—simple. But parents, teachers, contemporaries and the mass media always assume the self-righteous, all-knowing mantle of foisting their own biases to turn people around and pressure them to pursue lives they otherwise would not. The social trend of the moment or the selfish designs of others often sidetracks most folk.

To me, since I lived it, one of the most deleterious external influences occurs when a child's primary care giver, usually the mother, uses fear tactics, anger, stinging criticism and pessimism to pummel the child into conduct that serves the image the mother wants to project to a particular community—traditional, as in my childhood, or political correctionalism, as today. Under such an assault of subjugation, the child internalizes a deadly trinity of traits—fear, hostility and negativity—that destroys from within any outward accomplishments the grown child subsequently seeks. All my life this trinity of gorgons kept me from exploring the mysteries of the universe through physics, literature and poetry until I reached the age when nothing more matter than to have spent the most

productive years of my life on the road of those activities, which, thanks to the irreversibility of time was now impossible. That realization tormented me every day.

In the tropical rain forest on Puerto Rico, I felt comfortable thinking about escaping the outrageous fortune of my life. Here, next to nature, the quick solution seemed inviting and easy. But I loathed benefiting the Russian whore with any irreversible acts by me that would allow her to inherit even a kopeck of my depleted wealth while she shed crocodile tears. I needed to sever all the legal bonds between us—then perhaps I could return to the jungle for its peace.

With our suitcases, Cheryl and I flew back to the reality—for me the hell—of our lives in New York.

You Better Move On

A few more days and Dark Angel would at least be out of my apartment, but before that day of deliverance, I still had to deal with this nutcase.

“Roy,” she cooingly said with her innocent smile. “Why don’t you help me with the INS? I can do something for you, if you’ll help me.”

“There’s nothing you can do for me, nothing I want from you other than to move your sorry carcass out of here. I told you before. I’m not risking my license to practice law by perjuring myself before a government agency. Offer them sex for a permanent green card, that’s how you get everything else.”

Her eyes squinted in malice, “You better not interfere with me staying here or I will have you broken like your coffee cup!”

The eve of Dark Angel’s departure, her fellow lap dancer, Tatianna, stayed over to help with the move in the morning. I attended an apartment warming party at Mark and his

girlfriend's new abode and used the occasion to celebrate the imminent departure of Dark Angel. When I returned home, my wife and Tatianna were somewhat drunk watching the E! Television channel showing people prancing around with little clothing. It must have made the two feel normal. The show, *Wild On*, featured Italy and one segment showed a famous plaza in Venice.

Dark Angel turned to Tatianna and bragged, "I've been there."

I responded, "Yeah, she was there with one of her boyfriends, Alfredo from Mexico."

Tatianna chided me, "You shouldn't be jealous of Angelina's boyfriends before you went out with her."

That was my opening, "I'm not. Angel didn't go there with Alfredo before I met her. She went there with him two and a half months after I married her."

Tatianna looked surprised, "I don't believe it."

"It's true, ask her," I continued. "When Angel went to Italy with Alfredo for sex and money, we were already married—not just going out, but married! What would you do, if your husband did that?"

"Kill him!" Tatianna replied without a second thought.

I looked at Dark Angel. She didn't say anything, no protestations, no excuses and certainly no admissions, just the usual stony Russian silence when confronted with the truth. But her cheery mood clearly changed as she glowered at the TV set. I had humiliated her. Even though it was before a fellow Russian whore, it cracked the pretense that these sluts live by. I went to bed, disgusted as usual.

Before getting up the next morning on December 4, 2000, Dark Angel asked me to hold her while she lay in bed. I did, but I didn't buy this umpteenth attempted con to exploit my sympathy or make me think the truth false and her lies true. Her feigned affection was not going to con me into helping her obtain a permanent green card.

She said with a few manufactured tears glistening in her eyes, "I liked you in the beginning, but you became too aggressive to me."

"And I have grown weary of counting all your lies and all your alibis. I saw more in you than there was, and that was my only fault."

"When someone causes another harm it is the will of God to clear the victim's soul. The victim should be thankful that something worse did not happen and take a lesson from the injury."

"That's easy for you to say when you're the one causing the pain."

"You caused me pain too, Roy."

"Only when I threatened your scheme to get to America to make money selling your body. That's the only pain you ever felt—the fear you couldn't trick me, which would cost you money. So, according to your philosophy, what happens to the person who causes the pain?" I asked.

"The victim should not worry about it."

"Oh, I guess I should believe that you did something good for me, and now that your low life ways have gotten you what you want, I should not worry about you getting your comeuppance. Man, you're either worst or dumber than the Angel in the *Maltese Falcon*. Okay, goddess, will you ever answer for the pain you caused me?"

"I have enough pain."

She's was impossible, absolutely impossible, I thought. A truck should run over this slut. I went to the bathroom.

Just before the movers came, she went into her crying again.

“Now, what are you crying about?” I said laughing because her whole sympathy routine looked liked the tired old trick she would eventually turn into. To quote a Rolling Stones' song, “By the time you're thirty, gonna look fifty-five. You wouldn't look pretty, and your friends will have kissed you goodbye.”

“Just emotions,” she said.

“When you move into your new address, don't forget to send a change of address card to the Post Office.”

“My lawyers said I should not. It better that Immigration think I still live here until we officially separate in January.” Still running her fraud, but if the INS asks me when she moved out, I was telling the truth.

“How will you get your mail then?”

“You can bring it to me,” she grinned.

I said to myself, no way baby, I don't want to see anymore of you and decided to put in a change of address card for her myself.

She continued smiling, “Once I have my apartment set up and before I go home for the holidays, I want you to visit me.”

My antenna detected something amiss with that. Why did she want to see me in her apartment? It could only be for some scheming reason to further some interest of hers while harming me. Her heart harbored no fondness for me or any man.

“No,” I said. “I hope I never seen you again.”

No response, just more phony tears.

The movers, two guys, showed and I helped load the truck. I watched her drive away with them wondering how she would use her “charms” to reduce their fees.

Black Magic Woman

Dark Angel was gone, but I knew I needed to cleanse my apartment of her curses and protect me from anymore of her black magic.

I saw Carmen four days later. “Welcome back,” she said. “I see you wish you had listened to me the first time.”

“That’s an understatement,” I replied.

“When did we last meet?”

“Back in June, before I made the dumb mistake of bringing my prostitute wife to America.”

“Ah, yes, the Russian,” Carmen said. “Now I remember all.”

I gave her another photo of Dark Angel and some of her hair. Carmen blew smoke from her cigar, just as she did the last time, to see the evil spirits Dark Angel sent to spy and harm me. She went into a trance shouting at the spirits and banging her wooden staff on the floor to exorcise them from our presence.

“Now we can talk without any prying eyes,” Carmen said coming out of her trance. She shuffled her tarot cards and started dealing them into three rows. “Yes, I see.... Your wife uses three different names to keep people from connecting the acts of one with the others.”

“I never thought about that, but you are right: Angel, Angelina and Alina. She also uses ‘we’ when writing about herself, but I assumed she referred to her and her mother.”

“No, not her mother, although I see great evil in the mother. There are older and fouler things from the depths of the earth. Your wife thinks of herself as three people: good, bad and psychic, which allows her to shift from one to another so as to accept whatever she does and feel self-righteous towards anyone who crosses her.”

“So she’s the good girl when someone accuses her of doing bad, the bad girl when she wants something she doesn’t deserve and the psychic to protect herself and harm others. How convenient,” I remarked.

“Right. She believes herself capable of destroying men while effectively pretending to be a naïve, innocent victim. She loves no man but is only out to get money—that is her love. She wants to make as much money as she can while still young and pretty. I’ve told you this before that she set the course for her life when sixteen to make money with her body, looks and personality. She promised herself that she would not be a good girl but a bitch and make money like crazy off of men. She generally chooses her victims based on their good heartedness and wealth because she knows a compassionate man is easier for her to trick out of his money. Usually her victims fall in love with the false image she creates, and when they do, when they are vulnerable, she springs her trap getting what she wants from them. She is greedy, grasping and duplicitous. Hates men and believes that she has created in herself a machine for destroying men. She likes girls, however. She will soon try to stop you in any way, to destroy you!”

“To stop me from what? I interrupted with surprise. “We’re separated. I’m not going to help her get a permanent green card, but I don’t intend to stop her either. I’d like to see her pursue a legitimate career, but that’s beyond my power. What does she want to stop me from doing?”

“You will do something you believe is just that threatens her getting the green card. But for now she wants vengeance. She wants to hurt you. You were the only one who tried to take her out of her bad life, tried to help her leave a depraved life that she had committed herself to as the realization of herself in this life. She wanted you to accept her in her life style as it was. She wanted you to accept everything she did, but you would not. She resented your efforts to help her put aside her life-long aim of making money from men and getting revenge on them. Your efforts forced her to look behind the mask where she hid from herself to at least glimpse the evil she became and the absurdity of pretending to be three different people. She wants revenge because you rejected her.”

Carmen continued, “She is lying to you. She will try to make you believe she is staying away from you. She will use magic to get into your mind, then approach you with tears and a phony story to get back into your life. Once back in, she will set off on her plan of revenge and try to weasel money out of you. Your wife and the spirit of your mother fight each other. Your mother is the guardian angel protecting you from your wife.”

I didn’t contradict Carmen about my mother this time. But if my “thank goodness she’s dead” caregiver was the only force protecting me, I was doomed.

“You must no longer feel sorry for your wife. She has no feelings of sympathy for you—only hate. She will try to force her mind into you. You must be stronger in mind than her. She will want you to pay her money. She will ask for money based on a phony story. Everything for her is money. “

“Your wife gets away with many things. Do not try to bring her to justice; just keep her away from you. You must be careful in the street because she may send someone to hurt you. Your wife blinded you from the beginning with her magic and fake personality, but

your guardian angel protects you. Let your wife be, stay away from her, or she will send someone to mug you to put you to the hospital. Be careful of a package coming to your door; it will blow up. Be careful of letters you do not expect. She has plans for you if you do not help her get a green card, so let her get it but do no more. Do not warn her about anything. She is now talking to two men about her 'life story' with tears in her eyes trying to get them after you. She is using black magic to get her way."

"Whew," I reacted. "She is one vindictive young lady, and after all I did for her. The guys are probably her lawyer and his Russian paralegal. I'll be honest with you, if justice demands I take her down, then I'm going to do it no matter what the threat or the cost." Carmen didn't realize that all the talk about danger took me back to when I did a little undercover work for the "Village Voice" against one of Roy Cohn's mob judges—the danger made it worth doing.

"Be careful then. As you know, she is not a weak American girl but ruthless and powerful. She has friends. It's better for you to let the past drift away with the water."

"So what do I do to protect against her magic?" I asked.

"Put this cross inside your pillow, read Psalms 23 and 62 in the morning and at night before bed. Take this plant. People who work bad magic kill living things."

"I know. She killed a plant I once gave her."

"But this plant will prevent your wife from doing bad things to you. Keep it near your bed and water it once a week and give it this medicine. For 21 days put in your bath this Cascarella, scrap a little of this chalk into the water so there is a film on it and pour a little out of this bottle. Lie in the tub, pray and relax. Ask the universe to cleanse and protect you while pouring water over your head with your hands three times, then wash

yourself. As soon as you get home today, use some of this potion to wet the floor in front of your door and say, ‘This is to dispel any evil that tries to come into my house.’”

“Thanks Carmen.”

“I hope you follow my advice this time.”

“Maybe, we’ll see.”

Talk To Me, Talk To Me

I followed Carmen’s procedures to block Dark Angel’s magic but not her advice to help my wife get a permanent green card.

One morning I awoke with a start. It hadn’t clicked earlier, but now the realization of another Dark Angel trick burst from my unconscious onto the surface. Perhaps Carmen’s warnings had released the bubble of danger, or the toll that living with Dark Angel had taken on my health, emotions and metaphysical well-being had so befuddled my consciousness that it no longer functioned effectively. Her trick looked so obvious, how did I miss it? Dark Angel probably found another way to slip me narcotics by putting them in some of the other food I ate that she didn’t prepare such as tea, coffee, creamer or snacks. It made sense; when it came to intrigue, this Commie was a pro. When I stopped eating her dinners in front of her and no longer displayed the subservient malleability of narcotic poisoning, she probably realized I threw her dinners away. Not to allow an obstacle to stand in her way, she found an alternate route for feeding me her “little helpers.” Maybe that’s why I didn’t kick her out right after she returned from Cyprus, waited for her to find a lawyer and even traveled to Disney World with her—yuck! I bolted out of bed to the kitchen—dumped every package, bag and bottle, including the alcohol, whether opened or not because if she

couldn't put drugs in it, she likely cast a spell on it. I also made an appointment with my doctor for drug testing.

The telephone and health insurance bills for November came in and Dark Angel owed me some money. I contacted her about the bills and expenses and suggested she send me a check.

"I don't like to use checks," she said. That's because the I.R.S. can subpoena them from a bank to estimate a taxpayers expenses and, in turn, income. "I have to go to a models show now. Can we meet to talk about this?" Red alert, red alert sounded; not only because of Carmen's warnings, but my own instinct. Still I agreed, hoping it the last time and we arranged to meet a few days later.

In the meantime, I visited my doctor for drug screening. I described my symptoms from when Dark Angel put "salts and sugars" in my food just before our wedding and the intermittent recurrences of these indications throughout the relationship.

"Clearly narcotics of some type," he said. "But I couldn't say which ones, and since she moved out a couple of weeks ago, I doubt the tests will show anything. Narcotics pass through the body's systems quickly." He was right; the tests came out negative.

Dark Angel and I met in front of "Today's Man" on Fifth Avenue—no greeting kisses between us.

"Here are the bills, so what do you want to talk about?" I asked.

"Not here in the street. It too noisy, is there some place to go and sit?" Like every female on this planet, she'd do anything to sit down. Even squeeze her butt into a space on a subway seat too small for a fat rat and then wonder why the people she uninvitingly wedged her ass against didn't welcome her familiarity.

I thought a little and said, “The Association of the Bar of the City of New York is down 44th Street. We can talk there.”

At the Bar, a stately building of marble and limestone built in the 19th Century, we walked up to the second floor and found an empty, large, sedate, front conference-room with twenty-foot ceilings.

When we sat down, I noticed Dark Angel put her purse in her lap, which I never saw her do before. She always put it on the floor. I immediately suspected the knife with which she once tried to stab me or a tape recorder. Both represented weapons. She might lose her temper, and, this time, succeed at stabbing me, or record our conversation that her crooked lawyers would threaten to twist against me unless I lied to the INS. They might even edit it to make me say something I didn't.

“What's in the purse Angel,” I asked accusingly.

“Nothing,” her tongue snaked over her lips.

“Let me see.”

“No!”

“Let me see!” I demanded.

“No, I don't want you going through my purse.”

“Because you have something to hide, I'll bet. Then put it over there by the wall.”

“I will not!” She carried something inside she wanted close to her.

“If you don't then, I'm leaving.”

She got up and put the bag against the wall and I motioned for us to move to the other end of the conference table far away from the bag.

“Here are copies of the bills.” I said. “You can figure out what you owe me and send me a postal money order, since you don’t like checks.” She folded them up.

“Roy why you not keep your promise to help me with green card?”

Trying to play on a man’s honor again. “I told you. For me to sign the affidavit that Mundy and Petrovich want means I will have to lie.”

“But you lie before.”

“No Angel, it is you who lied before. I kept my promises but not this time. Don’t try to make me out as the bad guy here. I’ve had enough of that Commie reversal routine.”

“But you promised!”

“That was before I realized why you and your two lawyers wanted an affidavit from me.”

“They simply try to help me become permanent resident.”

“Oh, don’t give me that innocent young girl routine. You three knew that once I signed that affidavit you would always have something on me. I’m not going to lie to the INS for you Angel.”

“But I will help you in the future,” she replied.

“You’re real good at making promises, so long as the other person does something to benefit you first. Not this time Angel. I’ve had too much experience with your false promises. You’ll promise anything to get what you want because you have no intention of keeping it. You’re nothing but a pathological lying con artist. I’m not going to lie for you and that’s it!”

I got up to leave, but she lurched at me from her seat, I put up my hand to push her back when she stuck her sharpened pinky fingernail into my finger. Angel always kept the nail on her right pinky finger long and sharp as weapon.

“Damn it! You cut me,” I said as she stood up in front of me a good three inches taller in her street shoes, dressed all in black with her braided dyed blonde hair and glaring eyes of malice.

I shook some of the blood off and Dark Angel recoiled in horror looking to see whether any of my blood got on her. Weird, would she melt if some of my blood touched on her?

“I want you to help me!” she shouted with a stamp of her foot—that horse again.

“I’m not putting myself in a position where you can destroy my license to practice law.” I then tried to leave, but she grabbed my wrist. I could have easily slipped her hold, but then she might yell rape in the quiet, august halls of the Bar Association. If we were in Russia, she could scream her head off, people would come but no one would believe her—not so in Feminarchy America.

“Let go of me,” I said.

“Not until you listen.”

Then I raised my voice, “Let go, damn it!”

She did, I tried to move around her towards the door, but she kept positioning herself in front of me. How unfair of American society that a girl can use violence against a man to get what she wants, but for me to deck her in self defense meant going to jail. To think the Feminazis complain they are oppressed—what a joke. Not only can they use violence because they know the police, and especially judges, will laugh at any guy complaining

about a girl assaulting him, they don't even need to worry about the guy using force to defend himself because then the criminal system will swarm over him, bankrupting him with legal fees and destroying his occupation, which means his life. In addition, females can also resort with impunity to their weapon of choice—the intentional infliction of emotional distress because it leaves no marks, no evidence. Their tongues are their guns and they use them all the time.

“Roy, I can cause big trouble for you if you don't help me,” as her eyes narrowed and stared down into mine in the typical Soviet inquisitorial and threatening manner. “Are you going to go along with my lawyers' plan?”

In the typical America response to commie threats, I said, “Drop dead!”

Then the tears started and she hugs me as the tears fell on my face, “I really liked you in the beginning. It not my fault we didn't work out. I still want to get together with you before I leave for Christmas.”

“No way!” I broke away from her dissembling hug and left thinking what a revolting experience that was, and in the Bar Association of all places.

Just for a lark, I stopped in the Today's Man store to see whether Dark Angel walked out to Fifth Avenue—sure enough. She turned north, and as I watched, she kept looking behind her by pretending to look in store windows to see whether I followed her. Now that was one paranoid whore.

All In My Mind

Confident that Carmen's rituals protected me from Dark Angel's black magic, I started seeing a therapist in the hope of washing out of my mind the harm caused by my

wife. I never thought much of therapists—I wanted solutions, not a sympathetic ear. So I found a therapist through the Viktor Frankel Institute in Vienna, Austria.

Frankel survived Hitler's concentration camps to establish a third school of psychotherapy called logotherapy, which differed from Freud's psychoanalysis and Adler's individual psychology. Frankel taught that the primary motivation of the individual was the search for the meaning of his life, for a reason or purpose that justified his existence given the present situation in which he found himself. The meaning of life differed from man to man and changed over time for any one man, but at any point in a man's life, he had a specific mission unique to him that demanded fulfillment. Each significant situation in life represented a challenge and presented a problem to solve, so the meaning of a man's life at that moment was meeting the challenge and solving the problem. In doing so, the reason or purpose for life could involve creating a work, doing a deed, undergoing an experience, becoming involved with someone or taking an attitude toward unavoidable suffering that allows a person to bear it with dignity.

Frankel's tenets appealed to me. I needed a new reason for living to help leave behind the emotional damage caused by my stupidly believing that rescuing Angel from the hell of Russia had been my most recent purpose. After a few sessions of filling in my therapist on the facts of my life and the lunacy of my marriage, the rest of the sessions until the end of January 2001 went to the core of my problem with the Dark Angel, provided a psychological explanation for why I married her and helped me focus on my present purpose in life by exploring what I needed to do to pursue it and why throughout my life I had always turned away from that purpose of using physics for acquiring knowledge of the mysteries of existence.

Throughout December, my therapist deduced the following:

“Just because your wife no longer lives with you doesn’t mean you are free of her. She is still a tremendous distraction for you emotionally because of her past manipulation of you. She wanted power over you, and the way she obtained it was by making you feel as if you were the most important person in the world. She used negative means—lies, feigned emotions, pretenses and especially exploiting your sense of ethics and your good heartedness to get what she wanted from you. Spiritually when a person uses negative energy to get something, she is a thief. She stole your will and energy, so when you tried to focus on your own needs, you lacked the desire and power. To extricate yourself, you will have to go against your ethics not to help her anymore; otherwise, she will continue to have power over you. She will be back pleading for assistance again, but you have your own life to lead and cannot let others get in your way.”

“Your wife very effectively exploited the negativity programmed in you by your parents not to pursue your dreams of knowledge but to play it safe. She became your excuse not to go after what you wanted—exploring the mysteries of the universe either by working in the space exploration industry or going back to school to study physics. Your wife knew how to use that negativity. Sure, she told you to pursue the knowledge you desired, but when you look at her actions—not her words—she always drew you away from what you needed to do for yourself. She said go after your dream of learning about space and physics but distracted you with her demands and interruptions. She wanted you to take care of her, to sacrifice yourself to her. She knew those ingrained feelings of negativity from your parents only needed a little nudge to once again deter you, as they so often did, from going

after your dream. She manipulated and cajoled your energy to focus on helping her and not you.”

“She also adeptly used your human feeling of compassion to control you. There’s a Buddhist concept called ‘idiot compassion’ that refers to what happens when you feel compassion for sharks. You think that by acting above board, a shark will change, but it does not. People like your wife intentionally try to get others to feel sorry for them in order to take advantage. You needn’t worry anymore about your wife, she will replace you immediately because she must have a man or men to use. You mentioned that she once told you she could have any man she wanted. Well, she will quickly find another to feel ‘idiot compassion’ for her.”

“When your wife told you that your mother gave you an inferiority complex, she was actually right. Your mother, by repeatedly calling you a monster, wishing she never bore you and blaming you for her failure as a mother created feelings of unworthiness in you that caused you to believe that unless someone needed you, that person would not love you. Your mother made you believe that unless you performed well in school, made yourself useful or sacrificed yourself to her demands, you didn’t matter. Your father simply reinforced your mother because he left your rearing to her. The unconscious voices of your parents still tell you that your value exists in only what you have done that they approve of and that others will not like you unless you do something for them. Your wife clearly realized this and used it to get you to do things for her, which you confused for love when in reality it was merciless exploitation.”

“Your wife plots her every move, as do killers. Never discount her hidden motives. When she needs you, she is as sweet as can be, but beneath, she ruthlessly calculates the

path to her gain. To further her interests she can play the role of mother, wife, lover, nurse, partner and so on—she’s a chameleon. She has the versatility of geisha. Looking at the photographs of her, they appear to be of different women. She can change not just her act but physical appearance to fit the role. But underneath her false images, she doesn’t care what you feel about her, only that you give her what she wants. She takes positive images and imbues them with negative energy, so she can take advantage of someone. She frames a situation in positive terms, so a person will think he will benefit. Basically, she hides her evil behind her many masks. Just look at these photographs, the non-posed ones show the real her: she looks old, wiped out, her eyes empty, cold—no heart, no warmth, no empathy she just feeds off of others.”

“Think of your wife as a detour that took you far from yourself. Look at who you are, your values, beliefs and the things you have done in your life and compare them to your wife. Your wife would never join S.D.S. to oppose the Viet Nam War, never work in the McGovern Presidential campaign, never lead a workers’ strike at Columbia University, never use a position in the media to investigate corrupt politicians and businessmen, never quit a legal position in the U.S. Treasury Department in protest over the improper influence by a wealthy family on the I.R.S. and never travel to a backward country like Russia to try to help create a fair market economy by writing articles, making speeches and giving legal advice. Such deeds never enter your wife’s thoughts. She aspires to emulate the malevolence of those you fought against since your youth—those whom represented the arbitrary use of power and meanness of your parents. She conforms to evil because, perversely, it makes her feel good about herself, that she is in power, dominating and defeating others.”

“So that you understand, your wife is a psychopath. She is cold, cruel and ultimately a deception. She accurately perceives reality—except for her social and moral obligations—and pursues immediate gratification in criminal acts and sexual perversion and addiction. Her disregard for and violation of the rights of others probably began around the age of 15 years. Since then, she has believed herself above the code of civilized conduct. She walks away from situations without remorse by being indifferent to or rationalizing the hurt, mistreatment or theft she has done. Your wife reasons that since she suckered you—you deserved it. Because you got fooled, it was your fault—not hers. She doesn’t think herself responsible. By her rules, she can cheat anyone, harm anyone outside the circle of her and her mother. She deceives by repeated and often outrageous lying. She uses glibness, superficial charm and aliases to con others for personal profit, pleasure and to make them serve her. Her irritability, constant need for stimulation and parasitic lifestyle are overshadowed by her grandiose sense of self-worth. She may even think that her life is wonderful because she gets away with conduct that civilized people do not. Your involvement with this small time criminal made no sense given your life and standards.”

“Another way to understand the dynamic with your wife is to think about your life as having external and internal worlds. Your wants and needs exist in the internal—that’s where your dream of gaining knowledge about the secrets of the universe lies. A person’s internal world forms out of his home life. Too often in your life, you focused on the external by pursuing causes and work that didn’t satisfy your internal desire because for you the internal world is haunted by the discouragement and absence of warmth from your mother who raised you while your father pursued a public life in the external world. Whenever you enter the internal world now, you run into not one but two horrors—a

narcissistic, unfeeling mother and an equally narcissistic, psychopathic wife. To pursue your dream requires stepping back into the internal world that you naturally equate with the dread of experiencing another disaster like your mother or wife.”

“The similarities between your mother and wife help explain your recent behavior. Neither were there for you unless it served them in some way, and to them, you existed only at their pleasure and for their needs. Both did not respond normally to life’s events. Both accused you of doing what they were secretly doing—switching the guilt to you. Both refused to negotiate or compromise because in their arrogance they feared it might unmask feelings of inferiority. They always did the unexpected in order to psyche you out. As with your mother, the same with your wife: you never knew how they would react. This type of person represented real intimacy for you. Since your mother emotionally abused you, such abuse became equated with love, and the emotional abuse you suffered from your wife became confused with love in your eyes. Your psychologically astute wife stepped into the role of your mother to manipulate you, cause you pain and get rid of you when it suited her. Understand, she never would have moved out unless she wanted. She must sense men who were abused by their mothers knowing she can exploit their psychology not just for material gain but revenge. Your wife is seething inside against you and all men. Perhaps her true dream is not modeling but abusing men.”

“Naturally, after the awful impact of these two women, you now feel in your middle age tremendous sadness, not the utter hopelessness of depression, but an ever present melancholy—you’ve given up on your dream of knowledge and long for relief. The experience with your wife was especially traumatic and unfortunately came at a time when you were about to go after the knowledge you sought about space and physics. She is more

than a liar: she is a destroyer of dreams, and it is that which you must stay aware of.

Although she moved out, your anger towards her keeps you connected to her. Anger comes from a sense that the object of the anger, a person, can change, but your wife cannot. If a person is incapable of change, then continuing anger towards them turns into an obsession to bring them to justice. Do not let your anger keep her in your life. Unconsciously, you hope she will change and come back to you because there is still a love, a bond you feel with her. But she feels no such thing towards you and no remorse for her acts. When you decided to marry her, it took you away from your own life. You need to live your life now, instead of reacting to hers. You know how to react against someone or something but not how to move forward towards what you want. You need to eliminate your wife as the organizing principle of your life.”

During one session, I played a message for my therapist that Dark Angel left on my mobile as another New Millennium greeting. Some people thought New Year’s Eve 2000 marked the new millennium, others New Year’s Eve 2001, Dark Angel naturally used whichever gave her an advantage. On New Year’s Eve, December 31, 2000, while on my way to a party, I picked up a voicemail message from Dark Angel. It didn’t click why she bothered calling.

My therapist said, “Her crying sounds phony to me because real crying results in different breathing and makes it much more difficult to talk. But there is an artificial seductiveness in her voice, and I can understand how dangerous that voice could be. If you didn’t know the truth about her activities, it would be very easy to let her back into your life. She must want something, which I assume, based on what you told me, is help in getting her permanent green card.”

“That’s it,” I responded. “She and her lawyers are still trying to maneuver me into lying to the INS for her.”

“You should remove her from your life, not only so you can move on, but also because she will try to hurt you. She probably saw you as part father from whom she craved approval for her perverse life style. When you condemned her conduct, she most likely vowed vengeance.”

“I believe that and I’m not about to perjure myself for her.”

As the New Year unfolded, my therapist dug deeper into the demons assailing me:

“Like your wife, your mother lived in a fantasy world of self denial, self absorption and no concern for others. Your wife probably enters some fantasy realm when she strips. Both your mother and wife made sure no one outside the family saw whom they really were. They concentrated on appearances: your mother the successful homemaker, your wife the model and dancer. Neither ever showed real empathy, but only acted with a false concern to mask their feelings of irritation and annoyance. Both wanted power to call the shots. Both used negativity, arrogance, ignorance, meanness and fear to control you so as to sacrifice you in order to validate their power. When you initiated a need, your mother exercised her power by denying it and your wife by agreeing but never carrying through. Your mother and wife manipulated and coaxed you into doing things against your interest not just to satisfy their selfish ends but for the mere thrill of exercising power—to feel powerful and inflate their self-aggrandizement. They were power junkies. When either didn’t get their way, their rage exploded—your mother by turning hysterical, your wife violent.”

“Your wife’s blatant adultery denigrated you as effectively as did your mother’s verbal belittling. Your mother did it to keep you from growing up and leaving her. She

wanted to keep you within her power, so she never gave her blessing for you to pursue the activities you wanted. Activities such as sports, which she always tried to talk you into quitting, or learning an instrument, which she forbade. Both sports and playing an instrument teach self-reliance and confidence—two qualities necessary for an independent life. Your mother, however, criticized, demeaned and raged at you to thwart your maturing beyond her power. As a result, whenever you felt doubt about doing something later in life, it came from the internal tape of your mother’s discouragement and hostility. In order to assuage the feeling of dread that this replaying of your mother’s reactions caused, you usually decided to pursue status rather than what you wanted. You unconsciously believed status would legitimize you in your mother’s eyes, since she obsessed over appearances, and would mitigate the internal furies she created inside you. But once you got the status, it didn’t satisfy the internalized mother because your mother never approved of anything you did as a child; otherwise, it might encourage you to grow beyond her power. So the entire pattern replayed itself over and over with those internalized furies driving you to leave one position after another.”

“You feel dread about continuing your quest for knowledge by going back to college to pursue a PhD in physics because it involves a social situation that your mother would disapprove of if she were alive, since it would threaten to mitigate her power over you. The more you do what you want, the more dread will come up from your mother’s programming that still functions in your unconscious. You fear standing on your own, doing what you and not your mother want. Also you do not have someone to support you in your efforts. You hoped your wife would be that emotional support, but she just played you

for her own benefit. As long as you do what your internalized mother wants, you don't feel alone—but you are.”

“The voice of negativity you hear about pursuing physics and the criticisms of your life come from your internalized mother. She was wrong when alive, and her negative coaching that continues to affect you is still wrong. An activity is not about an outcome of status, money or appearance but the process. Your mother convinced you that only easy activities were good and hard ones bad, but maybe something that is hard is okay. Maybe that's the only way to grow. You need to face the fact that now you have reached a dead end in life. Despite the harm of your mother, there burns inside of you a desire for knowledge. All your life you've been learning, taking courses and studying many different subjects. Despite your claim of not having a career, you do—knowledge. Not a vocation likely to yield fortune and glory, but it does satisfy an inner drive of yours and not your mother's. It's now time to go back to the core source of knowledge for you by trying to understand what makes the universe tick. Unless you pursue your dream in physics, you will probably continue as a satellite of your wife for you will have nothing else to do.”

The therapy sessions seemed to help a lot—much to my surprise. The process not only gave me knowledge of the parentally induced behavioral patterns that plagued my life, but, more importantly, the new realization that possibly my first-best destiny meant the pursuit of knowledge, a thirst to understand. Perhaps knowledge was my dream, and my purpose now is to pick up on studying physics. Clearly my internalized mother and the external Dark Angel disapproved of the pursuit of knowledge rather than money and status.

My therapist's analysis of learning as my career sent me back in time to the mid-sixties when, thanks to a female, high school English teacher, I first started to use my mind

to learn about the mysteries of life and the universe. Susan, very hot, twenty-two years old with great legs that her skirts revealed more of every time she shifted gears in her Corvette Sting Ray, used my unconscious attraction to Edgar Allan Poe's writings to pry open my mind to the wondrous ideas, theories, imaginings and perspectives pulsating behind the story lines in all great poetry and literature. She animated the previously dormant abilities in my mind to analyze and interpret authors' clues to the metaphysical realm they touched.

Her impact led me to write poetry, and, at one point, caused me to experience a revelation. I wanted to touch directly the metaphysical reality referred to by so many authors in order to glean my own philosophy, my own worldview. Late one rainy night while concentrating on this desire, I slipped into a trance in which my mind sped through darkened clouds of manifested forms to the overwhelming abyss of darkness that pulsed with absolute power beyond the dualities that defined the empirical universe. There was no fear—just awe and jubilation at the invisible living realm that surely must generate the time-space continuum we perceive as the universe. Instantly, without words, I knew that I wanted knowledge; wanted to understand some of this fundamental nature of the universe that my mind tentatively touched. My best destiny sprang full-blown, filling me with joy and purpose. My mission in life meant acquiring knowledge in order to delve the transcendental mysteries; anything else would be a waste of material.

Spurred by my epiphany, I tried writing a fictional story with a Poe type tone about this fleeting experience beyond the world of shapes and forms. Susan thought it impressive for a seventeen year old.

'The mind is limited by environment and natural born ability.' That must be the most thoughtless statement ever printed. The horror of it all is that the world's populace accepts this theory as fact. Well, here is one person who doesn't believe the mind has boundaries. I believe the mind contains two realms: one with the abilities to accomplish

worldly tasks and the other, an unheard of realm, consisting of complete knowledge. Somehow, some way, I must enter that realm of ultimate knowledge to prove that the environment and genes do not chain people.

This marked the start of my unceasing quest for a dream like world. The finding of it will be my life's accomplishment. A place of ultimate knowledge must exist within the mind because the efforts of the mind created all knowledge that man now possesses. All knowledge gained through out history came from thought within the mind. Most people view the mind as part of the unknown, which causes them to shy away from the abilities that lie within. It is not a mystical force from outside that stirs the mind, but from within man come the thoughts that create knowledge. Ingenious thinking and concentration consistently create miracles never before dreamed. The mind produces imaginings beyond what exists, and men obsessed with such dreams have made the world.

Since all knowledge comes from thought, the mind must contain all knowledge. Beyond conscious thought there must exist a place that guards the universe's secrets. If this realm is entered, answers will undoubtedly overwhelm questions. But how can one achieve this realm? Perhaps one idealistic way requires freedom from all mortal needs and influences since ultimate thought and concentration can only exist without distractions. But such a method is impossible for the body lives mortally, which hinders the immortal mind. Without the body, the mind may achieve any idealistic goal, but such is not practical. Perhaps the exercising of one's will can lessen this obstacle, the physical body. There must exist a method in which the body poses only a superficial hindrance. But where within my own thoughts lurks this way. I need to learn more in order to stir my mind to perceive a route to knowledge.

I spent years studying in the hope of discovering new types of thought in order to achieve my theoretical realm. Many courses bolstered my dream like ideas. Such subjects as Philosophy and English Literature developed my mind to better understand abstract ideas and taught me to search longer and deeper into a passing thought. I resolved that hypnosis might hold the key. Hypnosis provides a practical way of freeing the mind from the mortal body. It creates a medium of near complete concentration by blocking out all other disturbances. Here was a possible gateway to complete knowledge.

I set out on a crusade of knowledge about hypnosis. Eagerly attending lectures, reading and studying, I finally felt myself ready for the true test. Cautiously I progressed into deeper and deeper states. In a trance, my mind seemed to float above a confused and whirling wind. The feeling of immortality overcame me with the thought of being able to dive endlessly into the darkened sky above. But often my hesitance to peer beyond stopped me. I wondered what would I find there and should I a mortal be doing this? Was the body's sole purpose to prevent the acquiring of such knowledge or was it just an accident that kept the mind from such thoughts? Finally the agony of not knowing overcame my hesitancy, and I entered deeper and deeper into the darkened sky of these trances, but never reached the source of energy creating the dark. I concluded that hypnosis kept the mind enslaved to travel in an endless circle.

My quest for the realm of knowledge began to crumble. All seemed hopeless until one day while reading a book about Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the British poet, I came across the statement, “During a waking dream, he composed some three hundred lines on Kubla Khan. All the images arose up before him without any conscious effort.” Here was a man who during a twilight state of sleep and consciousness, composed in his mind and remembered 300 lines of magnificent poetry. The poem contained such hidden and mystical thoughts that Coleridge must have touched the world for which I searched somewhere between mental activity and the passivity of dreaming.

With this new spark of hope, I tried to analyze a way to duplicate Coleridge’s journey. Sleep creates dreams but wakefulness consciousness. The door to combining the two to reach beyond the unconscious must lie through the dream world. Most dreams seem nonsensical and uncontrollable, so the key required transforming some of the dream energy into probing thought to find the truths below the surface. The dream emitting from the unconscious was the medium for entering the universe’s vault of hidden secrets. But how was it possible to create a thoughtful dream to release the hidden secrets? Coleridge read the story of Kubla Khan before composing his poem, so by analogy, immersing my waking hours studying the processes of thinking and dreaming while analyzing my own theories might take my consciousness to the land of the hidden sun.

One night I slept half awake or half awake slept with my thoughts moving in the direction I willed and sensed they should go. Traveling upward through the dark clouds of forms, I burst upon a night of pulsating energy, terrible in its power and awe. I hesitated, but then willed my thoughts into the abyss. The darkness began retreating; I saw a glimmer of light, but an odd sort, neither bright nor dull—just perpetual. As I moved closer to my goal, the darkness continued to vanish. There appeared a hue of countless dimensional waves.

‘The scene is becoming clearer now, yes, I can see it. I can see it! This endless realm makes my wildest speculations seem puny. At first glance I perceive the most beautiful poetry ever written, countless mathematical equations, completely different and profound literature, and secrets on life, science and the entire universe all a part of me. Mankind must know of this realm of knowledge that can lead to immortality of the mind.’ I descended from this realm of beauty with my mind yearning to awake an ignorant world. ‘But something is wrong; I seem to be so free, yet my body refuses to move. It looks so cold and gray just lying there. Oh my God, No!’

A little sophomoric that story, but apparently the revelation that occasioned it decades ago had caused my unconscious to drive me over the landscape of knowledge in a seemingly random process of learning through out my entire life. However due to the obstacles programmed in me by my mother, I never consciously pursued a systematic approach to delving the mysteries of the universe, the abyss I originally had touched, with a

concerted study of physics augmented by philosophy, literature and the arts. Now, according to my therapist, events provided me with the opportunity to resume my studies of physics in an effort to focus on my first-best destiny.

Still, subtle wisps of feeling out of time wafted over my being bringing back a summer night in Moscow a few years earlier in 1998. After a weary day of looking for a job, I fell into a waking dream that took me to the same abyss of elemental power I visited thirty-three years earlier. Once again, I experienced the terrible awe without fear. But now a life crushing sadness of failure replaced the joy of promise offered by the first epiphany. In my inner being, I knew that I had wasted the most capable years of my conscious existence by skirting the edges but never going for the heart of my dream to use physics to bring back from the unknown an understanding of one small mystery of nature. Now the abyss just waited with eternal patience for my inevitable assimilation back into the darkness from where I originated.

Last Kiss

As is true with all therapy patients, my troubles, especially with Dark Angel, consumed my conscious and unconscious minds that even at cocktail parties I babbled on about my travails to friends and strangers alike. They all must have thought me nuts but laughed at my punch lines while apparently empathizing with my plight. What surprised me, however, was that everyone to whom I told my tale, said I should write a book. I didn't think my experiences with Russia very interesting, but if the public wanted a book, I would give it a try. At first I thought of writing a Dashiell Hammett detective story to try to make some money off of my costly and revolting experiences. But then decided not to but rather to tell the truth, all of it, with the real names and words, as best I remembered them of

everyone involved. To hell with the political correctionalism malaise for euphemisms that delude people into thinking the world kind and gentle at the expense of the truth. I didn't care whose sensitivities I stepped on, if the truth hurt, then put up with the pain or sue me. At the suggestion of Pat, my rock 'n' roll guitar-playing friend, I also decided to include side stories and observations of my experiences in the lunatic asylum called Russia. Ironically, I started writing on the nine month anniversary, December 11, 2000, of one of my dumbest mistakes—marrying Dark Angel.

Between writing, I took in movies and social events such as Cindi and Keith's wedding anniversary. Cindi was my acting friend who had helped Dark Angel find modeling jobs. I updated both her and Keith on the situation with Dark Angel, which shocked Cindi but not Keith. Keith, also an actor, told us about a corporate event he worked with Dark Angel. He kept noticing Dark Angel giving out her number to strange men, so he asked her, "You're not giving your number to these guys are you?" Dark Angel responded with, "I give them a special number." I reacted that she obviously used these events to line up prostitution clients. Keith said it figured. When he first met Dark Angel, he thought of her as six feet two and all evil. How did I miss what he immediately saw? Perhaps it had to do with his Russian heritage.

At the movies, the young female antagonist in *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* reminded me in the arrogance and thirst for power of Dark Angel. The truly evil character in the movie, however, was the nanny to the young female antagonist. The nanny despised men for not rewarding her with what she didn't deserve. The nanny believed in the alleged divine right of females to get what they desired even though not qualified. When denied a position fit mainly for men, the nanny vowed vengeance on men, blaming them for an

accident of nature that made her a woman instead of a man. She sounded like a modern day Feminazis and Dark Angel's mother.

The nanny poisoned the young lady by burning into her soul a delusional conviction in the superiority of women over men in all aspects of life and instilled a maniacal drive to power, not for self-defense or to fight injustice, but to dominate men—make them cower at her wrath, tremble at her feet, to love her and despair. The young lady used her power in battle to injure many guys who never emotionally matured beyond adolescence. But the young lady could not overcome in combat or with sex the man her nanny most hated—a compassionate seasoned warrior. He saw great promise for good in the young lady—a hidden dragon, which means in the east a potent force for good fortune, happiness, immortality and transformation. However, the young lady's arrogance and hunger for misplaced revenge threatened to turn her into a poisoned dragon that uses its power for self-aggrandizement, power and barbaric purposes. Not unlike my wife, so from then on I referred to Dark Angel as Poisoned Dragon.

In the movie, the young lady's adamant refusal to change led her to causing harm to everyone who tried to help her, including the death of the compassionate warrior. After his destruction, she finally realized her goal of beating men in their own arenas turned her not into a superior person but into her own misconception of the nature of men. The young lady twisted men's role in evolution from provider and protector to exploiter and oppressor. She emulated her perception of men by transforming herself into a heartless, hate-filled engine of blind vengeance—not unlike Dark Angel. In the end, the decency of those she injured caused her to realize that neither of the sexes lords in superiority over the other. Each brings its own unique strengths that compliment rather than conflict with the other. Overcome by

remorse, realizing she cannot undo what she has done, she jumps into oblivion. A just ending as the movies usually provide, but real life rarely ends that way. I knew Poisoned Dragon, a.k.a. Dark Angel, could never admit to herself that she was anything but a victim acting in self-defense.

The end of January 2001 marked the beginning of the Year of the Snake in which life allegedly turns to discovering the reasons behind things and covert warfare, which relies on secrecy and infiltration, circumvents conventional defenses. The ending months of the Year of the Snake strike with a deadly bite, so to prevent such, the Snake must be beaten to death. Mythology warns that if evil is not eliminated completely, it will not rest until it has destroyed us.

Speaking of snakes, one last task remained in order to disentangle my affairs completely from Poisoned Dragon. When she came to America, I added her to my health insurance HMO policy. The HMO provider would allow me to cancel her from my policy, but that would leave her without coverage for a period of time. I decided to do the right thing and not cancel her from my policy until she had time to arrange for own coverage. After all the warnings from Carmen and my therapist, I had no desire to meet with her to explain the procedure and hand over the forms for setting up her own coverage, so I arranged for my friend Alan, whom she knew, to do it. Poisoned Dragon didn't refuse to meet with Alan, she just hung up the telephone on him or pretended not to understand his English—one of her favorite tactics when she wanted to play dumb or claim a premeditated act as an innocent mistake. I called her to ask what the problem was with meeting Alan.

“There's no need for Alan to call me. You can call me yourself. Why can't you bring the forms? Alan has trouble understanding me, and I don't want to make a mistake

because insurance is very important in America.” Now that was new for Poisoned Dragon. It originally took a lot of explaining to get her to agree to health insurance because of the cost.

“Okay, let’s meet at the Virgin Coffee shop on Union Square.” We set the date and time.

“Roy,” she said in her most seductive voice, which immediately told me to watch out, “Why wouldn’t you help me get green card. I will do something for you in the future.”

Déjà vu again, but looking back, I realize she and her lawyers were trying to set me up. All three of them were probably confident I would do what they would have done: demand money from her in return for my helping her. That meant extortion, and by recording the telephone conversation, they could use it as a club to force me to lie to the INS. But when I made the call, I didn’t even think of a trap and they hadn’t planned on my honesty. How could they? They didn’t know what the word meant.

“I’m not going to lie for you. I told you before. I will not lie for you.”

No response.

“One more thing Angel,” I suggested, following some of Cheryl’s advice. “Why don’t you try seeing a psychologist?”

She laughed, “You need one not me.”

“I’m already seeing one. Look Angel your life style is not healthy. A therapist could help you get out of it and make your life productive.”

“They will just give you information about me. That is why you want me to go to one.”

“That may be true in Russia but not here. The law requires therapists to keep a patient’s communications secret, or they will lose their license to practice. Even the courts can’t force a therapist to talk about his discussions with a patient.”

“Your laws mean nothing, just like in Russia.”

“Well then, go to the therapist of your choice.”

“They cost too much.”

“I’ll pay for the first few sessions. You can then decide whether it’s worth the cost to continue.”

“I will think about it,” which for her meant no.

“Okay, I will see you Sunday at the coffee shop.”

After our conversation, I again mistakenly wondered what to do with this girl, as though I was responsible, which I wasn’t. But idiot compassion still made me think she could do so much with her life in America, if she just got out of the sex industry, which only reinforced her paranoia towards people and confirmed in dollars the benefits of duplicity. There must exist a way to get her to concentrate on her legitimate modeling career. I had tried reason but it proved useless, maybe now I should try threatening. A threat worked before in getting a copy of her diary. I decided at our meeting to give her an ultimatum to leave lap dancing for a legitimate job, or I would have to decide whether to go to the Immigration Service to try to get her deported. I didn’t intend to go to Immigration, but hoped the threat might shake her up enough to get her life on a track with a future. If she refused, then I had done all I could to help her. It was Time to move on and leave her to her own sorted existence while I pursued my own dream of studying physics, which I had begun a week earlier at Columbia University.

Sunday, January 28, 2001, Poisoned Dragon and I met. Uncharacteristically, she was late. Another anomaly that I filed away in my mind knowing the reason would eventually reveal itself. Once again she sat down with her purse in her lap, probably with a knife or recording device in it but I didn't care.

She immediately kissed me full on the lips with an open mouth, long and hard. During her Judas' Kiss, intermittent but resigned concerns flashed through my mind expecting her to plunge a knife into my belly at any moment. The knife never came, but the sensation of kissing a sewer did and stayed throughout the ordeal. I couldn't help but wonder the sheer quantity of all the toilet related places that mouth visited. When she pulled those filthy lips away, I wanted to spit, but the absence of spittoons prevented me. She then proceeded to playfully pull the hair on my head while smiling her Cheshire grin.

"Don't do that!" I wasn't in the mood for her false pretenses to get me to drop my defenses.

"I will if I want," she arrogantly said.

"What if I started playing with your breasts?"

"I wouldn't mind."

Naturally, what else would a prostitute say, I thought.

She continued, "In the future you can call me yourself, you don't have to have someone else do it."

My suspicions sharpened at that statement. If anything, Poisoned Dragon never forgave a slight, and in her mind, I had slighted her plenty—so why the false pretense of wanting to hear my voice over her telephone? I dropped my misgiving and got down to

business, giving her the insurance forms and explaining what she needed to do to continue her health insurance.

With that done she asked, “Why did you send me the Sarah Brightman CD, writing on it that I should listen to “Time to Say Goodbye”?”

“Because it’s time for us to say ‘goodbye’! Part of me still loves you, but we will never have a romantic relationship again, assuming we had one in the past. It’s over. You go your way, and I’ll go mine.”

“But you promised to help me get a green card. You tricked me into coming to America with you by promising to get me a green card, now you want me to pay you money for your help.”

Now I knew she was carrying a tape recorder and her lawyers probably scripted that line for her. “Wait a minute. I never asked you for money in return for my help to get you a green card. I brought you to America because you were my wife and because I wanted to help you pursue your professed dream of modeling, not selling your body to strangers. It’s time you straighten your life out, stop stripping, stop going out with your customers and stop prostituting yourself!”

“What I do is art!”

“Taking off your clothes for \$20, so some guy can get a hard-on is not art! There’s nudity in works of art, but the purpose isn’t to sexually excite someone. The intent is to communicate a story, a theme or atmosphere, not to sexually arouse people for money, which is what you do.”

“How will I pay my bills now that I no longer live with you?”

“I told you back before you started working at Flash Dancers that you could make \$400 a night or more as a bartender, and my friend Tom would teach you bartending and suggest places to find a job.”

“Lifting the bottles will hurt my back,” she complained.

“You spend eight hours a night walking around on five-inch heels, contorting your body giving lap dances. Don’t tell me that doesn’t hurt your back. Remember you always wanted a back massage. Look, instead of working as a bartender, work as a lap dancer one week out of the month. That’s \$2,500 to \$3,000, enough to pay your bills. And get a temporary job as a waitress or something legitimate. That way you will have more time to pursue modeling and an entertainment career and will look a lot better by not working four weeks a month in a smoke filled pit.”

She didn’t respond, but went into the old Soviet tactic of looking down with false tears in her eyes in an effort to show contrition while probably cursing me and vowing vengeance the whole time.

“If you cut down on the stripping, stop prostituting yourself and get a legitimate job, I won’t contact the Immigration Service.”

“What will you tell them?” she asked, trying to fine out what I had on her.

“About you, of course,” I evaded. “If you don’t straighten out your life, then I will have to make a decision whether to tell them or not. I don’t know how I will decide and I don’t know when.”

She leaned close to my ear and whispered, “You son of a bitch, if you do not help me get a green card my Chechen friends will put you in the hospital or kill you or I will do it myself!”

Now its Chechens, before it was Russians, can't this girl keep anything straight. Anyway, did she actually believe a female could scare a man? Fed up as usual with this slut, I just got up and left thinking: goodbye, and no I am not glad I met you, and no I do not wish you luck although you are going to need it.

That Friday my stockbroker and I went to dinner. I updated her on the latest with Poisoned Dragon.

Maiya said, "You know, back during the summer she called me three times, but I never got back to her. I couldn't understand why she was calling me."

"I told her that if you believed she had changed, then I would give her another chance. But since I never heard anymore about it, I just assumed she never called you."

"I'm sorry now I didn't call her back. Maybe it would have made a difference."

"I doubt it. She would have tried to con you like she cons everyone. It wouldn't have mattered, she's beyond all hope."

"So tell me, what are going to do now? Do you believe her Chechen threat?"

"I don't know. She grew up in the capital Grozny. She has friends from Chechnya whom she hangs out with in Krasnodar. There's one Chechen guy she introduced me to twice as the man who helped her and her mother move from Grozny to Krasnodar. He's probably one of her prostitution clients. And she knows a lot of the rich and powerful in Krasnodar who, not surprisingly, are all criminals. I guess I believe her threat, but it doesn't bother me."

"Well, I would be careful. If you turn up missing, I'm going right to the police."

"Thanks, but what's troubling me now is what to do about her. Clearly she's not going to change, so do I go to Immigration and try to get them to deport her?"

“Why would they deport her?”

“She lied on her visa application when she said she never worked as a prostitute within the ten years before filing the application and lied about never being arrested or imprisoned. Her diary shows she worked as a prostitute in Cyprus and Mexico and was arrested and deported from Mexico for working without a visa.”

“You know she’ll just tell Immigration that you told her to lie and may even tell them that you brought her over here to pimp her out.”

“Ha, that’s her all right! But I doubt they’d believe her.”

“Don’t be so sure with bureaucrats.”

“Maybe, but I have to decide this not out of fear but what is right.”

Maiya advised, “I’d just forget her, and get on with your own dream of learning physics. Chalk Angel up to an adventure.”

“I’m leaning in that direction. The physics and math courses I’m taking require a lot of time, and I don’t want to be distracted with dealing with a government agency. Besides, I’ve put off going after my first-best destiny for most of my life. Now with what little time I have left, I might as well do what I want instead of what the ghosts of my parents or the media say I should do.”

“So do you like your courses?”

“Actually I do. I’m surprised at how much I remember from thirty-five years ago. I don’t understand how I could have let this go for such a long time? Anyway, I really enjoy learning the theory and applying it to problems. The students are all young enough to be my children, but they seem to accept me as another student. It’s fine, and since I don’t foresee

any major expenses looming in the future, I might make it to a PhD. Even if I don't, the knowledge will be worth it."

"What about a divorce?"

"She can have one whenever she wants. I don't care. I'm just not going to commit perjury for her."

"Given her ruthlessness that seems best. You don't want her to have something on you."

"Yeah, all I want is to let her drift into the past. Hmmm, if that's all I want, then it makes no sense to keep her in my life troubling my thoughts by trying to get her deported. She deserves to be bounced out of this country, but given the incompetence and laziness of our government bureaucrats, it would probably be a waste of my time. No, I'm tired of reacting to her primitive life form. She can live in whatever prison her delusions make for her, I'm going after my much delayed dream."

Maiya added, "I just hope she doesn't do something stupid. We both know Russians: sycophants, outlaws and hypocrites who just don't understand the civilized world."

"Ha, you're right."

Walking home that February 1st evening, I felt relieved of a burden I had carried since a warm July night over a year and a half ago. It seemed appropriate that on the eve of the first anniversary of Poisoned Dragon's acceptance of my marriage proposal, she was finally out of my life. Actually in Russia, it was now the first anniversary: Candlemas, February 2nd. Poisoned Dragon could do whatever she wanted, I didn't want anymore of

her. Perhaps the universe evolves in a beneficent manner, the Poisoned Dragon gets to pursue her heart's delight: money, while I pursue mine: knowledge.