

Stupid Frigging Fool

By Roy Den Hollander

Part 3

War

“Now is the time for all good men to fight for their rights before they have no rights left.”

Minutes after I entered my apartment, someone knocked on my door. As usual I opened it without checking through the peephole, which always provided a minor thrill of the unexpected. Two overweight female cops, one standing off to the side of my door, the other peeking from around the corner as though she expected a shoot-out.

The one nearest me asked, “Are you Roy Den Hollander?”

“That’s right,” and she handed me some papers.”

“What are these?” I asked surprised.

“Your wife took out an order of protection against you. These are the complaint and summons to appear in court.”

The thought shuddered its way home. Dread, hurt and fear crushed me. I took the papers, closed the door and retreated into my apartment to enter a life changed forever. The furies quickly came wailing inside me, careening for a safety value that didn’t exist. My emotions hopscotched up and down the spectrum from rage to a mournful sinking of the heart—drinking misery to the dregs. How could she do this? All I ever did was try to help her. My soul felt blasted by betrayal. The great heel of fate had come down to destroy the remainder of my life.

I knew about Temporary Orders of Protection that the Feminazis ruthlessly used to intimidate men into doing their bidding. All a girl needed to do was go before a judge, pretend

to cry, tell a lie—a female’s favorite and most effective weapon—about some man threatening or harassing her, and the judge immediately issued a domestic Temporary Order of Protection. The law, a product of Feminazis lobbying, prevented the accused from appearing before the judge in order to counter the charges; that is, defend himself against the Temporary Order of Protection. The procedure violates due process rights, but the states’ legislatures and courts don’t care because females usually bring them against men. Public officials in America these days nearly always give girls preferential treatment because men are considered less-than human and the bureaucrats are scared of the Feminazis.

The Feminazis created domestic Temporary Orders of Protection out of the traditional temporary restraining orders, or TOPs, which were used to prevent an immediate harm before both parties could appear in court.

For example, assume the Feminazi next door is clearing trees from her property. Instead of cutting them down, she’s using dynamite to blow them up, and parts of the trees are raining down on a guy’s property. He politely asks her to stop, but she replies she will not be intimidated by a male chauvinist pig. The guy jumps in his car and goes to the local court. The clerk sends him before a judge that same day because he is asking for a TRO to put a stop to the immediate damage to his property until there can be a full hearing on the matter.

The judge tells his clerk to try to reach the Feminazi. In domestic dispute cases the judge doesn’t bother. The Feminazi doesn’t answer her telephone because she’s doing psychotropic drugs with her girlfriend and sticking pins in voodoo dolls of every man she ever knew.

The judge issues a TRO directing the Feminazi to stop dynamiting and to show up in court for a hearing, usually seven or ten days later to resolve the dispute. In domestic dispute cases, it’s often two months or more, and the man is usually thrown into the street because he is

no longer allowed to live in the same house, which he bought, with the lying female who got the domestic Temporary Order of Protection.

Under the traditional TRO, if the Feminazi keeps dynamiting during the time before the hearing, then the police, at their discretion, can arrest her, but usually a warning suffices. Under the domestic Temporary Order of Protection in 33 states and New York, the female can call the police, make up a lie that her husband or boyfriend violated the TRO and the police must throw him in jail. She essentially has a “send him to jail whenever I want” card. Or the guy can be stupid enough to send her flowers as a peace offering, and the police will throw him in jail for that. He should have saved the flowers for his early grave.

Once arrested, the man has an arrest record that goes into the FBI database and is available to all law enforcement agencies, to officials of state and local governments for employment and licensing purposes, and to private detective firms. He will never be able to have that record expunged.

On receiving a domestic Temporary Order of Protection, the man can appeal, which costs around \$10,000 and usually fails because an appeals’ court determines only whether the judge followed the law, not the accuracy of the alleged facts, or he can wait a few months when the court holds a hearing to decide whether the girl originally told the truth. At the hearing, the judges usually believe the girl over the guy and he ends up with a final Order of Protection, which, along with the Temporary Order, also goes into the FBI database.

Besides violating procedural due process, domestic orders of protection violate a man’s civil rights because before the hearing, the judge, based on unsubstantiated allegations from only one party, transferred to the female the state power to decide whether the man goes to jail. If the currents of fate accidentally bring a man within 500 feet of the girl, her home or place of

business, or she lies, she—not the state—determines that he goes to jail. The police have no discretion in 34 states. They must lock the man up if the girl says so. For the man, every move carries the specter of jail merely because of the claims of some vengeful, lying female. Stepping into a subway car, eating in a restaurant, going to a movie or merely walking down the street, if she's there, she can call the police and they will arrest him. Some girls also intentionally go to places they know a man frequents just to have him arrested. In New York City, an arrest means a day in close confinement with robbers, muggers, pushers and murderers, not to mention the cops.

A man can obtain a similar order against a girl. But in reality, guys generally don't bother, and if they do, often times they are denied. In New York City, where the Feminazis and their fellow travelers the Political Correctionalists control the domestic relations courts, a man rarely receives equal protection under their brand of injustice. The Feminazis' argue the necessity of such violations of men's rights in order to protect females from physical violence by men but overlook the increasing use of armed violence by women against men and females suckering some other guy to kill or injure their boyfriends, not to mention the traditional razor tongue emotional violence that females habitually assault men with. Orders of protection allow females to hide duplicity behind the modern day propaganda that females are more moral than men—the same type of bigoted thinking that determines the content of one's character by some physical trait.

In New York City, the most biased court against men, which even women lawyers admit, is the Family Court of Queens County. Feminazis run this institution like the Spanish Inquisition to stamp out any incipient heresy to feminazi tenets, which they hold as eternal truths. Beneath their delusional, crusading self-righteousness squirms the ugly truth—a band of hijackers using

state power to vent their vengeance on men for all the imagined wrongs they suffered. Rather than a system for retribution against guilty persons, whether male or female, the Family Court embodies a systematic torture chamber for all men because the Political Correctionalists running the institution seethe with the conviction in their lower parts that all men are guilty of not voluntarily enslaving themselves to females. Poisoned Dragon, following the advice of Mundy and Petrovich, went to this court to begin her war against me with a few of her lawyers' well-chosen and rehearsed lies accompanied by phony tears for the judge:

On or about January 28, 2001, at a music store in New York County at approximately 2:30 PM, Roy Den Hollander committed an act or acts which constitute aggravated harassment in the second degree, harassment in the first degree, harassment in the second degree, menacing in the second degree, menacing in the third degree, assault in the second degree, assault in the third degree, attempted assault, disorderly conduct, reckless endangerment, stalking in the first degree, stalking in the second degree, stalking in the third degree, stalking in the fourth degree toward Alina A. Shipilina who is the spouse of Mr. Den Hollander in that Mr. Den Hollander threatened Ms. Shipilina.

Ms. Shipilina states, 'My husband threatened to have me deported. He said that America was not for me and that it was his decision where I live. He makes me very afraid because he threatens to send me away without telling when. He tells me that he know people in the Embassy and Immigration, both here and in Moscow. Ms. Shipilina states that about a month ago her husband grabbed her by the arm and left a scratch on her arm. That her husband wants her to pay him between \$13,000 and \$25,000 to stay in the US. Ms. Shipilina states that her husband once showed her a gun and that he sleeps with a knife. She is afraid of her husband and seeks that husband stay away from her residence and stop threatening her.

Through my misery and grief, rage finally smashed aside any feelings of self-pity after reading and re-reading this concoction. The clarity of hate crushed the muddled proverbial plea of "Why me?" Poisoned Dragon used the traditional female powers—sex, emotion, duplicity, black magic and narcotics—to manipulate my compassion, to entice me into marriage and to bring her to America, home of her now allies in crimes against men—the Feminazis. With her feminazi-sycophant lawyers, she exploited a prejudiced legal system created by females who claimed they represented the "new woman," one who no longer used sex, feigned innocence or lied to get ahead, but who shown like a beacon of honesty, humanitarianism and equal justice for

all. The hypocrisy of Poisoned Dragon and the “new woman Feminazis” disgusted me. It’s always sex to attract and sex to attack wrapped inside deception for any female—ho or Feminazi. Both used the same tactics for the same end: power over men for use in an arbitrary and self-serving manner. Fairness, truth and self-respect meant nothing to them as they used sex and institutional intimidation in order to manipulate men. I wanted to nuke them all.

Poisoned Dragon’s use of Feminazism to force me into lying to the INS convinced me in the very fiber of my being what till then I only intellectually understood: she didn’t care whom she harmed, whom she stepped on to satisfy her greed. For her it was all about money—that was her only ethic. Instead of a misguided girl, I now saw a pathological predator with morals as debased as her lineage. The lust for money festered at the core of her soul driving her ruthlessly to squash anyone that dare interfere with her love of wealth. A line from the song “People Get Ready,” which Maria used to sing in Moscow, nailed Poisoned Dragon as the “hopeless sinner who would harm all mankind just to save her own.” She didn’t fight for survival, art or destiny but the base obsession for money and the status and power it bought.

The reason Poisoned Dragon wanted me to meet her about separating our HMO insurance policy was clear. Mundy, Petrovich and she knew I wouldn’t lie to the INS, so they needed a one-two punch to put me on the robes before knocking me into submission. Poisoned Dragon couldn’t threaten me with Chechen intervention over the telephone because I might record it, and not even the Feminazi Family Court would grant her a restraining order unless there was a recent meeting at which she could lie about me harassing, menacing, assaulting, stalking and endangering her preciousness. She couldn’t claim I did any those things two months ago when I last saw her because the court would want to know why she didn’t seek an order then. So her lawyers and she schemed for a face-to-face meeting. They probably recorded

the meeting, and the reason she was late was they were wiring her up. That must have been fun for all three. But at the meeting I didn't do what they expected, so the recording was no good. Can't go before a court claiming harassing, menacing, assaulting, stalking and endangering when the purpose of the meeting was to separate insurance policies and the husband showed only concern by trying to pressure his wife into giving up stripping and prostitution. So the trinity of evil, her lawyers and her, didn't use the recording but made up a few lies instead. In effect, the domestic Order of Protection said we are going to drag you through the Feminazi inquisition unless you do what we want.

I knew the dangers of fighting for justice against a female in a culture that considered every man guilty until he proves himself innocent and every girl innocent not only before but after she's proven guilty because some man or men made her do it. Justice doesn't exist as a law of the universe, but as a human creation that humans must enforce. Unfortunately, justice for a man in modern day America rarely wins in a conflict with a duplicitous whore or dissembling Feminazi. But unless I tried, she would not only get away with the harm she caused me but also the destruction she would wreck on guys yet to come. Perhaps my karma gave me the duty to stop her or perhaps not, whichever didn't matter.

My female friends and therapist, consistent with Carmen's warnings, advised me not to try to bring Poisoned Dragon to justice. They suggested that I only defend against the orders of protection, get a divorce but continue with my studies; otherwise, a personal jihad, or more accurately jihada, in the name of justice would destroy my last chance to pursue my dream in physics. I realized the price, but chose justice. Whether the fault lay in my stars or the behavioral pattern ingrained in me by my mother so many years ago didn't matter. I quit my

studies and said farewell to my therapist with the remark, “Not all lives work out.” My therapist did a good job, but I didn’t want her reasoning me out of my quest for justice.

Most people, as do I, long for anthropomorphic deities, an insight into life or a law of nature that assures the eventual victory of justice. I looked to find a reason to believe in Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism, Tao, Zen, Islam, Shambalaism and Western philosophy but they only made me feel weak and helpless in counseling me to leave Poisoned Dragon’s much deserved punishment to the dynamics of ideas conjured up thousands and hundreds of years ago by men ignorant of all the knowledge gained since. I doubted anyone of these seers, given a modern day education, would believe what they wrote. The trinity of subjective musings—religion, philosophy and mysticism—seemed to exist merely to comfort those who could not achieve justice or were unwilling to pay the price. These belief systems offered as compensation only the twin illusions of forgiveness as the higher good and that somehow justice wins out eventually. I wasn’t drinking any of that Kool-Aide. When justice lies within reach, men must fight for it and pay the price or forever live the ignominy of the meek.

Ideally, the legal system of the modern state fairly executes the law to render justice when people premeditatedly and with malice violate another’s rights. But even under an effective system of laws, it takes a long road to reach retribution and justice. As I began to drag myself down that path, hurt and anger consumed my waking hours well into the night, when the only solace came in short periods of fitful nightmares. Through February and March, I slept little, plagued by emotions and a constant pain in my shoulder from either swimming or Poisoned Dragon plunging needles into a small doll with my resemblance. I continued to pay the price and worried that the people appointed to enforce the laws too lazy, complacent or uncaring to do their duty. If that proved true, then one has the right, even the obligation, to take back the

powers granted to government and use those powers to assure that justice wins out over timidity, the love of ease and the trendy feminine acceptance that values no longer matter.

Poisoned Dragon and her lawyers personified a Russian trinity of evil: perjury, intimidation and violation of the rights of anyone who dares not to cooperate with their nefarious schemes. Money flowed from the wellspring of their willingness to win by any means. For Poisoned Dragon it meant continuing to strip and trick in a county whose laws she violated to enter. For Mundy and Petrovich it meant an hourly fee to keep her in America regardless of the laws she violated—the lawyerly form of prostitution. To the trinity, any means, no matter how degrading to a civilized human being, no matter how harmful to others, was acceptable in their pursuit of money. I was not going to stand by and allow these low lives to benefit from trampling my rights. I vowed to have my justice, even if it took my last dollar, my last breath. For me, the war had begun.

Taking a page from business school, I formulated my objective, strategy and tactics. I knew my tactics would change with the fluidity of the situation as unforeseen opportunities arose or surprises broadsided my neatly arranged plans. Even my strategy might need modification in order to adopt to changing situations, but no matter what, I knew my objective must remain unshaken—justice. My strategy comprised three phases. First I'd give the law a shot; after all, I was a lawyer and sometimes, just sometimes, the courts do what they're suppose to, but if they don't, then mass publicity, followed by civil disobedience.

On the immediate legal front, I retained a female lawyer recommended by a friend who was a judicial delegate, which meant he, along with other delegates, chose judicial candidates for the Democratic Party in New York City. My friend knew lots of lawyers who wanted to become judges, so I figured anyone he recommended was competent. I didn't like using a female lawyer

because I feared their innate bias against men caused them to side, at least unconsciously, with women in divorce cases even when not their clients. Unfortunately, the reality of prejudice against husbands among the judges in the Family Court in Queens virtually demanded that a man use a female lawyer. The general incompetence of females and their abuse of positions of power by carrying out their own personal agendas put any man before them in a difficult position. Using a female lawyer allegedly sent the Feminazis on the bench the message that the husband held the same philosophical beliefs as they, so there existed no reason to legally cut his throat being he was an ally in their righteous struggle against the brute beast inside other men. I should have realized that hiring a devil to deal with a devil meant only that devils won.

Just days after the Temporary Order of Protection and before my first meeting with my female lawyer, I received a letter from Mundy, my wife's lead lawyer and Petrovich's boss.

This office has been retained by your wife, Alina Shipilina. Ms. Shipilina has requested that we commence divorce proceedings, but not before giving you the opportunity to contact us, or to have an attorney contact us on your behalf, to discuss the possibility of resolving this matter amicably.

Divorce proceedings can be difficult for both parties. Recognizing this, our client desires to discuss the issues with you in a mutually agreeable setting, in the hopes that reasonable solutions can be reached.

Nonetheless, if I do not receive a response from you or your attorney within seven days from the date of this letter, my client has instructed me to commence action without your cooperation.

Please be guided accordingly.

The letter just confirmed Mundy, Petrovich and Poisoned Dragon's strategy to pressure me into helping her obtain a permanent green card by perjuring myself. Those were the only "issues" they were interested in discussing. A logical, although underhanded, three-prong attack: first, the threat of harm from Poisoned Dragon's Chechen friends; second, the domestic Temporary Order of Protection; and now the not-so-subtle warning of the "difficult" public wringer her attorney intended to put me through in a divorce proceeding. The trinity obviously

assumed that when faced with these assaults, I would fold by agreeing to commit perjury before the Immigration Service.

Her lawyers' reasoning was that I'd concede in order to keep the orders of protection and a divorce preceding quiet. Lawyers don't like unfavorable publicity—it hurts business. They also find physical violence especially scary, since they are always hiding behind the law. I, however, used to play rugby, boxed a little, was taking martial arts courses and didn't have much of a legal business left after my wife.

Poisoned Dragon's reasoning was unmistakable. Russian girls believe American men softer and weaker than Russian guys because American men fawn over women and grow up in a comfortable society without the many hardships of the former Soviet Union. Russian girls also think of themselves as stronger than Russian men, since the Communists and Czars pretty much weeded out any man of courage. So to Poisoned Dragon, I inhabited the lowest level in the food chain with Russian men next up the ladder and her on the top—very logical, but very wrong. Too much of nothing breaks people as it has most Russians. Only a few of Poisoned Dragon's fellow citizens grow strong from an overdose of adversity and that strength lies not in the courage of standing up for what's right, but the cowardice of the criminal slinking around to harm anyone who gets in her way. Unlike with Americans, centuries of Kafkaesque fear liquidated the ability of most Russians to boldly act out of moral outrage in the face of the wrongdoings by the powerful. This middle-aged former member of Students for a Democratic Society wasn't yielding.

My attorney, Judith, bore a striking resemblance to the orlocks I read about as a kid—long kinky hair hanging well below her shoulder, round as a medicine ball, seriously ugly and highly obnoxious. The last part I liked. I figured she would easily take Poisoned Dragon apart

on the witness stand. We decided to initiate an annulment and divorce suit right away as answer to Mundy's letter, but to bring it in the New York State Supreme Court in Manhattan because the judges were slightly less biased against men than in the Queens Family Court. After beginning the annulment/divorce case, Judith suggested I try to obtain an order of protection in the Queens Family Court, always a long shot for a man, against my wife for threatening to have her Chechen friends put me six feet under.

Winning an annulment under New York State law required I prove that my wife lied about or failed to tell me something of such importance that had a reasonable man in my position known the truth, he would not have married her. Easy, since no man, reasonable or seriously deranged, would tie his life to hers knowing the full truth about the real Poisoned Dragon. Her misrepresentations and omissions included working as a prostitute, dancing completely naked for money while men touch parts of her body, pretending she loved me but actually marrying me only for a green card, secretly putting narcotics in my food to assure I went through with the marriage, planning before our marriage to commit prostitution with Alfredo in Italy after our marriage and being infected with the neuroses of congenital lying and cheating. Two obstacles lay in the path for an annulment. First, the defense of cohabitation, or in plain English, forgiveness, which meant that if after learning about Poisoned Dragon's lies and concealments, I engaged in sexual intercourse with her that meant I forgave her. My drive for the truth apparently doomed succeeding on the annulment charge unless after our last cohabitation of December 4, 2000, I found additional facts that occurred before our marriage that she had lied about or concealed in her scheme to induce me into marriage. I decided to go looking for those facts. The second problem amounted to ideology. The Political Correctionalist judges in Manhattan rarely granted annulments because the most likely spouse to engage in deception was

the wife. Finding lots of women guilty of fraud would contradict the modern day belief that possession of a vagina conclusively inferred an ethical character, rather than the opposite.

Feminazi judges were unlikely to do that.

The two possible grounds for a divorce, adultery and cruel inhuman treatment, offered different chances of successfully showing Poisoned Dragon at fault for the break up of the marriage.

At first blush adultery seemed the easiest, since any near-sighted nitwit, other than me, knew by just looking at Poisoned Dragon that there slithered a slut, no more capable of fidelity than a female dog in heat. But a major problem in proving adultery came in the form of the defense called condonation, or in plain English: forgiveness once again. By sleeping with Poisoned Dragon until she moved out in December, I condoned all her previous adulterous escapades that I knew about. Unfortunately, once again my investigations gave her a complete defense unless other adulterous affairs occurred that I didn't know about. I assumed her diary, my key source of information, didn't fully detail all her infidelities. In her diary, Poisoned Dragon at times regaled in recounting her foul deeds but at others left information out. The only way to make an adultery case fly required further investigation in the hope of discovering any adulterous liaisons not fully detailed in her diary. Even with such new evidence, I still faced the Feminazi belief system that only men should receive punishment for adultery, since they are natural philanderers. Once again "new age women" got their facts wrong.

Over millions of years of evolution, natural selection favored promiscuous hominid females. Prior to ten thousand years ago, humans lived in tribes with the men providing the meat by hunting animals and women providing berries, roots, nuts and other staples from foraging. Survival required the protein from meat, which women generally could not acquire themselves

because evolution provided men with greater upper body strength and the spatial acuity that facilitated hunting wild animals. Men's more athletic bodies also enabled them to provide protection to women, especially during pregnancy and afterward when both the nursing mother and newborn were highly vulnerable to the dangers of the wilds. To assure their survival and that of the species, women and men entered into long-term relationships, generally four to five years, in which the man provided for and protected the woman and her offspring. The main occupation at the time for men, hunting wild animals or fishing, carried a high risk of death. A woman quickly realized that the man on which she depended, not just for her survival but the survival of her genes through her offspring, might one day end up as an animal's lunch or swim with the fishes. In order to assure a continual supply of protein and protection, many women simply used the currency of their bodies—sex, to make “special” or “good” friends with other men. Naturally, these women tried, with varying degrees of success, to hide their infidelity from their respective main man, but over time, men, initially at the disadvantage by willing to give someone the benefit of the doubt, eventually realized the slut-like nature of their trusted confidants. Men, just like women, wanted their genes to survive through their offspring, but unlike women, a man could not know for certain whether an offspring was his due to the promiscuity of the mother. So to compensate, men engage in sex with other women figuring one of them will bear a child with his genes. As the millennia passed, the genes of the more successful tramps survived while those of faithful women went extinct, which left us today with a whole lot of hos.

My best argument for a divorce based on Poisoned Dragon's inability to act as a wife was “cruel and inhuman treatment.” This catch all provision in the law allowed the court to base a divorce on any type of conduct by one spouse towards the other that the court deemed would

make their continued cohabitation physically or mentally harmful or just improper. Many of Poisoned Dragons acts fell into this category, including hitting me in the back, making threats, refusing to give up lap dancing after she made the \$50,000 she wanted, refusing to live with me right after our marriage so that she could party in Krasnodar and Italy, saying she didn't want me vacationing with her in Russia and Cyprus and afterward flaunting that she met with three of her former customers in Cyprus, and finally, her extensive sexual misconduct. Unlike annulment or adultery, cohabitation or forgiveness after an act of cruel and inhumane treated didn't amount to a defense. Actually, I could use evidence of her adultery to obtain a divorce for cruel and inhuman treatment even though my cohabitating with her after learning about her sexual liaisons prevented a divorce for adultery. Weird, but that's New York law. Divorce for cruel and inhumane treatment amounted to New York's version of a no fault divorce, and the courts pushed for such divorces out of ideological and slothful reasons.

To officially start the annulment and divorce proceedings, I needed someone to physically hand Poisoned Dragon a court document that included a summons and notification of my reasons for seeking an annulment or, in the alternative, a divorce. My wife always carried a knife and under stress often lost her temper and control, so my main concern was assuring the person serving the papers didn't get hurt. Mark came up with the idea of having two of the women black belts in his martial arts class serve the papers. I knew either one of them could handle Poisoned Dragon if she turned violent, but the two of them together could take her apart in seconds without any injury to them. The two agreed, and I suggested they hand my wife the papers at her subway stop: 30th Avenue on the N line in Astoria, Queens. I assumed Poisoned Dragon probably entered the station some time between 6 and 6:30 PM in order to make it to Flash Dancers by 7 PM to put on her face and body makeup. Both of the black belts had met my

wife before, so they would easily recognize her. At around 6:15 PM, Poisoned Dragon galloped up the steps in a rush to catch the train, one of the black belts handed her an envelope saying, “You’ve been served!” My wife took it without question and without understanding and continued in a hurry to catch the train. A nice and smooth job for which I gave my friends boxes of Godiva Chocolate, a girl’s favorite.

With my first shot in the war fired, I joyfully imagined the sinking feeling Poisoned Dragon felt when she read the notice on the train. Her distress would come from realizing that her and her lawyers’ connivance and intimidation failed, that now, probably for the first time in her life, a man chose to hold her accountable for her conduct. She must have bounced from rage to fear and back again. Rage that a member of the sex of fools, on which she preyed with honey words of deceit, dared to fight back, and fear that a court proceeding would cost lots of money, which Poisoned Dragon was less willing to lose than her soul, and might also result with her back in Russia where she belonged. She probably already tried to pay Mundy and Petrovich with sex, but Mundy, the typical profit driven American lawyer, was not going to accept sex instead of the thousands of dollars a disputed case brings. She would have to shell out cash to Mundy, but sex would likely still payoff the Russian lawyer Petrovich.

The trinity of evil made the classic mistake that International Affairs’ courses refer to as “mirror image.” They assumed I would react the same way as they in a similar situation. Most lawyers and Russians value money above all else, which meant doing anything, no matter how revolting, to hold on to it. But I wasn’t like them. For me, when faced with a choice between money and justice, I chose justice, something they, especially my wife, would never understand.

The summons required a response in twenty days, but the domestic relations’ courts don’t enforce deadlines. Too bad because the failure of my wife’s attorney to respond within the

allotted time would have entitled me to an annulment or divorce by default. Historically, all New York State courts strictly enforced deadlines in order to prevent unscrupulous lawyers from denying justice by delaying it or intentionally inflicting emotional distress on an opposing party by not only dragging out the proceedings but also increasing the opposing party's costs by requiring him to make motions to force obedience to deadlines. Unfortunately, the take over by Feminazis and Political Correctionalists of the domestic relations courts resulted in making a joke of procedural deadlines. The courts generally deny motions for adherence to legal deadlines or fail to provide any meaningful sanctions against their violation, so the lawyers practicing in the field no longer bothered trying to enforce deadlines against their opponents. The deadlines remain on the books, but the judges in their arrogance ignore the laws. It's similar to a girl trying to show up on time; she can't, so she doesn't and thinks that's her right.

Behind the courts' failure to abide by legal procedures is incompetence, always the mother of sloth. Since the mid-seventies, females have flooded the domestic relations courts as judges and employees. Many domestic relations judges graduated from the bottom half of their law school class, which means the only reason they made it through was because the professors graded on a curve. Law school students with high grades earn them, the rest receive additional points they don't deserve on an exam just to push them through to graduation. A communistic type of mentality, which I also found in business school, that punishes high achievers while rewarding slackers in order not to offend the dumber half of our population. For example, a student who gets a 90 on an exam will not receive any additional points, but one who funks with a 50 might get another 20 points so she can pass. So in reality, often the failures end up as judges, and many of them are females. The courts, as with all traditionally male professions are now infested with females, hide behind the ludicrous depiction in the media and movies of

women as strong, smart and independent heroes in order to mask the reality of the pervasiveness of female incompetence, sloth and cowardice.

At a meeting with my lawyer to prepare my request for a temporary order of protection, I mentioned my plans to inform various law enforcement agencies of my wife's criminal conduct and to contact various people in order to authenticate her diary. Judith, always a disagreeable person, launched into her usual monologue, her idea of a conversation, but this time she turned it into tirade of hostility filled with venom and vituperation against me. Shouting, she railed I couldn't do that, and warned me to stay away from law enforcement agencies and anyone connected with the diary. She accused me of feeling anger towards my wife, as though that were a crime. Judith raged on with vindictive words of guilt and shame while insisting I see a psychiatrist because my anger wasn't natural but a sickness. Her vitriolic mouth spewed forth emotional hammers trying to pound me into submission by making me the criminal for wanting my wife to obey her vows, which for primitive life forms like Judith only men must obey—not females. She censured me with the female equivalent of the capital crime “controlling” in how I treated my wife. This lawyer let out all the anger inside of her at me, her client and the one who paid her, because she blindly hated men and wanted an easy case.

She tried to rationalize her rant by saying that because I was a man the judge would hold it against me for informing other authorities of my wife's violations of the law, and see my attempt to authenticate her diary as nothing more than an effort to harass her. That was most likely accurate, but not an excuse for her behavior. She also added that the diary couldn't be authenticated anyway because it required testimony from people outside the court's jurisdiction. I corrected her on that point because the law specifically allows for a number of different methods to obtain such testimony. Realizing I knew more about the law than her, she

combatively countered that the judge wouldn't allow it. I felt sick after this lambasting. I came to this woman for help, and all she provided was nastiness and emotional abuse. She wanted me to lie down so Poisoned Dragon could trample me while Judith collected thousands of dollars from me by sacrificing another man to the "goddess of womanhood."

After that emotional assault, I decided my lawyer more revolting than my wife. Besides Judith's personal obnoxiousness, she exhibited the greedy trait of filling in time on the telephone with non-legal conversation because she billed in fifteen-minute intervals—give me a break, even my wife danced for the whole song. With Judith, however, if it only took five minutes to give legal advice, she continued to talk for ten more minutes about non-legal matters for which she billed a total of \$75 when she only provided \$25 of attorney value. She even admitted doing this with all her clients. I guess her female brain couldn't work out the math for shorter time periods. For my emotional sanity and monetary reasons, I avoided as much as possible seeing her or talking to her over the telephone and decided to proceed with my plans for justice despite her repellent tirade. But first, Judith's suggestion of trying for a temporary order of protection against Poisoned Dragon seemed worth the shot.

On a dreary, rainy, cold afternoon I took the forty-five minute subway ride to the outer reaches of Queens where the Family Court occupied a dilapidated, ancient building that looked better suited for railroading than the rendering of justice. On crossing the threshold into that mean-spirited cavern of civil servants who cared about nothing except their extended coffee breaks and lunch hours, I knew my chances for justice slim but my humiliation assured. The process took about three hours, short by that court's standards. First, I wrote out my reasons for requesting a temporary order of protection then took it to the typist, a fat, greasy, clearly homosexual black man who clearly hated his job, himself and white heterosexual men. He

pounded the typewriter keys with oversized fingers swollen from too many Twinkies, every stroke an expression of his boiling hostility. From there I traversed filthy corridors to a waiting room filled with people from the lower economic levels of the uneducated who were doing a poor job of passing themselves off as sentient beings.

Finally my turn came. I entered a tiny room with low ceilings that made the judge's elevated bench look comical. She probably hit her head every time she adjusted her underwear. Behind the bench sat judge Fran Lubow and her female clerk filled with self-importance and few abilities; otherwise, they wouldn't be in such a dump. I could easily beat these enemies of men anywhere on an even playing field, but fairness and rules didn't reign in that closet of vindictiveness.

The clerk swore me in, I stated my name, but before I could present my argument for a temporary order of protection, Lubow cut me off accusing me of seeking one just because my wife obtained an order against me, and now I wanted one out of retribution. Typical lame female believing she could read men's minds. She and her clerk then laughed derisively. To them, men didn't deserve the protection of the law because orders of protection were only for women to bludgeon men into submission. I tried to interrupt the judge, to state my case, but this female cut me off again, telling me with a snicker to try the divorce court in Manhattan. She denied the temporary order of protection because the law allowed her sufficient discretion to abuse her public position of power for her own personal agenda against men, but it didn't allow her to refuse the issuance of a summons to serve on my wife with a complaint outlining Poisoned Dragons' threats.

Summons in hand, I left that joke of a court of justice, seething not only at Lubow, the kangaroo court system, and Feminazis in general but my own attorney for putting my through

another emotional wringer. So far, Judith had only caused my more distress, probably in an effort to make me give up without a fight. Many years ago, I told myself never hire a female for anything because they're probably either incompetent or, worst, will sell you down the river in order to win a victory for sisterhood. Yet I still ended up with them in my life, why? Well, I decided to fire Judith at the appropriate time and hire a man to represent me—enough with trying to placate the Feminazis, they're my enemies to the death.

The Temporary Order of Protection against me scheduled a hearing for April 6, 2001, in the same Feminazi infested court before another female, ax-grinding, male-hating judge in order to determine whether my wife should receive a permanent order of protection. The way these orders work, Poisoned Dragon could have decided not to show without notifying me while the law still required me to show or face arrest by the police. She could fail to appear a couple of times at no cost to her before the court dismissed the case, but I had to show every time and bear the cost of my lawyer, the lost time and the distress. Not a bad procedure for harassing me. However, with the summons I received from the Queens court, Poisoned Dragon would also have to appear in court on April 6th, or the judge would immediately dismiss her claims against me and might even enter a default judgment on my complaint against her for threatening me, which meant a permanent order of protection against her. I could then show up at Flash Dancers and have her arrested, ho, ho, ho. Poisoned Dragon couldn't chance not showing up in court without an attorney or without incurring the attorney fee necessary to prepare her testimony. The added expenses and public exposure should fuel her rage.

All I needed to do before the April 6th hearing was to have someone serve my wife with the Queens court summons and complaint concerning the threats she made against me. She was too savvy to be caught again at the same subway station or allow the same two lady black belts

to get near her. In New York State, serving a summons and complaint didn't require the target to actually accept the papers. If Poisoned Dragon refused to take the documents, a person could just drop them and walk away, but he needed to get close enough to offer the papers. If Poisoned Dragon saw a process server coming, she'd used those long legs of hers to bolt. After some brainstorming, a mischievous grin spread across my face—serve her at Flash Dancers, perfectly legal, a public place, no concerns about trespass violations and nowhere for her to run, unless she bounded out onto Broadway in her tong panties. The tourists would like that. All I needed now where a couple guys to do the job, since I didn't want to ask a couple of decent girls to descend into that sleaze pit.

During a Friday night martial arts class, Jesse and Moody, both black belts and in their early twenties, willingly agreed to serve the papers inside Flash Dancers. They thought the idea cool and a challenge. I warned that the bouncers might try to interfere, but that didn't phase them. They two guys together could probably take out every hood in the joint. Jesse met Poisoned Dragon before, so he would easily recognize her and give her the papers. Moody, the taller of the two at six-feet two-inches, would back him up. After class, Jesse and Moody went to visit my wife at work on March 14, 2001.

They descended the steps into the dim lower reaches of human aspirations, where Jesse spotted my wife giving some older guy a lap dance over in a corner and pointed her out to Moody.

With a laugh, Moody said, "Hey that old guy looks like Roy!"

"Yeah, he kind of does," Jesse agreed with a smile. "Let's wait 'til she's finished and walk up from behind so she doesn't see us coming."

"That should be easy," Moody remarked.

When Poisoned Dragon finished her lap dance, Jesse in the lead with Moody right behind him walked over while she put on her dress in front of the guy she had just sexually excited for \$20.

Still with her back to them, Jesse said, “Angelina, this is for you.” And extended his hand with the envelope containing the summons and complaint.

She turned around and focused on the envelope, probably thinking Jesse just another fool customer wanting to reward the goddess of beauty. She instinctively took what her greedy, green heart likely thought contained cash or something of value. But as her eyes shifted to Jesse’s face and narrowed on it, the recognition screamed her mistake through her diseased mind.

“This from Roy! You take back!” and punched her hand with the envelope into Jesse’s chest letting the envelope fall to the floor. Jesse didn’t flinch and wisely didn’t pick up the papers. Poisoned Dragon was legally served.

The “older guy” who had just paid for a lap dance apparently figured my wife was in need of assistance, so he started to get up remarking in an authoritative tone, “What’s going on here?”

“Sit down!” Moody ordered. The guy wisely complied.

Jesse and Moody turned to leave but Poisoned Dragon picked up the envelope, hooked her fingers into Jesse’s sleeve and stepped in front of the both on them blocking their exit.

Moody looked up at her, six-feet six-inches in her Flash Dancers heels, thinking damn she’s tall.

Holding onto Jesse, she threatened, “Take this back!” Others might have done so, but not these guys—no one intimidated them, especially some overly tall ho. Still, Jesse faced an interesting predicament, what to do with a girl using physical force against him. If it were a

man, he'd simply deck the guy, but in modern day America any physical force used against a girl, no matter how justified, gets the man, not the female into legal trouble. How unfair this hypocrisy of females hiding behind traditional beliefs of them as the weaker sex while asserting themselves as new age women using physical force. Just then a bouncer swaggered over with self-importance and illusions of rescuing the not-so-fair damsel.

“They try to give me papers I don't want.” Poisoned Dragon angrily declared.

“You can't serve legal papers in here; it's against the law so take them back!”

Moody responded, “You don't look like a lawyer to me.”

Jesse said, “She's been served. And now she's stopping us from leaving.”

The bouncer realized he couldn't intimidate Jesse and Moody, so in a lame attempt to save face said, “Get out of here and don't come back—ever. I'll remember you guys!”

“Don't worry, we wouldn't remember you,” Moody replied.

Poisoned Dragon released her grip, Jesse and Moody left laughing but banned for life from Flash Dancers.

When I heard what happened, I contacted a criminal lawyer friend of mine to see whether the district attorney would prosecute my wife for her assaulting Jesse. In serving the papers, Jesse and Moody were carrying out court business. Any interference with that task, not to mention assaulting the process server, is a crime. My attorney friend just laughed, “Maybe if the process server was a woman and the assaulting person a man; otherwise, forget it!” Once again I ran up against the dual standard that Poisoned Dragon so effectively exploited in America.

After the Flash Dancers service, my attorney received a letter from Poisoned Dragon's lawyer Mundy that was sent before Jesse and Moody's excellent night at the strip club.

It started:

Enclosed please find defendant's Demand for Complaint.

In the interest of sparing our respective clients embarrassment, time and expense, my client has asked that we attempt to resolve divorce and financial matters amicably. My letter to your client dated February 5, 2001 offered to proceed in that fashion, but was responded to with an Annulment and Divorce Complaint and Summons alleging, among other things, cruel and inhuman treatment.

How sensitive of Mundy to leave out the accusations of marriage fraud, something the INS frowned on, and adultery, something that humiliated Poisoned Dragon. The trinity of evil, now with the Order of Protection hanging over my head, must have reasoned it worth one more try to threaten me with embarrassment and costs in order to push me into lying before the INS. They still didn't realize: no surrender and never give in to evil. Mundy's letter continued:

In a final effort to avoid public disclosure of certain familial facts and circumstances, which by their nature should remain private and personal, I am once again extending the opportunity to engage in non-formal discovery and exchange of financial disclosure and documentation pertinent to equitable distribution and maintenance issues, prior to draft and filing of a Complaint, Answer and Counterclaims in this matter.

Please be guided accordingly.

What "familial facts and circumstances" I wondered? My wife's hooking and defrauding the INS? Public disclosure of those acts didn't mean a damn to me. I married a ho; I admit it. Maybe the sentence came from part of a form letter that Mundy accidentally left in. The part I really liked, however, was the "non-formal discovery" in which they could manufacture any lie without court sanctions, since no oaths or authenticate documents would be involved. The "equitable distribution and maintenance" jargon was a childish attempt to panic me into believing my wife had a claim on my income and assets. The marriage was too short, and extrapolating out to a year from her arrival, she would net well over \$100,000—more than me. So if anyone deserved equitable distribution, it was me. The last part about drafting a Complaint made no sense. The plaintiff, me, serves a Complaint, and the defendant, Poisoned Dragon,

serves an Answer with Counterclaims. Defendants don't bother with Complaints unless there are third parties. More sloppy drafting by Mundy.

The Mountain's High

With my court counterattack under way, I began prodding various law enforcement agencies to hold Poisoned Dragon responsible for the laws she disdainfully violated in her drive for money and kicks. I wanted to bring her to justice or justice to her. My female friends said let it go, arguing that in the end she will get her comeuppance. Their convictions were easy to hold. They sat on the sidelines in this war, and females always advocate that a man give in to a female, so long as it costs the guy and not them. But I had little faith in advice from females or "what goes around, comes around." Unless I brought her to justice, no one would. Sure anger drove me, but what a great motivation—look at the revolutions throughout history. Those guys raged for justice—no girlie-men they. Who cared if today's Political Correctionalists demanded adherence by men to the emasculating belief that anger, acting as a human being when wronged, was evil. The only evil at work was girls and their sycophants tricking guys out of fighting for their rights. Poisoned Dragon and her lawyers were so self-absorbed with themselves and their greed that they willingly harmed others and broke the law to further their ends.

In my gut, I knew that the bizarre twists and turns of events that brought me into Poisoned Dragon's orbit meant the fate Atropos had condemned me to fight her, her allies and tie me to wherever that might. Back when we first met, Poisoned Dragon played the con that our meeting was preordained because of all the events that had to occur for us to actually run into each other. She used the fates to make me more susceptible to her schemes, but the fates really made me susceptible to their scheme.

In 1997, when I graduated business school, I made a few trips over the succeeding year in search of a finance job in Russia. On the last trip, when walking out of a Moscow fax center, I spotted an employment weekly written in English. I nearly kept going, but a whisper from my unconscious caused me to pause and actually debate with myself whether to pick up an issue. I grabbed a copy, which contained nothing concerning finance positions, but the lead article talked about a famous American investigating and security agency in Moscow—Kroll Associates. Many years earlier, when I worked on some undercover stories for the news media, I considered applying to Kroll for a job, so I could work on investigations full-time. Nothing like exposing crooked politicians and businessmen, but I remained in the media instead.

Kroll had nothing to do with finance, but investigations still excited me, so I sent off my resume, and the manager, Joe Serio, scheduled an interview. Before our meeting, the economy in Russia took a dive in the financial market melt down of 1998 as a result of the thievery and stupidity by both Westerners and Russians. All my scheduled interviews with financial institutions dried up because cutbacks, rather than expansion, became the order of the day. Kroll's manager, however, still wanted to meet even though the firm was not hiring at the moment. Joe and I hit it off. We both understood Russia as a lawless society where doing business required criminal activity ranging from bribes to murder. Joe's assistant was leaving, but before hiring a replacement, the firm needed to see how the financial crisis shook out. He asked me to keep in touch, just in case business picked up. I left Russia that summer certain never to return, but told myself that if one of the companies that interviewed me offered me a job, I'd take it.

Back in the states, pretty much fed up with this society and my life, I began making preparations to head for the jungles of South America again, but this time never to return. Fresh

with the memory of the second revelation in my life, I accepted the fact that I had missed my calling, which made my efforts on this planet a failure. Just before Christmas, Joe from Kroll Associates called to say the company had started looking for a new assistant manager in Russia and was I interested. I said sure and began the process of interviews. The key interview was with its Director of European Operations, Tiedemann. During the interview with this overly compensating, insecure half-pint, I kept thinking I'd never even consider this job if she were going to be my boss, but since I would report to Joe, it didn't matter. I did wonder, however, how Joe could put up with such a dumb nazi female for a boss.

Kroll ran me through their background check, offered me the job and I accepted. In order to obtain a Russian visa, the Moscow office needed a copy of my passport. One of the Russian guys in the office pointed out my age to Joe, who notified Tiedemann. Both Joe and the lesbian Tiedemann called to tell me they were surprised; they thought me ten years younger. So much for the infallibility of Kroll's background check—they couldn't even get my year of birth right. Tiedemann then withdrew Kroll's offer of a job, lying that the firm decided not to hire an assistant manager for economic reasons. Off went an angry letter from me to the President and founder of Kroll accusing his company of age discrimination. The letter should at least have the effect of teaching his two moronic employees a lesson in how not to treat people. At the same time, I began researching a possible suit against Kroll while debating whether to move on to the jungle. Proving age discrimination in court is very difficult, especially when the person does not already work for a company, but a suit against Kroll might prove fun.

Shortly thereafter, much to my surprise, Joe and Tiedemann offered me a six-month contract as assistant manager in Russia. My letter probably prodded the firm into buying legal peace with this short-term consultancy offer. They probably didn't think I'd take it, but I did.

Why not? One more adventure, then I could go lose myself in the jungle. Maybe I'd get lucky and aggravate some Russian organized crime figures as I did with the Gambino and Managano crime families that supported the Surrogate Judge Marie Lambert by providing Joe Conason of the Village Voice with evidence of her malfeasance.

Kroll wanted me to start work in Moscow as soon as possible, which didn't present a problem except for finding a place to live. My translators from previous trips usually knew friends or relatives that could rent me a room or an apartment whenever I traveled to Russia. I only needed accommodations for a couple of weeks or a month on my arrival, because once there, I could easily find something more long term. Surprisingly no one knew of any places for rent. Then one day while making arrangements with my broker, Maiya, for the wiring of Kroll's salary checks into my account, she suggested I contact a friend of hers in Moscow. Her friend found me a place on Kutusovsky Prospect, one of the more fancy parts of town.

As irony once again arranged, I arrived in Moscow on July 4, 1999, and moved into the very large apartment where Joseph Stalin's daughter once lived. To my surprise but not the fate Atropos, Joe told me he was leaving Kroll at the end of the month, and that I was now the acting manager for the company in Russia, still on a six-month contract to win new clients but with the added task of improving the firm's operations in what was left of the evil empire. It's always better as the boss than an underling, but now I had to deal directly with the Feminazi Tiedemann. But I was already in Moscow, and how bad could the next six months be?

Nineteen days later on a warm Friday evening, Joe and I went to hear Maria sing in her and her boyfriend's band. Joe sat in playing the harmonica on a few songs. The band finished before 11 PM, and I was ready to party some more, but Joe and everyone else went home. So I hurried back to the party at my apartment building that I had passed earlier in the evening.

Hopped the wrong Metro train, then flagged down a car and made my way back just in time to meet Poisoned Dragon, who, just before my appearance, had decided to call it a night and was leaving the hookers' ball for the apartment where Leo put up his out of town prostitutes and shot porn videos—what timing!

Twenty months later, my last adventure mercilessly drove me on, providing letters with accompanying exhibits about Poisoned Dragon's illegal activities for the Internal Revenue Service, New York State Department of Taxation, Krasnodar Tax Inspectorate, Immigration and Naturalization Service in New York City, the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, Immigration's Commissioner and Audit Office, Senators Hillary Clinton and Charles Schumer's offices, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the Drug Enforcement Administration, U.S. Customs and the New York City Board of Elections Commission.

To the American, Russian and New York tax authorities, I provided information showing that Poisoned Dragon evaded paying taxes on over \$150,000 in net income that she earned in the U.S. from July 2000 to December 2001. That's factoring in the four months vacation she took during that year and a half, but not the amount she made on her back working as a prostitute. Not bad by any standard and virtually all tax-free. To each tax authority, I sent as exhibits Poisoned Dragon's diary in which she tells how much she made on various nights and the total for her first month and a half of \$18,000; an internet site created by lap dancers that published the average nightly income for strippers at Flash Dancers: \$500; the number of days she worked in 2000 and 2001, which I calculated using her work schedules and an undercover operative who befriended my wife at Flash Dancers; a copy of her bank contract for the safe deposit box in which she kept her cash before smuggling it to Russia and Cyprus; her U.S. bank accounts and credit card number; even the mutual fund account she set up in Cyprus to hide some of her loot,

which I found through Elaine White, a Canadian detective. When Poisoned Dragon traveled to Cyprus in September 2000, she met with a former customer from her Zygos Club days: Stephanos. He worked in a bank, so my wife likely enlisted him to help with smuggling her cash into Cyprus and then hiding it in various accounts she never reported to the I.R.S.

The divorce court eventually forced her to disclose her tax return for the year 2000. She first filed a return reporting an income of only \$7,600 but someone, probably her lawyers, had her amend it up to \$18,800, so as to explain her diary's statement of earning \$18,000 in a month and a half. Her amended filing still failed to include at least another \$40,000 she earned in 2000, mainly at Flash Dancers. My evidence to the I.R.S. and New York State Tax authorities included copies of her work schedules for 2000 that showed she worked four and a half months at Flash Dancers, so she obviously failed to report at least three months of income. The work schedules also showed she lied on her 2000 tax return about her occupation as bartender and listing herself as "single" rather than "married filing separately." The "married filing separately" category would have required her to pay more taxes.

Poisoned Dragon also violated Russian tax law because as a Russian citizen she was required to report all her income no matter where made. Consistent with her criminal nature, she didn't even report her fraudulently low earnings of \$18,800 in the U.S. for 2000 just as she had evaded reporting her Cyprus and Mexico income for 1999. The Krasnodar Tax Inspectorate was not about to do anything, since all Russians considered tax evasion a genetically given right with an estimate of over 90% of income earners evading taxes.

Another government agency through which I tried to bring Poisoned Dragon to justice was U.S. Customs. She usually worked for two or three months, saved up conservatively speaking twenty to thirty grand, then took the money to Russia or Cyprus without declaring any

of it—a federal felony, and her money from prostitution, an illegal act, made the transporting of those funds money laundering. My wife didn't take bundles of cash out of the country, but very sophisticatedly put the money on a debit or credit card, which was a lot easier to fit into her favorite hiding places, the heels of her shoes or her vagina. I thought the last hiding place might entice Customs to take a look, but it didn't—probably infested with too many females.

Once in Russia or Cyprus, she simply withdrew the money from the card at a bank or any number of ATMs that dispense dollars. Through an informant, I knew the approximate dates of my wife carrying cash out of the country, and because it was the cheapest, she always flew Aeroflot. On two occasions, I notified the Customs' agent at JFK who ended up with the case of approximately when she was departing, but nothing ever happened. The fault lay not in my information because my informants in Russia always pinpointed Poisoned Dragon in Krasnodar, Moscow, St. Petersburg or Cyprus at times consistent with when Customs knew she would be traveling. All Customs needed to do was check the Aeroflot manifests during a short window of time to find out the exact dates for her leaving the country.

Most of my hopes for justice from the executive branch, however, rested with the Immigration Service. By instituting the annulment and divorce proceedings, Poisoned Dragon's immigration attorney, Mundy, would file what Immigration called a Waiver of the Joint Petition. Whenever annulment or divorce proceedings begin, an alien spouse can go to Immigration to ask for a permanent green card, so long as the alien shows that she married the American in good faith, which meant she wanted a husband not just a visa to America, and the American refused to help her file papers showing they were married in good faith or the American abused her physically or mentally. Once the court terminates the marriage, Immigration will make a ruling on whether to grant a permanent green card.

My strategy was to provide immigration with the evidence from her diary that she married me just for a green card and committed perjury before Immigration by not admitting she worked as a prostitute in Russia, Cyprus and Mexico and was arrested in Mexico City. Immigration didn't really care whether an alien married an American in good faith because it was so difficult to prove the alien only wanted a green card. But lying under oath was another matter.

Initially, I only considered approaching the Immigration authorities in New York City because I assumed they had exclusive jurisdiction since my wife lived in the City. But the part in Poisoned Dragon's Temporary Order of Protection about me threatening to use contacts at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow to deport her remained highlighted in my mind. It didn't make any sense to me. Not only didn't I say it, I never even thought it and didn't have any contacts at the Embassy I could use. As so often happened throughout the revolting experiences with Poisoned Dragon, when a statement, event or piece of information didn't make sense at first blush, it always came around later to fit into fate's puzzle.

The lie concocted by my wife's lawyers germinated into an idea that jumped into my conscious early one morning. The Immigration Office at the Embassy approved her temporary green card, so it must have the power to initiate deportation proceedings when new information shows she violated Immigration procedures, such as lying under oath when she submitted her application to the Embassy. An end run around New York City's INS office would allow me to avoid the inundated, overworked, inaccessible, massive and uncaring employees of the local INS bureaucracy where most complaints against aliens went to die. The Immigration Service at the Moscow Embassy obviously received few, if any, complaints against immigrants already in the America. The small size of the operation and the camaraderie that Americans overseas generally

feel with other Americans should increase my chances of finding a sympathetic official willing to do his duty. The emphasis is “his,” since few American females, and even fewer Feminazis, worked at the U.S. Embassy, which reduced the chance of some malicious, ax-wheeling woman abusing her authority by denying another man justice.

For advice on how to notify the Embassy, I contacted my American lawyer in Moscow, Dennis, who had previously briefed me on Russian divorce proceedings. Dennis knew the Embassy’s Chief of the Department of State’s Visa Unit—bingo! Thank you Mundy, Petrovich and Poisoned Dragon for your suggestion.

It also finally dawned on me as to why the trinity of evil included in the Temporary Order of Protection the lie about my threatening to use Embassy contacts to deport her, which wasn’t needed to obtain the Order. In the former Soviet Union, getting officials, such as Russians who worked for foreign embassies, to do something meant bribing them. Mundy and Petrovich did Russian immigration work, so they probably bribed their Russian contacts at the Embassy to help their clients. Naturally these two lawyers figured that I would do the same to initiate deportation proceedings. So in order to deter me, they included the allegation in the Order of Protection under the misguided assumption that I functioned the way they did, and if they saw such an allegation they would refrain from their usual dishonesty.

Russians and most lawyers just don’t know how to live in a civilized world. The rule of law and honesty apparently still predominated in the U.S. because inside most Americans, except Feminazis and lawyers, lay a deep-seated hatred for injustice, scoundrels and cheats. Mundy, Petrovich and Poisoned Dragon didn’t understand this or chose to ignore it, so their using Russian ways against an American who hated lawyers backfired by leading me to the one

Immigration office most likely to initiate deportation proceedings for Poisoned Dragon's violation of U.S. law.

What's Going On?

Under the Immigration and Nationality Act, a foreigner who marries an American can apply for a temporary green card that allows the alien spouse to travel to and from America and to work here. The Federal Government takes months to process an application for a temporary green card because, as Immigration claims, it carefully scrutinizes the applicant to make sure criminals, drug dealers, prostitutes, lunatics, terrorists and other unsavory characters don't immigrate to America. Actually, the U.S. General Accounting Office found the INS routinely failed to investigate fraudulent applications.

In order to initiate an investigation by Immigration into Poisoned Dragon fraudulently obtaining a temporary green card, I prepared the usual lawyerly letter for the New York City Immigration Office and for Dennis in Moscow. The letter detailed Poisoned Dragon's violation of the Immigration and Nationality Act and included documents that supported my accusations. Using mainly my wife's diary, the letter showed she married me with the primary purpose of first obtaining a temporary and then a permanent green card, lied about not working as a prostitute, lied that she was never arrested or imprisoned by conveniently forgetting about her deportation from Mexico and lied when she stated she worked as an artist in Cyprus unless prostitution and lap dancing are considered art. Under the law, any of the lies amounted to perjury that my wife used to intentionally trick—defraud—the State Department into issuing her a visa to enter America and Immigration into granting her a temporary green card. Each lie she made to defraud the Federal Government and marrying me just to obtain a green card were individually enough to bounce her back to Russia, or so I thought.

Before sending off the letter, I tried to obtain copies of the records of Poisoned Dragon's arrest and imprisonment in Mexico, but someone had gotten to the Mexican Police and Federale Immigration files and tore the pages out of the ledgers. My investigator said he could still see the jagged tops of the pages ripped out. He warned that my wife must have well-connected criminal friends in Mexico in order to eliminate these records of her arrest and imprisonment—so much for the integrity of Mexican law enforcement. Poisoned Dragon's friends, however, weren't too smart—they missed the Mexican immigration prison's visitor files. Alfredo visited her in prison a few times, and the records of those visits were not disappeared. The copies at least proved she was incarcerated for immigration reasons about which she lied on here green card application.

A former Lieutenant Colonel in the M.V.D. used his contacts in the Russian government to check on any possible criminal violations by her in her home country. They ran her name through the Ministry of Internal Affairs nationwide database—no arrests, no convictions and no ongoing investigations—rats! I married a criminal too small to show up in Russia's law enforcement files or smart enough to cultivate friends able to expunge her records, not uncommon in the former Soviet Union.

Dennis turned my case over to his partner, Xenia, a Russian lady lawyer in her thirties, who spoke English. Initially, I feared Xenia would sympathized with my wife, as did a few of my younger Russian translators, but she didn't. Poisoned Dragon's diary shocked her to the core. She saw my wife as an insult to all Russian women, the very worst that Russia possessed. Ironically, I found in this Russian woman the best of all the attorneys I had, a true advocate who believed in my cause and sought justice rather than just taking my money—unlike my American divorce lawyer, Judith.

Xenia prepared a letter based on mine and organized a package of documents, including a typed English translation of Poisoned Dragon's diary, for Dennis' contact at the Embassy. The contact personally turned the matter over to the Embassy's Chief of the INS office—bingo once again. Back then, INS did the law enforcement functions for violations of the Immigration Act that included fraudulently obtaining green cards from Immigration and visas from the State Department.

Access to government officials willing to take the time to consider a citizen's case always makes the difference. The hire up the official the better. The personal handing over of documents accompanied by a few words from one person on the inside to another helps immensely because a case no longer languishes out of sight and out of mind of the person responsible for handling it. There are, however, always exceptions, mostly with female American officials. Whether in Moscow or the states, females in institutional positions with even the smallest amount of power use it only to serve their own interests. They just don't understand how the America built by men works. And make no doubt about it—men, not women, built America.

When someone with a legitimate request is able to directly contact an American man in a position of influence, he usually takes the time to help because he understands the very structure of the institution in which he works often thwarts the purpose for its existence. He also knows the person he helps will owe him a favor. He may never collect on it, but it's always there. Girls, however, with their inbred selfishness and pedantic fears don't provide favors unless someone helps them first. In addition, females almost always refuse to make judgment calls in situations not specifically covered by an organization's rules. Their insecurities keep them from doing the right thing when to do so means circumventing some inane procedure. Like Russians,

most American girls just don't comprehend how societies are supposed to function. Fortunately for me, the small size of the American community, somewhat isolated in the alien outpost of Moscow, increased the chances of Dennis knowing a man high up in the bureaucracy, which allowed me to avoid the ubiquitous one-neuron bureaucratic-gatekeeper programmed only to bar admittance.

While Xenia lobbied the Moscow Embassy, I tried to prod the New York City Immigration Office into taking action. Unfortunately, I didn't know anyone in the New York City office, so my efforts to circumvent its intentional obfuscation and Neanderthal gatekeepers who bar access to sentient officials met with little success.

New York's Immigration did list a local telephone number for the Enforcement Division, but I knew it couldn't be that easy, and I was right. Human beings no longer answer telephones at the Federal Government, only answering machines. This frees up civil workers for less work. The answering machine at INS requested my name and number, which I left about five times, and promised to call me back, which the machine and INS never did. Immigration also published an 800 number that gave out only the street mailing address for the New York City Enforcement Division, no room number. Naturally, as with most Federal agencies that the taxpayer pays for, local Immigration officials wanted to minimize their work load and shift their responsibility for enforcing the laws into a bottomless pit of unanswered telephone calls and mail drops where legitimate complaints waited for the second coming. The safety of American citizens never came before the comfort and convenience of government bureaucrats. No personal interaction with the public meant no accountability, which freed the bureaucrats to put in their time with as little effort as possible until their pensions vested.

The vaunted Immigration service that struck fear in the hearts of aliens as a tough, no nonsense, professional outfit that tracked aliens within America's borders and summarily deported them for violations of U.S. law was nothing more than a "Club Fed": a bunch of bureaucrats busy shuffling papers, pretending to work and dodging the public who paid their salaries. Federal officials always claim their heavy workload requires such obstructionist procedures, and they are right. To them their workload must seem insurmountable because it requires more than a few hours of effort a day when they would rather spend their time stuffing their faces or running their mouths. Government employees work in government not to help the public but because it's the limit of what they can do. Government is the employer of last resort.

Scouring the INS web site, I found a room number for the New York City Enforcement Division at One Federal Plaza—their mistake. No way was I going to mail my complaint to some bottomless pit. I was going to visit them in person in my lawyer's suit and demand to see an officer. All I needed was to get to the right elevator banks in the building, which meant circumventing another commonly used obstacle by Federal agencies. The entrance to every agency sported pseudo-security persons in cheap uniforms asking visitors where they were going in order to channel them to overly crowded, sense-assaulting pens that processed any request into a bureaucratic nightmare in order to discourage the stoutest of hearts. But armed with a room number, the security officer pointed me to the appropriate elevator probably thinking I had an appointment.

When I walked through the Enforcement Division's door, the officer sitting behind a Plexiglas shield looked surprised. I doubted few of the public ever traversed this threshold, not because they weren't permitted, since the office clearly reflected a place for taxpayers to lodge complaints, but because Immigration tried to hide its location from the public. Well, I found it,

and now I wanted to see someone. A young guy with a gun politely took me into an interview room the size of a large closet, probably wired for sound, and I presented him the package of papers, explained the complaint and answered questions. I intentionally included in the documents Poisoned Dragon's modeling card that showed her in eye-catching lingerie outfits. I figured it would attract a government employee's attention whether a man or a lesbian of which many seem to gravitate to enforcement agencies. But it also provided an effective way of identifying her since lap dancers work in their underwear. The agent thanked me for filing the complaint, and told me what I expected: because of the Division's heavy workload, they would probably never get around to acting on the matter. Modern day American justice began to make Russia look inviting.

When I got back home, I was surprised to find a message on my voicemail from an Immigration agent, different from the one I just met, asking me to call him back. The message came in literally minutes after I left the Enforcement Division—now that's quick service. It must have been Poisoned Dragon's pictures. I returned the call to a young sounding agent named Gene Kazenko who said he read through the complaint, meaning he looked at the half-naked pictures of my wife, and decided to conduct an initial interview with Poisoned Dragon. Did he really intend to interview her or hustle her for a quickie? It just didn't make sense the Federal Government responding so fast. He wanted to know her daily routine, which I gave him, and suggested the best times and places to approach her were when she took the subway to work or at Flash Dancers. The later must clearly have appealed to him. I added that according to my wife, some of the other girls at Flash Dancers worked without visas, and warned him that she carried a knife. I don't know whether he ever dated her, but I doubt he ever considered the case

seriously since repeated telephone calls and letters to him with additional information uncovered in my continuing investigation never even elicited the courtesy of a response.

Months later, I contacted U.S. Senator Hillary Clinton's office to complain about INS' do nothing attitude. On a lark, I thought that one of her Feminazi storm troopers might see an opportunity of using my case against Poisoned Dragon to push Immigration to tighten up its procedures in order to reduce the female competition streaming into the country from Russia and other foreign nations. I based my attempt on a curious hypocrisy that while Feminazis regaled in castigating, criticizing, demeaning, defaming, demonizing, denigrating, dissing and blaming men for all the world's ills and the wrongs they may have suffered, the non-lesbian ones perpetually bawled like babies that they couldn't find a man.

To my amazement, these man-haters didn't comprehend that after decades under the Feminazi lash, men didn't want to date them. No guy desires some girl constantly insulting him who at the same time scolds him over what he thinks, says and does. American men aren't that masochistic. Instead, they set their sites on girls from South America, Asia and the former Soviet Union because those girls don't continually berate men for exercising their freedoms of speech and thought or challenge a man's right to exist as a man because some Amazon's sensitivities disapprove of him. Men find a lot of genetic behaviors in girls offensive, but so long as they don't harm anyone, emotionally or physically, most guys figure it's just part of life and let the annoyances go. But not so with the Feminazis who embarked on a 40 years war to bludgeon half of the population into a schizophrenic behavioral pattern that placated fickle female whims, which wanted men strong when danger threatened but submissive in competition with girls. The Feminazis' "new man," or "androgyny" had to be sexually faithful, but accepting of her infidelity; aggressive or submissive in bed, but only when she wanted it so and telepathic

enough to know which; willing to die in the wars to protect her and her children, but give her the best jobs even when not qualified; accepting of her every insecurity and irrationality while having none of his own; and willing to do exactly what a girl wanted, when she wanted and whether consistent or contradictory to her previous demands.

Clinton's office didn't bite. They weren't even interested in Poisoned Dragon's tax evasion; probably they considered her a victim of male oppression that gave her the right to violate the laws. I never even met anyone in person from the office, not even a receptionist. When I tried to drop off my letter and exhibits showing Immigration's inaction, they refused to allow me in their office for which my taxes paid part of the rent, and dismissively instructed me over the intercom to leave my complaint with the message desk in the lobby. Over the telephone, they were just plain rude as though it was always that time of the month for them.

A week later, I went to Senator Charles Schumer's office to complain about INS' inaction. The ladies there didn't spend their waking hours locked in some inaccessible vault sharpening their knives for use on men. The receptionist met me with a smile, tracked down the lady in charge of immigration matters who couldn't meet with me then but promised to look over my letter and exhibits and call me back. A couple of weeks later she called, politely asked some questions, but in the end, neither Schumer nor Clinton provided any help, although Schumer's office at least treated me like a person rather than garbage.

Still trying to get Immigration in New York City off its butt or perhaps my wife, I sent my complaint about its sloth to the INS Commissioner in Washington, might as well go to the top, and the Service's Internal Audit Department, which allegedly scrutinizes the operations of all the nation's Immigration offices. The Internal Audit Department referred my accusations of inaction against the New York office to, of course, the New York office and some unknown

person at that office. Why did I think my complaint would not receive an impartial review by some unknown, unaccountable person in the very office I was complaining about? The Commissioner referred my accusations to the Eastern Regional office that promptly whisked it off to some unknown official at, you guessed it, the New York office, probably the same Ms. Unknown, a.k.a. bottomless pit.

Obviously, no one cared and no one did his job. The non-Feminazi bureaucrats saw a middle-aged guy lusting after some pretty young thing and getting his fingers burnt. They figured I should have known better, had my fun and moved on; only an idiot would marry such a slut. The Feminists obviously thought I got what I deserved for violating one of their sacred commandments that condemned older guys pursuing pretty young ladies instead of mature, intelligent, strong and unattractive females like themselves. Whatever a person's ideology, the harm Poisoned Dragon caused me, the harm she would cause other men in the future and the U.S. laws she willingly violated didn't seem to matter because it all revolved around sex.

Since the ascendancy of political correctionalism in the 1970s, American culture has reduced the importance of relationships between guys and girls to the common denominator of sex. Guys and girls feel driven by a fear of missing out on something if they don't have sex with a lot of different people. Everywhere a person turns, the popular images foisted by the media, which knows better than any business that sex sells, depict people caught up in a frenzy of sex whether in real life or the land of make believe. Such public pervasiveness and mass profiteering off of sex make it about as significant as going to the movies. So when a President of the United States lies under oath to a grand jury or a Russian prostitute commits perjury to gain entry into America in order to sell her body for dollars, it doesn't matter, because it involves sex. Somewhere America lost the understanding that an act of such intimacy meant more than a

momentary kick. Beyond procreation, sex gave humans the ability to touch the underlying flow of life in both the separation from and union with the lives of others—combining the duality of our natures without losing either. I didn't understand why my society considered acceptable the conduct that exploited for selfish material gains the ability to reach to the very core of our existence. If anything constituted crime, that did.

My last attempt to pressure New York City Immigration involved using my status as a former associate of the Wall Street law firm Cravath, Swaine & Moore. The title “former associate” doesn't sound like much, but since Cravath is one of the best law firms in the country, my stint there usually helped open doors, especially with other lawyers who worked at the firm but subsequently left. A camaraderie of the “also-rans,” who nearly made it to the peak of the legal profession. Using the firm's alumni directory, I tracked down a middle-aged male alum working in one of the United States Attorney's offices in New York City. Whenever Immigration brought charges against an alien, the local U.S. Attorney's office generally prosecuted the case.

A call from an Assistant U.S. Attorney inquiring as to the status of Poisoned Dragon's case might prod the Immigration agent Kazenko into action. The Cravath alum graciously made the call to Kazenko who said he had conducted an interview of my wife at Flash Dancers right after I filed the complaint, but resolution of the investigation depended on whether Immigration could prove the Russian organized crime connections with my wife. That surprised both me and the Cravath alum. What did Russian organized crime have to do with anything? They weren't involved—the case was about a lying alien ho. My wife committed perjury when she applied for a temporary green card and an immigrant visa that defrauded both Immigration and the State Department. Immigration had the proof in the form of her diary and the Mexican immigration

visitor documents. The Government didn't need anything else! The stuff about establishing Russian mob connections was probably just a way out of doing his job. Kazenko also told the alum that he would contact me with the results of INS' investigation when it ended. I doubted Kazenko would ever inform me of anything. Needless to say, I never heard from New York City's Immigration office.

Can I Get a Witness?

During the same period that my fight for justice traveled down the Federal Agency track, the second prong of my pincer counterattack focused on a costly effort to not only authenticate Poisoned Dragon's diary for use in court but to discover new information about her misdeeds that might lead to admissible evidence needed to show fraud for an annulment or adultery for a divorce. The diary, once authenticated, would provide more than enough evidence for a divorce on cruel and inhuman grounds, but I preferred an annulment or divorce for adultery because the INS could use either in a deportation hearing to show she married just for a green card or lied about not working as a prostitute. Although the annulment and adultery actions might not fly because of the defense that I cohabited with Poisoned Dragon after learning about the debased conduct described in her diary, my intuition and understanding of the energetic nature with which my wife pursued immoral activities convinced me I didn't know anywhere near the full extent of her lies and debauchery.

Gathering admissible evidence posed a daunting task since it lay strewn across a good portion of the globe: Moscow and Krasnodar in Russia; Limassol, Cyprus; Mexico City, Acapulco, Cancun and Puerto Vallarta in Mexico; Milan, Venice and Florence, Italy; New York City and who knew where else. How easily a girl using the currency between her legs can travel the world. Language also presented an obstacle because many useful documents were likely

written in a foreign language for which the New York State court required a written translation accompanied by an affidavit in which the translator swears he knows the language and accurately translated the document. Many potential witnesses probably didn't speak English and lived outside the reach of the New York court, so the court couldn't simply issue a summons requiring them to show up and testify. Nevertheless, the *Hague Convention on the Taking of Evidence Abroad in Civil or Commercial Matters* made it possible, but difficult, to obtain testimony in the countries of Poisoned Dragon's nefarious activities. First, however, I needed to discover the documents and people who might provide useful testimony for my annulment and divorce case. In trying to do that, I ran into a major obstacle in the New York court's procedural rules for terminating a marriage.

Generally when someone starts a court action, they do so to redress a wrong, like the wrong headedness of my marrying Poisoned Dragon. Initially, both sides know some facts but usually not enough to win at trial. The law, therefore, allows plaintiffs and defendants to use a court enforced process called "Discovery" in which both sides, or as the court calls them parties, try to find documents and locate witnesses that may help their respective sides. The court allows a number of techniques for Discovery, but the heart of the process that makes it work, requires each party to turn over relevant facts they possess that the other side requests. For example, many times only one party knows how to find a witness potentially useful to the other side, such as my wife's customers and other people mentioned in her dairy. Under Discovery, the opposing party must disclose that information if asked. Naturally, lots of parties don't, but if caught, the court will slam them with fines or give victory to the opposing side.

Unfortunately for me, New York State courts dramatically limit discovery in matrimonial proceedings because of the alleged fear that preying into personal affairs might exacerbate the

acrimony and strife between the parties, making any reconciliation impossible. The real reason, however, is to protect the wives from the embarrassment of the truth leaking out about their lascivious life style and other personal foibles. After all, both hos and Feminazis hide behind the visage of virtuousness to wreck their evil. It's tough to play the victim when the world knows the female is a two-face slut. Husbands generally don't give a damn over such false fronts; therefore, the limiting of Discovery into personal matters more often than not favors the wife. Why was I not surprised? The judges also fear the type of extensive Discovery used in every other type of civil litigation for getting at the truth might place unfair pressure on parties in a matrimonial case, unfair to whom—the wife. What about the strong and independent modern day female, or do those qualities only apply to when she wants a high paying job? What about all those females in the news, television shows, commercials and movies doing super deeds nearly everyday? Why should the courts go out of their way to protect them unless all the hype is just more lies that allow girls to take advantage—strong woman or fragile girl depending on which role serves their selfish interests.

So the courts limit discovery into personal matters because that's the realm females want to keep private, but when it comes to delving into personal financial affairs, the courts, incongruously, not only allow it but require extensive Discovery. Now, if anything will cause acrimony and strife and unfair pressure, it's tracking down a man's assets in order to loot them. But the courts don't see it that way. The not so subtle hand of the Feminazis created a system by which the wife, usually the financially dependent spouse, uses the power of the court to expose the husband's assets in order to expropriate an unjustified percentage. Meanwhile, the courts all but prevent husbands from laying bare the moral turpitude of their wives. And, just in case the husband manages to somehow prove his wife at fault, the courts say never mind and still reward

her a large chunk of the assets the husband earned while the wife lived off his largess and cheated behind his back.

A guy works hard during his marriage to save money for retirement, discovers his wife's a slut or a shrew, but the judge hamstringing him from proving it, and even when he does show his wife's revolting conduct destroyed the marriage, she still gets a lot of his money—a classic Feminazi Catch 22. The domestic relations courts, as with other government bureaucracies, simply believe females have the right to engage in whatever conduct they wish without paying the price—that's left to those they harm. The rules and the discretion given to the many man-hating judges in matrimonial courts result in those courts harming mainly men.

The odds were slim to none for a judge in the New York Supreme Court in Manhattan to direct my wife to provide me with names, telephone numbers and addresses for potential witnesses or documents to help prove my case. I'd have to find them myself and hope a jury would consider them. Using Poisoned Dragon's diary, my telephone logs, the Russian telephone recordings and other investigatory results; I drew up a list of people, many identified only by their first names, others by a description or when and where I met them, and next to each noted the issue or issues about which they might have information.

With an annulment, the court wiped the legal record clean, which was what I wanted to do with my memory. But to win an annulment, meant finding more revolting secrets about Poisoned Dragon of which I didn't know before we last cohabited together on December 4, 2000. Adultery ranked next in my choice for ending the marriage, but the New York courts make it difficult to prove. Neither spouse can testify against the other, so the evidence of adultery must come from other sources such as her sex partners—fat chance, but I had to try. Since her dairy chronicled her previous affairs before and after our marriage, by showing she

continued to associate with these lovers and clients, a jury could infer she also engaged in further sexual activity for which I didn't forgive her because I didn't know about it. But I needed testimony to support her continuing association with former lovers and customers. Even better would be testimony that she continued working as a prostitute throughout our marriage.

Even if I didn't win on annulment or adultery, I felt confident in obtaining a divorce for cruel and inhuman treatment no matter how biased the judge was against men. Under a claim of cruel and inhuman treatment, the adultery defense of cohabitation didn't apply. I could use the adulterous acts detailed in her diary to show she treated me in a despicable manner harmful to my emotional well-being for which the court should grant a divorce. Before the court, however, would admit the diary as evidence, I needed to authenticate it.

Authentication required a sample of her handwriting to show she wrote the diary and not someone else or testimony by people who could recognize her handwriting, preferably both. The letters she sent me wouldn't do to identify her handwriting because they were written in English, which uses a completely different alphabet than Russian. A writing sample in Russian by her was needed. I also needed testimony verifying a fair number of the events in the diary as accurate so that the court could conclude the writings expressed her thoughts and acts rather than just a girl's fantasies or the draft for a novel. Secretly making a copy and intimidating her into giving me part of the original didn't prevent its use as evidence.

My first step meant showing Poisoned Dragon's diary to various people she wrote about in order to confirm it mirrored her sorted reality. Showing Poisoned Dragon's diary to her friends and acquaintances meant endless humiliation for her, a pleasing prospect, and my traveling to Krasnodar to track down some of these people, not a pleasing prospect. Another way of showing she actually wrote the diary required taking her fingerprints off of the original

pages I forced my wife to give me in September 2000 when I surprised her on returning from Cyprus. Since Immigration had her prints on file, the presence of them all over those original pages implied she wrote those pages and the handwriting could then be compared with the rest of the diary of which I only had a copy. But could I get her prints from Immigration or convince a Feminazi judge to order Poisoned Dragon fingerprinted—all iffy bets. Better to try to find someone in Krasnodar who might recognize her handwriting or obtain a sample of her writing in Russian.

Looking for evidence in her backyard would likely stir up some trouble, so I wanted some Russian guys with clout to call on in case something stupid happened. Kroll won't do because by then my former boss, the Feminazi-lesbo, and her girlfriend had turned the firm in Russia into a timid, feminine operation to insecure to help me and that acted irrationally. I needed some guys with guts and honor, and I knew exactly where to turn.

During one of my prior trips to Russia in the early 1990s, I had met at a conference the boss of a Russian private eye firm that handled especially dangerous or difficult cases that other firms were too scared or incompetent to carry them off. The firm included former military intelligence (G.R.U.) agents, but in Russia, once a member of the G.R.U., always a member. During the cold war, the West knew about the K.G.B., which spied on Russians and foreigners, and the national police force the M.V.D., but few ever heard of the elite G.R.U., a secret group, independent from the K.G.B. and M.V.D. and beholdng only to the military's general staff. No one applied for a G.R.U. post—they were chosen. The G.R.U. held a more practical view of the world than the Communist xenophobes in the K.G.B. or M.V.D. After the Soviet Union collapsed, the G.R.U. continued to protect Russia's interests as seen from a global, long-term perspective within a civilized world order while the K.G.B., turned into the F.B.S., used its

crime-control functions largely to protect criminal syndicates that looted the nation. In the M.V.D., corruption ran rampant with some policemen acting as contract killers for the syndicates. The G.R.U. remained a cohesive, highly efficient and professional military intelligence agency trying to keep Russia from sinking to the level of a third world bandit country. G.R.U.'s symbol is identical to the one used by Batman.

My G.R.U. contacts provided me the name of a high-ranking law enforcement official in Krasnodar to contact in case the forces of destruction decided to pay me an unfortunate visit in Southern Russia. The official eventually sent a warning to Inessa in the form of a couple of police officers that the local M.V.D. knew about Poisoned Dragon's threats against me, her work as a prostitute and was keeping an eye on Inessa and her daughter's activities. The officers reported back that Inessa didn't appear intimidated but a rather hard woman who was not completely sane. Inessa's posture didn't faze me. I knew both her and Poisoned Dragon masters at appearing tough while inside the fear and hatred bubbled to borderline lunacy. Thanks to my G.R.U. guys, I didn't need to worry about Russian toughs waylaying me on a dark Krasnodar street.

As part of my home front offensive in New York City, I enlisted a young, good-looking Russian guy to work undercover for me by going to Flash Dancers periodically in an effort to befriend Poisoned Dragon to see what information she might unwittingly drop. A mission unlikely of success given Poisoned Dragon's propensity for secrecy but worth a try, since the young age of my agent and his ability to speak her native tongue might cause her in a moment of loneliness and weariness to drop her guard. In order to make her feel closer to him, it was better that he didn't appear as the usual customer, virtually all of whom she hated. I instructed him to

pay her money just to sit and talk and not for any lap dances, to try to create the image of a younger protective brother.

Shape of Things To Come

Before my excursion to Indian territory in Krasnodar, I had to appear at the April 6, 2001 hearing in the Feminazi infested Queens Family Court for a determination of whether Poisoned Dragon, I or the both of us received Permanent Orders of Protection. About ten days prior to the hearing, the trinity of evil switched their objective. Finally realizing they couldn't bludgeon me into committing perjury before the INS, they tried to intimidate me into caving on the order of protection hearing and settling without a trial the annulment/divorce case. Poisoned Dragon and her lawyers didn't want to risk through the hearing or a trial the exposure of her fraud on the INS and State Department, tax evasion, smuggling money overseas and prostitution. So Mundy lied to Judith, still my lawyer, that he had obtained medical records proving I repeatedly beat my wife. Unfortunately for me I didn't, but should have. When I was a Kid, I quickly learned that if you are going to be blamed for something—you might as well do it.

Judith, as with most modern-day female cauldrons of hostility boiling with certainty in the perpetual guilt of men, grilled me over the telephoned in her loud, nasty voice trying to beat me, her own client, into confessing misdeeds for which she only had a two-bit opposing lawyer's accusation. It never occurred to her that maybe Mundy lied. Why she was doing Mundy's work for him by giving her own client the third degree? It didn't make sense. Did she want me to cut a deal, so Poisoned Dragon could avoid a hearing on the orders of protection and a trial in the annulment/divorce case? Or had the Feminazis turned my country into a land of mean-spirited twisted female gnomes yelling for the above-the-neck head of any man.

Angrily I said, “It never happened. The only person who ever got hit was me when my wife slugged me in the back. Did you ask Mundy for copies of the medical records?”

“No,” she curtly answered.

“Why not? How do you know he’s not lying?”

Silence. I continued, “Call Mundy and ask him for copies. Anything he produces will be a phony. He might get some Russian doctor to falsify documents but then we can subpoena my wife’s HMO records to show she never used it for any medical treatment and cross-examine her on why she paid a Russian doctor instead of using her HMO doctor for free.”

Having failed to make me cave, Judith changed the subject, “Let’s discuss the upcoming hearing.”

Like so many attorneys, Judith didn’t realize whom she worked for. She thought I should do whatever made her life easier, regardless of the truth or justice. Judith looked on me the way my wife saw the thousands of men for whom she stripped—suckers. I’d keep Judith through the hearing on the orders of protection, then dump her for a male lawyer.

We decided to request the female judge in the Queens Family Court to transfer both of the protection order cases to the Manhattan Supreme Court where the annulment/divorce proceeding was. Judith would argue that it made more sense for one court rather than two to deal with the disputes between my wife and me. All courts try to save time, money and energy by transferring cases between the same parties that have related issues to one judge.

Personally, I didn’t give a damn about making life easier for the troglodytes in the Queens court, I just wanted out of that den of male malevolence to a place where Judith told me the truth stood a better, although slim chance, of winning. In the Manhattan Supreme Court, we would proceed to a trial on the annulment, divorce and orders of protection before a jury. If the

Queens Family judge denied the request, then at the hearing, we would try to paint a picture of Poisoned Dragon as a ruthless professional prostitute willing to do anything to remain in America in order to make big bucks in the sex industry, which included lying to the court to obtain a Temporary and Permanent Order of Protection in a scheme to intimidate me into helping her acquire a permanent green card. I fully expected my wife's lawyers to oppose transferring the case to a slightly less biased court.

Before the hearing, I started searching for a male attorney. Unfortunately, in New York City in the new millennium, it's impossible to identify a man from his biological characteristics. One well-respected lawyer sporting a beard actually told me that the current generation of men must pay the price for thousands of years of treating women badly. This clown epitomized the Feminazis' "new man"—ignorant, emasculated in mind and soul. What a dope. He knew neither history nor how females work.

About 10,000 years ago when females controlled the technology of farming that had replaced hunting as the primary source of food, they brutally ruled over the fates of men's lives and deaths. Their drunkenness with power drove females to treat men no better than dogs as Frederick Engles described in *Origin of the Family*. As civilization grew in complexity, females relinquished to men the control of institutions for defense, the administration of public works and the functioning of the markets. Women no longer sat astride the levers of society's power because they realized it was easier to dupe men into doing the hard and dangerous work. Besides, guys were better at dealing with complexity. Mothers simply molded the pliable minds of their young boys into believing a man's purpose in life was to sacrifice himself for females. That allowed the little misses to greedily enjoy the fruits of men toiling their lives away or, as in

America since the 1970s, to use affirmative action to force men to step aside so that females could enjoy all of society's benefits while men shouldered most of the burdens.

Whether traditionalists or Feminazis, females created for themselves a privileged position out of an insidious false belief perpetuated by indoctrinating young children that women belonged on a pedestal whether as the weak, innocent, gentle girl in need of manly protection or the independent and strong super-heroine in need of obsequious worshippers. Consistent with female irrationality, the logical contradictions of the two pedestals don't prevent modern day females from alternating between the two whenever it serves their selfish aims. The traditional girl laughs as men go off to work in hazardous occupations to bring home enough money for her to purchase the useless bobbles, fashions and cosmetics that satisfy her vanity or secure the social status she desires. The Feminazi laughs as she claims the most desirable jobs for which she's not qualified. And they both laugh as war, the greatest of man's horrors, is still fought for land, riches and society's self-aggrandizement that the traditional girl yearns for and goads men into fighting for while the Feminazis relish the reduction in male competition for society's perks that war brings through death, injury and the lost of time.

A chief cause of war has always been stealing another tribe, city-state or country's natural resources so that females could enjoy a plusher life style. Most of the clothing stores and other retail shops on Fifth Avenue and lower Broadway, known since the 1800s as the ladies' mile, cater to females, since the average girl consumes more than the average guy. Fashion for females changes every year, so for a girl to stay fashionably attired in order to satiate her vanity requires buying the latest and dumping the old. In the end, the average girl causes not only the depletion of more natural resources, whether won by war of arms or business, but also causes

more pollution than the average guy—don't forget the tons of cosmetics and other girly products washed down the drain everyday.

For the Order of Protection hearing, a couple of pals, Jeff and Alan, accompanied me to the Queens Family Court to make sure Poisoned Dragon didn't corner me in some hallway or elevator so she could falsely yell rape or claim assaulted in order to once again exploit the modern American version of justice that all men are guilty when accused by a woman. By now, I understood why some men chose to circumvent the courts by just blowing some lying ho away—it was the only way they could get justice. Alan pointed out my wife as we entered the waiting room that looked like an early, retro motor vehicle office. She was dressed all in black, as usual, and her breasts looked bigger, most likely thanks to foam rubber. She probably hoped the judge was a lesbian—a good chance in New York City. She didn't look stressed and seemed rather confident, and so she should for American courts are the inquisitional engine used to destroy men who refuse to believe as do the Feminazis. The orc, my attorney, finally waddled in. Judith talked with Poisoned Dragon's attorney who wasn't Mundy but a girl lawyer from his office. Mundy ran the show, but for appearances, he used a girl lawyer as a front to appeal to the usual judges' biases against men. To my surprise, Poisoned Dragon's attorney agreed to move the case to the Supreme Court where the annulment and divorce proceeding was filed.

The bailiff called both sides into a large closet masquerading as a courtroom with a female judge, who was propped up behind a bench that couldn't weather a strong sneeze. The ever-present officer with a pistol stood off to the side in case a man decided he wanted justice instead of persecution. The bailiff directed Poisoned Dragon and me to sit in two chairs smack next to each other in front of the higher-seated, man-hating judge. Always wanting to be on top, Feminist judges usually positioned the chairs to further belittle the men whose rights they

violated on the say-so of a duplicitous female. I pulled my chair away from Poisoned Dragon's and sat down. Both our lawyers requested the transfer of the hearing to the annulment/divorce court, which the judge, seeing an opportunity for less work, quickly ordered.

Jeff, Alan and I couldn't figure out why Poisoned Dragon's attorney agreed to have the case transfer. Something wasn't right. The transfer did extend the Temporary Order of Protection against me to the end of July, but that meant next nothing, since the odds of my accidentally coming within 500 feet of my wife were slim to none. Perhaps Poisoned Dragon's lawyer thought that in opposing the transfer, the judge might go ahead and grant both sides a permanent order of protection, which would cause Poisoned Dragon problems with Immigration. In any event, although my wife didn't know it yet, a delay in the hearing helped me because now I could travel to Krasnodar, scheduled for the following week, without being under the cloud of a court finding that I had threatened my wife.

A permanent order of protection would reduce my credibility with potential witnesses while the Temporary Order provided a laughable example of how twisted America had become under political correctionalism. Russians, men and women, thought temporary orders of protection typical American hypocrisy for the world's alleged bastion of liberty and due process. Even Stalin allowed his purge victims their day in court before the judge inevitably condemned them, but in America, where the rest of the world knows women rule in order to destroy men, a man might end up in jail if a duplicitous woman decides to put him there—even without a show trial. Sure he may be exonerated later on, but he'll never get off of America's newest black list, more accurately called the "pink list" or the domestic relations offenders roll, which predominantly consists of men put there by lying hos and Feminazi judges. The government, media and business use the list to grind into the dust any man who dares go up against a

scheming female. All it takes is a temporary order of protection—no trial, no hearing, no right to defend to put a man into the F.B.I.'s data base.

Help

The next day, Saturday, I met a friend arriving from Europe. Traviesa, twenty-four and hot, needed a place to stay, for free naturally, and to hide from her former boyfriend, Bobby, a cousin of the deceased mobster Joey Gallo. The fall of the Soviet Union cried havoc to an unsuspecting world as it let loose a flood of pretty young girls bent on conniving their way into the good life in America.

Traviesa and I first met in my Russian language class at Hunter College in 1998. Right from the beginning, I knew she was trouble. She first arrived in New York City the same year at age nineteen to nanny the kids of Bobby and his wife, who was related to the mafia don John Gotti. Traviesa quickly replaced the wife as the apple of Bobby's thirty-something eyes, and over the next few years, he ended up broke, divorced and addicted to cocaine. During her adventures, she periodically hid out in my apartment from her jealous, and rightly so, boyfriend. As with all pretty, young things, she wanted to have fun and did. Some of her stories sounded more dangerous than fun, such as when her fellow European girlfriend picked up a stranger at a disco and had unprotected sex with him just to get back at her boyfriend for some alleged slight while Traviesa laid awake in the same bed.

Traviesa's hoodlum associates didn't concern me because of my past encounters with goons during my media days. Like Russian gangsters, they're cowards at heart, but can be real annoying, like spoiled children.

One night, during her periodic hiding from Bobby, Traviesa and I took in the Old Blue Rugby Football Club's annual spring dinner. In younger days, I played mediocre rugby on one

of the lower squads for that very good team. After dinner, Traviesa asked me to take her to a bar in Bobby's neighborhood, not any bar, but Bobby's favorite. Traviesa hoped to find some wealthy guy she had previously met there.

"Get one of these 220 pound ruggers to take you. I only weigh 160. Both Bobby and his ex-con brother are bigger than me, but not these guys." I said motioning to the thirty odd guys at their physical peak after a year of rugby.

She chimes, "Oh Bobby won't be there. Besides, I'm too shy to ask one of these guys. You know I have a hard time meeting guys."

"Since when?"

"Stop," as she slapped my arm in knee jerk protestation.

"Look, not a problem, I'll get the coach to introduce you to whomever you wish, and have him say you're my niece. You're a good-looking babe Traviesa, and as I told you before, your breasts and ass are just right. You can have your pick of these guys. I'm sure one of them will take you to the bar, act the gentlemen and the rich guy will see you with him and become interested in you. Isn't that the way you girls think?"

Whispering in the chronic conspiratorial tone of her seductively husky voice, "No, anyway I'm too fat, and too shy to ask any of them. Wouldn't you take me to the bar? I'm really interested in this guy."

"I thought this guy was gay."

"I think so, but he's rich. Pleaseeeee."

Bored, I took her to the bar after the rugby dinner. Naturally the guy's not there, but within minutes of our arrival in walks Bobby and his ex-con bother Viny. Bobby and Viny came from the lower order of the intelligence scale and diligently worked their way down from there.

Traviesa, a smart, shrewd girl played Bobby because at this point in his life he still had money. Traviesa and I never fooled around because I knew she was nothing but trouble. Just look at this fix she got me into without sex.

As Bobby and Viny approached, I went on red-alert and decided not to play the obsequious weasel to her Neanderthal boyfriend by explaining my relationship with Traviesa, which he wouldn't believe anyway thanks to Traviesa previously confessing to him that she was staying in my apartment. To my surprise, neither of these mob-related guys with over-active mouths came close to fighting or even verbally provoking it. They reserved their epithets for Traviesa, and I didn't care; she wasn't my girl. If she wanted to protect her honor, she could do it herself. The three of them moved to the sparsely occupied back of the bar to conduct prolonged negotiations while I sat with my drink in the crowded area, just in case. Traviesa decided to stay, and I with some relief immediately took my opportunity to escape this mafia domestic-relations dispute and went home to sleep.

Bobby, however, felt differently and telephoned me at two in the morning saying he was coming over to pick up Traviesa's belongings and that I'd better have them ready! This idiot apparently saw too many gangster movies.

I replied, "You can go wherever you want, but if you knock on my door, I'll have the police through you in jail, and if you breakdown my door, I'll take out both you and your jailbird brother."

That ended the calling for that night, but periodically throughout 1998, even after Traviesa moved out, he'd call around four in the morning after a night of shoveling coke up his nose looking for Traviesa. He became an annoying joke, so I had to call his third brother, the

older and smarter one, to tell Bobby to knock it off, or I'd go to the police. The calls stopped, and Traviesa returned to Europe in December 1998.

The next time I heard from her was September 1999. She telephoned me at Kroll in Moscow to say she was working and partying in Majorca, but had spent all her savings from work on clothes and now needed \$400 to get back home to the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

“Why don't you ask Bobby for the money, he's your boyfriend,” I said.

“I can't ask Bobby because he thinks I'm working in the grape fields at home,” she cajoled.

“So you lied to him about partying in Majorca?”

“No, I just didn't tell him. Besides Bobby is nearly broke anyway, except for his small loan sharking business and that money he uses to buy coke.”

Begrudgingly, I sent her the money, which to her credit, she promptly repaid.

When I returned to America with Poisoned Dragon nearly a year later in 2000, Traviesa's was back in town legally working under a visa Bobby got her through his father's parking garage business. Bobby was off the coke and making some money again. The four of us went out to lunch together, which finally got Bobby off my case after he met my wife. The only benefit I ever received from marrying Poisoned Dragon.

In the fall, Traviesa dumped Bobby, again; he was completely broke, and she went back to Europe for college. After a couple of semesters, she needed money, so with her visa about to expire, she flew back to New York in April 2001, and like the soft-hearted jerk I am, agreed to let her stay in my apartment for free.

At JFK, I spotted her coming out of the arrival gate. She looked better than last time I saw her nine months earlier. Back then, I still hoped Poisoned Dragon would metamorphose into a human being. I made my way over, we kissed hello on the cheeks.

“How was your flight?”

“I almost missed my connecting flight because the flight to Frankfurt was delayed.”

Frankfurt, I thought, the same place Poisoned Dragon flew into when returning from whoring in Mexico. Would reminders of her forever haunt me?

“Well, you’re looking good. Your breasts are bigger. What happened?”

In my middle age, I had discovered that young girls willingly talked to me about their most intimate and nefarious matters. They no longer saw me as belonging to the pool of eligible suckers whom they needed to deceive into thinking they were good girls of marriageable quality, and they likely wanted me to know of their availability for seduction by a middle-aged guy willing to spend money on them. These girls confided in me about their boyfriends, their one-night stands, guys who came to fast or were otherwise lousy in bed, guys they used, guys they conned drinks out of, girls they sexually played with, drugs and general stupidity, but the key themes were always boys and sex. It didn’t take me long to conclude that the pretty young things I idealized in my youth, regardless of nationality, were incapable of fidelity. They constantly deceived their main boyfriend into believing he was the one and only. They were all hos. The only difference, the degree of hoing and the form of compensation. My wife went for cold hard cash, while most conned favors and gifts. Not a one knew anything about morality; they firmly believed in survival of the sluttiest. Had I only known that when younger?

Traviesa answered, “My mom has been stuffing me with food and I got fat especially my rear.” She turned to show me her ass. It didn’t look fat to me.

“You’re not fat. You’re just the right size that guys want. So how much longer until you get your undergraduate degree?”

“Two semesters, I’m the oldest in my classes. I feel I’ve wasted so much time, and now I have to skip a semester to make some money. You said a friend of yours might teach me to tend bar?”

“I’m sure he’ll be happy to and try to sleep with you at the same time, but that’s up to you.”

“I can handle that.”

“I’m sure you can.”

“Stop it Roy. I’m not like your wife.”

“Well you do come from Eastern Europe, the former Soviet Union.”

“I’m not from Eastern Europe but Central Europe, and we were not part of the Soviet Union. I despise those Russians. They destroyed my country’s economy and acted like pigs when they occupied my country. When I was a little girl, I had to walk past the Russian soldier barracks to get to school. I was so scared they’d rape me that every day I ran as fast as I could pass the barracks, praying no one grabbed me. When they finally left, we were so happy. We cheered them leaving.”

“I’ll cheer when the INS makes Poisoned Dragon leave America for good, if it does.”

“A new name for your loving wife. How appropriate, but I still like your original endearment of ‘Angel,’ she mockingly said.

“Be nice, or I won’t call my bartender friend Tom.”

“So tell me about you and Angel. What happened?” Young girls always liked to talk about relationships.

“I finally kicked her out of my apartment. She and her attorneys tried to get me to lie to Immigration to help her get a green card; I refused, so they had her take out a Temporary Order of Protection against me hoping it would pressure me into doing what they wanted. That’s when the war started. In response, I filed an annulment and divorce action that they’re trying to force me into settling so they can avoid a trial that will expose her having lied to the Government to get into the country.”

“Nice people. What happened with the Temporary Order of Protection?”

“The hearing was yesterday, but both sides agreed to transfer it to the annulment and divorce court.”

“Why didn’t you expose her at the hearing and use that with the INS.”

“My lawyer said I’d have a better chance in the other court, the divorce court.”

“Well, from what I saw with Bobby’s divorce, men don’t have a chance in any New York court.”

“You know, you’re right. Hmmm, so why then did my lawyer say I would?”

“To get you to agree to the transfer, of course. Even I can see that. Maybe your lawyer and Angel’s lawyer cut a deal?”

“Of course! Why didn’t I see it? Mundy calls my attorney with this lie about medical records showing I beat my wife; my lawyer uses that to try to hammer me into a settlement, but when I refuse, Mundy and my lawyer concoct a scheme to switch the Order of Protection hearing to another court. That way it buys Poisoned Dragon time to apply for a permanent green card without a court record of any criminal activities hanging over her head.”

“I think you need a new lawyer,” Traviesa advised.

“I’m already looking for one. But the INS takes months, sometimes years before deciding to grant a permanent green card, and by then the hearing and trial will have occurred, so the INS will end up with a court record anyway.”

“But in the meantime, Angel continues to make big bucks at Flash Dancers.”

“I should have used you for my lawyer instead. Looks like another goof on my part, or more accurately, another sellout by an American Feminazi! I’d like to nuke them all! But why would my lawyer conspire with Mundy? She’d make more money with a hearing. Maybe she just hates men so much; she uses every chance to knife them in the back.”

“Or something is going on that you don’t know about.”

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“In my country, when things happen that don’t appear to make sense, it’s because people behind the scenes are controlling peoples’ actions.”

“But this is America, not a former communist country. Who could possibly pressure my lawyer to sabotage her own client?”

“I don’t know. It’s your wife, not mine. Maybe she has powerful friends?”

“In Krasnodar yes, they’re all her Johns, but in New York City, I don’t think so. It’s probably just Feminazi dictates that require females to harm men at every chance. Well, I’ll just have to wait a little longer to expose my wife in court.”

“Are you sure you’ll get the chance?”

“My next attorney is going to be a man, no more relying on these scheming Feminazis. I’m not settling anything without a trial.”

“I hope you’re right.” Traviesa asked, “Is Angel still working as a prostitute?” .

“It looks that way.”

“What a slut, to her money is more important than another person’s feelings.”

It still hurt when people called my wife a slut, but it was the truth. “She’s quite adept in her scams. She can take your last dollar from between your teeth and then look at you like you stole it from her.”

“When I met her, she didn’t seem like a tramp or a crook, which, I guess, meant only that she could be both with more success than if she had.”

“You’re absolutely right. Her innocent face hides more than a lying tongue.”

“She seems very good at sizing up men accurately and quickly. Moving from one to another, using sex as both sword and shield and always leaving them poorer—just a shallow machine for making money.”

“Once when putting my fingers inside her, I was surprised at not being able to feel the walls of her vagina. That experience, more than any other, brought home to me the reality that she’s as hollow and empty as the spaces between the stars. There’s nothing inside her but cold malicious darkness.”

“She probably uses it to smuggle drugs and money.”

“Money, yes, and likely drugs. I don’t even want to think about what else she’s put inside her. How can a girl live like that?”

“Easy if she’s Russian and greedy, and she’s both.”

I changed the subject. “So is Bobby going to start waking me up at four in the morning with more annoying telephone calls?”

“No, he doesn’t know I’m here, and I want to keep it that way.”

“Well, I’m not about to tell him.”

Traviesa took up residence on my couch. That night alone in bed, I felt somewhat at ease for the first time in two months as though Traviesa's presence protected me from Poisoned Dragon's endless black magic curses aimed at destroying what was left of my life. Ever since the Temporary Order of Protection, I felt under assault, not just from the typical attorney exaggerations of imminent doom, but also from unnatural feelings of dread. Unnatural in that they didn't seem to originate from me. I'd experienced stress before, but never such feelings of hopelessness and powerlessness. My despair grew strongest near the full moon, which, according to Poisoned Dragon, her black magic powers were at their strongest. My tutor's magic book stated that Russian witches cast spells after the new moon so the spell will grow in power as the moon turns full, but after the full moon, the spell fades away as the moon wanes and needs repetition after the new moon. For two months, I had put up with this roller coaster of metaphysical assault on my psyche trying to push me into giving up. Many of my so-called friends didn't help either by advising I should let this Russian criminal get what she wants and move on with my life. But now, Traviesa's presence seemed to lessen the black magic turmoil.

Did the powers of pretty, young girls actually reached into the metaphysical realm to battle each other? Traviesa needed me alive, at least temporarily, to provide her a place to live while she learned bartending. Poisoned Dragon wanted me dead because under the Immigration law, a wife, even a separated one, with a dead husband was a shoe in for a permanent green card. And in our case, my death meant the elimination of the only person who cared enough to keep after the Government to enforce its laws by deporting her back to the medieval ages of Russia, where she belonged with all the other refuge of a failed civilization. Whatever magic Traviesa practiced or carried as her birthright staved off Poisoned Dragon's curses and allowed me to sleep normally once again, although my dreams still consisted solely of nightmares.

Through out my tribulations, I tried to understand how other people handled doomed situations. Years earlier a television reporter friend for whom I worked as a producer at WABC-TV News ran into a hopeless situation with death as the only way out. He contracted terminal cancer while at the same time a female writer in the newsroom falsely accused him of striking her. This girl writer, renowned for her incompetence, decided to use the modern day female weapon of combining the traditional view of women as the weaker sex in need of extra protection with the modern belief that all men were brutes, and, therefore, automatically guilty whenever accused by the alleged fairer sex. In order to avenge herself for my friend's frank reminders of her ineptitude and most likely against all the men who rebuffed her crude sexual advances, she lied about receiving a blow she most roundly deserved. Her false accusation required my friend to change jobs, pushed him into financial difficulty, aggravated his illness and caused him to die sooner than he would have. Leave it to a female to hit a man when he's down.

Not unlike the 1950s, when low-lives used false accusations about communism to destroy peoples' lives; today females use lies about assault or harassment to decimate men because then as now the accused are considered guilty until they prove themselves innocent. Feminazi-McCarthyism has destroyed more lives than Joseph McCarthy ever did. Such a tactic contradicts one of the primary reasons for the American Revolution: due process, a person is presumed innocent until proven guilty. The Kings and Queens of Europe and the Catholic Inquisition torched countless people because of the impossibility of proving a negative, that a person did not do what the state accused him of doing. America's founding fathers knew how humans tended to abuse power for selfish gains, how the powerful summarily eliminate their critics with witch-hunts, so they included in the Bill of Rights a guarantee of due process of law in which the crucial tenet held that the accused are presumed innocent until proven guilty, rather than the

other way around. But today that keystone of justice has crumbled for men, leaving them vulnerable to malicious females that make false accusations for vengeful, vain, monetary or other wrathful reasons.

In the case of my reporter friend, the girl writer said that when the two of them were alone in an editing room, he struck her. Funny how the acts that females falsely accuse men of always seem to take place without any witnesses other than the man and the girl. Her mere accusation made my friend guilty. Without a witness or big brother's all Seeing Eye, he couldn't possible prove himself innocent. It was a shame that his family obligations prevented him from taking matters into his own hands by bringing the swift sword of justice to that duplicitous, empty-hearted female. At the time, I sensed my friend's plight vaguely foreshadowed a similar situation awaiting me, and vowed that when my time came to battle feminine treachery, I would not find myself in a similar position where duty to others prevented me from exacting justice.

Now that my war had started, the full emotional travail became clear when all a person's joy dies with the termination of hope or pleasing thoughts for the future. On the other hand, everyday hammered my character a little bit meaner, especially toward the Feminazis.

Image of a Girl

Leaving Traviesa in my apartment along with two other friends who needed a place to crash for a few weeks, I again arrived in Moscow to stay with my translators, Sasha and Anya, both twenty now. In return for the accommodations, I paid a reasonable rent in dollars, bought groceries, which they promptly ate, and gave them some Macy's silverware to replace their dysfunctional Soviet tin utensils. They were thrilled with the spoons that didn't bend and the knives that didn't need sharpening. Moscow still had "grinders" roving the streets putting cutting edges on kitchen knives.

Sasha and Anya, as with the vast majority of Russian college students, lived exceptionally poor, skirting the line of constant hunger. They really loved sweets, probably because sugar dulls the appetite. Their their refrigerator often contained only cake and bread. Both came from middle-class families with the fathers and mothers working at what Americans consider respectable jobs. In Russia, however, such jobs didn't pay enough for parents to significantly help with college costs even with free or nominal tuition, a holdover from the Soviet era. The well-educated middle class in Russia was poor, so students often worked at full time jobs while in college just to make enough for survival. No wonder many pretty coeds went in for part time Banya orgy work under New Russians and foreign executives. Coeds also made ends meet by dating older, wealthier guys who favored them with material favors. I don't think Sasha or Anna went in for Banya work, but they did date older, more established men.

The night before my flight from Moscow to Krasnodar, my buddy Tony and I hit a disco with his latest non-pretty Russian concubine. Tony commiserated over the disaster of my marriage to Poisoned Dragon and, to my near shock, bought me a few drinks. Tony's reputation for frugality surpassed only his notoriety for hustling his buddies' girlfriends. Even at strip clubs, whether dating the stripper or not, Tony only paid the girls 40 rubles for a lap dance, which was about two dollars, when the going rate was 100 rubles. There had to be some ulterior motive for his largesse in buying me drinks. Sure enough, he wanted Anya's telephone number. Tony met Anya, the little red haired girl as I called her, when she and I were in a disco in Moscow. Ever since then, he badgered me for her telephone number. I agreed to give it to him, if she okayed it.

American executives in Moscow struck me as a sorry bunch of losers by American standards, whether on the girl or occupation fronts. Of course, who was I to talk? Anyway, they

couldn't compete in America, so they gravitated to Russia where they appeared as big shots, at least in their own heads.

In the evening on Easter Sunday, April, 15, 2001, I took the two-hour Aeroflot flight to Krasnodar. After landing at the same old airport out of the 1930s, I negotiated a taxi driver down from the usual astronomical fee they asked of Americans to about twice the going rate for natives. With Russian taxi drivers, or more accurately ordinary citizens freelancing as taxi drivers, the lone passenger always sits up front. Russians, especially outside of Moscow and St. Petersburg, seldom run into Americans, whom they hold in a mixture of awe, envy and dislike. Most Russians, given the opportunity, will launch into a lot of questions in the hope of salvaging some of the old pride that still lingers from the lies they once believed under the Soviets. As a guess in their land and not wanting to end up in a ditch, I always tried to accommodate them with a few criticisms about America of which I had plenty. Between my driver's poor English and my poor Russian, I explained my situation—he laughed, warning me, as if I didn't know, that the greatest evil on earth was Russian prostitutes, but that an honest Russian woman, which I doubted existed, was one of the greater goods. He advised I should find me one and forget about Poisoned Dragon.

Monday morning, April 16, 2001, consciously eager to start finding information and unconsciously to start causing trouble, I began to worry, as Natalya, the same translator I used the previous September, didn't show on time. Russians are notorious for backing out of an arrangement, when it suits them, or showing up late, when it suits them. I didn't know which was the case here and began to worry about finding another translator. Natalya finally appeared, two hours late, explaining she visited her parents out of town over the Easter weekend.

Normally, the Russian weekend unofficially starts on Thursday as everyone who can escape a city, as though from a sinking ship, bolts until late Monday morning, when they trudge back to the serious urban health hazards of all Russian population centers. On holidays, however, even religious ones in this previously atheistic country, all Russians become believers overnight in order to take advantage of an extra day off from work and leave the cities by starting, in this case the Easter weekend, on Wednesday.

In the lobby of the Moscow Hotel, Natalya beamed her smile as she greeted me, “So what is our mission this time?”

“I’m trying to gather information I can use in the divorce court back in America.” I went on to explain the legal reasons and methods for authenticating Poisoned Dragon’s diary and why I needed more information about her adultery, prostitution and the life she lived before our wedding.

“Well, let’s go. Where’s our first stop?”

“When I came to Krasnodar to marry Alina last March, she took me to a masseur to treat a martial arts injury to my shoulder. He worked in a one story building at a small old fashion stadium with a track and soccer field on Krasnaya Ulitsa.”

“I know where the stadium is. Do you know the name of the masseur?”

“No, my wife often didn’t introduce me to Russians we met in order to keep their names from me. She obviously feared I might run into them again or track them down and find out some of the truth about her. And I didn’t understand Russian well enough to follow any conversations she had in Russian. So, I don’t know his name, but I will recognize his face.”

“Well then all we have to do is look at each masseur,” Natalya concluded.

We walked out of the drab, dark, Soviet hotel lobby into a sun filled day where birds sang and a warm spring breeze touched the hearts of lovers with a joyful anticipation that I would never feel again. Natalya flagged a car.

At the stadium, I immediately recognized the squat building where the masseur worked. We went inside, no receptionist, so we wandered into the rooms where customers were receiving treatment. I didn't recognize anyone—rats! The receptionist magically appeared on our way out and said one of the masseurs was outside on the track.

Outside he recognized me at the same moment I did him. We shook hands while Natalya translated our greetings. His name was Andrey. At his suggestion we went back inside to his office where thirteen months earlier he miraculously did what American orthopedists couldn't—fixed my shoulder so that I could continue with the martial arts.

Inside, I slowly recounted my tale of woe with Natalya translating and explained why I came back to Krasnodar. Natalya and I pretty much ran through the same routine with all the other people we interviewed that week. People in Krasnodar knew Poisoned Dragon by her given name Alina, so I used that instead of Angelina. Didn't want them to become confused about which prostitute we were discussing. My narrative recounted Alina and I marrying the previous year in Krasnodar, my taking her to America where she made around \$14,000 in cash a month just as a stripper and more as a prostitute. It was important that people in Krasnodar knew the truth about the amount of money she made so that the lingering communistic belief in economic equality, coupled with envy for those better off, might motivate some of her associates into ratting-out a fellow citizen to an American. My narrative also mentioned in passing that she kept most of her money hidden in her apartment. Naturally gossipy Russians would hopefully spread the word until some criminal took it upon himself to relieve her of it. No half intelligent

Russian kept hard currency in a bank because the bankers were even bigger crooks than the average Russian.

The monologue recounted the discovery of her diary from which I eventually learned about her prostitution and that she married me for a green card. These revelations made me decide to obtain an annulment or a divorce, but in order to use her diary in court to prove my case, I needed to authenticate it, which meant people identifying her handwriting and stating that the events she wrote about actually happened. Most Russians didn't understand why I couldn't just get an annulment or divorce without all this trouble—like in Russia, but the New York courts thought differently. As I explained, when both sides disagreed on the reasons for ending a marriage, each had to present evidence at a trial to support its position in order for the jury to decide.

On finishing the story, I gave a copy of Alina's handwritten diary to each person, politely asked whether the person could recognize the handwriting and would that person take the time to read it. Natalya would contact him or her in a day or two to arrange another meeting depending on whether any of the events Alina wrote about rang a bell or by then her handwriting looked familiar. Before letting a potential witness go, I asked a number of questions about Alina in order to come away with something useful just in case the person decided not to meet with me again or not read the diary. Russians often say yes when they are in your presence while inside they're telling you to go to hell. The additional questions usually asked about Alina's reputation, what she did for a living, the names of other people who knew her and any other information they might have about her. During the first interviews, I assumed most people wouldn't bother to read the diary, but nearly everyone we approached did. Natalya later explained that Russians are always looking for interesting reading; especially about someone they know when it lifts the

false veil that everyone uses to deceive each other. Even in Russia there existed a thirst for the truth—about others at least.

After my spiel to the masseur, Andrey said he'd read the diary that night and try to help as much as he could, but added he didn't know Alina very well since he was only her masseur. Then he apologized to me.

“What for?” I asked through Natalya.

He said, “When you were here last year, Alina told me you two were getting married and I joked about it by saying ironically that I was sure she would be very happy. In Russia it is bad luck to joke about such important events.”

“I doubt it had any effect. Any marriage to someone like Alina is doomed.” Andrey's superstition didn't surprise me; it seemed to lurk in the hearts of all Russians, but that Alina told him she was getting married did. None of the other people I subsequently talked with knew or at least admitted they knew of Alina's marriage before it occurred, and most didn't even know about it until I told them. Obviously, Andrey knew Alina a lot better than he let on.

“What else do you know about Alina? I asked.

“She competed in various track and field jumps until she injured her foot, which was how I met her. After the injury, she started working for a model agency. She was around eighteen then. That's when she probably started working as a prostitute also.”

“How do you know she worked as a prostitute?”

“Everybody knows Alina is a prostitute, including her mother Inessa who encourages her to make money that way.”

“I thought as much. Could you tell me who some of these people are, and how I can contact them?”

“I will ask them if they want to talk to you. There’s one man, her trainer, who knows more about her than I. He is usually here early in the morning training his athletes of whom Alina was one. If you come by tomorrow morning, I will point him out to you. He is in his fifties. But be careful, he is a very influential and tricky man. Don’t tell him you talked to me.”

“Fine,” I said, and filed away in my mind the warning that applied to every person who had reached an influential position under the former communist government. Such persons still carried clout because membership in the good old boys and girls’ club that ruled Russia didn’t change just because the name given to the political system under which they abused their power did. Alina’s trainer must have made it up the ladder with other commies to where he still exercised significant power through his connections as a result of the former Soviet Union’s emphasis on athletics.

Andrey added, “Also, there is a beauty shop located in the stadium run by a man who may know her.”

“Thanks, we’ll check it out. Do you know which model agency Alina worked for?”

“No, but there aren’t that many in Krasnodar. I’m sure they’d recognize her picture.”

“Did Alina ever win any national track championships?” I asked as an after thought.

Andrey laughed, “No, not even any local titles. She wasn’t very good, always finished well back of the first three.”

She had even lied about her athletic accomplishments—always the phony. Once, while still living together, we went to the beach at Montauk Point on Long Island where she did some of her hop, skip and jump track routines. Her form looked lousy and the distance didn’t amount to much, but what did I know about Russian athletes. In her mind, however, I’m sure she envisioned herself flying like the X Man’s “Storm.”

“What about beauty contests?”

“In 1997 she took a runner up in the “Golden Hair” pageant here in Krasnodar.”

We agreed to meet the next morning, and he would point out Alina’s trainer, Yevgeny. I thanked him for his time.

Natalya and I stopped at the beauty salon in the stadium. The manager didn’t know my wife’s name, but the moment I showed him Alina’s New York City modeling card with her wearing only underwear, he immediately recognized her, saying he saw her around.

Saw her around, I said to myself, what, in her underwear walking the streets? Something strange here again—another red flag flying in the face of my intuition, so I filed it away knowing it would eventually make sense.

“Where next?” Natalya asked.

“I want to stop at her model agency.”

“What’s the address?”

“Don’t know.”

“Do you know the name?”

“No, but once when Alina and I walked past some buildings on Krasnaya Ulitsa, she pointed out one of the storefronts saying she used to work as model there. I remember asking if she wanted to go in and talk to her former employers, but she said the agency had moved. If we can find the building, we can ask the new tenants about the model agency. Maybe they’ll know its name or address.”

“But you don’t know the address. How can we find the building? Krasnaya is a very long street.” Natalya sounded a little hopeless. Most Russians generally give in to negativity.

When one avenue appears block, they just quit as though the fates interceded. Only the criminals seem to possess the American “can do” attitude.

“I remember the store front was on the opposite side of the street from where Alina and I often ate. That means it’s on the same side as the stadium, which is where we are now. And the place was not far from where the park that runs down the middle of Krasnaya ends with a statue. So which way is that?”

“North, right by the Intourist Hotel. Let’s go.”

Across the street from the Intourist Hotel, we began walking south on Krasnaya while I tried to pull up the faint memory of a nondescript storefront. We went a couple of blocks. I paused thinking a particular storefront looked vaguely familiar. There was no sign, no street number, and we couldn’t see inside because of the heavy curtains hanging in the window. The place looked deserted.

“I think this is the one.” I tried the door—locked. Rats, a dead end, but then Natalya, knowing Russian nature better than I, instinctively went to the next door that looked to me as part of a different store. To my surprise, that was the main entrance to the building’s entire storefront. I knew that Russians were masters of false impressions and illusions, but why the camouflage? Was the clientele for the business in this storefront that exclusive?

When we walked in a tall, very pretty girl in her twenties lazing away the time reading a magazine jumped up to greet us. Presumably her attentiveness resulted from immediately identifying me as an American, which usually excited the abacus in any Russian shopkeeper’s mind. Natalya told the girl we were looking for a model agency that previously occupied that store. To both our surprises, that shop was the model agency, in fact, the most famous one in Krasnodar founded by a well-known model named Tatyanna Vasilyeva. Guess its fame meant it

didn't need to advertise its location. Behind the curtained windows stood manikins wearing strange, dated apparel only visible from inside. We were asked to sit while the girl, easily six feet, fashionably walked into the adjoining room to announce our presence to the manager.

In seconds, an auburn haired, over the hill, overweight lady in her thirties, apparently still believing she was twenty, introduced herself as Anastasia Vasilyeva, the daughter of the founder. With Natalya translating, I said I was the husband of one of her former models and asked whether she remembered Alina Shipilina. Anastasia answered of course and invited us into a small office where she offered us the inevitable tea or coffee and cakes with which all Russians traditionally start off any meeting. A day of meetings meant an excessive infusion of caffeine that gave Russians their overly wired nervous look. Anastasia instructed the girl to ask her husband Dima to join us. Anastasia volunteered that the girl was a model, twenty-two years old, and didn't I think her very pretty. I concurred, but wondered why Anastasia pointed out the obvious, and why the girl just sat around the agency reading a magazine looking pretty.

Dima entered with the proverbial Russian grin that mentally made me grab my wallet. Short, a little chubby and looking much younger than Anastasia, he carried the self-confident air of a New Russian experienced at making money from one criminal scheme or another. Natalya and I went into our routine, me in English, she in Russian. At the end, I handed Anastasia a copy of the diary.

Anastasia responded in English, "I will read this tonight. You call me tomorrow and we will talk more about it."

I started to ask my other questions about Alina.

"We can talk more tomorrow," Anastasia interrupted. "But what I can tell you now is that Alina came to us when she was around fifteen. She was very fat. I told her to lose weight

and she did. She has a very strong will. She didn't have any money then, so we financed her training as a model, and she won some small contests plus a second place in the Miss Krasnodar contest in 1997. I can give you a photo of her from the contest tomorrow. All Alina ever wanted was money and the luxury life. We spent a lot on her, and she never paid us back. She just used us and moved on."

"Sounds familiar," I said grimacing through the reminder. "Alina said she regretted not having started modeling until she was 23 because that meant she missed the years in which she had the best chance for success."

Both Dima and Anastasia laughed, "No, she started young enough at fifteen. She had plenty of time and all the advantages for success. She just wasn't that good."

I kept pushing while I had them talking, "She also told me the only reason she didn't win the 1997 contest was because she was poor."

Again they laughed. "Alina was always full of excuses. She lost because the other girl was prettier and more talented. It had nothing to do with being poor or the girls playing around with the judges, for if it did, then Alina would have won! But we will talk more tomorrow."

That gave me pause. So, she tried sleeping with the judges to win the contest, but it only got her the runner up spot. Why did new examples of Poisoned Dragon's willingness to do anything to get ahead, so long as it wasn't honest, keep surprising me? One would think that by now I knew my wife lacked the ability to win at anything fairly, so she needed to cheat in any way possible—a true heir of the evil empire.

"Fine, but do you know any of her friends such as her old boy friend Alexei and a girl named Katya that she often picked up guys with?"

“We can give you Alexei and Katya’s numbers tomorrow.” Anastasia said. “Call me and we’ll arrange a meeting.”

Natalya and I left. I asked my interpreter what she thought of Andrey, Anastasia and Dima. Years ago, I learned that it took a Russian to read a Russian. Americans just can’t tell which Russians are relatively straight or the hard-core con artist. Natalya thought Andrey, the masseur, was hiding something, and that Dima and Anastasia, were only out for money. I gave Natalya a copy of Alina’s diary to read because it might help with further interviews and keep Natalya in my corner. My experiences in the former Soviet Union taught me not to count on any Russian’s continuing loyalty unless the person believed that by switching sides she would lose more than gain. Poisoned Dragon’s dairy clearly depicted a person who used and discarded others while always coming out on top. No one after reading it would ever trust her or believe her deserving of help.

“I’ll read it tonight before I go to sleep,” Natalya said.

“I hope it doesn’t give you nightmares. Also, do you know any reporters who might want to do a story on Alina and me?”

“Of course, I do. That was my profession before I started working for Millennium as a translator. I know one who I will try to contact tonight,” she enthusiastically answered.

We arranged to meet at eight the next morning at my hotel. I headed to a restaurant for dinner while Natalya went back to her office. Typical of Krasnodar, the waitresses were beautiful, young and all giggles when they heard my American accent. But I had walked down that road before, and no matter how enticing and flirtatious these girls acted, I knew only hearts of ice beat under those upright bosoms. The food stunk as in most of Russia, but an extra order of bread filled me up. Walking back to my minus five-star hotel along a crowded Krasnaya

boulevard, I wondered whether the people stuck in this dead-end town or me were the sorrier case.

Tuesday, April 17, 2001, Natalya and I started out on another beautiful spring day by going back to the stadium to talk with the masseur Andrey, and hopefully find Poisoned Dragon's trainer Yevgeny. Andrey said he read the diary but couldn't say whether any of the events depicted were true. He did, however, recognize her writing, which would help immensely assuming he was also willing to sign an affidavit to that effect. I planned not to raise the issue of affidavits with any of the people I interviewed until I exhausted their knowledge about Poisoned Dragon. Most people, Russians or Americans, don't want to get involved in any type of court case, not to mention a divorce proceeding in which they testify against a lucrative, vengeful prostitute. For Russians, such testimony actually posed some danger because prostitutes in their country service mainly the wealthy criminal elite; they're the guys with money, they run Krasnodar and other cities, and they don't want to risk any embarrassing publicity. Accuse a Russian hood of Hitler and Stalin type crimes and they'll puff with pride, but mock their need to pay a girl for sex, and they'll launch a vendetta. Many of the people we would interview would probably beg off signing any documents, but under the Hague Convention I could force them to appear at the local court house to testify. Assuming most would try to lie by saying they knew nothing about Poisoned Dragon's affairs, I could threaten them with perjury—thanks to a handy pocket tape recorder. But all that was farther down the road.

At the moment, I thought Andrey's recognition of Poisoned Dragon's handwriting as weird in that he claimed knowing her only as a masseur. Since when did a masseur gain such familiarity with his patient's handwriting? Didn't he spend his time with her massaging her

muscles and injured foot? Even if Poisoned Dragon paid him with massages of her own, where did familiarity with her handwriting come from? It didn't make sense.

In Andrey's office at the stadium, he said Alina's trainer Yevgeny was out on the track. On our way out, he added that Yevgeny was the man who visited Mexico City for a conference when Alina was working as a stripper and prostitute at The Men's Club. Alina had written in her diary that her mother, Inessa, warned her to keep a low profile while a man she knew from Krasnodar visited Mexico City. Andrey pointed out Yevgeny, I thanked him, and he went back inside.

We walked over to a man in his fifties, concentrating on a stopwatch, timing various athletes. Natalya made a brief introduction. Yevgeny asked us to wait a few minutes while he completed his timings. We sat in the shade and watched. Natalya told me the stadium belonged to the town government, which funded all the sports programs in Krasnodar in which Yevgeny held an important position. I couldn't help but smile, wondering what position my wife held with him. In Russia the main sporting competitions occurred between towns or districts within towns rather than universities or private professional teams, and government officials continued to run the show concerning athletics, just as they did under the Soviets.

After a few time trials, Yevgeny hustled his way over to us. Coaching clearly excited him—nice to enjoy the work one does. I began my monologue, paused for Natalya to translate my first few sentences, but she just kept going. She had the routine down pat by now, and for the rest of my trip, I let her give the monologue. It saved time and came out more coherent for the listeners.

Yevgeny knew how to turn on the charm, make people feel comfortable, disarm them and then provide no significant information while seeming to talk much with great earnest. He

expressed the sympathy of the consummate politician for my situation, promised to read the diary and suggested Natalya call him to arrange for us to meet later in the week. Before we left, he said his only involvement with Alina was that he trained her in the long jump until she injured her foot at eighteen and confirmed that Alina never won any championships, not even local ones, and was mediocre at best.

Next stop, the Krasnodar Academy of Physical Culture where Poisoned Dragon graduated college in 1996 and Inessa worked as an instructor of aerobics and calisthenics. Poisoned Dragon mentioned in her diary a woman named Vera Ivanovna who prevented Inessa from acquiring her master's thesis because Inessa failed to take a required credit. At the time it occurred, my wife bitterly criticized Vera. Presumably, Vera and Inessa were two implacable academic enemies. The inflated, infantile egos of people in academia likely made these two enemies until death, and after the death of one, the other will continue the defamations. Not even businessmen, lawyers or politicians, where so much more lay at stake, carried grudges as intensely as academicians. Hopefully, Vera would jump at the chance to deal a blow against Inessa.

The problem, however, was finding Vera since Ivanovna was not her last name but her patronymic or middle name. So we had to go to the academy and ask some students whether they knew a professor named Vera with the middle name Ivanovna. We couldn't contact the administration because the same old totalitarian tendencies and myopic secrecy of Soviet times still ruled in Russia. Although the Soviet Union sat on the ash heap of history, bureaucrats across the land continued to jealously protect their turfs with the added zest of a siege mentality since now power meant bribes—dollars to buy a lifeboat for escaping the lunacy of Russia. The

Academy's officers would never give out any information on Vera, and probably kick us off the campus unless I paid a substantial bribe.

The Academy occupied an entire block consisting of an ornate, but in need of repair, red brick building from Czarist times and a disharmonious stark, concrete slab addition built under Stalin. We decided to start in the Gymnastics' Department in the Stalin building where Inessa worked. The guard, a middle-aged woman, let us in without difficulty after Natalya told her I was an educator visiting from America, which overrode her desire to exercise the only power she and others like her would ever know—to deny access. Many university and office buildings outside of Moscow use petite bureaucrats for screening anyone entering, another hold over from the paranoid communist days and the Soviet desire to brag about full employment.

Inside, a low ceiling, dimly lit, aesthetically barren lobby oppressed the spirit as though Stalin's hand reached out from the grave. A couple of students told Natalya that Vera was a very popular and important professor in the Department of Gymnastics and directed us to her office. At her office, a student pointed out Vera talking to a group of her students in the hallway. We interrupted and Vera asked us to wait. Standing off to the side, I took in the sight of young, athletic Russian girls, pondering how many of them worked part-time as prostitutes. Also on my mind was what to do if Inessa blundered into the hallway to interfere with her craziness.

Vera finished with her students, and Natalya launched into the story as we stood in the hallway. Students, mostly girls, began to crowd around listening to the real life soap opera with looks of amused surprise and feigned shock. Good, let them hear the truth about one of their own, an alum and daughter of a current instructor. At Natalya's direction, I handed Vera the diary, she promised to read it, and said to call her in a couple of days. We left with Vera shooing

off a group of giggling, gossiping teenage girls. The story should spread through out the department in a matter of hours—yes!

Natalya and I went for lunch during which I asked her what she thought about Alina’s diary?

“She is a lonely and cruel girl.”

“Succinct and insightful, but I never thought of her as alone. Only a Darth Vader pretending to be a Princess Leia.”

“Why did you marry her?”

“I guess I saw more in Alina than there was. She’s a rather good actress you know, and it was the role she played, the image she created that I fell for. As you can see from the diary, the real her is a cold-bloodied, soulless machine that wants only money. And, of course, there were the drugs she secretly fed me, so when she was around I felt good but after she left I felt lousy.”

Natalya asked, “What kind of drugs were they?”

“As you can see from her diary, she doesn’t say which ones she used.”

“I don’t think she is very smart keeping a diary and trying to fool you while she went to Italy. I don’t understand how she thought she could keep that a secret, especially since you worked for an investigation firm.”

“I thought so too, but finally realized it was her arrogance. Alina is a predator who lives off of men, and all predators believe themselves superior to their victims. She naturally thought I was just another victim who would go sheepishly into the night. The irony is that if Alina had been faithful, I would’ve done anything for her. But she never intended to be. She just lied and used me. And her arrogance assumed she would get away with it. But I’m angry, hurt and will fight her until my last dollar, last breath and perhaps even after that.”

“I hope you win, but it will be difficult,” Natalya said. “This is the best chance for her to become a citizen of America, so she can make lots of money. She will fight with every lie she can make up.”

“You’re exactly right. It’s going to be a long, hard battle, and the truth has no guaranty of winning.”

“So who’s next on your list?”

“Let me call Anastasia at the modeling agency to see whether we can meet with her today.”

Anastasia was busy all day, so we arranged to meet the following morning. She asked me not to bring Natalya because Anastasia wanted to talk about things that were no business of “that little girl.” Anastasia and Dima obviously didn’t want any witnesses. Anastasia considered her own English good enough for us to understand each other. That was fine with Natalya; she didn’t think much of those two anyway.

Not wanting to waste the afternoon, I decided we’d try to find the manager of the movie theater and amusement rides at the end of Krasnaya Street. The previous year just before our marriage, Poisoned Dragon introduced me on two different occasions to a short swarthy man at the amusement complex as a very “good friend,” that euphemism again, who helped her and her mother move from Grozny, Chechnya to Krasnodar. At the time, the man didn’t charge Poisoned Dragon to ride the main attraction: a virtual space shuttle. It wasn’t clear whether the ride or the freebie thrilled her more.

Natalya said the place was called “Aurora” and Chechen criminals owned it—figured. Once again, I didn’t know the man’s name but would recognize him if I saw him. At the southern end of Krasnaya Street, we walked around the complex looking for the man but no luck.

We stopped at the manager's office, where some young tough refused to let us in claiming he didn't know where to find the manager or when he would come back—likely story. Before I left Krasnodar, we tried a few more times but never found the presumably Chechen manager of the Aurora. Apparently, Russia's ongoing war with Chechnya caused most, but, as I soon learned, not all Chechens to make themselves scarce.

On the way back to my hotel, we stopped at the disco "Club Imperio." Poisoned Dragon mentioned in her dairy going to the club with its manager, another guy named Andrey. At four in the afternoon, the club was closed, but my American persona not only got us in, the staff immediately called the manager, who came right over to talk with us. At first, Andrey didn't recognize Alina's name, but like the beauty salon manager, when I showed him her modeling card with the semi-nude photos, it obviously rang a bell of more than just recognition.

"Yes, I know her," Andrey said. "She comes here once in a while, but that is all I can tell you." An obvious prevarication, but I didn't have anyway to make him more truthful.

Back in my dormitory-like hotel, I couldn't shake the feeling that despite all the information I had about Poisoned Dragon, the filth of her life ran deeper and wider than I imagined. Red flags were always popping up as though tied together with previous strange events recorded in my memory. The first time I saw her naked, her labia minora hung outside her genitals as though from over use, but at the time, I quickly dismissed the thought of her as a prostitute. Not anymore, Poisoned Dragon definitely works as a prostitute, secretly feeding drugs from the Caucasus's to her wealthier and more naïve customers, but how far back in time or varied did her criminal activities reach? So far the evidence indicated she started hooking at eighteen in Krasnodar. My intuition, however, sensed much more to her saga.

Wednesday, April 18, 2001, while walking down Krasnaya Ulitsa for my morning appointment with Anastasia and Dima, I passed the Academy of Physical Culture when a great idea flashed into my head. Why not try to find some students who remembered my wife? Although Poisoned Dragon graduated from the Academy in 1996, five years ago, she continued to pursue graduate studies and even worked as an instructor in 1997 and 1998 in the Department of Gymnastics. While thousands of students went to the Academy, based on what I saw from our search for Vera, relatively few attended the Gymnastics Department. Those students remained somewhat isolated in their own little fiefdom on the first two floors of a separate building where apparently everyone knew everybody else. Some of these students must still remember my wife, the daughter of an instructor. By randomly stopping students in the Gymnastics building, we might find some who could tell us more. They might even be able to authenticate some of the events in her diary or provide us with useful leads—yeah, great idea!

Anastasia and Dima offered me the obligatory tea or coffee and cakes. Russian cakes looked like fat cookies but tasted much better than the overly processed American fare. But the consumer of American cookies didn't have to worry about the ingredients including traces of heavy metals, radioactive isotopes or other toxic substances.

Anastasia said, "You understand why we didn't want to talk in front of that girl, your interrupter. These matters don't concern her."

"Okay," I diplomatically agreed, anticipating what they didn't want me to have a witness to. Anastasia did virtually all the talking.

"Here's the photograph of Alina when she came in second in the 1997 Miss Krasnodar contest." She handed me a Krasnodar newspaper. "It's on the back as part of an interview with

my mother who founded our agency. Please don't mention anything about our discussions with my mother. She handles only the creative and fashion part of our business."

"Fine with me," I said thinking her request somewhat strange since the founder of any Russian business not only knew the details of the operation but most likely initiated all its activities. The back page contained a picture of a beautiful, virginal looking blonde. It didn't look like the Poisoned Dragon I knew. What a pretty prostitute, I thought.

"So is the dairy accurate as far as you know?"

"I only know about her working in Cyprus, and her boyfriend back then was the Alexei she talks about. The Katya she mentions worked as a model for us, and the two of them often partied together. They looked alike with the same build only Katya was younger." Just what I needed: a Poisoned Dragon clone to track down.

"Can you tell me how to find them?"

At this point Dima interjected, "We can sell you their addresses for \$100 each."

The typical New Russian, the only important things in life: money and sex. "I'll give you \$50 for each."

Dima agreed. Anastasia said, "I can call Alexei right now, and you can meet him here if he can come by." Anastasia made the call and Alexei arranged to stop by in an hour. Dima gave me Alexei and Katya's home addresses, work addresses and telephone numbers. I handed him a hundred that he put in his pocket with a smile.

"How did Alina end up in Cyprus?" I asked.

Anastasia answered, "Alina wanted money above everything else, and girls could make a lot more in Cyprus than in Krasnodar. She wanted to go to Cyprus, so at the end of 1998, I sent

her and a girl named Nadya. But Nadya came back two days later saying the work included prostitution, which surprised me.”

To myself I thought: I’ll bet it didn’t. Anastasia, Dima and the Fashion House of Vasilyeva obviously made money, probably a lot, from sending girls to whore in foreign countries just like Leo’s agency in Moscow did. Only these folks did it from a camouflaged storefront rather than hiding in the basement of an apartment building like Leo.

“Did Alina work as a prostitute in Krasnodar?”

“No, she didn’t start doing that until Cyprus. Alina came back six months later and told Dima and me that part of the work included prostitution, which she did voluntarily. She was not forced into it. We sent another model, Elvira, who only worked as a dancer—no prostitution. Alina’s mother, Inessa, came to us while Alina was in Cyprus and said she knew all the details of the work her daughter did there. She asked us not to tell anyone about Alina’s prostitution, which was the only way they could make enough money to buy an apartment. You can understand it’s important I know what kind of work my models do there and that it is legal.”

I nodded my head in feigned agreement and asked, “Alina and Inessa already had a house. Why the need for an apartment?”

“The house was outside the city in a bad neighborhood. They wanted a place in the center where it is safer and the neighborhoods more luxurious by our standards. I told you, Alina always wanted the luxury life.”

“I’m now sure of that—anything for money. I wish I had met you two before I married her. She even pointed out your agency to me but said you had moved. I see why now. She was probably afraid you might tell me something she didn’t want me to hear since you can speak English. The few people she did introduced me to only spoke Russian. Now I understand why

she didn't bother to introduce me to others; they probably spoke English. It all fits, what a master of deception. Can you tell me how to find Nadya, for another \$50 of course?" As I looked at Dima

His answer surprised me, "You can give me the questions and I will ask her."

"I'd rather talk to her myself."

"Unfortunately, she is very nervous around strangers and just had a baby. She is not very well, but I will call her now to ask if she will talk to you."

That was baloney. I had heard that excuse about nerves before when Poisoned Dragon wanted me to wait in the street while she visited some mysterious person, probably the clairvoyant who provided her with drugs for her customers, including me. Even if Dima told the truth, I doubted his mercenary soul included a heart that cared about his models. He must fear my contacting Nadya directly; maybe she will tell me things he wants to keep hidden. Dima went to call Nadya, but came back saying she didn't want to talk directly with me. I'm sure Dima didn't even bother dialing her number.

I continued with Anastasia, asking, "Can you give me the names of any of Alina's friends?"

Anastasia answered, "Alina has no friends. She used to socialize with some of the models, but there is no one else we could refer you to."

"Did she associate with any criminals?"

"One of our models, a guy, saw her with some local mafia guys last September. He said she was acting very friendly with them."

"Do you know where he saw her?"

"At the bowling club called 'Strike'. A lot of the bandits go there."

“Could I talk with this guy?”

“I don’t think he can tell you anymore. Besides no one in Krasnodar wants to talk openly, especially to strangers, about mafia. But I will ask him and call you at your hotel.”

“Where do you think she keeps her money from America?”

“She probably buys jewelry and hides it in her apartment. Most Russians with money do that.”

“Have you been in touch with Alina or Inessa recently?”

“Inessa called a few weeks ago asking for a paper from us saying that we forced Alina to go to Cyprus. We refused. Alina went there because she wanted money, not because we told her.”

Most likely Poisoned Dragon’s attorney Mundy wanted the paper so that he could argue in court or to the Immigration Service that my wife was forced into prostitution rather than volunteering for it. Immigration would not deport an innocent, teary-eyed Russian girl enslaved as a prostitute, and no jury, if it believed such garbage, would award me an annulment because she did not disclose her sexual servitude. Inessa’s request for the paper also indicated Mundy and my wife knew for certain that I had information about her activities in Cyprus. And the only way they could have found out was from the INS agent Kazenko to whom I gave a copy of her diary. Immigration agents aren’t supposed to leak evidence to aliens during an investigation. Mundy or Poisoned Dragon must have gotten to Kazenko somehow. No surprise there, since INS like most Government agencies is institutionally corrupt.

“Did Inessa ever say anything about me?”

“She said she had doubts about Alina marrying you because you weren’t materially generous enough.”

“I see where Alina’s greed comes from,” I laughed. “What kind of reputation does Alina have?”

“Melios is the owner of the Club in Cyprus where Alina worked, and he said she was a good worker but had two faces.”

“A very accurate description.”

“In Cyprus, everyone in the dance club business are mafia, including Melios and Marios. Marios managed the club. The two come to Krasnodar regularly looking for girls. We and other modeling agencies worked with them, but now that we know their business, we will stay away. We don’t need their money.”

These Russians never give up trying to paint themselves as virtuous.

“Here’s an early photo of Alina you might want,” Anastasia said as she handed it over the desk.

It showed Alina with her natural hair color, chestnut, and heavy, unshaved legs. What had I seen in this oinker?

Poisoned Dragon’s old boy friend Alexei finally showed. I saw why she went out with him, not only tall, broad shoulder and good looking, but, after talking with him, an obviously decent guy whom she could take advantage of as she did me. He spoke fair English and showed no malice toward me or, to my surprise, Alina. Just a little sadness over the soulless creature he planned to build his life around years before. I gave him a copy of her diary, and he told me to call him in a day or two, which should give him time to read it. I thank Anastasia and Dima for their help, and told them I would probably be back in another month or two.

“We may not be here then,” Anastasia said. “We are moving to America very soon.”

“Where are you going?” I asked surprised.

“We’re going to live in Wisconsin and start up a fashion business.”

“But you run, from what I hear, the top model agency in Krasnodar.”

“We want to expand to America.”

“Good luck,” I insincerely said thinking that a fashion business in Wisconsin made no sense—Chicago, New York, L.A., yes, but Wisconsin? More likely, they were going to Wisconsin to smuggle some Russian models across the Canadian border for prostitution and lap dancing in Milwaukee.

Alexei and I left the Vasilyeva agency together making small talk.

“Your English is very good,” I said.

“Yes, I even taught Alina your language.”

“She told me that she had learned to speak English in Cyprus.”

“No,” Alexei laughed. “She learned it from me. I didn’t understand at the time why she wanted to learn, but now I do.”

I warned him that he might find the diary painful to which he replied, “Alina always brought pain.”

I agreed and left him to meet Natalya.

The meeting with Anastasia and Dima made clear that the Russian terms “models” and “beauty contestants” translated into “prostitutes” for the civilized world. The sex industry of Russia operated through modeling agencies sending greedy, young, amoral girls all over the world to sell their tails. I laughed about the stupid American media stories depicting these Russian whores as victims of ruthless male pimps. These media lies always showed some Russian ho claiming some man took her passport away until she made enough money as a prostitute to return home—typical female duplicity that the politically correct idiots in America

bought. Russian sluts knew how to elicit sympathy and play the U.S. Feminazi game by alleging themselves innocent victims while raking in tens of thousands of dollars happily selling sex. The U.S. media also never reported that the Russian pimps for these money hungry tarts were just as likely female as male, driven to make what nearly every Russian valued most—dollars.

Natalya was in the park that ran down the middle of Krasnaya Ulitsa near the Vasilyeva House of Fashion or more accurately “House of Hos”.

“Was your meeting successful?” she asked.

“Yes, Alina confessed to them that she voluntarily worked as a prostitute in Cyprus, which, if I can get them to say that under oath, will help immensely in court.”

“I doubt they will.”

“So do I, since they make their money finding so-called models willing to work as prostitutes overseas. But they are moving to America, and I don’t think they’ll want U.S. Immigration to learn about their business practices. I’ll have to figure something out that will convince them to testify, which they might, since proceedings in domestic relations cases are kept confidential and INS would not find out about it. I also met Alina’s old boy friend, Alexei, the one she went out with while prostituting herself in Cyprus and Mexico.”

“I remember. She kept saying in her diary that she didn’t think she was cheating on Alexei by having sex with other men, but blamed him for finally leaving her for another woman.”

“That’s right. Once Alexei wised up that Alina wasn’t about to forego the money she made from whoring, he moved on to an older woman and seems happy with her. Alina always blames someone else. She just can’t accept responsibility for the results of her wicked ways.”

“Now where?” Natalya asked.

“I want to try to talk to the wife that lives with her husband and child in the apartment next door to Alina’s. When I stayed at Alina’s before our marriage, the two families were always running into each other because their apartments opened on to a common area where they kept boots, coats and other outdoors’ stuff. The wife also talked with Inessa and Alina a fair amount, so I assume she may have some useful information.”

“Isn’t there a chance we’ll run into Inessa?” Natalya asked.

“Maybe, but its three o’clock now, and as I remember, Inessa didn’t return home from the Academy until around five. But in any case, be ready for a confrontation in which she will try to distract us while gaining some information that she can twist into a lie later on. Oh, and here’s the newspaper with Alina’s photo. Would you translate the article for me when you get a chance?”

“No problem. Let’s hail a car.”

Like most apartment buildings in post-communist Russia, the main entrance to Poisoned Dragon’s was locked with a massive steel door to keep criminals out of the building while inside each apartment had its own reinforced metal door, sometimes even two, to keep criminals out of one’s apartment. In Russia, the word “trust” like “truth” means “sucker.” The building’s entrance didn’t have apartment buzzers, so we waited until someone opened the door on his way out and slipped in behind him—so much for Russian building security.

We made our way through the dark, foul smelling, filthy hallway and up a flight of stairs to the second floor where Poisoned Dragon and her mother lived. The hallways and stairs in apartment buildings throughout Russia looked and smelled pretty much the same because no one cleaned them. After the fall of communism, local governments, which owned all residential buildings, sold the apartments to the tenants for a minimal sum but retained ownership of the rest

of the building and the land. Maintenance responsibilities still fell to the local government, but because the bureaucrats, no longer in fear of the Communist Party, preferred pocketing the budget for building upkeep, filth and darkness commonly enveloped the hallways of even the most prestigious buildings.

When we rang the neighbors' bell, I assumed only the wife was at home with the husband still at work. To my surprise, both husband and wife answered the door. Rats! I knew the husband's presence would inhibit the wife from running off at the mouth as most women do whenever they get the chance, especially if it concerns sex and someone they know. Both recognized me and invited us to sit in their kitchen.

These two people were poor, the inside of their apartment dilapidated, and their eyes betrayed a landscape that hope no longer walked. I felt sorry for both, the wife with her dead fantasies and the husband trying to salvage his pride in the middle of their mind-numbing poverty. In the old days before the fall of communism, working hard and keeping his mouth shut assured his family a decent life style and some pride that no one did better other than the Party bosses. But under today's criminal economy, only the worst traits of human nature prosper, as they did next door. Corrupt officials, racketeers, prostitutes and the like were the sole people with enough money to make apartments livable and avoid hunger.

Natalya told them the story. The wife expressed surprise, probably out of feigned social propriety. The husband stood leaning against the wall with an expression of I knew it all along. As I feared, the wife told us nothing useful because of the presence of her husband. I gave her a copy of the diary, and through Natalya said we would contact her later to see whether she could recall any events mentioned or any other helpful information. Perhaps, if Natalya got her on the

telephone when the husband was not around, the wife would unleash the bounty of her inevitable spying and gossiping with other neighbors in the building.

On our way out, Natalya approached two older ladies standing in front of the building. She figured it worth a try since older Russian women know everything about everybody in their apartment building. The two said they remembered me from when I helped Alina and her mother move into the building. They added they didn't need to hear my story or read the diary because from the minute they saw Alina, they knew she worked as a prostitute, and that I was the foolish American man who didn't realize the hell awaiting him. To which I joking asked, "Why didn't you warn me?" They laughed, but didn't want to get involved in a marital dispute by providing me any specific information or leads, so we left.

Back at my hotel, a hunch told me to compare the telephone numbers and addresses that Alexei gave me for contacting him against the one my wife gave me when we first met in July 1999. The number for Alexei's mother was the same that Poisoned Dragon told me to call her in Krasnodar. So the woman I talked with for a few minutes was Alexei's mother. My extended conversation violated Poisoned Dragon's instruction not to talk to anyone but her and threaten exposing her two-timing of Alexei, so she told me never to call that number again. Poisoned Dragon must have done that a lot: using the telephone of her boyfriend's mother to make arrangements with her customers of whom I unknowingly at the time was one. But whose number was the one she told me to use after canceling the number for Alexei's mother, and whose address did my first letters go to, which I knew now wasn't that of Alexei's mother? Both would have to wait for the turning of more cogwheels, maybe.

Thursday, April 18, 2001, Natalya and I met with her reporter friend, Victoria, young and pretty, who wrote for the newspaper Ulitsa Krasnaya, which meant Red Street. After an hour or

so interview in the dreary lobby of my hotel, Victoria, said her paper would print my tale of misery. I assumed Victoria would at least try to talk to Alina by telephone to get her side, so that, in the true tabloid tradition, the paper could use our real names without getting sued for libel. But she told me the press worked differently in Russia. In stories of this sort, the press did a Jonathan Swift type satire, accurate in every detail except the names, which are made up. The reason was another hold over from Soviet times of a law against harming the honor or dignity of an individual.

The law didn't require, as with libel, that the paper report falsehoods about a person, rather the law aims at keeping the press from reporting the truth when the truth would harm a person's existing reputation. A nice Catch 22: report a lie, get sued for libel; report the truth, get sued anyway. The law originally prevented media exposes about lying and thieving communist officials but now protects all sorts of criminals, including my wife. All the Russian press can do is publish a story with the names changed to protect the guilty and hope the public guesses their true identities. Victoria apologized for the restraints. It was a minor disappointment, since I originally hoped the article with Alina's name in it would stir up the situation, put pressure on Alina and bring letters from readers with potential leads who knew her, but now I doubted anyone would even recognize the characters. Still, how many girls in Alina's circle of models, beauty contestants and sellers of sex worked in Cyprus, Mexico City and New York City, so it was worth the shot.

After the interview, Natalya and I went to the Academy to put into operation my idea of handing out copies of the dairy to students who remembered Alina in the hope her autobiographical exploits might jog loose some useful information. The same middle-aged woman guard didn't even bother to ask our business this time, not too many American men in

suits visited the Gymnastics' Department, but if they saw what I was about to, they would. Natalya stopped one student after another, most didn't remember Alina but a few did. We wound our way down the hallways accosting any student in sight. Natalya and I turned a corner and nirvana. We were standing at the entrance to the showers of the girls' swim team as its members walked in and out adjusting their suits, not even noticing this guy in a business suit with fogging glasses whom they almost bumped into. I expected any minute for these girls with firm, young, glistening bodies stuffed in skintight suits to start screaming for the Feminazi police, but those that noticed me handled my presence as a normal daily event. As far as I knew, maybe it was. Natalya interrogated some of the dripping wet girls who showed no aggravation at all by our interruption. One of them even remembered Alina and took a copy of the diary back to her locker. A land without political correctness is a wonder to behold.

After exhausting the swim team, we headed back toward the building's entrance to leave but never made it before two, young, muscular Russian guys in suits stopped us. They were from the administration office, and blocked our exit. The two reminded me of the typical New Russian goon, pumped up with weights, scowling face and always trying to stare somebody down. I wasn't impressed. The fools didn't realize that the last place you look is in your opponent's eyes. I thought of going through them, just like on the rugby field, but what would I do with Natalya. Then an older, gray haired man showed up, clearly the boss. He insisted we talk in his office while the two goons stood behind him emanating their below 80 I.Q. They were lucky Moody and Jesse from my martial arts class weren't with me. They'd take out these commie clowns in seconds. The older guy grabbed Natalya's arm, I started to move on him, but she said there was no problem and we should go along. I followed her lead but felt frustrated that my inability to speak Russian prevented me from engaging in some vituperative remarks.

In his office, the older man, Vice Rector Vladimir Gavrilovich Minchenko, sat down on one side of a table beaming his commie smile of extreme insincerity while the goons sat on the side ninety degrees from him pretending they were incarnates of the Spanish Inquisition. Natalya and I sat with our backs against the wall, a not very subtle psychological attempt to deflate a Russian's will to fight. For me, it just increased my anger. If only I knew this language, I had a few connections I could bandy about in this intimidation game, such as the local official who sent the police to interview Inessa.

Natalya went into the usual routine explaining my presence in Krasnodar and at the Academy. The three started asking Natalya questions that she answered without translating for me, which only added to my frustration. I could handle any questions put to me, but wasn't so confident about a twenty-two year old Russian girl answering for me. The Vice Rector stopped the third degree of Natalya and got on the telephone. Natalya said he was trying to reach Inessa, and it sounded as though the two worked closely together. The goons started the questioning again, and I watched Natalya's demeanor change to one of fear. The situation was spiraling out of control because Natalya thought she could finesse these guys. I put a stop to the interrogation right there with a few belligerent gestures, and demanded Natalya translate what the goons said. They claimed we had violated the law and could go to jail for handing out Alina's diaries. That was it. I launched into English, figuring the Vice Rector probably understood it, demanding to make a call my G.R.U. contact. At the sound of the individual's name and G.R.U., the Vice Rector put his phone down and calmed everyone with a smile.

He said in English, "We can probably work this matter out. Would a notarized copy of some of Alina's handwriting samples out of her school file help?"

"Most definitely," I responded.

“Okay, we will provide them, but you must stop spreading information among the students about the sorted affairs concerning the daughter of one of the Academy’s instructors.”

“I can live with that. It was a long shot anyway,” I answered. Clearly he wanted to prevent a scandal that might lead to accusations that his administration trained prostitutes rather than athletes.

“Good the papers will be ready tomorrow. Have your translator call us then to pick them up.”

I thanked him and we left.

Outside the Academy, Natalya gave out a sigh of relief. She actually thought they might have us arrested.

“These people belong to the criminal class that runs Krasnodar,” she whined. “They can do whatever they want; no matter what the law says. We were lucky that you are an American. That kept us out of jail.”

“Perhaps, but I also think my mentioning my contact’s name made the Vice Rector at least realize I had some connections. Anyway look on it as an adventure.”

“Well, it’s not an adventure I want to have again very soon.”

An American couldn’t really imagine what it was like to live in constant fear that some criminal or crooked politician with the power of a feudal baron would arbitrarily set his sites on you. There was nothing a Russian could do but to submit because the institutions of that country served only the rich and powerful. Society gave the average citizen no power to fight back. What a horror!

Back to the investigation, I asked Natalya to try to set up a meeting with Katya, the girl with whom Alina picked up the guys from St. Petersburg a few months after our marriage.

Once again to my surprise, another Russian, this time Katya, agreed to talk about Alina. Why, I wondered? Did all these people dislike Alina because she used them too? Natalya arranged for us to meet Katya in a couple of hours at my hotel. I went for a late lunch while Natalya returned to her office.

During lunch, I happened to glance out the restaurant's open door and saw, just for a fraction of a second, what looked like Poisoned Dragon. Could it be? I rushed to the door, saw overly burnt blonde hair and an ass similar to hers turn to enter the next shop down, a jewelry store. The quick glimpse of the facial profile as she entered the store sure looked like my wife. I debated whether to go make sure it was she, but concluded it would just prematurely alert her to my activities and returned to my lunch pondering the irony.

Katya showed at my hotel with her husband, a Greek, at least twenty-five years her senior who for some unknown reason lived in Russia. She looked a lot like Poisoned Dragon, but was younger, twenty-two and just as tall. After hearing the story from Natalya, I told Katya without stating any specifics given the presence of her husband that Alina referred to her in the diary. Her face momentarily turned to fear. Obviously she didn't want to talk in front of him, so I held off on any further questions until Saturday when we agreed to meet again. Her husband wouldn't be with her then.

The diary showed that Katya regularly cheated on him. Once she took one of the guys from St. Petersburg home for an evening, presumably when hubby was out of town. Her Greek spouse wouldn't take kindly to his darling young wife hooking up with some young guy in their marital bed. These Russian girls were like the Lincoln Tunnel: opened twenty-four hours a day and thought nothing wrong with it.

In the evening, Natalya called to say she contacted Alina's neighbors, but the husband answered the phone and turned it over to the wife. He obviously listened to his wife's every word to make sure she didn't say something that might come back to haunt them. The wife only confirmed the part in the dairy about when Alina and her mother moved into the building. Natalya also said, Yevgeny, the trainer, could meet us the next morning, but so far no luck on reaching Vera, the professor at the Academy.

Friday, April 20, 2001, as usual I ate breakfast in the hotel café on the same floor as my room. Old style Russian hotels religiously shunned efficiency and economies of scale by operating a café on every other floor rather than one large restaurant in the lobby. Usually the café was empty early in the morning, but today three men in their thirties sat with one of the hotel's prostitutes. Nearly all Russian hotels allow a select number of hookers to keep the residents entertained. They even come around knocking on your door plying their wares. It provides employment for the local sluts and a few extra rubles for the floor matrons and hotel administrator. During the decades of communist control, only the sex industry kept the spirit of capitalism alive.

I sat down near these folks, not out of choice, but because the café fitted only three tables. As soon as I ordered my breakfast in broken Russian, the man nearest me turned to ask in broken English whether I came from England. "No, America," and got the usual reaction of a con artist spotting a hundred dollar bill.

The guy struck up a conversation, introduced the other two as businessmen from Turkey and himself as a Chechen gangster. The girl, mere furniture, he didn't bother to introduce. His admission of criminality was believable because the twisted standards prevalent in present day Russia made stars out of hoodlums. Guys like him did the dirty work for the real bosses behind

the scenes—high-level government officials. In return, the hoods sped around in Mercedes Benzes, bought the girls they wanted, pushed people out of the way and enjoyed immunity from prosecution. Many of these goons even moonlighted as cops.

He asked what I was doing in Krasnodar and I recounted my tale of woe about Poisoned Dragon. The prostitute gave me that stereotypical Russian female look of understanding that reminded me of all the lying faces my wife ever wore. These Russian hos must all go to the same school to learn how to play foreign men. Showed them a photograph of Alina on the odd chance that one of them might recognize her, but no one did, or, at least, that's what they said. The picture included in Russian information on her address and the amount I estimated she made up to that point in America, \$100,000. The Chechen looked at the picture, turned to me, made a cutting motion with a hand across his throat and then another cutting movement through the dollar figure. "I will kill her for you for \$50,000," he said in front of his friends. I thanked him, but declined the offer.

In the lobby, I met Natalya and we went to meet Poisoned Dragon's trainer again.

Yevgeny, true to the Russian habit of pretense, said, "The dairy is shocking. How very sad that this once decent girl has descended so low. But these are troubled times in Russia. Many people now chase the dollar while forgetting the old traditions that fell by the way side with the end of the Soviet Union."

Older Russians often yearn for the "good old days" of the Soviet Union, even the Stalin era, because back then power depended solely on a person's position in the government hierarchy. Today power depended on the amount of money that such a position in the hierarchy enabled its occupant to steal from the country, but not every high-level position enables large-scale theft. For example, one of my translators, twenty-two years old, made more than her father

who was the head of Russia's wire services, the equivalent of Associated Press and Reuters combined. Some Russians who spent their lives climbing the communist ladder ended up in positions that didn't translate into dollars, which left them understandably bitter as well as powerless and poor. Some young people, like Alina, relished the change because they quickly adapted to the new game by ambitiously setting out to make as much money as they could free from any ethical restraints.

Yevgeny couldn't or wouldn't provide any useful information. He claimed not to recognize any of the events Alina wrote about, nor did he ever travel to Mexico City for a conference during the time Alina worked in The Men's Club. He did confirm that Alina stopped competing as an athlete after hurting her foot and added a side note that he had helped Inessa obtain a job at the Academy when she and Alina moved to Krasnodar from Grozny. Yevgeny asked me not to tell anyone about our conversation but volunteered his assistance if the need arose. Neither his offer or answers were likely truthful, but at least he acted the gentleman.

Alexei, Alina's old boyfriend, met us at the hotel early in the afternoon. He didn't seem hurt by the diary's confessions. Perhaps they just confirmed his suspicions or he maintained the traditional Russian mask that hid his true feelings. Alexei said he knew Alina kept a diary since before they started dating in 1996. That confirmed there were earlier volumes than the one from which I copied the years 1999 and 2000. Alexei recognized her handwriting and confirmed the events she recorded concerning him but added that the interpretations were hers. One incident was when I left a message on her pager in August 1999 closing with "Love Roy." Alexei saw the message and demanded to know who was this guy "Roy." Alina said I was just a "good friend", which for her meant customer.

Alexei told us that

- before Alina went to Cyprus she advertised herself on an Internet site but didn't recall which one. She used to receive mail at Alexei's address instead of her own, and one day a letter came that Alexei opened. A man in the Ukraine sent it in response to the site where Alina offered to meet any man for \$20;
- when Alina returned from Cyprus, she was so upset at being back in Russia that she wanted to return to working in the club there immediately;
- when she traveled to Mexico, it was suppose to be for only three weeks, but she decided to stay three months; and
- Alina always had one aim: to leave Russia.

In response to my question about other people mentioned in the diary, Alexei said, "She auditioned to dance at the Imperio Club. She knew Andrey very well." So, Andrey had lied to me about only vaguely knowing Alina.

Alexei continued, "Toward the the end of our relationship, I realized that the many auditions Alina went to in Krasnodar weren't for modeling but striptease—dancing totally nude dancing."

More likely for prostitution I thought but didn't mention that to Alexei. He believed Alina didn't start selling her body until she went to Cyprus where the easy money corrupted her. Never underestimate the power of denial.

"As for the 'Alexey' she tried to seduce after you married her, he was the manager of the Joy disco."

"Ha," I laughed, "the same guy she introduced me to before the wedding."

"Also, Alina's professional photographer in Krasnodar is Dmitri. He took the nude pictures of Alina that Inessa tried to hide from her cousin staying in their apartment."

Both Alexey and Dmitri were added to my list of people to contact.

Alina never mentioned to Alexei her marriage but did finally tell his mother in September 2000. During that same month, Alexei saw Alina walking with a short man with his arm around Alina's waist toward the Moscow Hotel. Presumably, the same day she woke me up in that hotel after I confronted her at the airport on her return from Cyprus. Her arrogance likely drove her to bring a client to the same hotel in which I stayed. And that's probably how she got passed security and the floor matron to show up at my door, which I thought strange at the time since she was able to reach my door unannounced.

On Alina's move from Grozny, she told Alexei that her neighbors in Chechnya helped her and her mother. Alexei didn't know the man who managed the Aurora, who was obviously another of Alina's clients.

Alexei recalled that Alina always used this one "witch" for advice and "herbs," but he never met her because Alina made him wait in the street while she went inside the apartment building. The exact same thing happened to me just before the marriage, Alina went to visit someone for whom she said I would have to wait outside in the street because the individual was "sensitive to strangers." Following that visit, I began experiencing the symptoms of drowsiness, euphoria, befuddled thinking and constipation that my doctor believed had resulted from narcotic-poisoning.

This witch must have been the "clairvoyant" from whom, according to Alina's diary, she purchased the "salts and sugars" to slip into my meals so that I wouldn't call off the wedding. If I found this witch, I had a chance of obtaining admissible evidence that Alina put narcotics in my food, and that would assure an annulment. Alexei, however, only knew the street and the building. Alina never told him the apartment number. I doubted that staking out the building for

someone with a pointed hat and a broom would work, so I hoped some of the other people I still intended to interview might know the apartment number for this witch of Krasnodar.

When we finished, I thanked Alexei for his time, and said I would probably contact him with more questions in the future. He agreed to help me in any way he could, and I believed his offer genuine.

Natalya remarked that Alexei surprised her by not sounding bitter about his four-year ordeal with Alina. It surprised me too, and made me realize that there walked a better man than me. Alina cut Alexei more deeply than she did me. We were together for only a year, December 1999 to December 2000, during which she cheated on me with around five guys of whom I knew, but while dating Alexei, her prostitution hoed a path through Krasnodar, Moscow, Cyprus and Mexico.

Alina clearly missed her chance at happiness by not marrying Alexei. Even after her whoring in Cyprus, he still wanted to build a life with her, raise children and tried to convince her to go back to graduate school for the training she needed to teach Gymnastics. But by then her greed, promiscuity and lust for the glamorous life had so ensnared her life that even the Graces probably gave up all hope for her. So where did the fault lie for the time wasted and a life gone wrong? Did Alina or her mother push her into prostitution? Probably the two of them reinforced each other's greed—what fools.

With no more interviews scheduled for that sun lit afternoon, I went for a walk in the park running down the middle of Krasnaya Ulitsa while Natalya went to her office to make some follow-up telephone calls. Before Poisoned Dragon, the stirrings of spring always buoyed my spirits—but no more. Strolling in the warm weather, I concluded that never in my life had I meet anyone as evil as my wife. The Tao defined evil as a state of self-absorption that was in

disharmony with the universal process. Like a dirty window, and my wife was plenty dirty, evil kept the light of life from shining through to touch the person within. In the darkness of her soul, Poisoned Dragon only thought of herself without any concern for the people she harmed in her single-minded quest for money and domination.

Girls like her existed in the 1940s film noir detective movies, but I thought them just caricatures. Never imagined such depraved females actually walked the earth, or that I might meet one, not to mention marry one. But exist they do and often succeed with the treachery behind their innocent smiles. In the movies, the bad girl always got her just deserts, but on that sunny April day in Krasnodar, the future whispered that no court or government agency would ever hold Poisoned Dragon accountable for the laws she violated or the frauds she perpetrated. She had enough money to buy justice in Russia, and her sex made it virtually impossible for any man to convince an American court or executive agency to enforce the laws that she flauntingly violated. Thanks to the Political Correctionalists, American governmental officials, many now females, considered men evil and women, no matter how revolting their conduct, deserving of sympathy and forgiveness because, as the ridiculous argument went, it was really men who caused girls to commit reprehensible acts, such as drowning their children, usually boys, or killing their husbands or boyfriends whom they cuckolded for years. No, all the advantages lay with Poisoned Dragon. Although tempted, it did me no good to implore or curse the gods, whether they existed or not. Justice wasn't a law of nature or gods, man and man alone created it. In the end, I and I alone would have to bring justice to her, no matter the cost. But for now, I played the lawyer's delusional game that the executive agencies and the courts really carried out the laws passed by the legislative branch.

Anastasia called in the evening to say the model of hers that saw Alina with Russian mobsters at the club Strike didn't want to talk with me—too dangerous. For him, it probably was.

Natalya then telephoned to say that she still couldn't reach Vera for comments on the diary or Vice Rector Minchenko of the Academy for the notarized copies of Alina's handwriting. Apparently, Vera didn't care to become involved, and the Vice Rector lied hoping I'd go away. Typical commie con artist that Vice Rector. In order to avoid any scandal resulting from further confrontations between an American lawyer and the Academy that would inevitably result if I pressed my investigation among the students, Minchenko appeased me with promises he never intended to keep. When was I going to learn to never, ever, ever rely on a Russian's promise? It was now Friday night, no classes, no students and my flight for Moscow left Sunday evening.

The Vice Rector obviously figured it unlikely I would return to Krasnodar to cause him any trouble, and even if I did, he probably felt certain that his goons had sufficiently intimidated me not to trouble his Academy again. I made a mental note to figure out a way to cause this liar some grief, hopefully when I came back. Natalya did have some good news, however: Katya agreed to meet with us the next day, Saturday.

Saturday, April 21, 2001, we again met Katya in the hotel lobby, but this time she left her husband at home. Smart move, considering the carnal secrets exposed about her in Poisoned Dragon's diary. Katya, however, claimed she didn't get a chance to read the diary because she needed to study for college exams, but she did have some information about Alina that she didn't want to mention in front of her husband because, as she said, "He wouldn't understand." These Russian girls all used the same specious excuse for cheating on their boyfriends: men are too

immature to understand us women. Her husband would not only understand but also probably box her ears.

If I had decked Poisoned Dragon—just once, when I first found out about her adultery in Italy, the relationship would have ended there or turned out dramatically different. But no, I had to act the gentleman, even when dealing with a slut. Why do men have to relinquish the strengths that evolution gave them while females ruthlessly use every weapon in their arsenal against them?

Katya told us she first met Alina in 1994 or 1995 at the Vasilyeva House of Fashion where the two of them worked as models. Since they had the same figure, they often shared clothes and started hanging out together. Poisoned Dragon obviously schemed to use Katya for clothes because Katya's parents were better off. In 1998, Anastasia sent Alina along with another model, named Nadya, to work at the Zygos Club in Cyprus. Nadya returned just two days later saying the work involved prostitution with which Nadya wanted nothing to do. Alina, however, decided to stay for six months.

I asked, "Do you know how I can reach Nadya?"

"I'll look through my papers. I think I still have her number. If I do, I'll call her to see whether she's willing to meet with you."

"When do you think Alina first start working as a prostitute?"

"Probably when she first went to Cyprus, but I can't be sure. Alina traveled to Moscow a lot before Cyprus. She said she worked as an English translator, which didn't make sense because she could barely speak it."

Alina was really working as a prostitute for Leo. Katya didn't know how many years she traveled to Moscow before Cyprus.

Katya continued, “The last time I saw Alina was in September 2000 here in Krasnodar. She told me she was going to Italy.”

“She probably lied,” I replied, “since she went to Cyprus, but then again, she may have spent some time in Italy for another lucrative weekend of prostitution. I’ll be back in a month or two and would like to talk to you some more, especially after you read the diary.”

Katya agreed, and my final interview for this trip to Krasnodar ended.

In the evening, I read Natalya’s translation of the newspaper article Anastasia gave me with Alina’s picture from the 1997 Miss Krasnodar contest. The reporter had interviewed Anastasia’s mother Tatyanna Vasilyeva, a “world famous” designer of lady’s fashion. That was surprising, since I had assumed her fashion agency and exporter of loose girls mainly a local operation—but it wasn’t. Like Alina, Tatyanna, in her youth, did track and field. Tatyanna extolled the virtues of athletes, which made them excellent models, and used as an example Alina. According to Tatyanna, Alina worked hard to “become a beauty with a true model figure” and was, at the time of the interview, working in the West. Tatyanna didn’t specify the work: stripping and hoing at The Men’s Club in Mexico City. Tatyanna also had a school, run by Anastasia, for turning young “fresh” girls into models—more likely hos. The rest of the article just wasted the resources of paper and ink with empty-headed ditz concerns.

The next day, I flew back to Moscow to meet with Leo before leaving for New York. In March, I had sent him a copy of Poisoned Dragon’s diary and highlighted the section where she recounted cheating him out of part of his commission, around \$1400, for the “work” she did at The Men’s Club in Mexico City. Hopefully, that would at least move Leo out of my wife’s camp.

Early Monday evening with the sun still in the sky, I walked down the speakeasy steps to the bolted door of Leo's establishment that I first had entered nearly two years earlier on my way to the hell I now inhabited. As always, a pretty young whore opened the door and escorted me to Leo's office with the chair that seated his guests about a foot below his desk.

Leo thanked me for the information about the money Alina owed him.

He asked to my surprise, "Is this all of her dairy that you have?"

Why was he asking that I wondered unless the earlier sections of her diary referred to her prostitution activities with him? I now wished I had force Poisoned Dragon to give me all of her diary.

"That's all of her diary that I have," I answered. "Are you going to collect on the money she owes you?"

"I called her up, but she denied owing me the money and said that you forced her to write the diary."

"The whole diary?" I asked and we both laughed.

"It is the way some Russians think, but no sane person would believe her. Anyway, I don't see how I can make her pay since she lives in Krasnodar and New York." This remark didn't ring true to me. Once I had met Leo's mafia connection, and that guy could easily wring the money out of Poisoned Dragon.

Leo continued, "How much does she make now?"

"Around \$14,000 a month, not counting prostitution."

"She is very rich. I read the diary, and the events she talks about when I took her and my girlfriend to Mexico are all true along with the times she talks about visiting my office here."

"That's helpful. Did she ever tell you about what she did in Cyprus?"

“I knew she worked as a stripper and sold sex. She did send me a couple of letters.”

I jumped at the mention of evidence of her handwriting, “Do you still have them?”

“Sure, let’s see, here they are.” Leo kept a file of information and correspondence for all his girls. Russians keep files on everything.

“She sent one just before she left for Cyprus and the other after working there for a month. In one she asked that I send her copies of the nude pictures I made of her. I think she wanted to sell them to a customer. She liked the work in Cyprus.”

“That’s the grandfather she masturbated. She sold him the pictures for ten pounds. Besides the nude pictures, why did she keep in touch with you from Cyprus?”

“Alina always called or wrote to see if I had any work up her alley.” I knew what alley Leo meant. He continued, “She was always interested in meeting foreigners and working overseas. That’s why I sent her over to you when you first walked into my party.”

“She knew where the money was, but I wish you had sent someone else.”

“These girls are all the same Roy.”

“Now I know that. Can I have copies of the letters?”

“Here,” he said handing them to me across the desk. “You can keep them. Do you want the pictures?”

“Sure.”

Leo got up from his desk and turned around to the bookcase of notebooks against the wall in which he kept photographs of his girls. The notebooks showed girls from fifteen years old into their thirties usually wearing underwear or a bathing suit and all looking for money. He had shown me some of the notebooks before when I had stopped by while living in Moscow. He always pointed out shots of girls just added to his stable, asking whether any of them could make

it as a model in America—as if I knew. But this time Leo did something I never saw before; he moved a lever and part of the bookcase vanished leaving an opening into a dark, hidden room behind a false wall at the back of his desk. So that was why his office seemed so small. These Russians keep secrets within secrets.

Leo stepped inside and pulled out a notebook that he handed to me. This book, one of many that I could glimpse in that secret room, contained completely naked photographs of the girls whose names fell under that part of the alphabet. Clearly, he used these books for selling his models to prospective clients for prostitution. Why was I surprised? He showed me my wife's page. Four shots of Poisoned Dragon, completely naked with her crotch shaved, standing in black high heels, trying to look demure and holding the same posed she used in the Miss Krasnodar contest, only there she wore clothes. I felt disgusted.

“Here keep them,” Leo said

“When were they taken?”

“I think in 1996.”

So, Poisoned Dragon worked as a prostitute at least in Moscow since she graduated college and probably before. The letters and nude photos would help my case if I could trick Poisoned Dragon into admitting in court that she wrote the letters and Leo took the pictures. No way Leo would swear to taking the photos or receiving the letters. The court, however, could at least force my wife to provide a handwriting sample, but her proficiency at calligraphy allowed her to disguise her writing to some degree. I still needed more evidence. After thanking Leo for his help, I went back to my translators' apartment.

Anya was out on a date while Sasha sat in the kitchen eating sweets. I joined her and showed her my wife's pictures.

“I don’t understand how I could marry such filth. What the hell was wrong with me?”

“You were lonely and picked the wrong girl,” Sasha empathized.

“I sure picked the wrong girl! But I’ve been lonely my whole life. Even when I was a kid, I learned early on to avoid my parents, especially mother, as much as possible. What a couple of self-righteous, cold-hearted frauds they were. Mother always complained when as a child I wanted to sit on her lap, so at five I gave up trying. Guess her narcissism forbid children parking themselves on her since it detracted from the image of feminine beauty she pictured herself projecting to the world. She was all surface and no substance other than a mean and nasty nature and lust for material goods.”

“Sounds like your wife,” Sasha wisely observed.

“Think so?”

“I read the copy of her diary that you left with Anya. Your wife sounds infantile. By that I mean she never psychologically developed beyond the infant stage in which a person’s own body is the main object of their interest. That’s narcissism. Coupled with Alina’s cruelty and greed, she seems like the same type of person you just described as your mother.”

“Yeah, I considered that before. What a curse!”

“Maybe in your unconscious mind you saw Alina as a way to relieve the loneliness you always felt because your mother never gave you any affection.”

“But how could loneliness drive a man to such stupidity. Every time I learn something new about her—it’s foul. I don’t think this girl ever did anything decent in her life or ever allowed a centesimal of truth to cross her lips. She lies about being a track star, about not being a successful model because she started late, about her mother not knowing the truth about her work and nearly everything else to create an image that doesn’t exist.”

“And you fell in love with that image,” Sasha replied.

“Ah, you’re right, I did, but I should have seen it was all a mirage.”

“But you did see it as a mirage at least your rational mind did. I remember you telling me before you found her diary that you were certain she was playing around in Krasnodar while you waited in Moscow for her visa to come through. You suspected all along the type of girl she was, but your unconscious yearned for the affection your mother never gave you and that’s why you bought into her illusion.”

“You’re losing me.”

“Roy, the moment you sensed that Alina and your mother were similar, and by that I don’t mean you logical analyzed the two of them, but something in you told you they were alike. At that moment, you were doomed to overlook all the warning signs because she represented your last chance of receiving the affection your mother never gave, of alleviating that loneliness you’ve lived with since a child. I mean look at what you did with Alina compared to your other relationships. You went out with girls from Russia and South America. You always told me that they were probably interested in you just to get a green card, and your vanity while dating them temporarily blinded you to that. But you never got serious with any of them probably because they didn’t remind you of your mother. Still, you knew the score with, as you call them, third-world girls, and yet you unconsciously used the attraction of a green card to win over Alina. First you take her to America and the city where she dreamed of working, Las Vegas. Then when you are back in Moscow, you ask her to marry you and move to New York. Of course, she’s going to agree. What girl living in this country wouldn’t?”

“So I’m to blame for the mess I’m in?”

“Don’t be so defensive. Your mother’s failure to be a mother left you vulnerable for a con artist like Alina. I’m not justifying Alina’s actions. She’s a scheming ambitious girl who saw your weakness and took advantage of it—not caring how badly she hurt you. You were nothing but a toy for her to play with. An evil person if there ever was one.”

“So was my mother, but there’s nothing I can do to her since she’s dead, but I can do something to Alina.”

“And what will you do?”

“Try to get justice.”

The next day I flew back to New York, miserable as ever.