

## **Stupid Frigging Fool**

By Roy Den Hollander

### Part 4

#### Mother-in-law

During my fact finding in Krasnodar, two other friends stayed with Traviesa in my apartment. Jesse, one of the black belts who had served the Family Court summons on Poisoned Dragon at Flash Dancers, needed a place to live while he looked for an apartment. With Traviesa's okay, I let him camp out at my place, and wherever Jesse went, so did his girl Kristi, another pretty young babe from the former Communist Block, this time Hungary. Perhaps I should have opened a hostel to finance my war against Poisoned Dragon.

On returning home, I expected to find my three adopted children in residence, but Jesse and Kristi no longer slept there. Traviesa greeted me with a smile and what she considered a home cooked European meal: spaghetti, still a step up from the boiled rice, hot dogs and drugs that Poisoned Dragon served as dinner. Apparently, in the former Soviet Union, the route to influencing a man isn't through cooking.

As I ate, Traviesa recounted a bizarre event in the apartment concerning Kristi, which caused her and Jesse at her insistence to leave.

My apartment is on the tenth floor and faces north. At night, you can easily see the Chrysler Building and other brightly lit skyscrapers. On one night while in the bathroom brushing her teeth, Kristi felt something strange. She turned and saw outside a jet-black form slowly moving toward the opened bathroom window until it completely blacked out the lights of the New York City skyscrapers. The shape, according to Kristi, stopped without entering and uttered unintelligible words in a guttural, menacing voice that froze her heart. Kristi freaked,

bolted into the living room for Jesse's arms, and through stammering words explained what had happened. Jesse ran into bathroom ready to take apart whatever it was that frightened Kristi, but he found nothing, looked out the window—nothing. Whatever it was, if it was anything, it didn't want to deal with Jesse.

Kristi refused to ever set foot in my apartment again. She believed a demon tried to enter through the bathroom window that night to steal hers and the souls of everyone in the apartment. If Kristi was right, we all knew that the only person malicious and arrogant enough to summon up demons was Poisoned Dragon. It was easy for all of us to imagine my wife gnashing her teeth, contorting her face in hate as she spewed out the evil in her to animate the long forgotten nightmares buried in the unconscious mind of modern humans.

The incident didn't particularly bother me because by then I had accepted my grasp on reality as tenuous at best. Poisoned Dragon had so crippled my view of reality that the image of demons cavorting outside my windows seemed like business as usual. Traviesa found the episode amusing; probably because she believed in her own supernatural power that she confidently thought more than a match for some retarded Russian's.

The tentacles of the unearthly, at least from my degenerating view of reality, continued to slither out of the darkness, where logic and proportion failed to tread. Natalya mailed me a copy of the Krasnaya Ulitsa newspaper article about Alina and me that hit the streets on April 30<sup>th</sup>, Walpurgis Nacht: the medieval European witches Sabbath in which the forces of darkness run rampant in nightmarish abandon. A fitting representation of Poisoned Dragon's life, but of all the days, why did it come out on April 30<sup>th</sup>? Were the forces of evil that Poisoned Dragon allied with tapping into my childhood fears of Walt Disney's *Night On Bald Mountain* with its elemental music of the Russian composer Mussorgsky pulling me into the insane world that my

wife ruled as a Goblin queen? Given the lunacy of those days, any thing irrational seemed likely.

The article included a picture of a stripper covering her breasts with a hat, wearing panties and her facial features partly disguised, but it sure looked a lot like my wife. I appreciated the subtle mockery that a stripper and prostitute's only value was her body. Poisoned Dragon clearly saw her body as the source of all her material wealth.

The article used fictitious names for Poisoned Dragon, once again because of a holdover in Soviet law that protected a person's honor even though the truth showed her to have no honor. The article called my wife Svetlana Bondarchuk and me Michael Lamer—lame for marrying her, I guess. The following is a translation:

### **The Spouse for Common Use.**

I would like to divorce my wife, who instead of performing her marital duties, is working at the strip club, and after work is a prostitute. She is also involved in with bandits. I took her to the U.S. from Krasnodar in hopes of creating a nice family, but it turned out to be an illusion. For the last four months, she managed to earn \$ 60,000 as a prostitute.

Don't think that this is a confession of one of the Americans online, even though there is plenty of information like that. This information was taken to "Krasnaya Street" by the U.S. citizen Michael Lamer. In the big folder he had copies of documents, detective reports, and his wife's diary. Mr. Lamer did not speak Russian, but the documents were in Russian. The heroine of this half-detective and half-love story is also Russian. And maybe this explains everything.

Svetlana Bondarchuk used to work in a modeling business in Krasnodar. Having good looks and a nice figure she could have become the next "face" of the local advertisements. But she did not.

With the rest of the girls she went to Cyprus to work in a strip club. The work is harmless: the client could look at the dancer all he wants; however, he does not have a right to touch her, unless he orders a private dance- especially for him in a closed room. The work is hard: both physically and morally. Sometimes they had to dance 20 times in a row and still stay attractive and desired. Apparently Svetlana was good at it.

But the main income of Svetlana was from prostitution. She worked as a prostitute at night and on weekends. "I went to his hotel, gave him a massage (40 pounds, if sex- 100 pounds). I got 100 pounds and the money for the taxi... Help G-d this man!" Essentially that was

written all over in Svetlana's diary. Reading someone's diary – that is not a fine-looking thing, but in order to get a full view of the picture, we looked at its copies. Its surprising and amazing how this naïve girl from a Russian high school, in whose head everything is messed up, is so confused with virtues and vices, right and wrong....

“... Last week these businessmen came from Kuwait, filled with money. Marios sold me, Regina, Julia and Nadya (40 pounds each). We went to an expensive restaurant. Mine said that he does not want sex. With the good news, I got drunk from wine and by mistake gave myself to him (before I received \$100, let G-d be his judge!)....”

“We have some weird clients. Yesterday one took off shoes from my left foot, spilled some orange juice on it and kissed it. Then he put on my shoes and took me to dance on the stage. But he didn't pay for the dance. There is a God's will for everything!!!)

Despite the costs of her profession, Svetlana was satisfied with it. Her clients gave her presents – jewelry, clothes, home equipment, lotion from cellulite, perfumes. One affluent Arab “bought” her for three days and took her to Egypt. Through her life in Cyprus went “amazing man: 100 pounds sterling for sexual intercourse; Andrew: 60 pounds plus 10 pounds for two nude pictures; Dr. Brown: perfume, 50 pounds sterling, watch, alarm, earrings and a necklace, 100 pounds, bracelet and a gold ring” (from the detective's report). In short, she came home with a lot of money and presents. But she did not stop with this; she went to Mexico.

Mexican prices turned out to be better- for the day club- \$250, night-\$300; table-dance- \$140. In Mexico, Sveta earned \$28,000. But she had to go to jail, when a lot of strippers were taken after a police round-up. But she didn't have to worry about anyone learning the truth about her in faraway Krasnodar.

She got acquainted with Michael in Moscow, before she went to Mexico. Everything started out very romantically. An affluent lawyer, tired of pragmatic American women fell in love with a young woman who could have been his daughter. And for Sveta, it could have been the next step to success. After her return, the “Hollywood” courtship started: flowers, acquaintances with families, trip to Sochi before the wedding. Michael had never been that generous and his heart had never beaten that fast...

After a visit to New York City and Las Vegas, U.S. citizen Michael Lamer and Russian citizen Svetlana Bondarchuk got married in Krasnodar. After that Michael went to Moscow to prepare a visa for Svetlana. His wife went to Italy, where she had a honeymoon with a Mexican lover, who had not forgotten about the dancer at the Mexican strip club. Don Pedro [Alfredo Ibarra Sotelo] took the unfaithful wife to Florence, Milan and Venice, gave her a diamond ring, \$ 1,000... and returned the wife.

In America, Mrs. Lamer liked New York City. But her husband was not as generous as before. Americans are very pragmatic, and after the romance, Michael decided to find his wife a job. They went to a couple of model agencies, but Sveta knew how to dance next to a pole really well. But prostitution was her secret. Therefore, she found such jobs through a strip-club surreptitiously.

Her husband became very suspicious of her constant absences. And then he found her diary where she listed all her clients and her profit from prostitution. What would a Russian man do in his place? Well, you know yourself. But not the American man! When Sveta told her husband that she wants to go on a vacation with her mother, Michael did not protest, but rather hired a detective and translated the diary that had all of his wife's experiences. A visit to a doctor cleared the head of Michael – the doctor gave him a reason of his malaise after dinner: his young wife added some opium substances in his food...

Michael met his wife at the airport in Krasnodar after her vacation. He threatened a divorce, but Mrs. Lamer did not want to leave a comfortable life in New York and go to a provincial Paris. She followed her husband to New York, begging him to give her another chance....

What would a Russian husband do? Beat her up and let her in again. But the American man kicked her out of the house. Later on, he regretted it because dangerous people started to threaten him. Then Mr. Lamer became nervous; on his death the widow would receive citizenship in America, and he wanted her deported, so he began a divorce case.

That's how after looking for the arguments against his unfaithful wife he turned up in Krasnodar. How this story will end- only God knows. Maybe some day we will tell you about it. But now there is an excerpt from Mr. Lamer's letter to us: "I hope you liked the story of how a very talented young woman went after the money, and how a stupid American man fell for a feminine Russian beauty, trying to escape from the American girls." P.S. All the names were changed in the article.

Besides changing the names, it was too bad the reporter couldn't change my role in this stupidity to a member of the audience.

While I was in Russia, my undercover operative started visiting Flash Dancers in the hope of befriending Poisoned Dragon, but he didn't find her working until the middle of May. That meant she took a month's vacation starting the middle of April, which supported my belief that the girl I saw entering a jewelry store in Krasnodar was she.

My operative made first contact sitting at the bar when Poisoned Dragon came up and said, "I know you." He thought his cover blown, but it turned out to be just one of her lines. She told him she was twenty-two—a lie, she lived in Sochi—a lie, said Russian men didn't realize how good Russian girls were—another lie, until they met American girls—a half-lie. My agent

thought she appeared troubled. For me that was great and probably meant she knew about my investigation in Krasnodar. My operative would continue visiting Flash Dancers periodically to try to gather information from her.

Xenia, my Moscow attorney, delivered to Dennis' contact at the U.S. Embassy a letter with exhibits detailing Poisoned Dragon's violation of U.S. Immigration law.

Judith, my New York divorce attorney, a.k.a. the Orc, actually sounded surprised when I gave her the boot. Just another delusional female believing she had a god given license to treat men like garbage and that they should thank her for it. Not much different than Poisoned Dragon except for looks and about two feet in height. No more American female attorneys for me; they all conceitedly thought they understood men but didn't.

After finishing my interviews with a handful of male lawyers, I hired my second annulment/divorce attorney, Steve Silpe. He seemed obnoxious and sharp enough: both good qualities in a litigator, assuming they are used against the opponent. His handlebar mustache and baldhead displayed the self-tailored image of a gunslinger, albeit a short one.

At our first meeting, I noticed he used the same type of seat for his guests as did Leo in Moscow. Maybe they were related. The deceptively normal chair in front of Silpe's desk sank its occupant well below the level of Silpe who sat throne-like behind his desk. A tactic my instincts told me he used to make himself appear more authoritative and imposing in order to browbeat clients into doing what he told them so as to make his job easier rather than serving his client's interests. Many lawyers manipulate their clients in order to fit cases into a cookie-cutter mold that permits the attorney to run an assembly line operation that maximizes revenue without the distraction of dealing with unfamiliar issues. Once again, I should have listen to my instincts, but didn't.

Silpe listened to my story and said the first step was to draft a complaint that listed my wife's worst deeds by showing she tricked me into marriage, committed adultery and treated me cruelly. Judith never got around to drafting a complaint, since she was likely trying to bludgeon me into a settlement. After Silpe served the complaint on my wife's attorney, he would request a Preliminary Conference before a judge. The court would choose the judge, not us. The alleged purpose of the Preliminary Conference was to simplify the issues, set a schedule for obtaining evidence and determine a trial date, but as I found out, the real reason was for the judge to hammer both sides into not going to trial. Bureaucrats, especially the judges in the Supreme Court in Manhattan, around 60% female, don't like work.

While continuing my investigation into Poisoned Dragon's nefarious life, I tracked down Azul, who had worked as a hooker and stripper at The Men's Club in Mexico City and double-hoed on weekend trips with my wife. Azul and my wife whored around Mexico together, so she clearly knew a lot that might help my case, although I doubted she'd tell the truth, but it was worth a shot. After tracking her from Lithuania, her native country, to Holland, I reached her by telephone. She was living with her boyfriend, meaning latest customer.

After politely listening to my narrative, Azul said she wanted to read Poisoned Dragon's diary first before answering any questions. She gave me her address and a date to call her back. To my surprise, she was at home when I called back on the appointed date. Probably didn't want me talking with her new chump. Azul couldn't remember any useful details about my wife's open-to-all-comers' days in Mexico, even though she was with her most of the time, apparently another slut with selective Alzheimer's.

"Alina didn't sell herself and none of the girls at the Men's Club did. We just danced," Azul smoothly said.

“What did Alina do when not working at the club?” I asked.

“All her spare time she was alone.”

That technically meant when not stripping or hoing, which were her chosen professions. These commie prostitutes could manipulate words as well as Billy Bob Clinton. They know the truth a man thinks he hears is not always the truth that is said.

“If she was alone, how did you know that?”

“I just knew!” I like Angelina very much and cannot say anything wrong about her.”

Azul, however, did admit that the episodes in the dairy mentioning her were correct. She probably wanted to placate me enough so as not to have a long talk with her latest mark, but refused to provide me with a sworn statement.

Azul claimed she more or less kept in touch with Poisoned Dragon with whom she had talked recently, but couldn't remember that conversation except for the prepared text on which only my wife could have briefed her. Azul repeated the exact same garbage Poisoned Dragon told me right after we separated in a con to make me lie to the INS for her:

“Alina liked you in the beginning. She did not marry you for a green card, but the marriage just did not work out. You shouldn't waste your time and money in fighting her. Just let her have what she wants.”

This obvious connivance of my wife and Azul confirmed these two whores stayed in close contact with each other. To make Poisoned Dragon realize she made a mistake, I told Azul about the night I received the Temporary Order of Protection. Poisoned Dragon would learn from Azul that had she not listened to her cocky lawyers and hatred of men to strike at me with the Temporary Order of Protection based on lies, none of what will happen would have happened

because before receiving the Order I had decided to forget about her—let her go her crooked way. Azul would tell her that the Order of Protection had started a total war.

“What does this fat Mexican named Alfredo do?” I asked

“I don’t know what he does, but I went with him and Alina on a few trips around Mexico.”

“Who else went along?”

“It was just the three of us. We were good friends. Alfredo even visited me and my boyfriend here in Holland last year.”

Probably on his way to meet my wife in Italy, I concluded.

Azul repeated the same excuse Poisoned Dragon used for breaking up with Alexei in Krasnodar—that he cheated on her. These sluts, just like Feminazis, can’t accept any responsibility.

Azul also puppeted my wife’s tired, old ploy for sympathy: that Alina and Inessa had a hard life. Who doesn’t? As for what my wife mentioned about Cyprus, Azul only commented the work was hard and Poisoned Dragon didn’t like it. I had heard all these lines before and no longer believed any of them.

Azul then launches into her own sympathy ploy by telling me that when she returned home to Lithuania, she discovered her husband had cheated on her, which hurt her so bad that she started divorce proceedings. The hypocrisy of this prostitute was astounding. She spent seven years whoring around the world, lying to her husband and still had the audacity to fault him for finding another girl—give me a break! These hos went beyond self-delusion. Next she told me she was now working in a bed and breakfast, probably as an expensive mattress, and invited me to visit her. I politely declined and said goodbye.

After Azul, I telephoned Alfredo to try to pressure him into giving me a sworn statement about Poisoned Dragon's adulterous liaison with him in Italy and any place else he might admit. My hand held only two cards.

Technically, under international law, I could subpoena Alfredo for a deposition in Mexico to grill him about playing around with my wife. To avoid such, he might provide a sworn statement, but I doubted it. If he refused, then papers noticing a deposition and including the annulment/divorce complaint could be served at his home when he wasn't there, so his wife, assuming he had one, would receive them. Being a female, she would read them, leading to lots of trouble for Alfredo. It was likely Alfredo was married because once when I called to confront him about Poisoned Dragon, I heard children in the background.

My second card depended on psychology. I had sent Alfredo at his work address my wife's diary with the hoped that after reading the insults she wrote about him, he would want revenge. In order to entice him into reading the diary, I sent it under Azul's name. If it came from me, his suspicious Mexican mind would likely cause him to either not read it or dismiss Poisoned Dragon's insults as my creations. The cover letter purportedly from Azul stated, "I believe you will find the enclosed bed time reading interesting. Love Azul," and listed the pages recounting his escapades with my wife and her mockery of him but not the pages about their fling in Italy.

When he received the diary, Alfredo would eagerly flip to the cited pages certain in his ego that Poisoned Dragon praised his sexual prowess and confessed her love for him. But on reading her remarks, such as "I wanted to laugh" or "Oh god, that night was such a torture to me" or she needed a stiff drink before screwing him or his pawing and smell revolted her would send his ego crashing. He'd search through every page listed in Azul's cover letter hoping for

redemption from the fair skinned, blonde hair girl he fell for but would find none. Struggling to salvage his manly pride, he'd realize that the pages Azul referred him to didn't include the trip to Italy where Alfredo surely believed his performance, both in and out of bed, exemplified the legendary Latin lover that won him forever a hot place in Poisoned Dragon's groin and a tender place in her heart no matter what she said about him earlier. It just took her some time to appreciate his outstanding qualities.

Wondering whether the dairy he clasped in his hands even included the Italy affair, Alfredo would hurriedly flip through the pages praying to find salvation from the mental torment of Poisoned Dragon's derision. Once he found the Italy section, he'd immediately suspect a vicious plot by Azul to hurt him by referring only to the sections where my wife ridiculed him. His ego on the upswing would fancy Azul jealous of Poisoned Dragon; that Azul really wanted the knightly Alfredo and this was her way of getting back at him for not banging her. But while reading about the Italian fling, his vaulted hopes would dash utterly because I rewrote my wife's dairy to heap even worse insults on him than in the earlier sections. That fatso Mexican deserved the pain and worse, but more importantly, it might convince him to seek a little vengeance and make a statement against my wife.

On the telephone, Alfredo sounded very bitter about Poisoned Dragon, so my scheme had caused the intended emotional distress, but he wasn't willing to give a sworn statement. Apparently he was use to girls walking all over him. I played my second card and threatened to subpoena him to appear at a deposition for questioning, but he didn't change his mind.

Okay, time to involve his wife, assuming he had one. My private detective in Mexico City set out to find Alfredo's home address and, thereby, his wife's. The detective tried following Alfredo after work but lost him every time because of Alfredo speeding down

alleyways, quickly changing lanes and making hairpin turns to shake any tails. My detective found Alfredo's paranoid driving bizarre, so he looked a little further into Alfredo and found a narcotics trafficker. No wonder he didn't want anyone following him.

Alfredo's real business as a trafficker fit. Poisoned Dragon said Alfredo exported dried fruit, which sounded strange to me at the time, so I noted it even though I did not understand it. Also, during the Italy affair, my wife wrote about taking some substance with Alfredo that heightened the sexual thrill. Apparently, he exported the dried fruit of the coca plant.

My detective found Alfredo's home address and paid it a visit while Alfredo was at work, but unfortunately no current wife since according to the housekeeper Alfredo had recently divorced—rats.

The next day an email from Natalya brought troubles concerning my investigation in Krasnodar. The week after I left Krasnodar, Poisoned Dragon's mother, Inessa, burst into Natalya's office ranting and raving, threatening and intimidating:

She told me very bad things, also she told you are criminal, crazy, etc... In addition, she told me that you'll never visit Russia again, 'cause you are criminal and our police know it. I saw that she had some copies of Alina's diary in her bag. I can't tell you how many exactly. She told me that everybody who were given of these copies didn't believe in such "trouble things". I'm sure she told them that you are crazy and criminal. She forced me to say with whom you met in Krasnodar. Inessa told that Vera, the masseur, Anastasia and the trainer called her and said, "It is impossible!! We don't believe in it." She told about her "her beautiful and kind girl."

After this she tried to force me to write a paper with number of my passport and current address for Court with detailed describing of your last visit into Krasnodar: each meeting, with whom, when, who else has a copy of the diary... I said, "O.k., see you tomorrow, I'll make this paper."

When she left our office I call my lawyer, and she refused to make any paper without special request from Court. When Alina's mother came again, I told her: "Fuck you, I agreed to help to show the real matter of justice but you haven't any possibilities for this." She was very angry, she promised to locate me at the prison very soon.

Yes, it was very unpleasantly, you know. Also she told that you forced Alina to write this diary. Of course, I didn't tell anything about newspaper, she could kill me! Also she told me that she has a strong connections in Police and with criminals and I believed her because she has a money and she can buy any friends, you know and she once lived in Chechnya. Yes I was scared.

Natalya's email came at least three weeks after Inessa's lie-filled intimidation. Why so late? Anyway, I saw the hidden hands of Poisoned Dragon's attorneys, Mundy and his Russian assistant, behind Inessa's actions. Someone to whom I gave a copy of the dairy spilled the beans to Inessa and Alina, who was likely in Krasnodar at the time of my visit.

The cabal of forces arrayed against my quest for justice now knew I possessed a copy of my wife's dairy going back to December 1998 and that I was looking for people to authenticate the record of her sordid existence. Poisoned Dragon and her attorneys needed to prevent the Russians I interviewed from providing the necessary sworn statements about the validity and accuracy of her diary; otherwise, it would be admitted as evidence in the divorce court. Sure the INS had a copy of her diary, but before using it in a deportation hearing, the Government would also have to authenticate it, which meant work for bureaucrats that didn't work. However, if all the INS needed to do was subpoena court records that included an already authenticate diary used as evidence, then that much less work would look attractive to the bureaucrats.

Poisoned Dragon and her attorneys may have also suspected that I had acquired a copy of the dairy while still living with her, which gave her the defense of cohabitation—meaning I legally forgave the events in the diary. In order to prevent an annulment or divorce based on adultery from prostitution, they would have to raise the cohabitation defense. Such proof would attract the attention of the INS because it meant showing that I had “forgiven” the acts of marriage fraud and prostitution.

If Poisoned Dragon's attorneys couldn't prevent the authentication of the diary and didn't use the cohabitation defense, then they would face making the ludicrous argument that I forced her to write it or that all the nefarious scenes were id inspired fantasies. In addition, they would have to stop me from acquiring any additional information not in the diary that might help prove

my allegations and provide the INS with additional court evidence of marriage fraud and prostitution, both of which even Immigration didn't look kindly upon.

So the trinity of evil needed a strategy. Easy enough, just tell my Russian witnesses I was crazy and a criminal, which, if they believed it, would keep them from helping me. If they didn't believe it, then just threaten to send the police and prosecutors after them. Everyone knew the Russian criminal-justice system went to the highest bidder and nobody, especially Russians, wanted the police and prosecutors looking into their affairs. Whether poor or wealthy, all Russians try to keep a low profile. The poor because the laws protecting individual rights are useless, and the rich because their money comes from criminal activities. Not that the wealthy fear prosecution, but they would rather avoid the bribes demanded by the police and prosecutors to leave them alone. If threats of police and prosecutors didn't work, then Poisoned Dragon could easily hire some hoodlums with sex or money to use more vigorous intimidation.

Poisoned Dragon couldn't arrange the intimidation of potential witnesses herself because she was under the jurisdiction of the New York Supreme Court and such conduct, even by a wife, didn't go down easily with the court. So her attorneys likely instructed her to find someone else over whom New York laws held no power to obstruct my investigation. Naturally, she turned to her mother.

Even though Poisoned Dragon's mother didn't fall under the court's authority, I still thought the divorce court wouldn't look kindly on the mother of a party to the proceedings going around intimidating and threatening potential witnesses. So I telephoned my new attorney Silpe to determine what we could do to deter Inessa's interference. He sounded like he didn't want to be bothered, and said I couldn't do anything at all because my wife's mother was outside the court's jurisdiction. Silpe's attitude made me feel that I, the man paying him, was disturbing

him. Was my new lawyer hoing my wife or just a wimp from a younger generation suckled on Feminazi propaganda? White men in their twenties and thirties are generally incapable of holding their own in an argument with some loud mouth, usually ugly, female zealot. It's as if the Chinese brain washers from the Korean War passed on their techniques to American mothers of the late 20<sup>th</sup> century who vowed to turn their sons into pseudo pussies.

Okay, if my modern-day, emasculated American lawyer wouldn't help me, maybe my Russian woman attorney would. I telephoned Xenia about obtaining a restraining order, or whatever they called it in Russia, to stop Inessa from interfering in my investigation. Xenia told me the Russian courts couldn't restrain anybody from saying what they wanted regardless of the consequences. Threats, intimidation and harassment, as long as such consisted only of words could not be prevented beforehand. An interesting freedom of speech concept for a country that recently sent people to the Gulag for the mildest of political criticisms. For example, my former maid in Moscow, the one with the PhD in public health, told me that her grandfather ended up in the Gulag for saying that Americans built better cars than the Soviets. He never returned.

Xenia explained my only recourse was to use the law of defamation against Inessa in Krasnodar once she defamed me to others—not much of a deterrent. Even winning a monetary judgment, which in Russia would amount to peanuts, I would still have to collect from a Russian adept, like most Russians, at hiding assets. But, I decided to go ahead anyway. It's always impossible to tell where a court action may lead.

Xenia suggested a Krasnodar lawyer she worked with, Svetlana, but before she could represent me, I needed to fill out and get notarized the Russian form for hiring an attorney. Since, I planned to return to Krasnodar in mid-June to continue my investigation; I'd meet Svetlana then to complete the forms.

I contacted Natalya to tell her of my hiring a lawyer in Krasnodar to deal with Inessa. It allayed some of the doubts Inessa had put into Natalya's head about me and calmed some of her fears that I would leave her to face the wraith of Inessa and Poisoned Dragon alone. My wife and Inessa clearly intended to sow doubt and fear in Natalya because they knew my investigation would stop in its tracks without a translator. Still, Natalya remained upset from the experience, not only because my wife made lots of money, but, as Natalya said, my wife and Inessa had lived in Chechnya for over fifteen years, which to Russians meant connections with some of the most brutal criminals on the planet.

Chechnya lay only four hundred miles from Krasnodar, so many Chechen gangsters set up business in the city to ply their savagery. To make matters scarier, Poisoned Dragon's apparent prostituting in Krasnodar probably meant she also associated with local criminals and officials capable of causing much trouble for the average Russian. As a result, Natalya stopped following up on the people I originally contacted, and even tried to dissuade me from continuing my investigation. Time for another translator for my next trip thanks to the fear my wife and her attorneys heartlessly caused a twenty-two year old girl trying to eek out a living.

#### Telstar

The most troubling development of Inessa terrorizing Natalya was the copies of the diary in Inessa's bag. My wife's mother must have convinced or threatened some of my potential witnesses into giving up the very document that they needed to recognize the events recorded. This cut to the heart of my efforts. Without a copy of the diary, any potential witness still willing to help me had nothing with which to refer. I'd have to fly back and forth to Krasnodar or set up shop there for weeks to handhold each potential witness while we went through the diary, composed their sworn statement and obtained notarization. If I let the witnesses out of my

presence, my wife's mother, the corrupt police or hired hoodlums might pounce, eliminating my chances to authenticate the diary.

Poisoned Dragon and Inessa could easily keep track of my visits and activities in Krasnodar. Two planes a day flew into the city from Moscow and only two hotels permitted foreigners as guest. A few dollars to an airline official and hotel employee or tens of dollars to an F.S.B. agent and my nemeses would know of my arrivals, departures and local residence. Once I landed in Krasnodar, they could use some of Inessa's students or former students, such as the guys who helped the two move into their apartment, to stake out the hotel and follow me around Krasnodar. These guys won't cost much, probably a few bottles of vodka and maybe some sex from Poisoned Dragon. Some of them were policemen who could easily keep me under surveillance the entire time. After I talked to a witness, Inessa would show up to expropriate the diary by smilingly suggesting the witness shouldn't get involved with a crazy, criminal American. If her ingratiating con didn't work, then she'd turn to her Janus face of rage, threatening the person with the police or gangsters.

Without sworn statements from witnesses to authenticate the diary, not to mention any new evidence, my wife could resort to her strong point before the court—lie. She wouldn't have to claim the absurdity that I forced her to write the diary, just that the diary represented the draft of a novel and all the evidence in it would go down the drain.

In addition to stopping the intimidation, which a defamation action might do, I also needed a way to circumvent Inessa's ability to confiscate copies of the diary from my witnesses. Neither American nor Russian law could prevent Inessa's expropriations, but modern technology could make them useless by putting the diary on the Internet. Let's see Inessa expropriate that.

Natalya told me that Krasnodar had a couple of Internet Cafes used mostly by students and younger folk while Russians with money, criminals and old-line bureaucrats, owned their own computers. That comprised the pool of my potential witnesses: Poisoned Dragon's fellow models, students and disco crowd probably all used the Internet Cafes while her prostitution clients made enough money to buy their own computers. Anyone of them could go online to check out which events in the diary they recognized. An added benefit was reducing the number of copies of the diary I planned to lug from New York to Krasnodar on my next trip. Just twenty copies really weigh me down, but with a website, I could replace most copies with flyers.

The flyers would provide the web site address, introductory information that showed I knew Poisoned Dragon and answers to questions that people usually asked about her, such as what she did in America, how much she made and where she lived in Krasnodar. An Internet site also gave me the opportunity to reach more people by following up on leads. My first trip to Krasnodar taught me that I needed a longer presence on the ground in order to track down others with useful information. By leaving a number of flyers with my new translator, whomever she ended up being, she could follow up the leads to other potential witnesses, give them a flyer and I could interview them by email. The public nature of an Internet site might even turn up people I didn't know about.

An Internet site also allowed me to counter, to some extent, Inessa's lie that the diary was false by including the naked photos that Leo gave me. The staged nature of the photos showing front and back fit the modern-day trend in Russia for promoting commercial goods. One look and any Russian would know the pictures showed a prostitute advertising her services. Since the diary recounted much of Poisoned Dragon's sex work, the photos showing an obvious prostitute made the entire sorted tale credible.

An added benefit came from showing my wife in one of her her work uniforms—no clothes at all. As a result of my interviews with the two guys who didn't recognize her name but did her photos, I realized pictures were the only way some people could identify her. Poisoned Dragon worked retail selling her body, so her customers, those that might provide some useful information, were more likely to recognize her in her birthday suit as opposed to a real suit. The naked photos on the Internet, as well as on the flyers, might catch the eyes of those who knew her body but not her name.

The Internet site would make public private facts that made me looked like a fool, but then again, I was. It would also publicize many doings and schemes that my wife wanted to keep secret—good. She and her attorneys had plotted and used threats to intimidate me into assisting them in defrauding the Immigration Service, had obtained a spurious Temporary Order of Protection, had lied about possessing medical records of battery, had threatened a “difficult” divorce proceeding and were now using Inessa to threaten my witnesses in order to subvert the workings of the New York Supreme Court. By engaging in such acts, they “assumed the risk” that unflattering facts about Poison Dragon would become public. Just because she was a girl didn't mean the truth about her should remain locked away while they engaged in criminal acts to gain her permanent residency.

The real beauty of my plan was that she couldn't sue me for defamation because then all the facts would come out in court since truth is an absolute defense to defamation. Although, some man-hating judge might convict me of harassment based on the lame belief that alien sluts can do what they want so long as it harms men, but I doubted it. Even the naked pictures didn't amount to harassment because they simply re-publicized my wife's advertisements for the services she sold through Leo—sex.

My Flash Dancers' undercover operative kept reporting back to me, but nothing of much use. Poisoned Dragon kept playing her sympathy card with him by saying she has to support herself, nobody helps her, she lives alone, wants to become a model but has to work at Flash Dancers so much to pay her bills, sometimes there's not enough customers to make money, the club sometimes raises the fees she has to pay management to dance—boo hoo hoo. The consummate deceiver, raking in easily \$3500 a week but still trying to weasel money out of others with her “pity me” routine.

A couple of side comments, however, illustrated either the extent of her self-delusion or capacity to tell outrageous lies: she cooked great meals and stripping was glamorous, which particularly amazed my operative as he looked around the seedy, dark basement full of men emotionally drooling over the flesh of whores. Poisoned Dragon also repeated her lie about winning the long jump championship of Russia three times and added a new one about reaching the finals in the Miss Commonwealth of Independent States pageant—a type of Miss Universe contest but only for the countries of the former Soviet Union. She told my agent that often customers wanted to take her to a hotel after work. A subtle way of informing a customer that he had to make the proposition. She probably used that approach to avoid breaking the law on soliciting prostitution in case a customer happened to be a cop. Poisoned Dragon also emphasized to my agent that she wanted to stay in America. During her plying tactics with my agent, Poisoned Dragon always situated herself to keep a sharp eye on Flash Dancers entrance to spot any new suckers entering—the real reason for her laser eye operation the previous year.

On the legal front, Silpe had me meet with his associate to go over the annulment/divorce complaint. Why wasn't I meeting with him? Okay, I rationalized: it'll cost me less money, and I'll see whether this associate is competent. After a few minutes into the

meeting, a sinking feeling of dread swamped me. The associate, a middle-aged female, must have been in the beginning stages of Alzheimer's. Her mind was like a Swiss-cheese trap. She mixed up facts, couldn't remember important points, confused the law, passed on making any decisions, overflowed with negativity, implied I should give up without a fight and didn't know the status of the Temporary Order of Protection, which meant if it wasn't transferred to the Supreme Court and I missed a hearing in the Family Court, the police would arrest me. My instinct told me to dump this law firm, but then, like a chronic fool, I rationalized that Silpe, who had a good reputation, would oversee her work.

Before the meeting ended, Silpe came in the office to tell me the name of the judge for my case, a female of course, since only one male judge heard domestic relations cases for all of Manhattan. Silpe also lobbied against pursuing alimony or some of my wife's assets, both of which he originally suggested we go for and I thought I deserved. After all the help I gave Poisoned Dragon, after the hell she put me through, I deserved some of the money she was making. It wasn't fair that this duplicitous whore should benefit from defrauding me, the Immigration Service, the Department of State, the Internal Revenue Service and Customs while I ended up losing money, time and opportunities: first in bringing her to America and then in finding out the truth. Where was the justice now that my good heartedness ruined my business, my time wasted by her selfish schemes, my emotional health traumatized by her secretly feeding me drugs and treating me as though I were some animal with which to toy or destroy at will and all the while my money evaporated on useless lawyers? Silpe argued that the judge wouldn't grant me any financial assistance from my wife because of the shortness of the marriage. What about the degree of harm she caused me, I countered? It didn't matter how much I suffered only

how long. If I had been dumb enough to stay married to her longer, then I might have a chance of some reward for long-term stupidity but not short term egregious injury.

After the meeting, I contacted my friend Alan who helps select nominees for judicial office in Manhattan to see whether he knew anything about Judge Joan B. Lobis. Lobis was in her fifties and had campaigned for her judicial office as an out-of-closet lesbian. I was doomed! All Poisoned Dragon needed to do was smile, cross and uncross her legs a few times and the judge would droolingly give her what she wanted.

The evil that lurked in the female soul since creation surrounded me. Personified in my wife as the unscrupulous vamp who uses her charms to exploit men while assuming the role of victim violated by the men she exploited, and in the judge as the she-male who abuses power to carry out a personal agenda of punishing men for crimes they didn't commit because they are what she'll never be—a man. Naturally, Lobis, as do other she-males or Feminazis, justifies her vendetta against men through bigotry: anyone belonging to or sympathizing with the group labeled “men” is malevolent and barbaric. Such generalized dehumanization makes it easy to deny the rights of any man, even one who never hit a girl, although now wishes he had, and who always try to judge people by the content of their character and abilities, not by their sex, although that will never happen again when it comes to females. Actually, my only crime was trying to help a girl out. So I didn't expect any justice from the divorce court but would try to put up a fight anyway.

Besides the courts, the Feminazi infested media also propagated this psychological sea change of the past forty years whereby men only brought brutality while women graced the world with “clean love.” Today, American institutions assume nearly all female wrongdoings result from a man making her do it, or just as absurd, from a man not stopping her before she

does it. The mainstream media paints females as the hapless victims of male depravity. For instance, the TV show 60 Minutes aired a story, reported by a female—naturally, about “innocent” Russian girls falling into the clutches of villainous male pimps who sent them abroad to work as “artists.” Once out of Russia, these “naïve” girls, to their alleged surprise, found themselves “forced” into prostitution when their male employers, always men—no women pimps, confiscated their passports and wouldn’t return them until they spent the requisite amount of time selling sex. The Russian girls interviewed adeptly played the role of the wronged woman complete with tears and sobs for the female reporter who was too ignorant to know or too zealous a feminist to care about the truth.

Every Russian, as did I, knew 60 Minutes missed the real story, so I sent a letter with my wife’s dairy to the President of CBS News for whom I had worked twenty-five years earlier at WNEW TV, now FOX News. The letter explained that most Russian girls know they can simply walk into a Russian consulate or embassy overseas to obtain a new passport. The case at Kroll in Moscow, which involved Miss Russia of 1991, had her obtaining a second passport at the Russian Embassy in London by claiming she lost her original, which she hadn’t. My letter continued that these pretty young Russian girls, like my wife, aren’t naïve but masters at the art of deception. They know the return that their assets can bring not only in Russia but also in other parts of the world because there exists a worldwide subculture of hos sharing information, experiences and tips on where to make the most, how to cheat employers and customers, dealing with the police and anything else a successful international prostitute and stripper needs to succeed. Most of the Russian hos started hooking in their hometown as teenagers for the easy money from the ever-present criminals and corrupt governmental officials. The cream of the ho crop eventually goes overseas for better money. The modeling agencies that arrange for the

visas and transportation don't need to force any girls into prostitution because there are so many volunteers. But when caught at prostitution or lap dancing, these girls, true to their genes, blame men for forcing them into such dirty work. They lie in order to avoid the humiliation of the truth, con the media and trick the Government into allowing them to stay here so that they can find some fool-hearted western guy to relieve of his money. The one time Russian Presidential Candidate Vladimir Zhirinovsky spoke the truth when he said, "The women of Russia are populating the brothels of Europe" and now the world.

In suggesting a story closer to the truth, I volunteered to introduce a CBS producer undercover to both male and female Russian procurers and tell the producer how to gain an inside look at the Russian sex industry. My old boss thanked me for the information and said he referred the diary and story angle to Betsy West the vice president who oversaw 60 minutes. Not surprisingly, nothing came of it in these times of "women can do no wrong."

Before my flight back to Krasnodar, I put together a flyer for potential witnesses but didn't finish up the web site. That would only take a day or two when I returned, so I planned to tell the Krasnodar recipients to wait a week before accessing the site. The flyer, a two-sided, displayed both sides of my wife the way her Moscow pimp advertised her. The text on the front and back aimed at attracting the reader's attention, as if the photos didn't already do that, and making him or her want to learn more while providing enough information about my wife so that most with some acquaintanceship could identify her. The topside, graced by Poisoned Dragon's naked front with a black box covering her crotch, stated:

This New Site Will Tell You All the Truth About a Girl from Krasnodar Who Lives Luxuriously in New York

Alina Alexandrovna Shipilina, daughter of Inessa Alexandrovna Shipilina, who teaches at the Academy of Physical Culture in the Department of Gymnastics, is making big money in New York City using her naked body. Visit Alina's web site [www.AlinaShipilina.com](http://www.AlinaShipilina.com) and read her

intimate Russian diary on how she succeeded in using her body to earn 15,000 U.S. dollars a month.

On the bottom-side, the flyer showed her derriere while holding her hair up to provide any admirers an unobstructed view of her back:

Alina Alexandrovna Shipilina graduate from the Academy of Physical Culture in 1996 and after working as a prostitute and stripper in Limassol, Cyprus, and Mexico City, Mexico, moved on to New York City. She made enough money in Mexico to buy her apartment at Rashpilevskaya Ulitsa in Krasnodar. In New York City, she has earned over 100,000 US dollars in less than a year. Read how she did it on her Internet site [www.AlinaShipilina.com](http://www.AlinaShipilina.com).

If you have any information about Alina, please email to [alinashipilina@hotmail.com](mailto:alinashipilina@hotmail.com). All sources will be kept confidential.

### Traveling Man

The trip to Krasnodar in mid-June took me first to Moscow for a convention of international Private Detective firms—how appropriate. Unlike the days of Spade and Archer when most P.I. firms worked pretty much on their own, modern day detectives formed worldwide associations to keep pace with the global economy, global crime and lobby governments, mainly in the West, for less restrictions on acquiring information. While managing Kroll in Moscow, I often wondered how the managers of the European and American branches stayed out of jail. Some of the methods they used to obtain information on private bank accounts or from law enforcement agencies didn't sound legal to me, and they weren't. Kroll always warned its clients which information not to use in court. In Russia and the rest of the third world, however, anything went because the laws on privacy and confidentiality of government information didn't exist or weren't enforced.

The convention proved useful for it led me to Elaine, the Canadian detective who found one of my wife's secret financial accounts at the Bank of Cyprus. Before the war, Poisoned Dragon told me that when she had worked in Cyprus, she had set up a bank account, and after

her visit there last September, had met with Stephanos, one of her old customers, who worked in a bank. Both pieces of information inferred she still kept the account, but I had no idea at which bank. When Elaine found the bank, the mutual fund account only contained \$20,000. What did Poisoned Dragon do with the other \$130,000 that I knew she had made from stripping and who knew how much from prostitution? Elaine checked the other banks on Cyprus but no luck. I didn't think my wife stupid enough to keep over \$100,000 in her apartment in Krasnodar, especially after me blabbing to Russians that she did, and I knew she didn't keep it in her safe deposit box at Citibank on Fifth Avenue. Wherever she hid the rest of her money smuggled out of the U.S. still remains a mystery.

In Moscow, I once again stayed with Sasha and Anya. Since my last trip, Anya began dating my buddy Tony, but she kept complaining that he only thought about himself. No argument there, but then again, Anya only thought about herself as well. Both dated other people in their search for better opportunities while lying to each other about it. Clearly a match made in third world heaven: Tony whose parents came from China and Anya a Russian.

Before flying to Krasnodar, I met Xenia, my Moscow lawyer, at an English style pub not far from Moscow's most famous den of prostitutes "Night Flight." More irony, and I understood that no matter where I went in Russia, reminders of Poisoned Dragon would haunt me because that land was awash with hos. Xenia gave me the name and number for Svetlana, the Krasnodar lawyer who was willing to help me battle Poisoned Dragon and Inessa on their home turf. Xenia also mentioned an interesting fact about my wife's birth certificate that escaped my attention.

"The certificate lists Alina's last name as that of her mother, Shipilina, not that of the father who is also listed on the certificate. In Russia, many single mothers list the name of the father while giving their out-of-wedlock children their own last names."

“So my wife’s a bastard,” I laughed. “Both technically and in the broader sense.”

“Well yes.” Xenia politely responded. “It is not uncommon, and I am sure Inessa raised Alina by herself, since she obviously didn’t have a legal husband. But the man on the birth certificate is probably Alina’s father or believed himself to be, and he probably supported the two until Alina went to university in Krasnodar or even later.”

“To do that, he would have had money, right?”

“Remember, when Alina grew up from 1975 to 1991 in Grozny, all the important officials were Russian and belonged to the Communist Party. These guys had mistresses and usually took care of the woman and their illegitimate children.”

“That makes sense. Both Alina and Inessa talked about Alina’s father as an official in the M.V.D. in Grozny. Alina even said he was the chief. I wonder if he’s still there and would talk to me?”

“It’s not possible that he is still there. After the Soviet Union fell apart in 1991, the Chechens displaced the Russian elite that ran the country and took over all the positions of power, which eventually led to the first Chechen war. Many Russians, like your wife, left the country in the early 1990s. And don’t even think about going there to track him down, all records have been destroyed by the two wars, and you’ll end up with your head in a basket,” Xenia kindly warned.

“I believe that. So, Alina and Inessa didn’t leave Grozny because her father beat her or molested her or treated her mother badly, which Alina claimed caused her parents to divorce.”

“There couldn’t have been a divorce because there was no marriage. They left because all the Russians left. Those on top were now on the bottom.”

“So Alina probably lived the good life as a kid in Grozny?”

“If the man on her birth certificate is the natural father or believed himself to be and was Russian—yes. But maybe Alina’s father wasn’t Russian.”

“What do you mean?”

“Alina has some of the Chechen facial features, so perhaps her real father was Chechen. There was a lot of intermingling between the Russians in Chechnya and the Chechens, and many Russians continue to work with Chechen gangsters even today making lots of money from the two wars and running various criminal activities in Russia.”

“So, greedy little Inessa probably mistreated herself out to a number of guys, Russian and Chechen, didn’t know who was Alina’s real father but probably told all of them that they were in order to shake them down.”

“Such things do happen.”

“I wonder whether any of her stories about Chechen guys grabbing her on the bus and her father, whoever he was, smothering her with a pillow or starving her were true, or just to make men feel sorry for her?”

“Or delusions,” Xenia added.

“No one can be that blind,” I responded.

“Maybe Alina really believes the fairy tales she tells. It gives her an excuse for her actions. She can blame men for everything she doesn’t like about her life, which justifies her using them like she did you.”

“She sounds like an American Feminist. Both create the false image of a decent girl victimized by evil men in order to get preferential treatment, and both believe they shouldn’t be held responsible for their acts. For the Feminists that means abusing their positions in the government, media and education, murdering their husbands and even their children for which

they blame their hormones. In the case of my wife, it means prostitution, defrauding Immigration, evading taxes and any evil act that serves her purposes. Both believe they deserve compensation for the fantasized harm done to them and members of their group. The Feminists steal jobs from men and give them to incompetents, while my wife sucks money out of men. Both seek to gratify their desire to wreck vengeance on men. Damn, these young Russian prostitutes are every bit as mean, nasty and hateful of men as American Feminists. They just package it differently.”

“Well I don’t know about that,” Xenia diplomatically said. “What’s going on in America seems strange to us Russians and a little childish. But Alina most likely never had a father in the traditional sense, and both mother and daughter live off of men.”

“Right, and the absence of a father supports my belief that Inessa started pimping Alina out when she reached puberty. It all fits. Alina was very tall, so her mother passed her off as older than she really was. Alina always complained that being taller than everybody else in school kept boys from dating her while the girls taunted her. But in truth, she was complaining that her height turned her into a prostitute, which destroyed her ever having a chance at a normal life. You know in a twisted sense, she rightfully blamed her height, but in reality it was her mother. The molestation stories she probably used to cover the reality of male strangers entering her bed by making them all the father that never existed. The puzzle is falling into place. She always slept as though cowering with her body pinned between the bed and the wall in order to ward off the childhood terror of customers coming for sex. She told me to never touch her while she slept, probably because it would bring back memories of the past and she always wore panties to bed, most likely as another unconscious protection from her past. What a sad little girl. I almost feel sorry for her, but I’m not going to make that mistake again. Alina should hate

her mother for destroying her life, but I guess she can't allow herself to see the truth, since her mother is the only person with whom she ever had close emotional ties. The only one she believes she can trust is the one who utterly betrayed her."

Xenia added, "That would explain the infantile nature of her dairy. It's as if she stopped her emotional development at puberty. Emotionally, she sounds like a little girl, thrilled by childish amusements, upset by trivial matters, superstitious, unable to feel for others and extremely nasty when she doesn't get what she wants. She's an adult intelligence ruled by a hurt and angry little girl—very dangerous. I'd be careful."

"I've been told that before, but to tell you the truth, for some reason she just doesn't scare me. I know she'll do anything she can get away with to get a permanent green card and afterward probably have one of her hoodlum friends try to liquidate me, but it just doesn't bother me. What I'm really afraid of is her winning. Her getting what she wants: lots of money and to stay in America. It's too bad she didn't take my suggestion to see a psychologist. She could have straighten her life out, pursued a legitimate career and saw her mother for what she really was—a pimp. Perhaps, if I had been more patient, she would have eventually changed, but somehow I doubt it. Why did I end up involved with such a person?"

"There's nothing you can do, it's Russia," Xenia empathized.

On Sunday, June 10<sup>th</sup>, feeling like a commuter, I boarded the packed flight to Krasnodar hoping one of the innumerable fat, deodorant-less Russian businessman, a.k.a. crook, didn't shoe horn himself into the matchbox sized seat next to me causing an overflow of blubber into my space. But a more pleasant, although more dangerous, type of Russian sat next to me: a pretty English speaking Russian girl from a family that owned a classy Moscow restaurant, that is, money-laundering operation. In between our chatting, which did not include my hitting on her, I

reviewed my “To Do” list that included the names of people mentioned in Poisoned Dragon’s diary whom I especially wanted to track down. At the top was the witch who provided the drugs for my meals before and during the marriage, followed by the manager of the Aurora movie theater, the photographer Dmitri, the girl who went to Cyprus with Poisoned Dragon but came back after two days—Nadya the Good and Alexey the manager of the Joy Disco. Also on my list were some of the people interviewed in April for additional questioning, determine the extent of Poisoned Dragon and her mother’s interference in my investigation, try and interest the Krasnaya Ulitsa reporter into doing a follow-up story and meet my Krasnodar attorney Svetlana.

On landing in Krasnodar, I said goodbye to my pretty, young flight-companion for whom I had no interest in looking up back in Moscow. Ever since I separated from my wife, pretty girls no longer held the promise of kindness and understanding. Behind all the bubble bath and dewy morning and moonlight, I now saw only vicious predators. Whenever one of these engines of destruction turned her lights on me, I wanted to run down the block screaming. My genes still lusted for those soft, nubile bodies but my reason feared the seduction of their whispered lies turning me once again into a fool. What if some pretty young thing with her soft, smooth flesh, perfumed hair and honey dripping lies put my heart back together just to rip it apart again? I was better off alone. Marrying a prostitute made clear that romance was nothing more than a feminine con to make men suffer body and soul and deplete their bank accounts. The incongruous conclusion of my new understanding meant that the only girls left for me were hos, amateur, not professional like my wife. Still, the amateurs cost money to date and required feigning empathy to collect on the enjoyment produced by the drugs they caused the brain to pump out. Such looked too much like the traditional matting pattern, so out of the fear of falling

into another snake pit laid by a slut or a good girl, which I knew didn't exist, I chose celibacy and put away for the time-being the illusions of love as a verb and forever as a noun.

As I walked out the airport gate, the same taxi driver who took me to the hotel in April greeted me like an old friend. How did he know I was coming? He didn't, he just picked up extra money every weekend using his car as a taxi. As we drove to the hotel communicating in his broken English and my broken Russian, he again laughed about the trouble this Russian prostitute was putting me through but didn't offer any advice this time. He likely assumed it too late to do any good.

The staff at Krasnodar's Moscow Hotel greeted me as though I were a regular: smiling rather than frowning this time. The moment I entered my room, the telephone rang. Natalya, my translator from April, welcomed me to Krasnodar, and said she had a new translator for me named Nadya Sanchez. At first, I assumed the incidents at the Academy and with Inessa's mother scared Natalya off, but the real reason for her not doing my translating again was her promotion to manager of the firm that provided translators. Apparently, this girl had more guts than she let on.

The next morning, Monday, June 11, 2001, I met Nadya in the still dim and still dreary hotel lobby. She had just graduated college, very pretty, petite and nice legs. I buried my impulse to flirt. Nadya had already contacted Svetlana, the attorney recommended by Xenia, but Svetlana could only meet me at the end of the week on Friday morning. I had wanted to meet my Krasnodar counsel sooner so that we could at least start the defamation court proceeding against Inessa in the hope it would put an immediate stop to the obstructing of my investigation engineered by Poisoned Dragon, her attorneys and Inessa. But my purgatory in Russia taught me not to push my own scheduling desires because virtually all human efforts in that disorganized

society evolve in a direction and at a speed independent of individual will or frustration.

Whether caused by the bureaucracies of the Czars and Communists or resignation emanating from the minds of a people accustomed to not making their will felt, the fabric of reality in that savage land laughed derisively while thwarting the attempts of men, especially Westerners, to impose their wishes on it. Only patience and acceptance worked once a decision crossed into action; otherwise, all goals eluded realization and the sense of powerlessness spiraled one into madness. I went with the flow.

Nadya and I first stopped at the stadium on Krasnaya Ulitsa to follow up on my first interview with Andrey, the masseur. When Andrey saw me, his face dropped into a distinct expression of displeasure. Lawyers are used to that, and I never let the displeasure of others deter my aims. In this situation, it only confirmed my suspicions that he knew more about Poisoned Dragon than he cared to say. Andrey claimed he contacted some of the guys who knew Alina but none of them were willing to talk with me. He last saw Alina in Krasnodar, running around the track, in late April or early May, which fit with her absence from Flash Dancers during the same time and my sighting of her in Krasnodar in April. Assuming Andrey was truthful, she was at least in town when her and her lawyers embarked on their plan to obstruct my investigation.

Andrey continued that neither Alina nor Inessa contacted him after we talked in April, which was clearly false because his willingness to cooperate had turned to reluctance. Inessa's ranting to Natalya that Andrey and the other interviewees had called Inessa to proclaim their allegiance by not believing the diary was also clearly false. Andrey wasn't the type to go looking for trouble. More likely that after Inessa tricked the names of my informants out of Natalya, Inessa, Poisoned Dragon or others contacted Andrey and successfully intimidated him

into keeping his mouth shut. This looked like the beginning of a pattern where my wife, mother-in-law or hired hoods successfully tricked or threatened my witnesses into silence about not only Alina but also Inessa's defamation of me. I gave Andrey a copy of the Krasnaya Ulitsa newspaper article as I did everyone on that trip to convince them, if they needed any, that I told the truth.

We went outside and on the track found Yevgeny still dedicatedly timing his athletes. He greeted us with his warm, insincere smile and asked that we wait while he finished with his athletic protégés. Nadya and I sat down on the same bench, beneath the same tree as I did in April, but now the calendar read summertime. Russians believe the seasons change with the beginning of the month, so summer begins the first of June instead on the summer solstice, June 21, as it does in most countries that follow modern science.

More enjoyable than the warmth and humidity in Krasnodar was the peacefulness of a different time as I looked out on a green field of grass, not plastic, and a dirt track, not some synthetic polymer. New York City's noise, drive and psychic bustle no longer attracted me, maybe because my thirty years of involvement with that place had left me with a failed and useless life, although most the blame lay not in the City but in my stars. Krasnodar attracted me then, as did most places out of a past era or away from the centers of worldly hustling. If I could find something to do in that town, and the crooks in the stock market hadn't pushed me to the edge of bankruptcy, I'd consider living for a while in that southern region of the physically largest country in the world and one of the few nations with a negative population growth.

After timing one heat of sprinters, Yevgeny hurried over to talk. "About four or five days after I saw you in April, Inessa called me to say that she knew I met with you. I told her that she was wrong that I never met you. She kept talking anyway and asked whether you showed me

some papers. I assumed she meant the diary. I told her again I never met you. It's a very old trick for someone looking for information in Russia to pretend they know something when they do not in the hope that someone will be intimidated into telling everything."

I laughed, the old whore Inessa couldn't trick and dared not try to intimidate the old fox Yevgeny. "Did she say anything else about me?" I asked looking for evidence of defamation.

"She said you were a crazy person, not normal, and if I hear from you, I should contact her right away."

Yevgeny's account made more sense than what Inessa told Natalya. It was clear now that Inessa's confrontation with Natalya was nothing more than a fishing expedition to scare Natalya into giving up the names of the people I met. Mother and daughter were quite the tricksters. We gave Yevgeny a copy of the newspaper article, and he responded telling me to contact him if I needed help of any kind, which I still didn't believe.

Nadya and I then took a ride to the Aurora Theater at the end of Krasnaya Ulitsa looking for the Chechen manager who allegedly helped Poisoned Dragon and her mother move from Grozny. The same young hood answered the door. He told us to wait, closed the door and came back handing me the diary copy I had left in April for the manager as though diligently returning a borrowed book to a friend. Nadya asked about the manager, did he read the diary. Yes, but he was not in, no surprise, and the young man didn't know where he was or when he would be back.

We walked around the place and ate a late lunch in its restaurant looking, unsuccessfully, for the short, swarthy Chechen who gave my wife free amusement rides. We checked the place a couple of more times that week but no luck. In Russia, criminals live very well but usually for a short time because of the tough and literally deadly competition. Maybe the manager met his just rewards and presently comprised part of the cement foundation of some new building.

On a hunch, I asked Nadya to track down the home address for Andrey, the masseur, before we met the next morning and took a car back to the hotel.

On this trip, I came prepared for the boring evenings by bringing a few detective novels by Chandler and Hammett. Krasnodar didn't offer much to do at night except pick up some ho at a disco, which I could do without at present. Besides, maybe I'd learn some useful tricks from these authors for my own detective story, although in theirs someone always ended up dead. Well, mine still had a ways to run yet.

Detective and other stories of human tragedies never even partially convey the internal torment of the characters. It's just impossible for the reader or observer to comprehend the horror, hate and despair swirling within the people involved. For me the hell not only tore at my mind but also made my entire body feel under assault every second, every minute of the day. Even at night my dreams screamed hopelessness.

Tuesday, June 12, 2001, Nadya handed me Andrey's address.

"Well, well, well, so this is what Andrey was hiding."

"What?" Nadya asked.

"One of the addresses Alina gave me back in 1999 for mailing her letters is also the address of Andrey the masseur. So there relationship was a little closer than he let on, and it explains how he could recognize her handwriting."

We went to the Academy of Physical Culture to find the professor Vera: another one of the people Inessa claimed called her to declare disbelief in the diary. Natalya had never reached Vera after I gave the professor a copy of the dairy in April. The confrontation with the administrative goon squad on my last visit made me anxious to interview Vera and leave before the intruder alert alarms went off.

At the entrance, the guard booth was empty this time, probably cutbacks or an extended coffee break. We walked through the still bleak lobby to the Gymnastics Department where Nadya boldly started opening the doors of classes in session while asking me if I recognized Vera. The teachers and students all looked quizzically at us but without protest as an obviously American in a suit turned to a Russian girl with a “no” and the door closed. I kept expecting the goons to come racing around the corner at any minute. How could girls so adept at keeping secrets from their boyfriends act so brazenly? Well, I was in Russia, so I followed Nadya’s lead. We finally found Vera in the gym teaching a class. At least Nadya didn’t go storming in as I half expected demanding immediate answers to my questions. We waited for the bell. Nadya was blissfully naïve while I expected the heavies any second. When class ended, Vera told us to meet her in the lobby.

Vera showed within minutes and requested, “Let’s stand over there away from the students so that no one can over hear us.” We walked over to one of the many dark corners. “When you were here last time, some of the students overheard us talking and began gossiping.”

Great, I thought, just what I hoped. Without prodding, Vera launched into her story.

“About a week after we met, Inessa came to my office very agitated. We had never been on good terms. She threatened to have the police arrest me and take me to court for defaming her daughter by distributing around the Academy Alina’s diary. Inessa claimed the diary false because you forced her daughter to write it. She also accused me of taking money from you to hand the diary out.”

“I’m sorry for causing you such trouble,” I sincerely said. “I didn’t think my wife and Inessa would go to such lengths. But you should know that I’ll be taking Inessa to court soon for defaming me. Did she say anything about me?”

Vera hesitated, “She said some very negative things, but I don’t want to repeat them in front of you.”

I chose not to press Vera on this point and leave it up to my attorney, another woman, to get the specifics.

Vera continued, “Inessa then went around the Gymnastics Department telling everyone that you paid me lots of money to hand out the diary. But other teachers found out that Inessa was lying. The Vice Rector told them that you had handed the diary to various students yourself. The teachers then made Inessa apologize to me in front of the entire department. It caused a big scandal.”

Yes! That must have flipped mama Ho and baby Ho out. Now the entire academy knew about the slut. “Did you recognize any parts of the diary?”

“Yes, I recognized the part that described Inessa’s failure to obtain a Masters because she did not complete a required course. Also Alina’s descriptions of events at the academy are also accurate.”

“Did Inessa ask for the copy of the diary I gave you?”

“I gave it back to her telling her to keep such private filth out of the academy.”

“Do you know anything about Alina except from what you read in her diary?”

“I only knew her as a daughter of another teacher. I never had her in any of my classes. And I want you to know that I am willing to help you because Inessa and Alina are not decent people.”

Now this was a tough lady willing to go up against Inessa and her daughter knowing the influence that Poisoned Dragon’s money could buy and their probable connections from living in Chechnya. I admired her, thanked her for the offer of help and apologized again for the

difficulty I caused. Silently, I also thanked Inessa for reversing Vera's initial desire not to become involved.

Next, we stopped at the Vasilyeva House of Fashion looking for Anastasia. Nadya waited in the park because the purveyors of fashion didn't like witnesses to our conversations. This time, another even taller and more beautiful model than the one that greeted me in April languidly stood displaying her wares with a smile and said Anastasia and Dima were out of town until tomorrow.

After lunch, Nadya and I went to the Joy Disco looking for the manager Alexey whom Poisoned Dragon introduced me to before our marriage. She auditioned for him back then as a dancer, no stripping, for a troop of dancers my wife said he was taking to Italy. At the time, it made no sense for her to work in Italy with our marriage just around the corner and plans to live in New York. But now I realized she was laying the foundation for a cover story to hide her already planned prostitution trip to Italy with Alfredo. In my wife's diary, it appeared she played around with Alexey after our marriage, but the wording made the connection a little ambiguous. I hoped for more specifics from her tango partner because any new information wouldn't fall under the cohabitation defense for adultery. It was a long shot that Alexey would fess up, but worth a try anyway.

The disco didn't open for business until the evening, but someone was inside setting up the bar. He told us Alexey no longer managed the club; he was fired months ago and now ran another dance hall called City Club. We took a cab to a different part of town that let us off at a government building that housed the disco. Strange spot for a club but then again entrepreneurial corruption in Russia often created strange locations for moneymaking ventures. By occupying space in a building that housed a department of the local government, the disco's

owners, most likely city officials, didn't pay rent and received a cash flow ostensibly slated for the department but channeled into their very private pockets.

The disco was closed, but Nadya tracked down someone in one of the government offices who knew about the club's personnel. Once again, Alexey got bounced from his management job and left no forwarding address. Perhaps he was unemployed because his management skills needed improving, or, more accurately, his skimming skills, which virtually all Russian managers practiced.

It looked like a dead end on Alexey with the search eating up the entire afternoon—rats. Nadya and I bade each other a good evening with me heading back to the isolation of my dorm-like hotel room with a three-inch thick mattress from the 1950s and a detective story from the 1940s about a double-crossing, murderous female. Was this what my childhood dreams wanted for me when grown?

Wednesday, June 13, 2001, I walked into Vasilyeva's agency without Nadya. The same pretty young girl with the same enticing smile showed me into the small office where I met only Anastasia. I detected a distinct chill as soon as she saw me. Gone were the grins masking greedy schemes to separate an American from his money along with offers of tea or coffee and cakes.

According to Anastasia, the week after I left Krasnodar in April, Alina called her wanting to come over to the agency to talk with Anastasia about her meeting me the previous week. Now it was certain that Poisoned Dragon was in Krasnodar during the last half of April. Anastasia refused to meet her, but then Inessa telephoned ranting that I was a criminal and demanding to know what Anastasia and Dima told me. Anastasia said Dima then took the telephone but she wouldn't tell me what he told Inessa. Later, Alina sent a message on Anastasia's pager that she

knew Anastasia had sold me information and Alina would take them to court for defaming her. Anastasia claimed the incident scared her but angered Dima and said they could not help me anymore.

Dima and Anastasia couldn't actually believe that Alina would risk publicizing her prostituting ways by going to court. She was as much a criminal as they. Rather these two pimps probably feared U.S. Immigration receiving an anonymous tip about their business of sending girls overseas for prostitution—a sure fire killer to their efforts to immigrate to America. Nothing for me to do but thank Anastasia for her time and leave.

Walking over to the park to meet Nadya, I felt the absurdity of my case going down the drain because some young girl, my April translator Natalya, had allowed an old whore like Inessa to trick her into identifying my informants and potential witnesses. The chain of events began with Inessa learning about my visit to the Academy from that lying pig the Vice Rector Minchenko. He didn't want a scandal about an alumnus and daughter of an instructor working as a prostitute—what would the parents of other students think? Or, he didn't want to risk the exposure of a lucrative side business of recruiting Academy coeds for banya orgies and other aspects of the sex trade in Russia. Minchenko, as did Poisoned Dragon, her lawyers, and whore mother, stood to benefit by putting a stop to my investigation.

On hearing from Minchenko, Inessa naturally scurried back to report to her daughter, who was in town. Poisoned Dragon then calls her attorneys in New York City, and over the telephone, the trinity devises a plan of witness intimidation against the Russians and character assassination against me, but first they needed the names of whom I interviewed. For that, Inessa paid her surprise visit to Natalya.

Vice Rector Minchenko likely gave Inessa the office address for Natalya along with a few copies of the diary he expropriated from people at the Academy. At that point, Inessa still didn't know anyone I had talked with other than Minchenko; otherwise, she wouldn't have demanded from Natalya the names of everyone I had met. Inessa intentionally allowed Natalya to see the few diary copies in her bag in order to convince Natalya they were from people that had called Inessa to say they didn't believe such things about Alina. Thinking that my witnesses had turned against her and me, Natalya spilled her guts.

Armed with the list of my informants and potential witnesses, Inessa executed the planned intimidation and defamation. At the Academy, however, it spiraled out of Minchenko and Inessa's control because the grapevine, those cute teenage girls listening to my first conversation with Vera, spread the stories of Alina hoing throughout the Academy. Inessa countered, probably also seeing an opportunity to attack an old foe, by going public with the falsehood that Vera had distributed the copies in return for money from me. Inessa's lie backfired because instead quenching the scandal, as Vice Rector Minchenko wanted, it only fueled the controversy. So Minchenko forced Inessa to apologize to Vera in order to end the matter.

Poisoned Dragon and Inessa's accusations about my paying people for information struck me as ironic, since it likely came from the mercenary characters of those two and my wife's attorneys. They just couldn't conceive of anyone helping another person except for cold hard cash.

Nadya asked, "How'd it go with Anastasia?"

“Not very well,” I answered. “As I assume you’ve guessed, Alina and Inessa have been very busy discrediting me and intimidating people with threats of arrest, court suits and criminal hoodlums.”

“Everyone knows they lived in Chechnya and Russians fear Chechen bandits.”

“But they were Russians living in Chechnya. What would they have to do with Chechen bandits now?”

“You don’t know for certain they are Russian. The pictures of Alina look like some of the people from the Caucasus. Besides, some Russians will ally with anyone if it means money, and from what I’ve heard that’s the driving force of Alina and Inessa. As for people fearing the police and procurators, everyone knows that the money Alina makes can buy her what she wants from our police and courts.”

My efforts looked bleak, but there was no alternative than to keep trying to find potential witnesses. Maybe when I met Svetlana, the Krasnodar lawyer, she might have some ideas for stopping my wife and mother-in-law’s obstruction of justice.

Nadya asked, “So where do you go from here?”

I wanted to say oblivion but instead, “I’ve been trying to find this girl Natasha who lives in Alina’s building. When I stayed with my wife before our wedding, Alina visited her a number of times and said she lived upstairs, or at least that’s where she told me she went often for an hour or more. Alina said Natasha and her had similar souls. Once I asked to go along, Alina refused. My wife also wrote in her dairy about keeping ‘all her things’ with Natasha, so I figure the girl probably knows a lot about Alina.”

“Does Alina like girls?”

“I’ve thought about that. Maybe Natasha is the girl lover my voodoo priestess in America told me about.”

“You went to a voodoo doctor?”

“Fight fire with fire, I figured. Actually, the priestess turned out to be right. She told me not to bring Alina to America or she would consume my life and that’s what has happened.”

“I could have told you that. Girls like Alina use their filthy red lips to whisper lies, to kiss a man and make him suffer. They treat men like slaves; make them suffer body and soul.”

“Why didn’t you tell me this before I married her?” I jokingly asked.

“Apparently many people did, but you didn’t listen.”

“I know, and I’m not sure I regret it. My life was never this bad except for childhood. Even dodging the draft, hiding out in California while the female head of my draft board searched the country for me, trying to send me half way around the world to use my life to protect some rubber tree owned by Firestone in Vietnam wasn’t as bad as this. Somehow this latest horror seems fated. Despite all the warning signs, I went ahead. It makes no sense, unless the fates really exist.”

“I believe there are people who can see the future like this old lady who lives outside of town, but people make their own decisions.”

“You mean free will?”

“No, I don’t think anyone has free will, at least about important matters. People make decisions out of their own psychology. Look at Alina, her mother probably raised her to lie and cheat and sell herself to men. If what she told everyone is true about living in Chechnya, then the environment she grew up in also lacked civilized conduct, modern day morality. So when

Alina was faced with a decision to trick you or be honest with you, she chose deception because her psychology dictated it.”

“So in the end, it’s still fate only not the fate of the gods but of the parents and place someone ends up in by sheer coincidence.”

“Sure, you could say that.”

“I guess both Alina and I are doomed then.”

“Don’t be too discouraged. You never know what’s going to happen, especially in Russia.”

“You mean Alina might get run over by a truck?”

“Stop it!” Nadya scolded and changed the subject. “I remember reading that part of Alina’s diary about Natasha. Maybe that’s where she keeps her money.”

“Good point. I never thought about that. If we find her, we can advertise her apartment as the Krasnodar Fort Knox.”

“Be serious, what does she look like?”

“The voodoo doctor said she is young, tall, with dark hair. I thought we could stand outside Alina’s apartment building and ask people going in and out whether they know a girl named Natasha.”

“Lots of girls are named Natasha. In fact Natalya is a nick name for Natasha.”

“No she’s not the one,” I joked. “Well I can’t think of any other way to find her. It’s mid-afternoon, so I doubt we’ll run into Inessa who generally doesn’t come home until around five.”

We stood in the front of Alina’s building with Nadya asking a few residents whether they knew Natasha—no luck. Then a short middle-aged lady rounded one corner of the building

whom I told Nadya to ask. No sooner did I speak, than I realized it was Inessa—time for new glasses. Without any hesitation, she walked straight for us.

At close range, she looked like an old prostitute trying to compensate for her faded glory with heavy purple eye shadow and gaudy clothes. But what really stood out was her surprisingly deep tan for so early in the summer. Inessa didn't display any anger at first; she just tried to pump Nadya for information, such as her name and telephone number. I stepped in telling Nadya not to say anything. I knew Inessa's tactic all too well from Alina's technique of gathering ammunition by asking in a priestly, confessional tone for information that she planned to knife me in the back with later. When Nadya followed my directions not to answer Inessa's questions, Inessa got angry and threatened, "If you work for Roy, you will get into a big mess." She turned and quickly walked into her building. Nadya thought Inessa a big joke, but I decided to leave assuming my mother-in-law was probably calling her militia students with some concocted story about an American gangster casing her apartment building.

As we left, I asked Nadya, "Did you notice anything strange about Inessa?"

"Nothing except the purple eye make up."

"Her tan stood out as too dark for this time of year in Russia. Look at other people in the street; no one has a tan like that. It's as though she just returned from a resort."

"Maybe she went to the Black Sea. Many people from here do."

"Could be, but there's a more interesting point that might help you in assisting me. Since this war began, I noticed that by staying alert, which means taking notice of rather than dismissing observations, events, comments or anything that doesn't make sense or appears out of whack, I eventually learn something new. At such moments, the universe opens up to tell me

something, but I don't know what it is because my perspective needs to change or I need more information. So I file the incident away, knowing that at some point I will understand."

"I never experienced that. Where does it come from?"

"Perhaps the martial arts develops the ability. My instructor always told me to stay alert, and now I keep seeing these occurrences that jump out at me as incongruous and strange, so I purposely remember them and wait."

"So what do you think Inessa's deep tan means?"

"Don't know yet, but I will. What time do we meet Alexei, Alina's old boy friend tomorrow?"

"During his lunch hour at your hotel. So I get to sleep late, see you manyana."

My nightly dose of boredom, detective stories and a sleeping pill brought Thursday, June 14, 2001. Nadya and Alexei appeared in the lobby at the same time with Alexei wearing what I believed a sincere smile. Russians are so adept at acting that even the ones I thought I understood, I often didn't.

After a few pleasantries, I started my questions, "Has Alina or Inessa been in touch with you since we last talked in April?"

"Inessa called me just after you left last time to ask whether a man had contacted me about Alina. Inessa said an old admirer of Alina had sent a message on her daughter's pager expressing his strong feelings that he wanted her back again. Inessa said he was a criminal and crazy, and I should never talk to that man. I told her it was my own business whom I talked with."

Alexei clearly knew about Alina and Inessa's addiction to lies and intimidation for manipulating people but was no longer swayed by them. Alina surely told Inessa exactly what to tell Alexei, and probably listened in on the conversation. "Did Inessa mention my name?"

"No, and she didn't mention the man was Alina's husband, just an admirer. Whenever Inessa calls, and I also noticed this for about a year now, she always uses Alina's mobile. I checked it on my phone that keeps a list of all my calls. Before, they always used their home phone because it was cheaper."

"Obviously they expect a tap on their home phone," I innocently replied.

"That's not all," Alexei laughed. "Inessa saw enemies around her all the time. She always suspected someone, and people generally did not like her. It caused many unnecessary fights. In the village she thought that one neighbor, a grandmother, put a curse on her and Alina."

"I remember passing that lady walking with a cane near Alina's house in the village. Alina denounced this frail old woman for defaming her and Inessa by calling them prostitutes. I should have realized the truth in her statement. Sorry, please continue Alexei."

"Inessa complained that another neighbor allowed the leaves of his tree to fall on her house. She also accused that neighbor of stealing from her house and went to the police to get them to give the neighbor a lie detector test. The police laughed at her. She then got some of her bigger students who were connected with the military and militia to threaten the neighbor. Alina and Inessa also believed a neighbor had poisoned their dog, but the dog was only sick."

"Looks like paranoia runs in the family. Do you know whether Alina or Inessa talked with anyone else about my trip in April?"

“Dima told me that the two of them had threatened him and Anastasia with court action. Dima was very angry. He doesn’t want anything threatening their move to America or their business.”

“What about the girls mentioned in Alina’s diary? I’d like to find them while still in Krasnodar or have Nadya track them down after I leave. Maybe I should have arranged for a lengthier stay, but too long in the enemy’s home territory didn’t seem wise.”

Alexie laughed. “Lena was one of Alina’s clairvoyants.”

“Was she the one whom Alina made you wait in the street while she visited?”

“No, Lena was a different one whom she hung around with a lot.”

“Do you know how I can reach Lena?”

“I will try to find a number for her. Alina also subscribed to a paper that advertised witches, healers and clairvoyants called “Krasnodar Healing.” She was always using such people. She quickly became dissatisfied with one and switched to another. As I told you last time, a couple of years ago, I went with her to an herbalist or clairvoyant woman on Krasnoarmeiskaya Ulitsa. Alina told me to wait outside. I asked why and she said, ‘I can’t tell you now. I will later. You have got to trust me.’ She often used that excuse. I can find the building number for you, but Alina never told me the clairvoyant’s name. I assumed it was just one of many she used.”

“If you can come up with the building number, please do. Maybe I can figure out a way to find this witch. It would be very helpful in proving Alina secretly fed me narcotics after I told her one evening that I was thinking about canceling the wedding because she wasn’t telling me the truth about her past. Putting the narcotics or herbs from this witch into my food made me forget my doubts and feel stupidly euphoric about our upcoming wedding. A statement from the

witch as to what she sold and when to Alina will make a jury take notice, and might overcome the American bias in favor of females.”

“Do you know a Natasha who lives in Alina’s apartment building?” I added.

“We visited her once. She used to work as a model in Anastasia’s agency. I remember she lived on one of the top floors, maybe seven or eight. She is tall, young with black hair.”

Damn, my voodoo priestess was right. How did she do that? Now jungle drums, headless chickens and sweaty buxom black babes with grass anklets cavorting around bond fires invaded the depths of my mind.

“I know this is a little offensive, but do you think Alina and Natasha were lovers?”

“Towards the end of our relationship, I suspected that Alina played around with girls because once in a while she’d say how much she liked the touch of girls because it was more caressing than men. But maybe she was just trying to make me jealous. I don’t know for sure.”

“Do you know Natasha’s apartment number or telephone?”

“No, I only was there once. I’m sure Anastasia knows it.”

“Anastasia is no longer cooperating, would you see whether you might have Natasha’s number?”

“Sure.”

“Ever here of Larissa who worked in Cyprus with Alina? She brought some money from Cyprus for Alina’s mother.”

“I remember. She tried to give me some money from Alina, but I refused and told her to give it to Inessa. I believe she is a girl friend of Marios one of the managers of the club where Alina worked in Cyprus. I actually met Marios once when he came to Krasnodar. Alina asked

me to pick him up at the airport, which I did and took him to the Intourist Hotel. I will try to find her number.”

“Is there anything else about Alina that you can tell me?”

“There was one funny thing. When I started dating Alina in 1996, she said she was a virgin, but six months later when we first had sex, it was clear she was no virgin. I told her so, she got annoyed and then blamed me for causing her to lose her virginity earlier in our relationship through her clothes because up until the time we had sex, she always kept her panties on. She also insisted she previously dated only two men and nothing happened. They were just good friends.”

“That’s Alina all right. Why tell a small lie when you can tell a big one.” So Alina’s claim to me in Moscow and again in New York that her first love was Alexei amounted to just another scam to make me believe her a good girl—not exactly a surprise.

“It’s not in her diary, but I learned she first started meeting Volodya for sex in 1997, about a year after we started dating.”

“That’s how she operates—cheat on everybody. Do you know who runs the Aurora Theater?” I asked.

“I don’t know any of their names, but I believe they are Arabs.”

“I thought Chechens.”

“No, I’m sure they are Arabs.”

“Did she tell you anything about her life in Grozny?”

“Only about men grabbing her on the bus, but nothing else.”

“Yeah, I heard that story too, but don’t believe it. Too bad Grozny is nothing but rubble now and ruled by warlords, or I’d go there to see what I could find out about her. What did she say about her father?”

“That he was a military man, beat her, drank a lot and her mother divorced him.”

“She told me he was the Chief of the M.V.D.”

Alexei laughed, “I doubt anyone with such power would marry someone like Inessa, although he might use her for a mistress.”

“Do you know Alexey who used to manage the Joy Disco and his last name?”

“Don’t know his last name, but he now runs the City Club Disco.”

“We tried there, but he’s moved on.”

“I don’t know where to find him then.”

“What about Dmitri, a photographer who took nude pictures of Alina?”

“That’s Dmitri Morosov. He’s a very famous photographer in Krasnodar who takes all the models’ pictures.”

“How can I find him?”

“Just ask any model agency; they all know him.”

“If you think about anything else that might help me in my case, please call Nadya. I very much appreciate your helping me. I know it must be difficult for you as it is for me.”

“I wish you luck, and I will look for those phone numbers.”

We said our farewells. Nadya and I went looking for a model agency that knew Dmitri Morosov. A few blocks from the hotel we walked into this agency where a stunning, tall blonde greeted us. I almost made a move on her, Nadya encouraged me to, but something told me to

abstain. The model willingly gave us Morosov's number and address. Nadya called him from a public phone across the street.

After a short conversation, Nadya hung up. "Whew! Was he nasty! Morosov says he's heard all the lies that you are spreading about Alina, and he doesn't believe any of them. He refuses to talk with you. A very unpleasant man."

"Interesting, that means Alina and Inessa are not only contacting the people they learned about from Natalya but are also going around to people they think I might find. It's an interesting strategy that risks spreading some of the truth about Alina, but for them, protecting Alina's future cash flow must be worth it. And it does give them the advantage of first impression. Too bad they didn't do this in America, the court would hold them both in contempt. That is, a court from thirty years ago before the Feminazis took control in America. Back then a judge would slam Alina with hefty finds for this type of conduct. Apparently, obstruction of justice now pays in America just like Russia, even our former President, Clinton, got away with it. What a fool I am to rely on the law. I knew I never should have bothered with law school. Perhaps Alina is right, money and only money matters. What a world!"

"Maybe Svetlana can help. We meet her tomorrow at the courthouse."

"Okay, what time do I meet you at the hotel?"

"Eight thirty."

Friday, June 15, 2001, Nadya and I stood outside the courthouse in the sunny humid weather waiting for my Krasnodar attorney. The scene reminded me of a small town in the south—south Russia. A flashy red car pulled into a parking spot. With fashion model poise, out stepped the driver sporting hot blonde hair and a lustful figure. She walked toward us with the

ease of a girl assured of her good looks. Now in her thirties, Svetlana must have broken many hearts in her time; wish I had known her ten years ago. Nadya did the introductions.

We went into the courthouse and sat down at a table in a hallway near a window with the sun blinding my eyes and warming me like an oven, as though any heat other than that radiated by Svetlana was needed. Apparently lawyers all over the world use one or another tactic to gain some advantage over not only their opponents but also their clients. If it's not low sinking chairs, it's sunlight straight into the eyes. This time I preferred the low sinking chair so as to improve my view of Svetlana's short skirt.

With Nadya translating, I explained Alina, her attorneys and Inessa's efforts to keep witnesses for the annulment/divorce case from helping me. Svetlana told me the same thing Xenia did that Russian courts couldn't prevent such interference because in involved speech.

The laws in Russian rewarded the most despicable. No surprise there. In America, with the Feminazis in power, it was the same.

Svetlana said, "You only recourse against Inessa is for defamation."

"That's not much of a recourse," I responded. "A protracted civil suit that might, assuming Alina and Inessa don't fix the judge with money, sex or both, give me a judgment in rubles that is for all purposes uncollectible because who knew where they kept their assets in Russia. Of course, I could garnish Inessa's paltry salary from the Academy. Big deal, that's a couple of lap dances for Alina."

"No, no, you don't understand," Svetlana emphatically replied. "Defamation in Russia is an indictable crime—a felony!" That stopped my inward cursing of the Russian legal system—put both those whores in jail my mind yelled.

"You can do that?"

“All we need do is interest a prosecutor in bringing an indictment, and I can handle that.”

Looking at Svetlana, I was sure she could.

“Great, let’s do it.”

Svetlana also agreed to contact the lying Vice Rector Minchenko at the Academy who promised me samples from Alina’s file so that I could authenticate her diary. But before doing anything, she needed my signature notarized on a document that granted her the power to represent me. Since it was Friday, I needed to get the document notarized that day because my flight back to Moscow left Sunday evening. Sounded simple enough, pop down to the local notary for the form and sign it. Boy was I wrong.

After leaving Svetlana, Nadya and I spent the rest of the day caught in a Russian bureaucratic nightmare. Finding the form took us to the other side of town, but since it was in Russian and I was American, we needed a translation, not just any translation, but a translation by a certified translator of which Nadya was not one and only a few existed in Krasnodar. Nadya told the notary I spoke Russian, but that didn’t matter because I was still an American. So we hustle off to the office of one certified translator, but she was out of town, then another office but they didn’t work during the Soviet lunch hour normally from Noon to 3 PM but on Friday until 5 PM, which meant they were gone for the weekend. Finally, we found the number and telephoned a certified translator back on the side of town from where we started. We hopped a cab to his house, but Nadya had the wrong building number, so in true Russian fashion she starts walking around assuming the guy will appear out of nowhere, time’s ticking away and just before I explode, the translator pops up, saying he thought we might be lost.

He’s a strange but personable guy who spends most his time translating arcane scientific papers. Perhaps he also delved into supernatural papers, since he did appear out of nowhere. He

translated the document, and we all hoofed it over to a notary before their witching hour of 4 PM when all the notaries in Krasnodar close. Russian rules require the translator to sign before a notary a statement saying his translation is accurate. At last, I sign, the translator signs and the notary signs twice. Nadya and I drop the document at Svetlana's office along with a list of witnesses to Inessa's defamation and what we knew she said to them about me.

At five in the afternoon at the end of a hot, exhausting day, we meet Katya, the friend with whom Alina partied around Krasnodar. Back in April, Katya was too busy to read the diary before I left town. But in the intervening months, she had, and we all sat down on a park bench. I gave Katya a flyer for the web site and the Krasnaya Ulitsa newspaper articles.

To my surprise, she insisted she was not the Katya that Alina wrote about whoring around with. I didn't believe that for a minute. When I met Katya and her husband in April, I knew she needed some kind of story to explain away Alina's chronicle of their tawdry partying; otherwise, her husband would exact some Russian justice in punching her out. The kind of justice America once had. I expected her to use the same line on me, but didn't expect such an ingenious, yet simple fiction: she wasn't the same Katya. These Russian models knew how to deceive, but in their fabrications they always missed an important point that showed them up for liars.

In Katya's case, she said the last time she saw Alina was July 6, 2000, when my wife visited her house with Valodya and Vanya, the boys from St. Petersburg, but she added in a third girl from the village where my wife used to live. Katya said that what Alina wrote in her diary about the visit was accurate but the other girl was also named Katya—the bad Katya. What a nice coincidence of names and artful lie. The episode from Alina's diary stated:

“We met once more those boys on Monday. We persuaded them to stay and go the next day. 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. In the morning I went home and Volodya and Vanya went to see me off. I stopped a car and the driver tried to accost to me. I let him touch a little my knees but saved some money. It was 5:30 in the morning.”

It made no sense that Katya would allow four lovers to stay in her house until the next morning while she had no one but herself to play with, and she failed to realize that Alina's use of the pronoun “we” only meant Alina, not Alina and another girl. Katya naturally saw “we” as her way out by saying two girls visited her house with the two guys from St. Petersburg when in actuality only Alina accompanied them to her house because Katya was Vanya's girl. Despite her skill at dissembling, I didn't understand why she even bothered to confirm this part of the diary in the first place. She simply could have claimed that all the events concerning Katya were about some other whoring Katya. Maybe she feared I had independent confirmation about the visit to her house. Who knows? Ignoring her cover-up, I asked some questions.

“What did Alina and Valodya do until 5:30 in the morning?”

“They used my kitchen table for sex. I was upset about that; it's not the proper place.”

For some strange reason, I wanted to laugh.

Katya continued, “Alina and I hung around together before she went to Cyprus and during that time she was loyal to Alexei.”

Most unlikely I thought, but I didn't have Alina's diary from before Cyprus, so Katya could easily lie about events back then without any contradiction from me.

“When Alina and I worked at the Vasilyeva House of Fashion, I'm sure Alina didn't do any prostitution in Krasnodar.”

“How do you know?” I asked.

“We were very close and I would have heard something. Alina was very ambitious and offended easily.”

Katya thought the Volodya from Krasnodar with whom my wife committed adultery right after our marriage, in an apartment where a woman previously hung herself, might be a sculptor in his mid-thirties who had a wife. That made sense because on my first visit to Krasnodar, Poisoned Dragon pointed out some sculptures in a store window boasting that she modeled for various parts. Katya agreed to look for a telephone number for the sculptor.

“Do you know a Lena who gave Alina advice or acted as a clairvoyant for her?”

“The only Lena I know that Alina went around with is a nurse with a strange character who lives by men. She’s around 32 and has a baby. I will try to find her telephone number also.”

“Do you know of any other clairvoyants Alina used?”

“I know she used them but don’t know who they were.”

“Did Alina have any other friends?”

“Alina didn’t have friends, just people she partied with or used.”

“That’s consistent.”

“There is one girl who knows Alina well, Yulya. They both lived in the village where Alina and her mother owned a small house. Alina’s mother knew Yulya’s parents and Alina and Yulya spent a lot of time together. Yulya and her parents often joked about how Alina earned money. They knew she was lying about earning money as a translator in Moscow. Yulya also worked at Anastasia’s. I can give you Yulya’s number but don’t mention that I gave it to you.”

“No problem. The last time we talked, you told me about a girl who went to Cyprus with Alina but returned after two days because the work involved prostitution. Do you have a telephone number for her?”

“I’ll have to look for Nadya’s number. Have your translator call me tomorrow. The boy who dated Nadya at the time told me that Alina was working as a prostitute in Cyprus and we both laughed. Nadya also had a friend named Inessa who was also a model at Vasilyeva’s; she may have some information for you. I will look for her number also.”

“Do you know a girl named Natasha who lives in Alina’s apartment building, tall, dark hair?”

“No, I don’t.”

“Is there anything else you can tell me about Alina?”

“Not that I can think of right now, but if I remember something, I’ll call your translator.”

“Thanks for your help. I’ll probably return to Krasnodar in a couple of months to follow up with some more interviews.”

Nadya and I walked over to Krasnaya Ulitsa on what was now a summer evening in a dead end town, in a dead end country with me carrying the remnants of a dead end life. After decades, I had reached the point of feeling in my bones that every second, every minute, every day of my life was a waste that I couldn’t change. But that wasn’t going to keep me from finishing with Poisoned Dragon.

Nadya said, “I’m going to the Black Sea for the weekend, so Natalya would try to arrange a meeting with Yulya, if she can locate her.”

“Find. I’ll wait for her call. Going with your boyfriend?”

“Yes, he wants to spend as much time with me as he can before I go to South America in September to visit my father for a couple of months.”

“That’s nice.” I knew I’d never feel that way about a girl again.

“He’s worried I won’t come back, but I will. I could leave Krasnodar, but I don’t want to without him.” I also knew a girl would never feel that way about me.

“What does he do?”

“He’s a driver for Krasnodar’s member in the Duma. He’ll take you to the airport Sunday evening with me.”

“Sounds like he has some good connections.” I made a mental note, recalling that former President Yeltsin’s driver ended up as his chief aide with lots of power and money. In Russia what mattered most was who you knew and money. We said good night, and I retired to my detective novels and hopelessness.

Saturday, June 16, 2001, Natalya, with me in tow, tracked down Yulya to Krasnodar’s preeminent theater, renamed after Anastasia’s mother, still alive from when I last saw her, and the founder of the Vasilyeva House of Fashion. The ancient playhouse was packed with people wearing the brain-dead, enthralled look of zealots. Our usher pointed out Yulya standing center stage, tall, imposing with long black hair in a black leather suit revving-up the crowd of believers. Yulya acted as master of ceremonies for what looked like an old-time religious revival meeting. Natalya started laughing and it took a few minutes for her to finally tell me that it wasn’t religious fervor on the audience faces but greed. Yulya directed a motivational meeting for making money. What else would stir Russians the way religion stirs the rest of the world? Maybe my wife would show to teach a few easy bunko lessons.

After about ten minutes of manipulating the crowd, Yulya introduced the main attraction, the inspirational, female founder of the “VIP Group.” Yulya exited into the wings at which point Natalya sprang up motioning me to follow her. Natalya had no intention of sitting through anymore of this trash, waiting for the end. She led me through phantom of the opera stairwells and hallways looking for the backstage while the harangue of the group’s leader reverberated through the theater. I was sure the organizers would bounce us into the street when we trespassed into their sanctum backstage, but no one even questioned our presence.

We walked up to Yulya standing just out of sight of the audience behind the curtains while the founder proselytized the suckers out front. Yulya turned with the ever-present smile that masked the steely ambitions of all beauties as she looked down on me from a height of at least six feet four inches in her low pump shoes. She was even taller than Poisoned Dragon and carried nice size breasts, unlike the lemons of my wife. After Natalya made a few introductory remarks, Yulya, to my surprise, suggested we sit down in the back by some scenery to talk more privately. She still needed to stay in sight of the stage for her cues to make the next introduction and keep the audience excited. This was one cool, calm and collected babe willing to conduct an interview while in the middle of a performance.

As Yulya led the way, I checked out her body more closely, perfectly shaped ass, not fat and apparently nice legs, although somewhat hard to tell through the tight leather pants. Why didn’t I meet her instead of Poisoned Dragon? Probably because it didn’t matter, since I would have ended up in the same hell anyway. Beyond the outer layer of a Russian beauty, only fire and brimstone existed. We found a few chairs and sat down. Yulya sat like a man with her legs spread wider than any man capable of and her body leaning forward with her left elbow resting on one thigh and her right hand capping her right knee. Was this intentional? Whatever, all I

could think about during the entire conversation was burying my face in the angle between her thighs. I gave her a copy of the diary, a flyer for the web site and the Krasnaya Ulitsa newspaper article. Natalya recounted my tale to Yulya, who looked at me periodically with understanding in her eyes, or was it the predator's stare. I tried to act the gentlemanly by keeping my eyes off her crotch, but it was hopeless. Every time she glanced at me, I was looking between her legs. It probably made her feel powerful, which she was. When Natalya finished explaining the situation, Yulya launched into a monologue about Alina, her fellow model and acquaintance.

“Alina always thought about money and how to get it. She was a pit bull in her pursuit of dollars. She used all her connections and a lot of men to get money. She always had a lot of men. I remember when she didn't have money to start a career as a model; she used men to get it. Because her boyfriend Alexei didn't have money, she started to hate him. They had a good relationship but no money, so Alina left him. Alina tried to hide what she did in Cyprus from Alexei, but he knew—we all knew. Alina told Alexei it was his fault that they broke up and even threatened Alexei with harm if he told people about her real activities and character. She has two faces. She keeps her secret life to herself and confides in no one. Alina went to Moscow a lot after graduating from the Academy in 1996. Alina said she worked as a translator for a wealthy English man there. Her mother Inessa told Alexei that Alina was a high specialist in English, and Alina told everyone that she made the money for her new apartment translating in Moscow and from the sale of her mother's tiny house in the village. But people knew how she really made money.”

Yulya left momentarily for her audience, and my focus switched from living between her legs to follow-up questions.

When she returned, sitting in the same position again, I summoned the remainder of my will to focus on the questions, “What about prostitution?”

“I don’t think she worked as a prostitute from 1995 to 1998 when we were both close and working as models at Vasilyeva.”

Hmmm, I reflected, pretty much what Katya and Anastasia said. The people connected with the Vasilyeva House of Fashion contradicted the masseur who thought Poisoned Dragon started working as a prostitute in Krasnodar when she joined Vasilyeva’s models. Maybe in Krasnodar Alina didn’t engage in prostitution, although I doubted it, but in Moscow, working for Leo, she definitely sold her body.

Yulya continued, “But my boyfriend called her a prostitute back then. He didn’t like her. She was always criticizing him.”

“Would he talk to me?” I wanted to learn why he thought Alina a prostitute during those years. It could help for an annulment.

“I’ll ask him, but I doubt it.”

“Who else knew her?”

“Lena, a very poor nurse and Olga. All three of them went around together. I will try to find their numbers for you. And there was a girl who Alina went to Cyprus with named Nadya who recently had a child, but her first husband divorced her. She came back because the work involved prostitution.”

“The Good Nadya,” I remarked. “If you can find a telephone number for her or her husband it would help?” Yulya nodded in consent.

“Did you know the clairvoyant that Alina used?”

“I knew she used one but don’t remember her name. I will try to recall.”

“Did you know a model at Vasilyeva’s named Natasha, tall, dark hair who lives in Alina’s apartment building?”

“No”

“What about a young guy named Alexey who managed Joy and then the City Club and do you know his last name?”

“Alexey Smolin, he now runs the Troika Restaurant on Mir Street.”

Yulya’s day job called her away again to the apostles of greed finale with a live band and singing. “Money” by the Kingsmen would have been an appropriate closer.

She returned with the smile of a used car salesman, who had just sold a clunker, to resume our talk and the same open-legged position.

“When was the last time you saw Alina?”

“June 2000, Alina visited me along with a younger girl from the village. The girl was not a model and Alina wanted to sell her overseas.”

“Probably a recruit for her pimp in Moscow to send to Mexico,” I said. “Was her name Katya?”

“No. Her name was the same as mine, Yulya.”

This was probably my wife’s friend from Chechnya whom she claimed to have visited as a cover for her prostitution with Alfredo in Italy.

“Do you know a Katya?”

“Yes, she modeled for the Vasilyeva house and looked a lot like Alina. The two were always going out together.”

“Anyone else that she hung around with?”

Yulya continued, “Two years ago in Sochi, she was with some Chechen gangsters.”

My eyes left Yulya's crotch at this news. "How do you know they were Chechen gangsters?"

"It's easy to recognize a Chechen. They are darker with different shaped faces and talk with an accent. Besides the bandits in this part of Russia are famous like your American pop stars. They have money, fast cars and political connections. They live outside the law and everybody except their own kind avoids them. I had seen those guys before and everyone knows they are Chechen criminals."

"I guess it makes sense, Alina grew up in Chechnya and is a criminal."

"I think you should be careful. This is not America," Yulya warned.

I replied with the expected words that I would be careful, but I didn't really care at this point in the descent of my life.

Yulya promised to read the diary and contact my translator afterward with what she recognized and any of the telephone numbers she found. I told her I'd probably return in a couple of months to continue my investigation since any trial most likely wouldn't occur until late in the year. She said she'd be pleased to meet with me again, and my foolish heart skipped a beat.

Natalya and I left the imminent millionaires still milling around the theater to visit the Troika Restaurant. Given Alexey Smolin's recent employment history, we expected to find the premises under new management. To our surprise, he still managed the restaurant, although wasn't in when we arrived. The assistant manager obligingly called Smolin who said he'd come right over to meet us. He probably thought me a potential mark for investing in some con or another. We waited over a complementary glass of juice. Saturday dinnertime and the upscale, moderately sized place contained only two customers sipping juice—us.

Smolin eventually bustled in brimming with business airs and New Russian self-importance and carrying a black leather memo and telephone number organizer straight out of the pre Palm Pilot era. He apologized for keeping us waiting and asked what he could do for us. Natalya did her routine, and I handed him a copy of Alina's diary along with the Internet flyer and the newspaper article. He only cursorily looked at them with arrogant Russian boredom. But when Natalya mentioned that Alina was making \$15,000 a month in New York as a lap dancer and prostitute, Alexey suddenly responded in English, "I'm shock, I'm shock. How is that possible? She was fat, a fat girl! Here," as he pointed to the flyer, "look at that fat ass. How can she make so much money? What is wrong with you Americans?"

"A lot, especially with me. I brought her to New York. But believe me she makes that much and probably even more."

"But why do you Americans pay for such a fat girl?"

"Compared to American Feminists, she looks good."

"Ah," Alexey said, "now I understand." Apparently the whole world knew about the Feminazis hijacking the land of liberty to turn it into a prison of unisex.

We talked a while. Smolin in his late twenties was born in East Germany but came to Krasnodar as a teenager when the Soviet Union collapsed. He possessed a similar charm as Alina's trainer but more untrustworthy—a rouge but a likable one. The restaurant he managed clearly laundered money for the owner, a former high-ranking official of Krasnodar. An easy managerial position, one he shouldn't blow like his previous disco stints since the purpose of such a restaurant was not to make money but conceal the source of the owner's cash flows from criminal enterprises. It also, I assumed, delivered Smolin from the temptation to skim because the establishment's cash flows were purely fictional.

“What do you know about Alina?”

“She was a loose girl with lots of boys and worked around as a stripper.” So that’s how the beauty salon manager from my previous trip was able to recognize her lingerie picture.

“If I wanted her, I could have had her. Last summer she offered herself to me, but she was fat. Why bother with her when there are so many prettier girls in Krasnodar.”

No argument with that assessment.

Alexey continued, “Yulya’s boyfriend hated Alina. Something happened between those two but I don’t know what.”

Then he focused on the flyer and said somewhat upset, “Her diary is on the Internet where anyone can read it!”

“Not yet, but as soon as I get back to New York, it will be.”

“That’s going to cause a lot of trouble here. None of the people I assumed she talked about in here will like that. Alina played with a lot of people and this will cause a scandal.”

Good, I said to myself, you low-life hoods deserve it. “Why do you think it will cause trouble?” I gratuitously asked.

“Listen, my friend. Alina ran in the circle of people who run this town. I think you know whom I mean. That’s all I will say about it.”

I got the message. Alina apparently whored herself, as I expected, to the criminals and corrupt politicians who controlled Krasnodar. Maybe that was why some of my wife’s other acquaintances didn’t or pretended they didn’t know about her prostitution in Krasnodar.

I thanked Smolin for the information and said one of my translators or I would contact him again to see whether he recognized any of the events in Alina’s diary.

We left the darkness of the Troika Restaurant for the remaining daylight of a warm summer's eve in the land instigated by Marx and Engels where now only the almighty dollar ruled. My investigation was at an end for this trip, but not the troubles it had stirred. It turned up more information and leads to potential witnesses that Nadya could follow up on, but my wife's attorneys, her and her mother's interference might make it all for nothing. Without sworn documents, my information was useless in court, and no Russian wanted to risk troubles with a couple of ruthless whores who had both the money and criminal connections to push around most people in town. Perhaps the criminal defamation case would subdue Poisoned Dragon and Inessa's threats, but that still left the reality that most people who dealt with a prostitute don't want their names involved out of embarrassment or the fear it might expose some of their own extra-legal activities.

Back in my hotel room, I received a call from Alexei, Alina's old boyfriend. He said Inessa just telephoned him saying I was in Krasnodar looking for dirt on Alina. Inessa wanted the telephone number of Alexei's brother whose friend worked for the F.S.B. Alexei refused to give her the number but thought I should know. We laughed at her childishness; I thanked him and said good night. Inessa apparently called Alexei hoping he would call me, which to her delusional way of thinking would cause me to panic, drop everything and run because the F.S.B. was on my trail. That might work with Russians who over centuries of inbred fear of the secret police quake at the mere mention of them, but not an America whose key contacts worked for the G.R.U. No, I slept well that night.

In the morning, my translator in Moscow, Sasha, called. She said that my driver received a call from Inessa, who did not identify herself, but my driver recognized her voice having met her before. Inessa told him not to pick me up at the Moscow airport later that night because

“Roy doesn’t want to deal with you anymore.” My driver knew better and hung up the phone on her, but called Sasha to find out whether I had any problems in Krasnodar other than a lunatic mother-in-law. Sasha laughed at the stupidity of Inessa, but I knew the real infantile mind behind the harassment was Poisoned Dragon because only she knew my driver’s telephone number. My wife was most likely not in town but gave directions to Inessa from New York City. Inessa easily found out my departure date by contacting the hotel at which I always stayed. The hotel probably also told her the time I planned to leave since Russian hotels require guests to pay in advance up to the hour they intend to depart. No mandatory twelve-noon checkout time there. My checkout time also told Inessa on which of the two flights to Moscow I held a reservation.

Sunday evening, June 17, 2001, under cloudy skies, Nadya and her boyfriend drove me to the airport. In the car, I briefed her on the people she needed to contact for the telephone numbers of other potential witnesses and left her some flyers for anyone else from whom Inessa confiscated the diary and for any new witnesses Nadya tracked down. As for Smolin, I’d telephone him from New York for his remarks on the diary, since he spoke English. Nadya had already followed up with a few of my interviewees: Alexei, Alina’s old boyfriend, could not find a number for Larissa, the girlfriend of the Zygos Club manager Marios. Katya said the sculptor Volodya, with whom Alina likely committed adultery, didn’t have a phone and Katya didn’t know his address, but she did provide the Good Nadya’s number—the girl who left Cyprus after just two days. Yulya said her old boyfriend didn’t know any specifics about Alina’s prostitution, so he saw no reason to talk with me, but Yulya did produce the numbers for Lena, the poor nurse who lived by men, and Olga with whom Alina and Lena hung out with. Yulya,

however, couldn't recall the name of Alina's clairvoyant. Okay, we still had some new people for Nadya to contact on my behalf.

"Keep after Katya for the number of the model Inessa," I added, very impressed with Nadya's efforts so far.

At the airport, Nadya and I headed inside to check on any delays. Walking through the entrance we breezed passed a militia guard talking with some woman. Nadya motioned for me to turn around, and there with the guard I saw Inessa in her purple eye make-up wearing the smile of a retard. The militiaman looked amused with the lunacy that Inessa poured in his ear. I had completely missed her on the way in and ignored her now as I kept going to find out the departure time. The flight would leave on time, so we exited through the same door to wait outside. Inessa, still playing the loon, said a "picture has been taken." I now knew where Poisoned Dragon got her infantile behavior. Then Inessa followed us towards the car and stood nearby talking into her mobile telephone—like a kid pretending with a milk carton walkie-talkie. Nadya and her boyfriend couldn't understand why Inessa was acting so weird. She was trying to intimidate us, but they couldn't understand how—neither could I. After a short wait, I boarded my plane, flopped down in my seat to choke on the cloud of dust that arose from the impact, and felt every much like a regular.

In Moscow, my driver picked me up, and we laughed about Inessa on the way to Sasha and Anya's apartment. As I walked in at midnight, Sasha greeted me with dinner. I mused, why couldn't I have this girl to come home to every night? Because of your age stupid as I wrenched myself from such revelry: plain and simple, her life laid before her, mine behind me—in ruins.

The next morning, I called Valodya in St. Petersburg, the guy my wife played around with at Katya's house, just to see whether I might glean anything useful. He claimed not to have

talked with Alina recently. Fat chance! But his business had taken him to Krasnodar from May 10<sup>th</sup> to the 14<sup>th</sup>; around the time Alina and Inessa were threatening people to keep their mouths shut. He said Alina had already left for America when he arrived in Krasnodar, but her mother gave him one of her modeling photo cards and her telephone number in New York. Inessa asked Valodya to write his opinion that the events in the diary concerning him were false. He refused, or so he said. To me, he confirmed that the events written about in the diary with respect to him were true, but wasn't willing to provide a sworn statement. Valodya added that he believed Inessa not normal, a crazy person with whom he did not like talking. He emphasized not wanting to get between Alina and me to which I replied he already did by going out with her shortly after our marriage. After the call, I wondered how Inessa knew that Valodya was in Krasnodar. Alina must have told her, which meant Valodya lied about not having any recent communication with my wife.

So far, Poisoned Dragon and her attorneys' efforts to prevent me from authenticating the dairy and obtaining useable information for court began looking successful. No one wanted to provide sworn testimony of the truth.

My flight back to New York left Tuesday morning, so I stopped at Leo's Monday evening with a few follow-up questions. Sitting virtually on the floor again in front of his desk, he asked whether I minded him giving Alina's diary to an author to create a fictionalize book about a Russian whore from which Leo hoped to make some money. In order to keep Leo on my side in this war, I said, go ahead.

Leo then replied with something that floored me, if that was possible given my already close proximity to it. My wife had made a masturbation video for a California medical doctor, Marc L. Paulsen, who regularly visited Moscow.

What was with this girl? Whenever I thought I knew all about her filthy life, some new revelation slithered to the surface. Would I ever reach the bottom of her trashy existence, did I want to?

Leo offered me the promotional clips from the video thinking they might help in court. They could, so I accepted. Leo didn't recall exactly when Poisoned Dragon made the tape but it was before I met her. Since she kept this part of her video career hidden from her future husband, I could use this new information for an annulment. No problem with the defense that I forgave her video porn through cohabitation because I never knew about it. I did know about another video from her diary, which she made in July 1999, but as described in the diary, that one only involved "undressing," not masturbating.

In order to maximize the use of the masturbation video in court, I wanted a statement from the California doctor Paulsen that he paid her for the performance. Otherwise, her attorneys would argue that it was a personal, not a pornographic, video that she made for one of her boyfriends. Asking Leo, the producer, for a statement was a waste of time, since it would blow his cover as just a model agency. Leo gave me Paulsen's telephone numbers and email addresses and I would try him when back New York. According to Leo, the good doctor had also married one of Leo's whores, took her to America where after obtaining a permanent green card, she promptly divorced him and stole, with the help of the court, \$70,000 of his money. Where there was one porno video, there were probably others, but Leo denied knowing of any others. I thanked him for a CD of the clips and left.

On the Metro back to Sasha's apartment, the idea flashed into my mind to put the video promo on the web site because it made Alina's claims that I forced her to write the diary appear even more absurd. She'd have to claim I forced her to pose nude the way Russian prostitutes

typically do in order to advertise their wares and also forced her to make a masturbation video, both of which I allegedly did before I even met her. At some point, people would wonder how this good girl always ends up with her clothes off. The video also might help find some of her former customers, since cavorting around rubbing her crotch was what she did when “dancing” all nude.

### Searchin

At JFK airport, the ever-diligent U.S. Customs detained me for questioning. What the hell was going on with these government idiots? Customs’ computer had a red flag by my name ordering them to stop and question me when I crossed into the U.S., the country in which I was born. The reason for the red flag was the Temporary Order of Protection that my wife had lied about to the Queens Family Court, which issued it without allowing me to rebut her accusations and then at a hearing punted the Order to the Supreme Court. Customs, which did nothing to stop an illegal alien prostitute, my wife, from smuggling money out of the country and drugs into it, detained me: an American lawyer and citizen. What possible threat was I to the U.S.? Where was this moronic organization’s priorities? Criminal aliens had more rights than an American citizen. Customs’ computers couldn’t even red flag the illegal Mexican Angel Resendiz for whom arrest warrants were issued for murdering a number of Americans, but their database contained a temporary order of protection against me from a Queens Family Court. Later, after 911, it became clear to the American public the incompetence of the bureaucrats who pretended to protect our borders when they allowed hijacker Mohammed Atta into the country on an expired visa.

Back at my apartment, no home cooked meal this time for Traviesa had found an investment banker to take her to the Hamptons for the week. What a life these girls have, a few minutes on their backs and they're enjoying what it took some guy years of hard work to achieve.

I finished the Internet site, [www.alinashipilina.com](http://www.alinashipilina.com), complete with Leo's contributions of the nude photos and masturbation clips. At the end of Poisoned Dragon's dairy, I explained the purpose for the web site to my limited audience:

This site was set up to prevent Alina Shipilina and her mother's efforts to intimidate into silence potential witnesses in an annulment/divorce proceeding in New York City, to convince potential witnesses that the diary states the truth and to find people who may have additional information about Alina who recognize her name, her face and for some her naked body.

If you have any information about Alina, please email to [alinashipilina@hotmail.com](mailto:alinashipilina@hotmail.com). All sources will be kept confidential.

A hundred flyers, updated with the caption, "Watch Alina masturbate for dollars" went to my contacts in Krasnodar with instructions to distribute the flyers in Poisoned Dragon's apartment building, in the slim hope that Natasha on seeing one might contact me. Academy students and professors would also receive the flyer, which would surely infuriate Vice Rector Minchenko and instill fear in his amateur goons if they were unlucky enough to run into the guys doing the leafleting. Lastly, the discos where management knew my wife or were frequented by her crowd of outwardly beautiful but inwardly repellent people would receive a distribution.

Turning to the California doctor Paulsen, who paid Poisoned Dragon to masturbate for the camera, it took me a few telephone calls before reaching him. Dropping Leo's name by way of introduction, I briefly told him my Poisoned Dragon story and asked about her starring role. He didn't sound pleased talking with me, and I sensed he hid some facts, but at least he didn't hang up. Paulsen claimed he threw the complete video away along with all the other

pornography tapes he shot in Russia after U.S. Customs gave him a “hard time” about importing his personal collection into the country. No way he destroyed his collection, but I went along with his pretended reformation to see what information he might drop.

“My business now is making only music videos with models from the Red Star agency.” That was Russia’s most notorious model agency for hos.

“Leo introduced Alina to me and said she was as a personal friend of his who wanted to marry a foreigner. We shot the video in the apartment Leo keeps for his girls who come from out of town.”

Paulsen’s memory wasn’t too good, whether intentional or not, but apparently Paulsen shot the video and had sex with Poisoned Dragon in the fall of 1998. Paulsen recalled she was reluctant to have sex after shooting the video even though Paulsen had also paid Leo her fee for sex.

“That’s my wife, always trying to welsh on a deal,” I commented.

Paulsen refused to provide me with a sworn statement to any of this, claiming he didn’t want to get involved in a divorce case. An understandable position, but I decided if I needed his statement for trial, I’d threaten to drag him into a deposition and make sure the California Board of Medical Licensing heard about his run in with Customs.

Next, I telephoned Smolin, the Troika Restaurant manager.

“I’ve read the diary and the events concerning me are true.” He said without hesitation. “I’ve also talked to a few people that Alina mentioned in the diary, and they confirmed some of the events. But they are unwilling to talk about them and do not want any of that information to become widespread.”

Sounded like the Russian euphemism for a threat, I asked. “What do they care about a Krasnodar whore? Besides the information will only be used in America.”

“Just a whore, yes, but one with money and connections. And no one likes the embarrassment of their private lives being made public, even if in the U.S.”

“You know, I also have clips of a masturbation video she made in Moscow.”

Smolin paused and then changed tack completely, “Right now I think that all you told me is false.”

“You just said that some of the events in her dairy are true. What’s going on Smolin, is there someone there listening in, did someone just talk to you?”

“There’s no one here and no one has talked to me. I just think this is all a fantasy, but if you could send me proof about what you said, then I will help you with information. Why don’t you start by sending me a copy of the video?”

“Fine, I’ll Express Mail it to you,” and hung up.

Why did Smolin abruptly change from belief to disbelief at my mentioning the video. And why did he want proof or was it really money? From his response to the Internet flyer, I knew that Smolin didn’t like drawing attention to himself, no criminal did. So, I concluded in the first part of the conversation he was telling me to back off since any further investigation into my wife’s background might open up part of the seamy hidden world of Krasnodar’s elite, whom Smolin served. But when I mentioned the video, he started trying to pump me for information. Maybe he thought that I knew a lot more about nefarious doings in Krasnodar than mentioned in the section of Poisoned Dragon’s dairy that he read. The part of her dairy in my possession started with Cyprus, but what about her life and activities in Krasnodar before 1999? Smolin probably figured I also had her dairy for those years. By asking for proof, Smolin, and whoever

else feared exposure, wanted to find out just how much I knew. Then again, maybe Smolin just cut a deal with Poisoned Dragon for money to find out the evidence I had for my annulment/divorce case. I sent him the video, but nothing more. Let Smolin and whoever stood behind him wonder how much I knew.

The masturbation video clips also went out to Yulya, Katya, and Yevgeny, the trainer, in order to counter my wife and her attorneys' efforts to convince potential witnesses that the diary or, at least, the filthy sections were false. All three claimed they believed the diary true, but Yulya and Yevgeny claimed not to recognize any of its events, and Katya refused to provide a sworn statement about the accuracy of any incidents or of my wife engaging in adultery with Valodya on Katya's kitchen table. In addition, the clips went to Anastasia as a long shot at winning her and Dima back to my side by illustrating that my ability to obtain information on Russians reached further than they suspected and hoping they would believe it wiser to help me. They didn't. The photographer Morosov received a copy in an attempt to convince him that it was not I who told lies about Poisoned Dragon but her and Inessa. He didn't bite, either. Valodya in St. Petersburg got a copy to make sure he knew just what kind of a girl he dated. But he still refused to provide a statement as to the accuracy of the diary's events concerning him and kept going out with Poisoned Dragon anyway, probably because of her money.

When I told Alexei, Alina's old boyfriend, about the video, his cheerful demeanor changed to silence. The revelation must have cut through him like all the sordid truths about Alina did so many times before. She just didn't give a damn whom she harmed in her drive for money. Another person's feelings meant nothing to her. All she cared about was how she could use someone—a parasite on the compassion of others. When I offered to send him a copy, he stumbled, not knowing what to say. Finally he said in a sad voice, "What would I do with it?" I

regretted telling him about the video, but he did agree to a statement identifying her handwriting and the accuracy of the diary's events concerning him. That would help my case somewhat, but I knew Poisoned Dragon's attorneys would attack his credibility by portraying Alexei as a spurned lover out for revenge.

The last mailing of the video went to the editor of the Krasnaya Ulitsa newspaper. When in Krasnodar, I tried to meet with the reporter Victoria about doing a follow up story, but she was out of town. Natalya finally reached her after I left only to learn that the newspaper's editor directed Victoria to never write about "that girl" again. Inessa had invaded the editor's office, pulling a similar routine as she did with Natalya, shouting and threatening police arrests and lawsuits for every imaginable offense of which there were none, except in the eyes of a true commie—that of reporting the truth. The editor, a woman, immediately folded promising not to print anymore of the dirty facts about Inessa's angelic daughter. Natalya told me the editor also personally feared Inessa's Chechen connections—so much for freedom of the press in Russia. Sending the editor the video clips with a letter wouldn't alter her surrender to censorship, cowards rarely change, but I wanted to irritate whatever miniscule conscious the editor possessed over allowing two mendacious females to beat her into suppressing the truth.

Shortly after sending the videos out, a letter post marked Krasnodar with no return address arrived. It contained cutouts from Russian newspapers of semi-naked girls—no one I recognized. It must have been some kind of message, but I couldn't figure it out. The only loon who would waste the time and effort was Inessa, so I forwarded the letter to my wife. Maybe Inessa sent it to her daughter's old address by mistake. Who knew what lunacy haunted that two-kilo byte mind.

Even with the Internet site and masturbation clips, Poisoned Dragon's counter offensive in Russia and apparently the fates continued to obstruct my case preparations. My translator Nadya kept running into dead ends, thanks to both. The number Yulya gave for Lena, the nurse who lived by men, was wrong, and Nadya never could find her. Olga who played around with Alina and Lena refused to provide any information, saying, "What Alina did was her own business." The new husband of Nadya the Good, the girl who went to Cyprus with Alina, refused to let her talk with my translator. Katya came through with the model Inessa's number, but Inessa claimed she only knew Alina from Vasilyeva's agency and nothing about her involvement in prostitution in Krasnodar. Katya did say in a follow up call I had with her from New York that Alina used to work with a guy name Rey who procured models for "dirty work" with New Russians, but she didn't know how to contact him. My Nadya snooped around but couldn't find any leads to Rey.

She did recognize the name of a girl, Masha, from my wife's diary who also previously worked as a model for Vasilyeva's firm. Poisoned Dragon had attended Masha's bridal shower. Nadya couldn't find Masha until she accidentally saw the 23-year-old model on television. Nadya telephoned the station and got Masha on the line, but she refused to talk about Alina or her days with the Vasilyeva agency because, as she said, she was now happily married. Masha's reluctance made sense since she had also worked as a call girl, and I doubted her husband wanted to hear that. Were all the models from the famous Vasilyeva House of Fashion prostitutes?

Nadya also ran down some addresses and telephone numbers I previously copied from some of my wife's papers before we separated. These people either didn't know Poisoned Dragon or refused to talk about her. Then my other translator, Natalya, received at her home a forged summons to appear in court, which was sent by Poisoned Dragon and her mother to

intimidate Natalya into no longer working for me. By sending the forgery to her home address, they were in effect saying, “we know where you live so watch out.” The two probably tracked down her address from the internal passport information that the Academy’s Vice Rector Minchenko took down when holding us in his office in April. Nixon could have used Alina and Inessa in his 1972 campaign.

The doors in Krasnodar kept closing and to make matters worst my lawyer, Svetlana, came down with some serious ailment that she refused to admit. She disappeared for weeks at a time but kept reassuring Xenia and Nadya that the prosecutor would soon indict my wife’s mother for defamation. The other tasks assigned to Svetlana also stood in limbo during her on-again, off-again illness, such as suing Vice Rector Minchenko and the Academy for samples of Poisoned Dragon’s handwriting and obtaining sworn statements from Alexei and Vera, the Academy professor, for authenticating the diary. Nadya said Svetlana’s illness was not uncommon for people in Krasnodar who often fell ill to strange diseases, and that many girls can’t even give birth or an usually high number of those who do have sickly children—an ecological nightmare added to the economic disaster of modern day Russia.

My focus shifted to Cyprus with a call to Irina, the wife of Melios Athanasiou. Their firm recruited the prostitutes for the clubs Zygos and Tramps that they owned and Melios’ brother, Marios, managed. All three had received the diary from me. Irina claimed she didn’t read it and didn’t know anything about the goings on in the clubs—fat chance! A Russian herself, Irina did admit to specializing in recruiting girls from the former Soviet Union for the clubs. She also said that Poisoned Dragon and Inessa had visited their office in Cyprus in May. That’s how Inessa got the dark tan I noticed during the confrontation with her in Krasnodar in June. Irina, Melios and Marios had met with my wife and her mother both of whom complained

about me. Irina refused to specify, but admitted turning over to Poisoned Dragon and Inessa the letter and diary I sent her. She thought my wife was a good girl, so I left Irina with the story of the masturbation video knowing any further discussion with her was useless. In a call to Marios at one of the clubs, he admitted to reading the diary, men are always more honest than women, and said it accurately reported the events as he remembered them. He also praised Poisoned Dragon as a “very professional worker” to which I agreed—she was a pro. Marios, however, politely declined to make a sworn statement as to the accuracy of my wife’s diary.

My investigation and trial preparation efforts kept stumbling over criminals not about to jeopardize their own rackets or people too scared to help. One of the advantages for Poisoned Dragon and her attorneys that I didn’t at first understand came from her working in the sleazy underside of the world’s societies. No witnesses inhabiting or frequenting those denizens would provide evidence to a court. Running out of leads, I turned to the reports from my undercover informant at Flash Dancers in the hope of finding some useful information. Anything Poisoned Dragon told him was admissible as an admission by an opposing party.

Poisoned Dragon complained to my agent about everything while I was in Krasnodar in June. She appeared irritated, restless, distracted and often glazed over with faraway looks. Her mother had likely told her of my snooping around again in her hometown. She did, however, brag about breaking the rules of the club, which momentarily made her feel good. Getting away with cheating always lifted her spirits, which reminded me with a laugh of her repeatedly saying she had to fight for everything she had, but in reality she cheated, lied and sold her body for it.

She told my agent about her modeling portfolio, which she needed shot every year because at twenty-six each birthday chiseled away some of the beauty nature had mistakenly bestowed. The new portfolio included her dressed as Xenia the Warrior, which brought another

laugh. Poisoned Dragon always watched that female chauvinistic television show. She obviously thought of herself as a modern day Warrior Princess avenging all women in the name of female arrogance against men. Such delusions, my wife's breasts didn't compare in size to Xenia's.

In the undercover reports for the end of June into July, Poisoned Dragon boasted about going to a party at Tavern on the Green where she "played mind games" with four guys lusting to bed her—typical bimbo ploy for boosting her ego, especially in New York City. Young girls in this town—no one wants the over thirty ones—are notorious for playing such games. They come on to a guy, and when he shows some interest, they immediately dump him for the next sacrifice to their sexual allure. It probably makes the sluts feel powerful.

On some nights talking with my agent, Poisoned Dragon waxed, perhaps waned is a better word, philosophical about a Russian behavioral psychologist named Lazarev who taught that by repeating a statement many times a person would eventually believe it. Every morning, my wife said she repeated over and over, "I am beautiful, I love myself and I love everybody." Poisoned Dragon had once told me that this guy changed her life when she was a teen, but I knew nothing about him, so I put down the reports and telephoned my agent to ask if he knew anything about this Lazarev guy.

"Sergei Nikolaevich Lazarev is a modern day Russian philosopher or religious advocate. He believes in using witchcraft, magic, natural healing, Hinduism and Christianity to eventually unite with God or to receive divine love. For him any act is justified in order to receive divine love. One of his prays goes, 'God, for the sake of my love for You, I am ready to decline the ethics and morality, ideals, spirituality, conscience, desires and life.' Fidelity and morality mean nothing to Lazarev."

“He sounds like a Communist,” I remarked.

“Actually, many consider him an anti-Christ figure—one of the false prophets about whom God warns in the Bible. He claims that penitence will not only absolve the sinner of the evil she has done but will benefit her in some worldly fashion. It’s an anti-Angel perspective.”

“I get the play on words and the concept: gain from an evil deed, then repent and gain some more. Not exactly a deterrent.”

“Right, it’s a win-win situation for his believers. To them evil is the uncontrollable good that God created, so they want to unite with it as well as the controllable good. Their life goal is to let both shine through.”

“Sounds like a rationale for hypocrisy and the means justifies the ends.”

“Exactly, do good if it serves your ends, do evil if it serves your ends, but when others harm you, condemn them for not doing good. The perfect belief system for the consummate American politician and businessman, or in your wife’s case—business girl.”

“Thanks much,” I said and hung up.

No wonder Poisoned Dragon believed in Lazarev’s twisted philosophy. It allowed her to do whatever she wanted without committing a sin before her God, the anti-Christ. Good grief! I hadn’t stumbled into the Middle Ages but Revelations!

Back to my agent’s reports, which stated that Poisoned Dragon believed Lazarev’s teachings helped her deal with stressful situations, such as the turmoil she was going through because of “serious problems with her former boyfriend.” Naturally she didn’t mention the former boyfriend was her husband, but did add with boiling hostility, “He is such an asshole! He is trying to use any means possible to destroy me. He talked to my friends in my hometown. He went to the college that I attended. He is trying to spread rumors that I am a prostitute—do you

believe that! There are no grounds for those rumors. He is just trying to destroy me. I want something bad to happen to him.” I was sure she did, but this statement sounded more like a request for assistance than a wish upon a star. How many of the other thousands of men she met at Flash Dancers or criminals she hung out with in America and Russia did she make that not so subtle request to, and how many fell for it?

She continued to ply my agent with her victim routine, but unlike with me, upped the ante by claiming that her father had raped her a number of times. When I first met her, she convinced me that her father, whom she may never have known, only molested and beat her. That’s because the inquisitorial accusations of the rape happy Feminazis only work in America, not Russia. Using another typical female manipulating ploy, she demonized me with attributes of her own, “To him money means everything. Money is more important than a person’s feelings.” The guilty always accuse others of what they are guilty of. In psychology it’s called “projection,” in international relations “mirror image” and in politics “politics.” Along with her role as victim and her father and husband, a.k.a boyfriend, as violators, she threw in a couple of the usual exotic ingredients to her emotional brew for manipulating men. Poisoned Dragon claimed she possessed magical powers and enjoyed receiving lap dances from other girls at the club for which one of her male customers actually paid. Most guys fantasize about two girls. My wife was one dame who knew how to psychologically play men.

Toward the end of July, my agent reported that Poisoned Dragon planned to take a vacation to Las Vegas. This sounded suspicious—a statement intentionally directed at me in order to cause emotional pain. Before we married, I took her to Las Vegas, now another man was apparently taking her there. It appeared too much like the usual bimbo attempt of cutting into a man’s heart with jealousy. Even Traviesa told me she often got back at a boyfriend by

going out with another guy and making sure her boyfriend knew it. If Poisoned Dragon went to Las Vegas, she knew that I knew she wouldn't go alone. Damn, either my wife suspected my agent of working for me or she had turned him.

Recalling the discussions with my agent since I had returned from Russia, he had asked questions a number of times that made my ears ring in alarm. They always seemed to smack of entrapment. In reviewing his reports, they showed no progress at winning her confidence and nothing of value for the court case. My intuition told me he now worked as a double agent, receiving money from me and sex from her while passing along useless information to me, and who knew what to her. When was I going to learn never to trust a Russian? Okay, I can play this game by using him to provide Poisoned Dragon false information and trying to glean kernels of truth from the deceptive information she provided him. For instant, he still provided me accurate information on when Poisoned Dragon took vacations from Flash Dancers because both he and my wife knew I could easily check this by telephoning the club and asking whether she worked that week. For my wife not to work for an entire week meant she had taken a vacation of at least a month to smuggle her cash back to Krasnodar and then to Cyprus. So my agent still provided me a window of time on her violating U.S. and Russian money laundering and reporting statutes. But for Russian Customs to catch her bringing in unreported dollars, I needed the exact flight. She wasn't about to give a newly turned agent that information.

The indifference of the New York City Immigration office was not repeated by Immigration at the Moscow Embassy, which had taken seriously the information from my attorney Xenia about Poisoned Dragon lying on her applications for a temporary green card and visa. The immigration officer assigned the case, thank goodness a man, said he needed a divorce or annulment judgment from the court before they could begin removal proceedings against

her—at last, an agency willing to do its job, apparently. Immigration didn't want to start the deportation process without a court judgment because a reconciliation between husband and wife would cost them a key source of information—me, not to mention time and effort. Immigration at the Embassy sounded eager to start proceedings by telling me to send the court's judgment as soon as it occurred. They didn't particularly care whether the court granted an annulment or a divorce, nor on what grounds. Apparently, they just wanted to go ahead to begin an investigation.

The Violence Against Women's Act ("VAWA") created section 8 U.S.C. § 1367(a)(1)(A) of the Immigration Act that forbid the Government from making any decision to find an alien wife inadmissible or deportable solely from information provided by her citizen husband if he abused her. The Act, written by the National Organization of Witches and the Feminazi Majority and sponsored by then Senator Joe Biden turned mainly American men into semi-nonpersons by preventing INS from relying only on evidence and testimony from the one person most likely to know about an alien spouse's violations. INS could still use the American spouse's evidence, but it would have to go to the trouble of conducting its own investigation and marshal additional evidence to confirm that provided by the American spouse.

Going for an annulment or divorce on adultery grounds still looked like the best chance for getting Poisoned Dragon bounced out of the country. An annulment would turn evidence from me into a court judgment with findings of fact that my wife committed fraud in marrying me. As for a divorce based on adultery because of her prostitution, that evidence from me would also become a court judgment with findings of fact. In both cases, the evidence no longer rested on the credibility of me, the American man, but that of a court of law and jury that had made the fact-findings. That I thought would surely help INS.

Despite the Embassy's advice , I pushed forward for the day of the righteous in court.

### Liar. Liar Pants On Fire

In early July, a couple of weeks before a preliminary conference in the Supreme Court on my annulment/divorce case, I received a nasty telephone conference call from my lawyer Silpe and his brain dead associate Amy. Poisoned Dragon's attorney Mundy had telephoned Amy and claimed to have a tape recording of me trying to extort money from my wife in return for not reporting her to Immigration.

Silpe accusingly said, "Extortion is a crime. I don't want you talking with your wife on the telephone or otherwise."

"I'm not talking with her." I replied and asked his assistant, "Did Mundy play the tape for you?"

"No, he said he could if I wanted, but I declined."

Dumbfounded by her stupidity, I said, "Then how do you know such a tape exists?"

Silence.

Silpe jumped to the aid of his nitwit associate by continuing to badger me about the seriousness of Mundy's charge to which I responded, "No such tape exists because it never happened. That's it!" But they chose to believe the opposing attorney over their own client without any evidence. Worst, my supposedly astute attorneys didn't even realize that what Mundy had done constituted the crime of attempted coercion.

It's against the law to try to pressure someone into settling a civil suit by threatening to expose an alleged criminal wrongdoing. But my attorneys were blind to the law. Apparently, Silpe and his bimbat associate considered me automatically guilty because I qualified for America's latest group of generic scapegoats. I was a man, not an androgyny, hermaphrodite nor

girlie man, but a man, and should give my wife what she wanted to make up for all the times in history that some self-indulgent female thought herself wronged. Silpe's assistant naturally believed in such affirmative punishment because it provided her opportunities beyond her abilities. And Silpe followed the Feminazi line because he came from the generation after mine where many mothers brainwashed their sons into believing only women told the truth, and even if they lied, men were the reason—a modern American adaptation of original sin. My attorneys, the judges and most of the Americans I had so far come into contact with in my quest for justice followed that same trendy thought pattern, which had spread across America like locust since the 1970s. Doublethink infected legions of weak minded males and females alike to create a feminine mystique touting the superiority of female decency while excusing the murdering of husbands for allegedly using physical violence against wives that relentlessly shredded the emotional health of men with barbed tongues or excusing the murdering of unborn children—incipient humans—because women wanted to satiate their lust without accepting the responsibility for their acts or excusing the murdering of already born children with explanations by biased feminist doctors and lawyers of chemical imbalances for which the female bore no responsibility because the husband's precognition should have warned him in time to stop his wife's butchery. Truth and fairness meant as much in feminarthy America as to the Soviets—nothing!

At the end of July, Lobis, the lesbo judge, held a conference between both sides in order to narrow the areas of contention and determine a schedule for discovering additional evidence. The Supreme Courthouse in Manhattan was built in a circle to symbolize the quest for justice within it: running around in circles, getting nowhere while attorneys exacted fat fees and the judges made an easy living rendering expediency rather than justice.

My Harvard educated lawyer friend Jeff accompanied me again to make sure Poisoned Dragon didn't pull a fast one by cornering me out of the sight of witnesses and yelling rape. Silpe showed in court with his space cadet associate and told me that on the divorce cause of action I needed to choose between the allegation of adultery and cruel-inhuman treatment. I didn't see why I couldn't try to prove both at trial. Any civil litigation always allowed for proving multiple allegations so long as not inconsistent, which adultery and cruel-inhuman weren't. In fact, adultery could be used to show cruel-inhuman treatment. The only difference between the two was that going for cruel-inhuman would prevent me from using various judicial procedures to obtain evidence. I didn't want that. Silpe, however, pushed for dropping the adultery charge, probably because he wanted a settlement in my case so as to concentrate on more lucrative clients or to avoid interrupting his vacation scheduled for the following week. Naturally he didn't mention these factors at the time, but argued that the judge didn't like trying adultery cases, which made sense since all the judges in the divorce court except one were females and the persons in modern day American most likely guilty of dropping their underpants for casual acquaintances were wives.

"Too bad," I responded. "I still have rights under the law no matter what the judge wants. If I have to choose, I'll go with the adultery."

He switched his argument to the difficulty of proving adultery since the witnesses lived overseas.

"I know the difficulty, especially with my wife and her attorneys' efforts to intimidate potential witnesses into silence, but I want to give it a shot anyway. So let's go with the annulment and the adultery causes of action. I don't give a damn about the cruel and inhuman allegation. I want the truth about the slut I married made public, so the only logical dissolution

of the marriage means either annulment or a divorce on the grounds of adultery. She's the one at fault, not me. She married me for a green card and then betrayed me by whoring herself to other guys as though I never existed, as though I wasn't even human. No way I'm going to give her a way out where she could dissemble to others and herself that I, the man, was at fault for the marriage's failure. I want justice."

"Okay, you're the client," Silpe replied.

My wife and her female attorney, an associate in Mundy's firm, arrived late, probably on purpose in order to increase my costs since I needed to pay my attorneys for just sitting and waiting. While we waited, Silpe told me something that to me didn't fit. During the upcoming conferences, first with the judge's secretary and later with the judge, both might ask my wife and me to step away from the table so that the court and the attorneys could discuss the case. Silpe added that some less astute clients become upset and suspicious that something is going on behind their backs, which there isn't. That wasn't a problem, since judges do it all the time to keep the parties from interrupting with some emotional irrelevancy or another, but I couldn't figure out why he was bothering to tell me an attorney about it. I trusted he'd report back to me the content of the discussions because if he tried to pull a fast one, I'd simply file a complaint with the lawyer's disciplinary committee and he knew that.

Due to the lateness of my wife and her attorney, we were last in line. The lesbian judge's secretary called us to the conference table in the middle of the courtroom. Silpe had told me to keep my mouth shut, so like an idiot I went along with my attorney's advice.

Silpe said, "My client is suing for an annulment and in the alternative a divorce on the grounds of adultery."

"Why does he want an annulment?" The secretary asked.

“Because he doesn’t want his imprimatur on a marriage to a woman he later learned works as a prostitute and stripper.”

Poisoned Dragon’s lawyer, an ardent Feminazi, quickly interrupted. Females always try to throw guys off by interrupting. “Well the Plaintiff has gone so far as to put naked pictures of my client on the Internet.” I felt like chiming in, don’t forget the masturbation porno video, but remembered Silpe’s instructions. Besides, the secretary immediately stopped everything and told both my wife and me to leave the table.

After a short discussion among the attorneys and the secretary, Silpe came back to tell me, “Your wife’s attorney said she still loves you and doesn’t want a divorce.”

“What!” I said shocked. “I don’t believe that for a minute. She’s up to something. Probably trying to make the secretary see her as the victim.”

Silpe said, “At that point the secretary said there will be a trial in two weeks.”

“Two weeks! I won’t be able to have any statements from any Russian witnesses ready in two weeks,” I complained. “But if it’s two weeks then let’s go.”

“Don’t worry her lawyer realized she made a mistake by saying your wife didn’t want a divorce, so they’re talking it over now and in order to avoid a trial in two weeks, your wife will likely say she too wants a divorce.”

“You mean the only reason for a trial in two weeks was my wife not wanting a divorce?”

“Yes.”

None of this made any sense, but neither did much of domestic relation’s law, a course I never took in law school. I turned to Jeff who had already gone through a divorce and was witnessing my discussion with Silpe.

He said, “My wife and I never went to trial because we both wanted a divorce and weren’t trying to prove anyone at fault, so we got one on consensual cruel-inhuman treatment grounds. The real issues in our case were child support and visitation rights, which have continued ever since. The court never stops from telling us what to do until both our daughters are 21.”

I asked Silpe, “If my wife changes her mind and says she also wants a divorce will I still get a trial on annulment and adultery?”

“Yes, you will and probably by the end of the year.”

“Good, that will give me plenty of time to prepare my case.”

Silpe and my wife’s attorney met with the secretary again, after which Silpe said, “Your wife changed her mind as I said she would and now wants a divorce, so you will have your trial.”

“So that’s it?”

“No, we still need to meet with the judge. It’s just pro forma. The judge likes to meet the people appearing before her.”

This also seemed strange to me. Why did a busy judge want to waste her time just to say hello? Maybe the modern wave of smiley, feel good, euphemistic social interactions infiltrated the mean and nasty denizen of the female controlled judiciary? But I doubted it.

During the wait while Jeff and I sat in the front rows talking, I sensed something menacing, as though the line from the movie *Murder My Sweet* had come to life, “I felt as if I was a toad on a wet rock and a snake was looking at the back of my neck.” Quickly I turned around to see my wife, a few rows back, her face skewed with malice, glaring at Jeff and me, casting one of her black magic spells with her patented “evil eye.” I nudged Jeff who turned to

catch her stare which suddenly changed into what he called, “The diamond hard eyes of a prostitute.” She immediately got up and left the courtroom.

“What was she doing?” Jeff asked.

“Casting an evil spell.” To which Jeff shook his head in disdain and continued reading his New York Times.

A little later, both sides entered Judge Lobis’ chambers—a bureaucratic office in the back of a seedy court.

Silpe said, “My client is suing for annulment and in the alternative divorce on adultery because his wife works as a prostitute and stripper.”

Poisoned Dragon’s attorney said, “My client opposes an annulment.”

The judge jumped in, “Because it will affect her immigration status, right?”

“No, it will not have any impact on her status,” her attorney lied.

The judge took the advantage, “If it wouldn’t have an effect on her ability to stay in America, then why not agree to an annulment settlement?”

“My client doesn’t think an annulment is appropriate. She wants a divorce on the grounds of cruel-inhuman treatment. Her husband has put naked pictures of her on the Internet.”

To which I wanted to reply “And I obtained the rights to those photographs from her Moscow pimp and the copyrights to the porn video she consensually starred in were abandoned,” but stupidly kept my mouth shut as per Silpe’s instructions. Although it probably didn’t matter since Feminazis like the judge consider prostitutes astute businesswomen and euphemize them as “sex workers,” or is it “gender workers.”

What my wife's attorney didn't say was more interesting: no claims of extortion by me, which was a crime that could easily sway a jury against me. Guess the tape recording didn't exist.

At this point Poisoned Dragon and I were asked to leave again. If the judge just wanted to meet us, why all the same questions? A short time later, Silpe came out with a document that he explained to me while Jeff should be listening.

"The court requires you and your wife's signatures on this order for the case to proceed. I need to hurry to another appointment, so sign it here," Silpe pointed. He had been antsy to leave for the last hour. Once again, I felt as though my lawyer was giving me the bum's rush.

"Wait a minute, explain this to me."

"I don't have the time. I really need to leave."

"Was there a settlement?"

"No!"

"Will there be a trial in December for proving my annulment and adultery cases against her?"

"Yes, and you can now spend all the time you want in Russia gathering evidence. This document merely sets the discovery schedule and trial date."

I signed the document and we left. On our way out, Silpe once again confirmed that I would have a trial to prove annulment or, in the alternative, adultery.

When I arrived back home, I read the document through. To my horror, it stated there was "no issue of fault," which to me meant that I wouldn't get my day in court to prove annulment or adultery. Immediately, I called Silpe for an explanation. He assured me my interpretation was wrong.

“That doesn’t mean what you think. I didn’t make any deal to forgo a trial on fault. It only means that both of you want to end the marriage. You’ll still have your trial. Go to Russia and continue your investigation.”

Feeling reassured, I began planning one more trip to Krasnodar to obtain the sworn statements Alexei, my wife’s old boy friend, and Vera agreed to provide; prod my lawyer Svetlana into action or find a new one; and bring my presence to bear in approaching the witnesses that refused to talk with Nadya and, perhaps, find some others. My travel was set for September, since during August Russia closed up shop with most people on vacation or a month-long bender.

Silpe’s associate, the former Captain Video Ranger Amy, later told me that Poisoned Dragon’s attorneys never served an Answer to my Complaint of her threatening me with her criminal associates. Technically, that meant a default, and in any other type of case a likely victory for me, but with domestic relations, the courts require a lot more before declaring a default. Still, making a motion for default would keep the pressure on Poisoned Dragon. After discussing the matter with Silpe, he thought the motion worth pursuing, so he had his highly incompetent associate file one.

During the same conversation with Amy, I asked about the status of the Temporary Order of Protection against me. Not surprisingly, she didn’t know whether the Order had been transferred from the Queens Family Court to the Manhattan Supreme Court, and, if not, whether my failure to show for another hearing meant an arrest warrant was out for me. What an idiot this girl! Not willing to rely on her comatose skills, I contacted the Queens Court. The Order was dismissed on July 31 because neither side had shown for the hearing on that date. I hadn’t shown because I didn’t know about it, thanks to the absence of short term memory in the head of

Silpe's associate. But why didn't my wife and her attorney appear? Silpe had told me at the preliminary conference in the Manhattan court that Poisoned Dragon refused to withdraw the Temporary Order of Protection, yet a few days later she lets the Queens' court dismiss it. It didn't make any sense.

Also not making sense was Silpe's associate telling me that the only type of information the court would allow me to dig up before trial was about my wife's finances and not about annulment or adultery. Silpe, however, had previously told me to draft discovery requests for not only the fault issues of annulment and adultery but also financial issues, and his okay on filing for a default motion would make no sense if the issue of fault was in dispute. At the time, I concluded Silpe's associate, as usual, missed something in the severely small space between her ears. The judge had instructed both sides to file statements listing their income, expenses, assets and other financially related information by August 10th. Apparently, the mono-track mind of Silpe's associate could focus only on the money issues, which weren't as important to me as the annulment and adultery allegations.

As a lawyer, I had to file the truth or face possible suspension or disbarment by the State's Committee on Professional Conduct for committing perjury. Poisoned Dragon, on the other hand, could lie like a ho and get away with it—which she did. The domestic relations judges just don't care whether parties commit perjury unless a lawyer does it. Wives, of course, are expected to lie in order to get more from their husbands, usually the one required to work his entire life so that his wife can choose among a career, child rearing or bedding the golf pro at the country club. My wife, with I'm sure the connivance of her lawyers, lied under oath about virtually everything in her finance statement. As of the end of July 2001, she had lived and worked in America for one year for which she claimed an income of \$19,000 when in actuality

she made around \$130,000 in cash from Flash Dancers alone. Add in her sometime modeling and regular prostitution and the gross easily topped \$150,000. The low income she claimed also meant lying about her expenses and working at Flash Dancers. She couldn't admit to lap dancing because Flash Dancers charges each girl around \$140 a night to bare her flesh, which amounted to \$26,600 for Poisoned Dragon for the year—more than her income. Even the Feminazi judge won't buy that type of creative accounting. Instead my wife stated her profession as modeling on the document filed with the court, but that document also included as an exhibit her tax return for 2000 on which she claimed to work as a bartender.

Jury-rigging her expenses to fit within her bogus income for the court led to some lame results. She listed her beauty expenses as zero, which for a female in her twenties only a moron would believe, and laundry at zero, which I also doubted even though her business suit consisted only of tong panties. Although, during the last two months we lived together, she slept in her own bed and didn't change the sheets once. Still, the amount of zero smelled phony. Liquor expenses were also listed at zero, no way, she's Russian, and telephone expenses of \$100 a month for two phones and her call girl business, get real. She also lied about her assets, not the bodily kind, which she would if she could. She didn't report her 50 % ownership of the apartment in Krasnodar or her mutual fund at the Bank of Cyprus.

Poisoned Dragon's perjury before the court wasn't in order to prevent me from obtaining some of her money; everyone knew the lesbian judge would never award me anything from my wife. The perjury was to cover up her tax evasion in the year 2000 and her plan to evade taxes in the future. She and her lawyers didn't want a document signed under oath with figures that admitted to her defrauding the Internal Revenue Service. Mundy's senior law partner, Ronald J. Kuba, knew the consequences of cheating Uncle Sam. In 1982 he mislaid over \$100,000 in

income by reporting only \$24,000 instead of \$126,000. The Federal judge sentenced Kuba to six months probation and community service, and the State's Disciplinary Committee suspended him from practicing law for six months. If Poisoned Dragon got caught evading taxes the way Mundy's partner did, the Government would bounce her back to Russia. So my wife and her lawyers chose the route of perjury assuming it wouldn't matter even if caught by a court system skewed to favor the duplicitous sex.

My wife's 2000 tax return also lied that her filing status was "single," which allowed her to pay less tax than under her real status: "married filing a separate return." An obvious falsehood to the court since I was suing for an annulment or divorce that hadn't yet occurred. But the court didn't give a damn. And the I.R.S.'s high level of incompetence and sloth assured it wouldn't do anything about the false filing status or the evasion of more taxes than Mundy's partner because it would require a little work and involved a female. This alien prostitute had all the advantages America could offer.

My now "not so secret agent man" visited Flash Dancers a couple of more times to report back that Poisoned Dragon planned to take a vacation to Florida from the first week in August to September 7<sup>th</sup>. The Florida trip was another piece of misinformation meant as a knife into my heart by a girl who deluded herself into believing that all men burned for her love. By now, only vengeance burned in my chest for her. She, not so subtly, used Florida to playoff the trip we took to Disney World before we separated. My wife did have a client in Miami, a married middle-aged Russian, who also kept an apartment in Moscow. I doubted he'd pay for her trip to Miami, but if she was in Moscow, he'd take her out for a night—sex with her just wasn't that good. So, most likely her vacation itinerary included the usual: Moscow, Krasnodar and Cyprus where she deposited her hoing money.

Assured she'd try to transport her earnings out of the country without reporting them, I visited the U.S. Customs Service at Six World Trade Center. They politely took my information, but as with Russian Customs, they also wanted the exact flight, which I couldn't understand since they had access to all the airline reservation lists, including Aeroflot, which Poisoned Dragon always flew. U.S. Customs agents probably didn't want to do the work of going through the lists because it interrupted their daylong "Dunkin Donuts" break. The agents said they'd look into the matter and promptly did nothing, except shuffled the papers to JFK. Another useless Government agency, but this one's New York City office would soon lie in rubble as a fitting symbol to Federal sloth and incompetence thanks to Usama Bin Laden.

The next agency I tried to interest in Poisoned Dragon's illegal activities was the Federal Bureau of Incompetence, a.k.a. Investigation. I never thought about going to the F.B.I., but, while training me at Gleason's Gym, my boxing coach threw it out as a suggestion. A cascade of seemingly unconnected events flowed into a conclusion even I never imagined about Poisoned Dragon—spying. Another Mata Hari slut who met men from all walks of life, business and government, pumping them for information while they humped her or got erections during her lap dances. Once again, it all seemed to fit together.

The parent company of the firm I worked for in Moscow employed many former F.B.I. and C.I.A. agents who in turn provided useful contacts with these agencies. The company's top man in London spent nearly thirty years with the C.I.A. In some ways my international employer operated as a C.I.A. and F.B.I. proprietary in which the Federal Government and the firm assisted each other in intelligence gathering and sharing. Sometimes the Federal Government even hired the firm to secret-out specific information overseas, an "I Spy Inc." operating under the cover of a private detective agency rather than tennis pros. Who controlled

whom, I never knew or cared, perhaps it was a symbiotic relationship that evolved over time, which the end of the cold war quickened when a large portion of intelligence gathering began to emphasize business information. Looking back with hindsight my wife, however, clearly cared. She always asked about the firm's clients, contacts with the Russian F.S.B. and Ministry of Internal Affairs and F.B.I. activities in Russia. The time I walked in on her using my office computer, she was probably roaming through the files rather than, as she said, trying to learn how computers work. Obviously she not only sold her body but information as well. Her mercenary soul would willingly sell anyone down the river.

A couple of F.B.I. agents interviewed me. I had hoped them more amendable or more scared than Customs not to follow up on a tip of possible espionage after recent blunders by the agency in the 1990s. But this was still before 911, although if it were after, it probably wouldn't have made any difference. I told them what I knew of her connections with the F.S.B. but never heard back from them. My tips, if they amounted that, are probably lost in the F.B.I.'s computer from the 1950s. Where was J. Edgar when I needed him—he hated Commies and would have despised the Feminazis.

Unlike Customs, the Bureau's offices still stand in lower Manhattan in the same building as Immigration's offices but the reputations of both agencies didn't escape the disaster. All of America quickly learned what I already knew: the INS and F.B.I. were cruel jokes that repeatedly failed to carry out their duties. As a result, thousands of taxpayers lay dead in part because of those agencies' Club Fed mentality. But that was still in the future.

Trying to hold on to what sanity remained in my life, I continued with my martial arts classes that my friend Mark now held in a park in Astoria, Queens. Three times a week five to ten adults, including the ones who had served Poisoned Dragon court papers, and lots of kids

showed to build their self-confidence in living the duality of the crass physical with the sublime metaphysical realms of life while trying to weave a fabric of dreams and reality in which people cared about each other. For me, it was the only activity I still enjoyed. One night after working out, Moody drove some of us to Mark's apartment where we usually went afterward for drinks and snacks. Moody says to me, "I got this new song I want you to hear."

He hits the button and his car speakers' blast my brain with rapper Ludacris' tale of female truth called "Ho." Ludacris clearly had my wife in mind when he wrote this song. Could he have met her at Flash Dancers?

"There's Hos in the room, There's Hos in the car, There's Hos on stage, There's Hos by the bar, There's Hos by near and There's Hos by far."

This guy knew the truth about Poisoned Dragon, "You's Hos are horrible, horrendous, our tax dollars underwrite Ho independence."

Man I needed to get this album and memorize the lyrics, "You can't turn a Ho into a housewife, Hos don't act right."

Everybody in the car was laughing. They all had met Poisoned Dragon and knew she fit the lyrics perfectly, "Ho, You's a Ho, I'd said that you's a Ho," "Why do you think you take a Ho to a hotel," "Hos never close, they're always open like hallways," "Once a Ho always a Ho."

From that night on, Alina, a.k.a. Angelina, a.k.a. Angel, a.k.a. Dark Angel, a.k.a. Poisoned Dragon became known to all my friends, including the ladies, as "the Ho."

After hearing that song, I realized that in this emasculated, milk-toast culture of domineering females only the rappers dare speak the truth. Time to buy some baggy pants.

At the end of August, I tried to interest a newspaper in Cyprus in doing a story on the Ho in the hope of stirring the situation up because out of turmoil anything might happen. The Chief

Editor, a Russian woman, for the Russian language monthly *Abzats* responded to a package of information I sent with “Our magazine is paying attention to the problem of Russian prostitution on Cyprus and we are very interested in such stories you told about. We are preparing the article about Ms. Shipilina’s life story for our November issue.” Sounded good, but the article never saw the light of day. The gangsters that pretty much run the Greek part of the island likely made it clear to the editor that she shouldn’t publicize the bare essentials of the Cypriot tourism industry. Russians aren’t known for courage unless drunk, and even then the chances are small.

Around the same time, I received an email from Alexei, the Ho’s old boy friend in Krasnodar. He said that while bowling with his friends at “Strike,” he saw the Ho, her mother and a young hoodlum playing pool. The Ho said hello, and he asked where she was working to which she replied in Moscow as a translator. Alexei asked her how her translations went. She said the most difficulties arise with terms of the law. From his conversation with her, Alexei believed the law was the most important theme in her life at the time. For a criminal, it’s always the most important. The Ho returned to her young beau and mother and all three went into a room to watch a male strip show. Alexei’s the email confirmed that her vacation took her to Russia, not Florida, and that Customs ignored my information about her smuggling large amounts of money out of the country, since she made it to Russia.

Summer ended but I didn’t notice. Traviesa had moved out and just after Labor Day, I received a call from Silpe’s associate. She needed to withdraw the motion for default because it turned out the Ho’s attorneys had filed an Answer back in July before the preliminary conference. This refugee from the bottom of her class in a bottom tier law school claimed she never received the Answer.

I asked the logical question, “Didn’t you contact my wife’s attorney before starting work on the motion to ask why they hadn’t filed an Answer?”

“No”

“I don’t understand this. You’ve been in contact with her attorney on a number of times and never raised the issue about them not filing an Answer?”

“We didn’t receive the Answer, so there was no point.”

“Oh, I see, you didn’t receive the Answer, so it made no sense to ask where it was, but if you had received it, then it would make sense to ask where it was because then you’d know where it was.” Typical female logic used to cover up feminine stupidities.

That was the last straw with this bozo and her boss. I fired Silpe and demanded a refund for the cost of the motion for default, which he provided, but not completely. Early morning, September 11, 2001, I hired my third attorney. I began to think I should have represented myself all along. Justice does not exist as a law of nature but must be created by men—not Feminazis or their sycophants.

### It’s Too Late

Shortly after arranging to meet my new attorney at the end of the week, a friend called. “The World Trade Towers are no more,” he said almost matter-of-factly.

“What are you talking about?” My friend did not play practical jokes, and I knew I heard him right, but my mind found difficulty grasping the meaning of his words.

“They’re gone. I was looking out my window at work. One tower was on fire and then all of a sudden the other tower caught fire. Then one tower just collapsed and a little later the other.”

In suspended belief, I headed downstairs from my apartment. I live about a mile north of the two towers that always loomed over the rest of the skyline in my part of town. When I hit the street, sure enough they were gone, only gray smoke billowed from where they once stood. I walked across town past avenues filled with thousands of people evacuating lower Manhattan. The subways, buses and taxis no longer ran, so everyone walked north: no panic, no screaming, no rushing—just the slow quiet trudge of refugees with the constant wail of sirens in the background. The usual hectic, self-absorbed, hustle of New York City had vanished, replaced by an almost tangible numbness permeating its streets and people. A subdued, blank-stare feeling fell over the City as though we all decided to worry about what happened tomorrow.

Looking south towards the smoke from that massive crematorium, which filled the air with a distinct sickly smell and bitter taste, my problem with the Ho paled to insignificance. Thousands of people full of hopes and dreams just died at the hands of persons willing to do anything to have their way. They reminded me of the Feminazis who have destroyed more than a few thousand men.

Some shopkeepers and firehouses set up television sets on the sidewalks around which people gathered. Watching, I tried to imagine what emotions gripped the people who jumped or fell from the towers to escape the inferno. What was going through the mind of one businessman with clinched fists as he fell to certain death? Just a couple of hours earlier, he probably left his family in suburbia in a hurry to catch the train to New York while going over in his mind what he needed to do that day and looking forward to plans for the weekend. A normal life with all the tribulations and joys that suddenly ended in one uncontrollably nightmarish plunge to his death. Or what went through the minds of the people in the business meeting at the Windows On the World restaurant as they felt the floor beneath them fall away when that tower collapsed.

And what of the relatives and friends of the dead: the pain, rage and powerlessness they must feel. What could any of these people do to settle the score, to avenge the murder of someone close? Take up arms and go to Afghanistan—unlikely. They had to rely on the bureaucrats in our Government to win justice—the same incompetents who let the terrorists into the country in the first place, promptly lost track of them and then blithely ignored the warnings of plans to massacre Americans. My misery was miniscule in comparison. At least I had the power without any help from the government to avenge the injustices done me.

Responsibility for the World Trade Center disaster rests with the effete, eastern, quasi-intellectual, white-trash elite that through their poster boy for perversity, Billy-Bob Clinton, emasculated Federal law enforcement agencies in the name of respecting the sensitivities of the huddle masses of criminals entering and living in the U.S. After the disaster, the intellectual elite's blind devotion to their arrogant, unrealistic ideology showed them up as nothing more than pussyfooting, pansy cowards when they opted for talking through the disaster rather than taking action, as though handholding, teary-eye therapy techniques can win a war. Such endless discussions would no doubt allow our white-trash snobs to feel morally superior while making money and scoring ego points by writing useless papers and appearing on vainglorious talk shows. They could also receive gold stars from their analysts for instituting a national trend of wringing one's hands in self-indulgence while people died. If only those purveyors of wimpdom, most of whom are ensconce in upper-middle class neighborhoods safe from the real evils of the world, would move to places like Afghanistan or Russia where the barbaric reality of life would benefit the rest of us by liquidating them.

Over the years, the self-professed elite's political correctionalism praised too much and went too far in idolizing the feminine tenet that nothing is worth dying for, especially if the ones

doing the dying were former lefties, while at the same time grinding into near oblivion the male principle of honor. When was the last time anyone heard of a Political Correctionalist choosing honor over some sophistic excuse for behaving atrociously? The totalitarian leftists don't understand that honor distinguishes humans from mere organisms of procreation that scurry about fearfully whining and begging to live another day or that the Sunday New York Times arrives on schedule. Their cowardice forces them to dismiss honor as a viable trait in the post-modern world; otherwise, Political Correctionalists would end up face to face with their own lack of courage, not good for supreme egotists. Honor demands courage—no honor, no need for courage. So they conveniently rationalize that evil, which takes courage to oppose, doesn't exist, just shades of misunderstanding. But demons do walk among us. Not the type depicted in Hollywood horror films, but humans who care not the least about others except to the extent of using people to further their selfish ends.

I put my name on a few volunteer lists to help. Even tried to get to ground zero to help dig through the rubble by lying about having construction work experience, but they were only taking volunteers from the unions. Never ended up doing much more than waiting around to lend a hand. After a couple of weeks, I turned back to my own little war for justice starting with an outline of my case for my new attorney Robert. The outline listed a number of facts to prove at trial that separately or together supported an annulment. The new facts about the Ho's nude photos used to advertise her prostitution services and the porno masturbation video that Leo and Paulsen sold were so far the crucial pieces of evidence. Each supported a finding of annulment since a reasonable man knowing about such activities by his fiancé wouldn't marry her, and each wasn't subject to the defense of cohabitation since I learned about them after our separation. But

to help a jury understand the pattern of my wife's fraud, I needed to paint a picture that included information known to me before the separation.

To show that the Ho married me to obtain a green card so she could make hard currency in America's sex industry meant using statements from her diary, assuming it was authenticated, or remarks she made to other people willing to testify, such as:

"I want very much to find a foreigner and live abroad; I want to buy a flat and marry a foreigner, but I do not want to live in Krasnodar."

"Roy says that I am the only happiness of his. He wants me to be near him...."

"Lena said as well that the business with Roy is very advantageous to me"

"And on Saturday, March 11, 2000, we registered our marriage. It was merry! I did not accept it very seriously; for me it was only business."

"He wrote me a letter saying how it was difficult for him to be alone.... Frankly speaking, I cannot imagine what I will do with him in Moscow.... On one hand I would like that we remained friends, but he would not hinder my meetings with friends and I would give him freedom."

Three days after that diary entry, she wrote in a post card: "My love husband! I'm so miss on you but I must help my mother.... I send you this spring flowers from all my heart. I kiss and hold you."

Back to the diary:

"What will happen if I will not receive a visa to America? I will go—with Leo's help—to Greece or Venezuela. In June I am sure to go somewhere!"

"Then, when we went to the disco "Joy", Alexey told me that he wanted me and that I was driving him mad. He bought a bottle of Champaign. I was near to going with him.... I tried to seduce Alexey, to get him...."

A couple of weeks after that entry, she wrote me another postcard, "My dear husband! Only come back and start to be alone again. It difficult, but I must to do a lot of things here.... But you in my heart. A lot of kisses to you."

The diary again:

“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.”

“I decided to go to America for now and make some money and to get a divorce from him.”

“God be praised!!! I am in America.”

“I began working (Flash Dancers Topless Club) on Sunday and earned 400 dollars, then 540 and yesterday, on Wednesday, I earned 650 dollars. God be praised!!!

“In total I earned 17-18 thousand dollars in 1.5 months, including everything – expenses, meals and presents.”

Alexei, her old boyfriend who was willing to provide a statement, said, “Alina had one aim, to go outside of Russia.”

Along with such statements, her refusal to show a wife’s normal affection for me would help show her real intent in marrying me. Even the most avant-garde Political Correctionalist wouldn’t consider the Ho’s extensive promiscuity and partying after our marriage and her refusal to live with me in Moscow, as expressing normal spousal affection. For example, from her diary:

“Katya and me walked.... On the way from disco Katya got acquainted with Andrei in white Mercedes. I went with Andrei and Katya to the same place I tried to seduce Alexey Smolin. When Andrei made me ready for sex and I said I was ready, it turned out that what Andrei wanted was a surprise. He wanted sex with Katya and me at the same time. My friend Katya was against this and this upset Andrei and Andrei was left with nothing.

“Ma went away and this time I did not bring anybody home with me although I wish I had. So I came to Volodya. I told him that I want to go to a picnic out of the city. He began to refuse; he said that he had already gone out of the city with Vladik. I insisted and he admitted that he is married, he has a child (2 years old), and he had married in 1998. His wife is from Kazakhstan but she is Russian. He lied, he wanted me and continued to lie. I was shocked.”

Another piece of the annulment picture was that the Ho had lied to me about her love in order to induce me into marriage. This meant juxtaposing her egregious promiscuity and statements in her diary with the lies she told me.

While in Mexico, the Ho sent me a fax on the stationary of the Acapulco Westin Hotel in which she wrote, “It your love—Angelina. Here I visit many beautiful places but I was alon, I’m think about you. It will be nice to be together. I hold you a lot, kiss a lot and miss.” But that same night, according to her diary, she kissed Alfredo a lot during intercourse with him.

Another fax from Mexico stated, “I kiss you! I hold you! Your Angelina.” But during that day from her diary she held one of her customer’s penis until he came.

Specific quotes standing alone also showed she hid from me her true feelings:

“He is not the person I need.”

“He is a fool...”

“How much nerves took and how many troubles gave to me Mr. Hollander!”

“For the first time he finished in me. Oh, my God, whom I allowed to do it....”

“We went with Roy to the forest, he wanted to have sex with me, but I 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.”

A third piece of the Ho’s scheme that supported an annulment was the Ho secretly putting substances into my meals just before our marriage, and the resulting narcotic poisoning symptoms that so befuddled my mind that I could no longer summon the will to cancel the wedding as I had previously threatened.

Fourth, my wife secretly planned well before we married to meet her regular customer, Alfredo, after our wedding for a fun filled time of sex, jewelry, money and a drug that heightened her sexual pleasure. The wedding occurred on March 11, 2000, and she received her

second passport on April 5, which she needed to keep the Italian custom stamps out of the passport she would use to enter the U.S. It takes the Russian bureaucracy more than four weeks to issue a passport, which infers she applied for it before our marriage, meaning she planned the tête-à-tête before the wedding. According to her dairy: “It took a long time to make my second passport. But thanks to God, I have now 2 passports. May be I will go for a week ... and meet Alfredo to earn some money.” The week was a long weekend in Italy and she picked up the Italian tourist visa in Moscow when she visited me in the middle of April. What a darling wife!

After the Italy trip, she wrote: “And now it is very important to me to extinguish all evidence. I closed package with adhesive tape and tried to hide gold and money. I hope so Roy did not learn anything. Amen! I thank God for everything; bless me!”

Russia permits two international passports so that its citizens can hide from Arab authorities that they traveled to Israel, no entry stamp in that passport, and hide from Israeli authorities their trips to Arab countries. The Ho cunningly used her second passport to keep me from noticing any foreign places she visited to ply her trade during our marriage and hide from U.S. Customs her regular trips to the money-laundering haven of Cyprus—more deception to further her scheme.

Lastly, my annulment case would include my wife’s deceptions in failing to fess up about her criminal conduct, such as prostitution in Russia, Cyprus and Mexico; advertising herself on the Internet; recruiting whores for Leo to send to Mexico; lying under oath on her application for a temporary green card and visa; evading taxes; smuggling dollars overseas, and hiding behavior that inferred an immoral character, such as her belief in the benefits of infidelity and dishonesty and the true nature of her “dancing” in Cyprus and Mexico:

“In Zygos he kneeled before me and kissed me below navel - it happened before we left the club. Then we went to hotel.

“I will do my best to be in first place in our business.”

“I am glad, when a customer comes during a private. Some persons come this way for the first time.”

“Today one fucker promised me to give his credit card. I went with him; I left my work before my working time actually ended.

As for adultery, unless I could dig up some guys not listed in her diary, that evidence could only be used in proving cruel-inhuman treatment, since I knew about the diary affairs before we separated. A little research showed me that Silpe had lied when he told me I couldn't sue for annulment, adultery and cruel-inhuman treatment at the same time—but why?

#### Eve of Destruction

A few days after 911, I met with my third attorney, a young, eager guy working on his own out of a modest office. I liked him, straightforward, unpretentious, no philosophical axes to grind and apparently honest. Too bad I hadn't started with him. I recounted my story by comparing my wife to a female Dorian Gray, and told him I wanted a trial to prove annulment or adultery. Robert asked for the Preliminary Conference order from the July court conference.

After perusing the document, he said, “There's a problem here.”

What now I thought in exasperation.

Robert continued, “It says ‘fault will not be an issue.’ You see here,” as he showed me what I'd seen before and questioned my prior lawyer Silpe about.

“Yeah, I asked my prior lawyer about that and he told me that I would still have a trial on the issues of annulment and adultery.”

Robert responded, “Not according to this. This says that all those issues were resolved at the Preliminary Conference. The only possible trial would be over whether one of you has to support the other for some period after the divorce, financial arrangements. But no trial on fault, which is what you need to obtain an annulment or show adultery.”

I felt the knife slip into my back again, “You mean my lawyer sold me down the river?”

“I don’t know what he did. Who was he?”

“Steven Silpe.”

“I know Steve. He has a good reputation. Maybe I’m missing something, but I don’t see how you can now go to trial to show your wife was at fault for committing adultery or that she married you just to come to America.”

I couldn’t believe it. That high priced attorney had tricked me. He threw out the very reason for all my efforts and money without telling me, and then lied about it to keep me hanging on as his client. Was he sleeping with my wife?

Robert continued, “We’ll know for sure on October 4<sup>th</sup>. There’s another conference scheduled with the judge.”

“Well, that puts my next trip to Krasnodar on hold until we find out.”

I left boiling.

A few days later, Immigration at the Moscow Embassy contacted me to find out whether the court had yet issued a judgment ending the marriage. After telling the Immigration official the situation, he asked me to wrap up the court proceeding as soon as possible so that they could begin work on her removal case.

I asked, “So are you guys going to start an investigation as soon as the marriage is terminated?”

“That’s right, and I’ll also want any leads you can give us so we can dig up the necessary evidence in addition to what we receive from you.” The official answered.

Sounded good to me, so I told him about Leo’s business to which he expressed an interest that Leo might turn informant for Immigration in return for certain favors. Leo actually agreed

to discuss the matter with the official but I never learned whether anything came of it. Also told the Embassy official about the American doctor who produced my wife's masturbation video and that the Ho admitted to her model agent in Krasnodar, Anastasia, and her husband, Dima, about working as a prostitute in Cyprus. This last bit of information should have been especially useful because Anastasia and Dima had recently immigrated to America as temporary residents, which meant they fell under Immigration's jurisdiction. Immigration could easily lean on them for a statement about the Ho's admission or they might face intense scrutiny of their own activities in America, probably running Russian prostitutes, or a reexamination of their immigration and visa applications for perjury concerning their pimping Russian girls to Cypriot strip clubs. But when the Embassy official asked me whether I knew Anastasia and Dima's American address, I realized Immigration didn't have a clue as to where these two criminals lived or even how to find out because INS didn't have a tracking system for aliens in the country or when they left.

What the hell was wrong with the Federal Government? It let people into the country temporarily without knowing where they were going. Until that conversation, I had assumed Immigration's inability to keep track of the 911 terrorists resulted from the terrorists skill in hiding, but it didn't. It was Immigration's normal operating procedure to lose aliens once they entered. Unbelievable, the civil servants responsible for keeping out various criminals and thugs not only let them in, but once in, couldn't find them, even if the most powerful government in the history wanted to. Dumbfounded but undeterred by another Federal agency's inability to do its job, I turned to my own resources. Pushed the button on my computer, jumped on the Internet and after a couple of tries found Anastasia and Dima living in Greenfield, Wisconsin. Immigration thanked me for the information.

Continuing to use my own resources to build Immigration's and my court case, assuming I still had one, I tried to reach Svetlana, my Krasnodar lawyer, to contact a number of Russians who might know about the Ho's prostitution in Cyprus, such as Nadya the Good, and my wife's activities in Krasnodar before I married her, which I suspected also involved selling sex. Immigration needed leads to people who would swear that the Ho had lied about not working as a prostitute when she applied for entry into the U.S., and I for my annulment or adultery case.

Svetlana needed to get to work, but I couldn't find her. She had just disappeared again. My Moscow attorney, Xenia, said Svetlana last told her that the Krasnodar prosecutor was moving forward in the criminal defamation case, that the documents showing the Ho's ownership of her apartment were in the mail to Xenia and that Svetlana would soon have a copy of the Ho's application for a second passport and writing samples from the Academy. But since that conversation, Xenia couldn't find Svetlana either. Could my wife have bought Svetlana off? Xenia assured me that was not the case, but in Russia money didn't talk, it shouted. All I could do was wait for my Krasnodar lawyer to turn up while I continued pushing along other avenues.

My alleged undercover agent reported the Ho looked tan but a little preoccupied. She claimed her vacation took her to Miami and Washington D.C. but not Russia. Thanks to her former Russian boyfriend, Alexei, I knew that was a lie. She also said everything was okay with modeling and her future prospects looked good, which they did, assuming my previous attorney Silpe had sold me out.

One of the few breaks from my living death included a double birthday party a week before the October court conference that my martial arts class organized to celebrate Moody's and my birthdays. I couldn't remember the last time anyone, including me, celebrated my birth—it was nice. The high point was the not so subtle birthday card the class gave me that

accurately characterized my wife's nature: "Slut Jokes." My fellow martial artists had her pegged. I read out loud some of the more appropriate references:

"What's the difference between a slut and a Cadillac? Not everyone has been inside a Cadillac."

"Why don't sluts vote? Because they don't care who gets in."

"What's the difference between garbage and a slut from Russia? Garbage eventually gets picked up."

"What's the difference between a slut and a rooster? A rooster says, 'Cock-a-doodle-do,' and a slut says, 'Any cock will do.'"

"How do you make a hormone? Slap her in the face and refuse to pay her."

I laughed better at these jokes than I had in a long time. Knowing there still existed good, solid people in the world helped lighten my load. I was glad they were on my side for it didn't seem like anyone else cared, especially the Government.

At the court conference on October 4, 2001, the Ho and her female attorney showed on time. My wife looked awful, dark circles under her eyes and very pale. Not at all the tan picture of health my undercover agent described. Maybe my agent just made up his latest report without going to Flash Dancers and pocketed the money I gave him for expenses along with his fee. As in so much else with the Ho, I couldn't tell whether her appearance real or fake, perhaps just an adept use of makeup in her trademark role of playing for sympathy. But then again, maybe her addiction to black magic exacted its toll or she expanded her prostitution business. Who knew?

The conference took place again in lesbian Lobis' chambers. The judge started off with, "Why are you people back here?"

That sounded strange to me since the judge was the one who ordered the conference. Did she know something I didn't, which my former attorney Silpe had hidden from me?

"I thought this matter was resolved," the lesbian continued.

The Ho's attorney chimed in, "So did we your honor."

In a matter-of-fact tone the judge continued, "The only outstanding issues are financial support and distribution of the marital assets, but in such a short marriage and with both parties employable, and, I assume, little marital assets, I don't see any need for any financial arrangements. Does the wife need support?"

"No, your honor," the Ho's attorney answered. "The wife is not asking for any support or any of the marital assets of which there are none." Not true, since the Ho invested her well over hundred grand from America's sex trade in something. But at the time, I wasn't interested in financial issues.

Why didn't the lesbian judge ask me whether I needed support? I was the one unemployed while the Ho made lots of money hoing. Finally my attorney said something, "There still is the issue of fault on which my client wants a trail."

That surprised the judge, "What do you mean? It says in this stipulation that your client agreed to no trial on fault. It says here, 'fault will not be an issue.'"

The Ho's attorney interrupted as she always did, "That's right your honor. The last time we met, plaintiff's attorney agreed to no trial on fault."

The judge responded, "I remember."

To which my attorney lamely and somewhat cowed answered, "Well, I wasn't here because I just recently came on as Mr. Den Hollander's counsel. So I don't know what transpired."

All the work, time and money invested into proving my wife tricked me into marrying her and betrayed me with her multiple adulterous liaisons began to spread out on the wind of an unjust system that favored the female, no matter how despicable her conduct.

The judge aggressively drove home her wishes as to this case, “It says right here on this document, which your client signed, that the only issues left are support and equitable distribution, which it appears neither party wants.”

The entire conspiracy now fell together in my mind. During the last conference, while I stood outside the judge’s chambers thinking my attorney was fighting for my rights, he was actually selling me out by agreeing to a settlement pushed by the judge, who didn’t want a trial. Robert, my new lawyer, warned me before the conference that Lobis often asked clients to leave her chambers so that she could hammer and shout attorneys into submission to convince their clients to do what the judge wanted. This lesbian bureaucrat didn’t want a trial on annulment and adultery in order to make her job easier, to protect a fellow woman, who was hot to any lesbian, and to legislate her own political beliefs that New York should be a “no-fault” divorce state that freed wives to engage in their favorite pastime of duplicity and whoring. All completely consistent with Feminazi ideology that society should allow women to follow the promptings of their whims without shouldering the responsibility for the harm they caused. It didn’t matter to the ideologue judge what the elected representatives of the people, the legislature, said the state’s laws were. No, she was a woman in a position of power who knew better for New Yorkers, so she, not the law, would make the decisions that affected their lives. Expediency and personal bias replaced justice as the order of the day. My former attorney, Silpe, obviously not wanting to antagonize a judge before whom he often appeared, decided to

cut a deal without my consent, then lied about it in order to manipulate me into a box where I had no other choice but to accept his sell out and bow to the judge's wishes.

Time for me to chime in, "Your honor, my attorney had no right to make that agreement. I specifically instructed him to pursue annulment and in the alternative divorce on the grounds of adultery."

Judge Lobis, "But you signed the agreement."

"Like a fool, I trusted my attorney. He represented to me that the document merely set the discovery schedule and trial date. He did not mention anything about a settlement on the issue of fault. In fact, he assured me I would have a trial on that issue in December. So when I signed that document, I did not know, nor did I intend to forego a trial on fault. If I had known it eliminated fault as an issue, I never would have signed it. I have a witness to Mr. Silpe's false representations in the form of a respected attorney out of Harvard Law School who witnessed the entire fraud."

"All I want is my day in court. All I want is a chance to prove she married me only to come to America. This was my first marriage, I had never even been engaged before. I opened my heart to this woman and ended up drugged, tricked, denigrated and used by her as if I were no more than a toy to satisfy her greed to make lots of money in the American sex industry. An annulment will at least enable me to feel justice was done because it will tell the truth about her: that she tricked me, and it will allow me to put this revolting experience behind me. She says in her diary, 'I got married today. It was fun. I didn't take it serious, for me it was only business.' And, 'Roy thinks of me as a wife that is absurd, I will never see him as a husband.'"

I saw a change in the judge's face, she asked my wife's attorney, "Why doesn't your client settle for an annulment if as you said at the last conference that it wouldn't affect her chance to become a permanent resident?"

The Ho's attorney was clearly caught again just like last time when she had lied about an annulment not affecting the Ho's chance for a permanent green card. An annulment settlement approved by the court meant the court concluded that the Ho had defrauded me into marriage. That would leave it to INS to take evidence and possibly hold a hearing to determine whether the reason she defrauded me into marriage was to obtain a green card. INS could go either way, but given that she was a young Russian female with a dubious past, she'd have to pay lots of bribes to avoid INS concluding she engaged in marriage fraud.

The Ho's attorney answered, "My client doesn't feel that an annulment would be right."

The judge turned to me and said, "We still have this signed stipulation, so the only thing you can do now is to make a motion to set aside the agreement that fault will not be an issue. There's nothing else I can do."

As we began to leave, I commented to the judge, "I guess I'm a victim of idiot compassion."

To which she responded, "Compassion is never a mistake." Clearly she knew nothing about Russian females.

The Ho quickly bolted from the judge's chambers into the courtroom with a face twisted in hate. In her rush through the courtroom, she even kicked some guy's feet in the front row without any attempt to apologize. Why the anger? Even if I make the motion, the judge would deny it. Then again, psychopaths are impulsive and short-tempered when things don't go the way they expected.

“Robert, what are my chances of winning this motion?” I asked my attorney.

“It’ll cost you five thousand and you’ll lose. It’s clear that Lobis leaned on Silpe to settle because she doesn’t want to try this case.”

“At least you’re honest. Silpe would tell me just the opposite to make five grand. I can’t figure out why Silpe thought he’d get away with tricking me?” I said.

“Well, you saw what happened today. The judge is now in the position to decide whether there is a trial or not. Before the Preliminary Conference, you had that power, but no more.”

“Looks like a conspiracy among the judge, Silpe and my wife’s attorney—amazing! Silpe probably figured he could talk me into the settlement he agreed to, and if not, then he would have just claimed in front of Lobis what he told me over the telephone: there was no settlement. The Ho’s lawyer, naturally, would say there was an agreement. Lobis would then take the middle ground and rely on the document that I like an idiot signed without reading. That document meant I needed to make a motion to set the settlement aside, which she would decide and, of course, deny. Silpe would win either way because if I went with a motion, he’d make money, and if I didn’t, the judge would be beholding to him for avoiding a trial.”

“Welcome to the divorce court.”

“A corrupt, crowded, cruel and despoiled institution that would shame Tammy Hall.”

“So what’s your decision?” Robert asked.

“I’ll think about it.”

“Okay, let me know.”

I walked out past the columns and down the steps that led from the house of injustice, numb with disbelief that a judge and my own attorney conspired to deny my rights because an accident of nature some years ago made me a man instead of a woman. To think that the much-

vaunted judicial system of America would ignore the laws it existed to uphold in order to reward a peddler of flesh for deceiving a citizen and lying to the court simply astounded me. Law school never taught me about this, my life never did either. As in Friedrich Engel's *Origin of the Family*, females controlled the levers of power and woe to any man who opposed them, nor matter how just his cause. The unfairness tore my mind. I never did any of the things the Feminazis screamed about, and neither did the vast majority of men, although listening to America's modern day vixens, one would think otherwise. Never threatened any of my girl friends with violence, never cheated on them and always tried to act the gentleman. So why was I being treated like a rabid dog? Devastated, I turned to the only emotion left, hate. I cursed the universe that gave me my mother, the female head of my draft board that tried to send me to Vietnam, the androgynies at the FCC who prevented me from becoming a reporter because of my sex, the two faced Feminazis that turned America into a hell for men and my darling, considerate wife. I despised bimbets, bimbos and bimbats. If I had a nuke, NOW wouldn't be holding any more conventions.

Finally, I knew my real enemies, the ones who plotted my destruction from birth, the ones who smiled so sweetly through their blood red lips—dames. The ones like my mother who raised me full of fears, negativity and doubts in order to control me for her own selfish ends; my female contemporaries pretending to my face they cared for me while working overtime behind my back to deny me jobs for which I was more qualified, the officials of justice who couldn't distinguish between right and wrong or just didn't care and every ho who believed it her god given right to use any man who foolishly fell for her surface beauty and adroit lies.

## I Heard It Through the Grapevine

While trying to decide whether to proceed with a motion to set aside the stipulation, I instructed my play-both-sides agent to visit Flash Dancers. This time to make sure he actually went to the club, I stationed myself in a restaurant across the street from where I saw him enter. It still remained for me to cut through the misinformation and feints of his, my wife and the two of them together. How did the C.I.A. or K.G.B. during the cold war ever figure out what was true and what was not?

Once again, the Ho used her all-to-familiar talent for mixing fact, fiction and opinion to create the illusion of her as an innocent victim and defender of womanhood with me as the stereotypical devil incarnate. But I couldn't figure out whether she meant the illusion for my agent, herself, me or all three of us. Perhaps she merely rehearsed her testimony for trial, if the case ever made it that far.

According to my double-agent:

“Alina had large dark circles under her eyes that I never saw before even when she was tired. She looked like she had a lot on her mind. There was a lot boiling up inside her about you that she stopped holding back and some of it flooded out. She probably has no one to confide in.”

She had no one to rely on other than her mother because people were always useable and disposable to her.

“Alina said, ‘I have serious problems with my old boy friend. He is a real asshole and is suing me in court. He really hates me and wants to deport me.’”

She was right about that last part.

“A couple of days ago we were in court. It was a horrible experience. He started calling me names like slut and prostitute.”

Not exactly accurate but close enough. My wife's delusional image of her innocence makes it impossible for her to face the truth about her lechery.

“She was very upset and mad about the court experience. She did not talk about it as if it were a victory. She continued to say, ‘In a few weeks there will be a deposition. My boyfriend and I will be in the same room and he will ask me questions about my sexual activities. It will be like an electric chair.’”

There was no deposition scheduled. She must have confused deposition with the few weeks I had to make a motion to set Silpe’s fraud aside. If the judge denied the motion, which she would, there would be no depositions because the fraudulent settlement would stand—case over, her victory.

“My old boy friend has had three lawyers because he does not get along with anyone, and he works outside the law while I work within the law. My old boy friend had problems with police in Russia and America. He had three problems with the police.”

Gee, I wondered what those three problems were? Naturally, the Ho didn’t elucidate, but the subterfuge was obvious: claim her accuser the real criminal while she’s the innocent. Girls are excellent at this tactic of turning the tables.

“My lawyer is very good but he is expensive and so far cost me \$5000. It is a lot of money but what my lawyer will do is worth it. He can get me papers. My old boyfriend tells everyone I work at Flash Dancers. He was the one who helped me find this job so he could pimp me. He wanted me to sign a contract for 25 years. He would get a percentage of the money I made at Flash Dancers. I was willing to sign a three-year contract but not 25 years.”

Her cover-up continued with the typical Feminazi tale demonizing the man in order to shift attention away from the girl’s nefarious activities. A 25-year contract for stripping and prostituting—get real. What man would pay money for her when she was fifty?

“I had some feelings towards him and he towards me, but it never worked out because he is unable to love. If he does something for you, he expects something in return. Sometimes I really hate him because he is so cold blooded, calculating and methodical in the way he is trying to destroy me. As long as he crawls, he will never stop bothering me. He caused me so much humiliation. It is very difficult for me to cope. Sometimes I think about suicide. But I have a strong philosophy and outlook on life. I believe in God and he gives me strength and my old boy friend is a cleansing for my soul. I hate my old boy friend for all the humiliation he caused me. I would like something to happen to him. I would like him to get his ass busted. But I will not go with the Russian way. I will stick with the American way. If something happens to him, I would be the main suspect.”

One characteristic about the Ho and most girls, they can sure play the sympathy strings to evoke an image of a cupid driven, valiant, virtuous woman who fell for the wrong man. The Ho went into her manufactured tear routine for added effect in this part of the conversation. Tears of hypocrisy don't cleanse the soul, although her anti-Christ savior Sergei Lazarev claims such. In truth, she never had any feelings for me other than as an object of her lust for a green card, which her diary makes clear. As for the hogwash about my investigations in Russia pushing her to suicide, I wish they would, but they wouldn't. She loves money and pleasure too much to kill herself, although she would pay one of her Russian hoodlum clients to liquidate me. That phony denial about using the "Russian way" meant she was actually considering it.

"He tells everyone I have over \$100,000 but I do not. My former boy friend tells everybody I am a whore. He spends all of his money just to destroy me. He hires detectives and has connections with the F.S.B. to tap my telephone in Krasnodar. My mother found out about the tap and went to the police, but there was a cover-up because he has connections with the F.S.B. He functions outside the law while I function within the law. He goes to Russia giving out flyers and contacting my friends to find out information about my past life. He tells them I am a whore and a prostitute, but my friends know what I am and they support me.

The truth hurts, especially to a phony. As for her friends supporting her, she's probably right since she has no friends, other than the old whore her mother.

"My mother supports me. My old boyfriend is a cruel man, sadist. Even in bed he was cruel, very forceful to the point of rape. He has a lot of hatred."

Here we go again with the Feminazi grab bag of false accusations meant to intimidate men, this time rape. How many innocent guys sit rotting in prison because of sluts lying about rape? Girls always pretend to be heaven's angels while lying with a vengeance. It's all so predictable. Whenever Feminazi whores want something from men who refuse to do their bidding, the Feminazis start shouting sexual harassment or rape. In a just society, such ploys fail amid the court and media's laughter but not in Feminarchy America where girls dance a merry jig on the pedestal of preferential treatment. In America, a girl can sue a man for sexual

harassment—lie and win a big settlement. She can accuse a man of rape—lie and send him to jail for years. She can even intimidate a man’s employer into giving her his job, but she can’t make him love her!

“Because of my unpleasant experience with him, I feel hate towards sex and men in general. I am strong and will not let him do to me what he has done to others. I will not let him do to others what he has done to me.

What trash, all of it, she told me the baloney about not having any more boyfriends when she moved out. I didn’t believe her then and still didn’t. Sex fuels her in a way nothing else does. She uses it and drugs to manipulate, control and gain personal power over others. As for hating men, she felt that way long before I met her. And a strange hatred it is because it doesn’t apply to men’s money or their groins. Her hatred probably only applies to when guys catch on to her scheming. As for the “others,” she never knew anything about my passed girl friends, but her routine of fighting for sluts today and tomorrow does sound rather catchy, likely written by her lawyers, and depicts her as a modern day Joan of Arc. Hmmm, I wonder if that French girl was a whore too?

Analyzing the web of verbal garbage from my Janus agent and Janus wife became too obscure in the pyramid of lies, partial truths, dissemblances and projections that I retired my agent for the time being, took a step back and used logic to make a decision on the motion.

My reasoning started with the knowledge that besides herself and mother, the Ho loved money above everything else. Hoing in America meant more money than she could possibly earn any other place in the world. It also opened up a market of millions of suckers for the taking, men who lacked even an inkling of the vicious, money-grubbing, duplicitous nature of Russian girls. Most Russian men were on to hos like my wife and knew the only way to straighten them out required a little pugilistic punishment. In America, however, the Feminazis

had destroyed men's most effective defense against conniving, amoral females by propagating the lie that years of emotional abuse from a female didn't justify a slap in the face. The Ho saw America as the perfect place for her to plunder, but in order to stay here, she needed a permanent green card.

Right from the day I met her, she angled her actions to get to America permanently. First with false endearments, lies of hardship and promises to change that brought her sorry ass to these shores. Then she resorted to threatening me and her attorneys instructed her to file a perjured Temporary Order of Protection to coerce me into agreeing to lie before the INS to assure she obtained a permanent green card. When neither worked, her attorneys threatened to brand me a wife-beater with phony medical records and a criminal by falsely charging me with extortion—all in an attempt to avoid a trial that would expose the Ho and her attorneys' misdoings. Ironically, her attorneys couldn't have imagined at the out set that my own gutless attorney would take a page from the Ho's Satanic bible and use treachery to manipulate me into relinquishing my right to a trial by jury.

Thanks to the Ho, her attorneys, my former attorney Silpe, the Judge, and an institutionally corrupt judicial system my day in court vanished. But I kept remembering the Immigration official at the Moscow Embassy telling me to get any court decree as soon as possible. Okay, if Immigration wanted to start its removal investigation right away into the Ho, then go for a divorce settlement, and let her contend with the costs of battling a federal agency. My time and money could be better used finding additional leads for the Embassy to investigate.

Contacting Xenia in Moscow, I asked her to try again to contact Svetlana and instruct her to move forward in obtaining any leads for INS from anyone who might still be willing to talk about my wife's prostitution, copies of the Ho's writing and push the Krasnodar prosecutor to

indict Inessa. It was still necessary to keep every potential knife in the Ho's heart or whatever organ occupied that area of her chest.

Friday evening, October 19, 2001, while talking with my martial arts instructor after class my mobile started beeping that I had a message.

Mark said, "If that's my girl, let me talk to her."

His girlfriend, one of the black belts, had this strange habit of calling everybody else's mobile to reach him rather than calling his.

Instead of hearing her pleasant Latina voice, I caught the beginning of a belligerent voicemail from some guy calling himself John Madison. I knew it meant trouble but wasn't about to let it interfere with my conversation with Mark. When I finally arrived home that evening, I played the entire message:

"Roy Den Hollander, how are you? This is John Madison calling on behalf of Angelina. Your ex or soon to be ex wife."

At that point I heard the Ho say something in the background but couldn't make it out.

"Now that she is getting new counsel, and mainly we're going to challenge every answer to your filings, every aspect of this marriage, being that it originated in Russia. And basically try to understand that because of the fact that things didn't work out, your malicious actions are basically going to be very carefully reviewed, not only by the proper authorities, but also under every ledger of the lawyer."

Those sentences told me I was dealing with a cretin. The proper phrase was "every measure of the law," ledgers are business terminology.

"We will challenge every single aspect of your filings and of this case. And I assure you one thing; we're not going to basically keep our eyes closed to this issue. We are going to basically be looking at this very carefully, and we will challenge you on every aspect. I assure you of one thing on this arbitration hearing, I will be attending."

This goon, and it was a goon, couldn't get his facts right. It wasn't an arbitration hearing but a motion.

“And as far as everything else goes, I can tell you first hand with all due respect that I’m disgusted by the way you handled it. And quite frankly, I question every single bit of your motions and your filings. And, I assure you one thing, that this issue is definitely going to be an issue that you’re going to have to face up to reality on my friend. So as far as it goes, I will leave you with that. And I will try to reach you at home to see if you are there.”

“But in the meantime, bear in mind that this case is not going to go basically with her lying down and being abused over this whole issue.”

Why not? Prone was her favorite position.

“And you trying to take advantage of the situation and try to claim all these (laughter) basic unfounded claims against her. Which basically have no foundation whatsoever. On the other hand, it really reflects on you on how you’ve handled this, and that a lot of your issues are very questionable. So, never the less, I will be trying to get in touch with you and have yourself a nice day.”

This John Madison was not a lawyer, although he implied it. A lawyer would never use his client’s first name, which in this case was the pseudonym she used for hoing; never contact directly a person represented by a lawyer, which I was; never leave such an obviously threatening message on someone’s voicemail; and never fail to leave a number where he could be reached. No this guy was likely a hood.

The message had nothing to do with legalities, but was a disguised threat of physical violence warning me not to make the motion to set aside Silpe’s fraud, which I had already decided not to. The Ho and her attorneys must have decided to use some non-legal muscle as insurance to keep Silpe’s fraud in tact. Rather lame and a waste of time I thought. There was no way Lobis would grant a motion. After all, she was instrumental in forcing Silpe into lying to me.

The next day, as a long shot, I went to my local the police station, the 13<sup>th</sup> Precinct, but the officers on the desk laughed at me and said there was nothing they could do, even though I had a tape of the message, which they refused to listen to. I’m sure if I had been a ho, they’d have been more helpful.