

## **Stupid Frigging Fool**

By Roy Den Hollander

### Part 5

#### Don't Stop Now

As Roy Cohn once said toward the end of his days, “The flow of life has turned against me.” I now knew how he felt. Feeling utterly alone, doomed, tricked by traitors that included my own lawyer Silpe and persecuted by the Feminazi dominated courts that had crushed any hope of justice, I gave up my earlier, tentative presumption that possibly, just maybe, an omnipotent intelligence existed to make the crooked straight and set the wrongs right. I closed the bibles that I had previously left open around my apartment to protect me from the Ho's black magic and put them on the shelf along with the cross from my voodoo priestess. They didn't work. The ancient Western gods and goddesses didn't exist, at least not in my life. Still I assumed, or wished, that metaphysical forces without the face of a deity worked behind the scenes to somehow make all of man's pain and suffering worthwhile, and turned to eastern philosophy such as Shambahla, Hinduism and Zen Buddhism.

From what I could understand, these philosophies taught that “basic goodness” existed in the universe. Peace in life came from accepting that basic goodness and living in harmony with it. The definition of basic goodness, however, was somewhat vague. Apparently, if something was natural, not an artifice, and worked, than it was good. Harmonizing one's life with basic goodness didn't mean the absence of pain, suffering and evil, but rather a realization that these are inevitable experiences in living that should be met with dignity and an open heart. The key seemed that when a man found himself lost, he needed to transcend his ego, always vulnerable to one slight or another, his fear and lust for material goods, such as hot young ladies. I doubted

such goals attainable, but I continued to read and replaced the Bibles with opened Hindu scriptures and Zen teachings.

Initially, my surroundings felt a little less like a morgue, but my skepticism in philosophies persisted. Down throughout history societies kept citizens chained to various occupations and classes, so belief systems developed to provide relief for those prevented from pursuing their first-best destinies. Today, when a person cannot pursue his first-best destiny because of a dysfunctional upbringing, or an oppressive society, then his only recourse are the philosophies, religions, mythologies, magic and mysticisms out of the past or the psychotropic drugs of modern times. Any or all of them may come into play in an attempt to relieve a person's misery by providing a way to live that creates a sense, or an illusion, of unity with the universe, a sense of presence and harmony. An individual's first-best destiny would have delivered that essential harmony, but without it, another mechanism was and is always needed.

On November 2, 2001, the lesbian judge Lobis ruled the disaster of my marriage to a Russian prostitute over as a result of a settlement agreement Silpe tricked me into signing. Both sides admitted engaging in innocuous incidents that the court used to justify a divorce by ruling such acts as cruel and inhuman. What a joke! To the court cruel and inhuman meant the Ho smashing one of my coffee cups, calling me crazy, my checking up on her telephone calls and telling her to see a psychiatrist. In the real world, incidents like these didn't amount to cruel and inhuman treatment, but the female run courts said they did because it enabled them to circumvented New York State law that required divorces based on fault, which meant conduct that made living together untenable. The judges, in effect, turned New York into a no-fault state by granting divorces based on insignificant acts because the judges' personal beliefs in political

correctionalism disagreed with the elected legislature. Chalk up another victory for the sluts and Feminazis.

When I returned home from the court, an email message from the Internet host that carried the site with the Ho's diary, photos and masturbation clips stated someone tried to hack into the site by obtaining my account number, which would allow anyone to edit or delete the contents. The attempt not only told me that she desperately wanted the web site shut down, but would eventually seek revenge by manipulating some hood client of hers to play me a visit. Fine, let him come, we'll see who wins.

After assuring the integrity of my site, I contacted Immigration at the Moscow Embassy to inform them of the divorce and provide some more leads and evidence that might assist their investigation in proving the Ho a prostitute. These included her masturbation video clips, copies of the nude photos that Leo used for advertising her—the guys at the Embassy would get a kick out of all this—and handwritten letters she sent to Leo from Cyprus requesting copies of the nude photos that she later sold to “Grandpa” after masturbating him. I also told Immigration of the original pages of her diary, which she handed over to me the previous September, that were covered with her fingerprints. Immigration could use the letters, and, if needed, the original diary pages to verify that the Ho actually wrote her memoirs, but showing the diary represented actual events rather than a novel or something I forced her to write might prove more difficult. Immigration now faced the same problem I did during the annulment/divorce proceedings of obtaining evidence that showed the diary reflected reality, which, given the nature of American bureaucracies, meant the burden fell to me, the citizen, to point them in the right direction. Something the Embassy actually asked me to do.

Three days later, the Embassy informed me that it had initiated its deportation proceeding against the Ho. Yes! A victory at last, but I knew it no guarantee for the triumph of righteousness, since investigations and legal procedures often go astray due to prostitute lawyers, bureaucratic incompetence or the recent Political Correctionalist trend that gutted Immigration's authority by giving alien criminals more rights than law-abiding citizens. Millions of illegals commit Federal misdemeanors or felons and get away with it. For example, a one time illegal entry into the U.S. is a misdemeanor, but two or more is a felon. But that doesn't bother the female driven lefties that deem it worth risking the safety and lives of American citizens in order to further their ideology of protecting everybody's sensitivities, such as illegal aliens.

The investigation and hopefully deportation of the Ho might take years during which she would continue to benefit to the tune of over \$150,000 annually for defrauding me, Immigration, the State Department and the I.R.S. How could she not believe that crime pays? Another factor that might further delay her removal came from the 911 tragedy. Immigration was inundated with higher priority investigations to track down and deport all the lunatic terrorists let into the country over the past decade as a result of Billy-Bob Clinton's open door policy. Clinton pushed for lenient immigration policies and enforcement because naturalized citizens and non-citizens tended to vote for Democratic politicians. For example, in preparation for the 1996 election, he reduced the time for processing naturalization applications from two years to six months in key states. To meet the new deadline, Immigration skipped criminal background checks. Out of the 1.3 million aliens naturalized, 80,000 were criminals. Much the same is happening under Obama as he runs for re-election.

On the other hand, the drubbing Immigration received from the media and politicians over its incompetence and sloth surrounding the 911 attacks might actually prod the agency into

doing its job concerning the Ho. Every last one of the 911 hijackers had entered the U.S. legally on visas. Under the glare of the media and public scrutiny, Immigration might be less likely to bury an investigation involving a prostitute that not only grew up in Chechnya, but also hung out with Chechen gangsters because the world now knew that Usama Bin Laden used Chechen criminals in his terrorist network. Still, the core culture of incompetence and corruption at the INS gave illegal alien criminals like the Ho the advantage. Even aliens convicted of crimes in the U.S. are often not deported. The father of one of the girls in my martial arts class was busted for pushing a large amount of coke. Immigration decided not to deport him.

If the immigration agents or someone else isn't bribed and Immigration pushes forward with its investigation rather than giving up and allowing the Ho to become a permanent resident through the rubber-stamp VAWA waiver and the department decides to try to deport her, INS will provide the Ho notice of a deportation hearing before an administrative law judge.

Assuming the administrative law judge decides to kick her out of the county, she could appeal to the Bureau of Immigration Appeals and then to the U.S. Second Circuit Court of Appeals.

During the appeal process, she's free to to ply her trade in the underground economy unless she commits an aggravated assault—not likely. She could also file for a voluntary departure in which she agrees to leave the country on her own and is barred from reentering for a period of time. In effect, it allows aliens to leave and enter legally, or leave and enter illegally. If a Federal Court decides to deny her appeal and deport her, Immigration would send her a letter telling her to report for removal from the U.S. INS agents call such letters “run letters”—guess why?

Immigration no longer takes into custody aliens it has to deport unless they threatened the public safety, in which case the government probably couldn't find them anyway, as with some

of the 911 hijackers. Right after the 911 tragedy, Immigration had a backlog of over 300,000 aliens that the courts ordered out of the country but didn't go. Eighty-seven percent of illegal aliens ordered deported aren't because Immigration can't find them or, if it can, doesn't bother taking them into custody because of the lack of jail space, only 20,000 beds. In the Ho's case, Immigration could ask the administrative law judge to make the Ho post bond, but given the tendency to let girls get away with murder in America, this seemed unlikely. Even if the judge did require a bond, the Ho would just jump bail anyway. If the bail bondsman found her and took her to Immigration as a fugitive, Immigration would probably not accept her because of the lack of jail space. CBS News actually did a story on such a case.

CBS went along with a bail bondsman for the arrest of an illegal alien whom INS had ordered deported and who had jumped bail. The bondsman found the illegal at his house and took him to an INS office with CBS in tow, but INS refused to arrest the guy, so he went back home.

At any time during the process, which might last years, the Ho could disappear into the black hole of America's sex industry to join the vast underground of millions of illegals living here. Most strip clubs, like Flash Dancers, and prostitution parlors don't require any identification, just tits and asses with loose morals. And if the Ho wanted fake identification, she could easily buy it through the many illegals that stripped at Flash Dancers or from the hoods that run the place. In the end, whether Immigration blew the case or obtained a removal order upheld by the Federal Courts, the Ho wasn't going anywhere.

The Immigration official at the Embassy knew all too well the problems with deporting when VAWA diminished almost to oblivion the value of evidence from the one adversary most knowledgeable about an alien spouse's violations, the American spouse. Even if the Feminist

created and trained VAWA Unit in Vermont didn't okay her waiver application for permanent residence, a girl with the Ho's money could easily drag out the legal process for years or simply slither into the underworld. The official, however, confidently told me that if she went underground, she would surface eventually because people like her always did. He would rather not have to wait, so in preparation for any eventual disappearance, he requested from me a list of people who might help her hide. He also asked me to keep close tabs on her whereabouts, and notify him of any change of address or work. Once again, the citizen ends up doing the Government's work.

The Ho's apartment lease terminated at the end of the month, so I needed to find out whether she renewed or chose to begin her disappearance act early. With my Yankee hat on as a disguise, I went over to her building to snoop around. It turned out that on a workday, she left her apartment in Astoria around 6:05 PM, walked to the 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue subway station, arrived there between 6:15 to 6:17 PM and caught the 6:19 PM train to Manhattan. Like all good businesswomen, punctuality meant efficiency that maximized her profits. Waiting in the shadows until she boarded her train one evening, I then walked to her building. The evening rush-hour was on, so a number of people would be entering her locked building and I could just follow them inside. One young man turned into the building's courtyard, I quickly came up behind him, pulled out my keys as though I lived there. He saw me, a middle-aged, gray haired man, thought nothing of it and politely let me inside. I headed downstairs for the buildings superintendent and knocked on his door. A pretty pubescent girl opened it.

“Is the superintendent here?”

“Dad,” she yelled.

Out came a tall man in his thirties holding a pan in which I assumed he was preparing dinner. Where was his wife?

Asking about the Ho's apartment, I said, "I heard that apartment 4H is up for rent, and I'm interested in it." In New York lingo that meant I was willing to pay the super a bribe for inside information on any available apartments. That's how New Yorkers find out about vacancies before they are advertised. Once an apartment is listed in the newspapers, it either doesn't exist or was already rented by the time a person reads the ad.

He responded in a thick Russian accent with surprise, "No, as far as I know the apartment lease was renewed."

"That's the apartment with the tall Russian lady?"

"Yes, I know her, and she is not moving out," he replied.

To myself I said, I'm sure you do know her! "Thanks, my mistake. Sorry to interrupt your dinner." I left with a glance at his teenage daughter. In my younger days she would have returned the look.

I told Immigration the Ho was locked into her apartment for another year. Checking that she still worked at Flash Dancers proved easier. Periodically, I'd call and ask whether "Angelina was dancing tonight?" to which they always politely replied yes or no. If I had a girl call, she could also find out whether the Ho would work the following night or was on vacation. Another way to keep tabs on her work was sitting in a restaurant across the street from Flash Dancers where I could see the girls enter the club for the evening shift. On the nights she worked, the Ho always strutted through the doors between 6:55 and 7:05 pm—very punctual.

With no other U.S. agency interested in enforcing the laws against the Ho, I also shifted my Russian forces to providing any useful leads and information to Immigration at the Embassy.

The aim stayed the same as in the annulment/divorce case, tracking down information and developing leads on the Ho's history of selling sex and any other nefarious acts that might prove useful. Xenia passed the word to Svetlana, who actually reappeared in Moscow but in a hospital.

Xenia said "Svetlana has been seriously ill since you first met her in June. She wouldn't tell me with what, but kept saying things were getting done when they weren't."

"Obviously, she assumed I'd switch attorneys if I knew about her illness, and I would have." I replied.

Xenia and I decided to wait until Svetlana finished her treatment in Moscow. If she could no longer function, then Xenia would find a new attorney in Krasnodar. Xenia also began looking for a contact in Cyprus to show that the club Zygus, where the Ho had worked, sold girls to its customers. In the meantime, Nadya, my Krasnodar translator, returned from an extended vacation in Chile. She started tracking down and interviewing various people with knowledge of the Ho and Krasnodar's sex industry.

All the information and leads from Russia would flow through Xenia for review and then she'd personally hand it over to the Embassy official. Any information from me was mailed directly to the official. The Embassy could then use it to direct its investigation. Sounded simple enough but it wasn't. The anthrax scare shut down the Embassy's U.S. postal service so that the only way for the personnel to receive mail was the private carrier Federal Express. And as a result of 911, physical access to the Embassy was shut down for a few months, so Xenia had to meet the official out in the street to hand over any materials.

The Embassy received from me the Ho's perjured financial statement from the annulment/divorce case. Immigration could use it to show her up as a chronic liar on the witness stand, if it ever got her there. I notified them about her American credit card, which she

probably used to transfer money out of the U.S. and her Cyprus mutual fund account. The Embassy official responded that such information didn't apply to Immigration violations, but that the more information they provided the U.S. Attorney, who ultimately would prosecute the case, the better. Immigration in turn requested some information that seemed irrelevant to me, such as the birth dates of Leo, Anastasia and Dima and the last names of the Ho's playing around girls: Lena and Olga. Nadya was able to dig up some of the information.

There were some possible avenues for investigation that I suggested to the Embassy. For example, contacting Anastasia and Dima Vasilyeva at their American address, which INS now had thanks to me, to obtain a copy of the contract the Ho signed with the owners of the Zygos Club. Anastasia had told me about the contract during my April visit to Krasnodar but claimed only the Athanasious in Cyprus had a copy—baloney. The contract could infer prostitution, but at the very least, it would confirm the Ho working in the strip club Zygos. I never heard back whether Immigration tried to obtain the contract. When the Embassy chose not to tell me something, I didn't push the matter for fear of opening up the officials to charges of bias or collusion. My place was merely to provide them information or point them in the direction of useful evidence. Other documents I sent the Embassy included the Ho's time sheets indicating which days she worked at Flash Dancers.

My "agent" went over to Flash Dancers to find out when the Ho planned her next vacation to mother Russia. Immigration might find the information useful, and I could always waste the cost of a telephone call informing U.S. Customs of another violation of the laws they were suppose to but never enforced. Unfortunately, my timing went a missed with this operation. The Ho told my agent she just returned from a vacation to Disney World and Miami. She probably took the time off but lied about her destinations in just another arrogant taunt in the

Ho's infantile effort to upset me with her stupid stories of going where we went, but with other men. Like all vain females, she actually thought I fantasized about having her back. She'd never know that my dream about her was to one day fly to Krasnodar to urinate on her grave. Well, we all need our dreams to keep us going. The Ho didn't divulge to my agent any plans for her next vacation, so the expenses I paid, as always, partly flowed into the Russian septic tank of my ex-wife, but this time with zero return.

The continuing investigation, preoccupation or obsession with justice kept revealing new insights that created in me prescience for the Ho's future plans. It was as though I could almost see into that twisted sewer of her mind with a little help from logic. The Ho spent her "Wonder Years" in the barbaric, feudal culture of Chechnya where the blood lust for vengeance rivaled Russian greed for money. She adopted both traits as goddess-type virtues. For the present, she concentrated on slaking her greed. But sometime down the road after the Ho won her permanent green card or went underground or even was deported, she'd pay around \$5000, the going price to kill a non-Russian, plus travel expenses, to quench her hatred for me. It was her style to wait, "Be patient," she always said. And the wait made sense. If she did anything before, the authorities would pounce on her, maybe. But in the future, as memories fade and my complaints about her to various agencies ended up in the shredder, she will strike with a vengeance worthy of the barbaric culture that produced her.

When I originally formulated my war objectives and strategy after receiving the Temporary Order of Protection, I didn't consciously consider such a threat, but, prophetically, took it into account anyway without realizing it. Now all my efforts focused on bringing justice to her first, but as I told Mark and Moody one night while listening to Ludacris' new song "Area Codes" on the car radio, "There's still a long road to ho."

## Happy Holidays

The holiday season started, but for me there was no peace from the Ho horrors in my life. The Holidays always depressed me, but now, unlike earlier years, all hope seemed to vanish from my existence. Struggling to stay sane enough to fight the Ho, I socialized with friends, went to lectures and movies, worked out, hit the clubs where, to my surprise, some young things expressed interest. But, for me, as pleasing, attractive and soft as these young girls were, I wasn't looking for any involvement. A relationship would only distract me from the hate that drove me in this holy war—my personal jihada.

In a mythological sense, I lived in the underworld where dragons rend lives that may or may not reform into the approximation of a human being. As Nietzsche said, "He who fights too long with dragons becomes a dragon himself." My nightly dreams told of a long distance run dodging obstacles, taking certain actions, then careening into the abyss that I had glimpsed on two other occasions in my life, once in joy when young, once in sorrow when middle age. My fate showed clear, the result of the flow of a universe that went beyond the egoistical need for justice. The pending void made that fate a duty, an obligation that I needed to fulfill. The evolution of the universe had brought to me deeds to do. Miniscule acts, but still acts only I could perform. I had to push forward with this war. Life no longer held anything of joy for me, just deeds to do.

It made no sense to drag my existence out to its natural end, which promised only more and worst misery. The body kept decaying, opportunities vanishing. Girls that I wanted didn't want me, just the money they thought I had or free legal advice, and as for the flabby body, foul mouth, insulting dinosaurs that did want me, I'd rather be dead than touch them. Much of the time, my body and mind endured a dull aching pain from old sports injuries, regrets, humiliations

and insults from a life of failures while I waited for the consequences of the latest heist by the highwayman of the stock market and the bane of age discrimination to fling me into poverty. Logic and time required betting what was left of life on punishing the Ho and her allies who made such evil possible—the Feminazis.

At a Thanksgiving Day party, Cindi's husband Keith, an actor who worked part-time as a waiter at a trendy Upper Westside restaurant, said the Ho showed up with a date at one of his tables around the end of October 2001. Keith and the Ho knew each other slightly from working together at a corporate event, but she either didn't recognize him or pretended not to. When the Ho went to the girl's room, Keith asked the guy if his date's name was "Angel" to which he said yes.

Remembering the theory of "Ubiquity" in which seemingly inconsequential acts may have important repercussions, I quizzed Keith on the incident.

"Did you over hear anything they said?"

"No."

"Did she use the guy's name?"

"Not that I heard."

"What did the guy look like?"

"He was short, Asian and in his early twenties."

The Ho was equal an opportunity slut, so no surprise in her going out with a short Asian. The only color that mattered to her was green, and the only size, the thickness of a man's wallet. But the odds that an Asian in his twenties would have enough money to attract her seemed slim. It didn't logically follow or feel right to my intuition, so I let it bounce around my unconscious for a while. During dinner, the anomaly dissipated: the Asian guy was probably Tony Wong,

my so-called buddy from Moscow who managed the Russian branch for Schering-Plough. It all fit. Wong was short and looked much younger than his 32 years. He had money and always tried to bed his friends' girls, wives and daughters—most likely the result of an inferiority complex from his lack of height. As for the Ho, she would learn Wong was as cheap as her, but doing him probably satisfied some of her desire for vengeance against me. Lastly, only a small number of people, such as Keith and Wong, referred to her, as I once did, with the name “Angel.”

My logic and intuition fell into harmony, but in order to make sure of reality, I ran a little con on Wong to make sure he was the Asian with the Ho. Emailing him that I heard he was in New York City at the end of October, I feigned hurt that he didn't contact me. Naturally, I didn't mention the Ho sighting. He responded that he had visited the City with his new Russian girlfriend who took up all his time. As proof, he attached a picture of his girl, but it didn't show him, which is what I was angling for—his picture. In my reply, I feigned banter that no girl as pretty as the one in the picture would go out with him, and accused him of clipping the photo from a fashion magazine. Right on cue, just like an insecure teenager, and on the same day, he emailed me photos of him and her together to prove his desirability to the other sex. Perfect, I took the photos with Wong in them to Keith. “Yea, that's him. That's the guy who was with Angel at the restaurant.” Keith told me. Wong dating the Ho didn't surprise me too much, since I always knew him a sleaze although a personable one, but it did give me an opportunity to try to shake some information out of him. Anything the Ho told him might prove useful to Immigration at the Embassy. Playing ignorant, I arranged to meet Tony when he visited New York over Christmas.

The Internal Revenue Service, in the spirit of the season as another excuse not to do any work, sent me a form letter refusing to investigate the Ho's tax evasion. This really ticked me off. The I.R.S. nails hard-working, middle-class folk for minor mistakes but lets go a slut cheating the country out of tens of thousands of dollars against whom they have probable cause to investigate. So I contacted a few male alumni from my law school, George Washington University, who were working for the I.R.S. in Washington, D.C. to see whether anyone could help.

One alumnus said, "The main problem with tax evasion in all cash businesses is estimating the amount of money that workers make."

To which I asked, "Doesn't the I.R.S. have guidelines for estimating a stripper's income as it does for bartenders and waiters, who make most of their income from cash tips?"

"No, we never formulated any guidelines."

Unbelievable! But I should have expected it. The I.R.S. nickels and dimes decent, hard working waiters and bartenders but lets lap dancers cheat the government of literally billions of dollars a year.

The alum continued, "But I'll see what I can do to interest the fellows up in New York to your case."

I thanked him for the help and information.

Within days, I received a call from I.R.S.'s Criminal Investigation Division, CID, in Brooklyn. The agent told me the office received a directive from headquarters in Washington to contact me about the Ho's tax evasion. Thank goodness some of the good ol' boy network still functioned in the eternal battle against the feminine evil now engulfing the world in a night of despair.

Armed with a package of documents, I rushed down to meet the agent that same day. By December 2001, the Ho had easily grossed over \$150,000 in unreported income from lap dancing alone. The agent, however, quizzed me about the Ho's Chechen connections rather than her tax evasion. What was with these guys? So she grew up in Gorzny and was seen with Chechen hoods. They had an obvious case of tax evasion but showed no interest. The agent's area of responsibility since 911 was tracking terrorist assets, so why was he talking to me? My ex-wife hung out with Russian and Chechen gangsters back in Russia, but I doubted she knew any terrorists unless for a lap dance or prostitution gig. My hope for action on her tax evasion faded. According to the agent, I.R.S. policy prevented any investigation of tax evasion unless it persisted for three consecutive years or amounted to sums of money in the hundreds of thousands of dollars in unpaid taxes. The more than \$40,000 a year in taxes the Ho failed to pay didn't matter. He also said it was too difficult determining a lap dancer's income, so the I.R.S. didn't bother. Even the Ho's secret Cyprus bank account that she failed to report on her 2000 return didn't interest him. The I.R.S. was a paper tiger when it came to the criminal economy but would willingly destroy a middle-class citizen who tried to comply with its arcane regulations but made a mistake—so much for the good ol' boy network.

The I.R.S.'s requirements made no sense other than to make things easier for them. Why wait for three years in a row of tax evasion? So the hos can do two years of tax evasion, skip a year and then do another two years in a row and avoid an investigation? And why not estimate a stripper's income just as they did the tips received by bartenders and waitresses, another cash business but small change compared to lap dancers? The Internet contained websites set up by lap-dancers for lap-dancers to provide girls in the industry information on "Gentlemen's Clubs," such as average take home pay per shift, management's cut, type of clientele, average amount of

time a guy stayed in a club, average total amount of dollars a guy spent and average amount of money he walked in with. That last one made me wonder how the hos determined it. Guess when it comes to the thickness of a man's wallet, they have their ways.

The I.R.S. could easily estimate the amount of cash generated in a club like Flash Dancers. Multiply the number of customers, derived from the total amount of admission paid, times the average amount a guy spends for the total amount of money flowing into a club on one night during the week. The number of customers varies with each night, so by doing the same for all seven nights will yield a good approximation of the money that enters a club and exchanges hands—the taxable event. Apportion the cash flow among the owners, strippers, waitresses and bartenders to estimate everybody's income, including the hos. If the taxmen don't want to use stripper statistics, they can conduct their own industry research. For example, the bartenders and waitresses in these clubs know how much the average stripper makes and are willing to talk about it. Even the lap dancers will tell a stranger how many dances they average, but they wouldn't say how much they make. Since they apparently can't do the math, they assume no one can. Estimating the average stripper's nightly income at any particular club is not difficult, and by cross-referencing that with a club's records of who performs each night will allow the I.R.S. to make a fair estimate of a particular stripper's income. All it takes is a little bit of work, which the institutional sloth of the Government prevents.

So how much do all the ho clubs in America generate that is never or dramatically underreported? Take Flash Dancers as a somewhat representative example. The club has a day shift from 12 Noon to 8 PM and a nightshift from 8 PM to 4 AM. The nightshift uses around 75 girls every evening, 365 days a year, which generates a lap dancer cash flow of around \$13 million yearly—most of which the tax authorities never hear about. A recent law review article

estimated 2000 strip clubs in America. Since the average nightly take varies from club to club, assume just a thousand clubs in the U.S in order to be conservative. That yields an under-taxed cash stream to hos of \$13 billion. In effect, America's law abiding taxpayers are subsidizing lap dancers—not fair and not fiscally astute.

After futilely contacting various public officials with this information, I turned to America's newest hero, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani, by sending him a letter that the average stripper of which there were plenty in the City evaded taxes on an income of around \$100,000 a year. New York City taxed the income of its residents just as the Federal and State governments did, so lap dancers in the City cheated all three governments by not accurately reporting their income. If the City became interested in an underground stream of tax revenue, it might go after the Ho as an example to all strippers. As a follow up to my letter, I called the John Gambling radio talk show on which the Mayor regularly appeared for questions from the public. The Mayor, always a gentleman, politely said he would look into it, but Gambling in his arrogance and ignorance just laughed and cut me off. Fine, he's doing a lot more ho underwriting with his taxes than I am.

The Mayor, however, always a class act, was good to his word. The New York State Taxation and Finance Department, which held jurisdiction over city tax matters, sent me a letter saying the Mayor had contacted the Department's Commissioner about my concern and that the Department would conduct an investigation and wanted to interview me—nice to know people in high places.

The New York State tax agents were not interested in the Ho's individual tax evasion but violations by the operators of Flash Dancers. Flash Dancers, like most the strip clubs, claimed the girls worked as independent contractors for the customers because the customers paid them

directly. That meant management didn't need to withhold taxes or contribute to social security and unemployment insurance or even obtain the girls' social security numbers for 1099 filings—hard to do when they're illegals. Flash Dancers contended it only rented space to the girls for dancing, so it had zero tax reporting or paying obligations to the City, State and Federal governments. The State tax authorities wanted to show that the girls were really employees because management strictly controlled their working hours, breaks and assigned them specific duties, such as dancing on the stage when the disk jockey called their names or entertaining in the champagne room when the manager directed them. If the State proved the girls employees of Flash Dancers rather than independent contractors of the customers, then Flash Dancers and most of the other ho clubs in New York had violated the tax laws. That not only meant big fines, but in the future, strip club managers would have to keep track of all the girls' income and file reports with the tax department, which meant an end to ho tax evasion.

The State tax officials pumped me for all the information I knew on how Flash Dancers worked. I cooperated, since making hos pay their fair share of society's cost in the future was a worthy cause. Then they asked whether the Ho might work undercover for them to which I replied they'd have to ask her. That was all I needed, the Ho working undercover for New York State's tax department complete with immunity for all the crimes she committed, a likely reward of citizenship and the American life style at taxpayer expense in the witness protection program. This slut had a charmed life. Then again, I could notify the gangsters running Flash Dancers before the authorities put her under protection, but didn't.

During the same period, I filed a Disciplinary Complaint with New York State Court's Appellate Division against the Ho's attorney, Mundy. The complaint accused him of attempted coercion when he lied to my lawyers about having medical records showing I beat my wife and

an audiotape of my trying to extort money from her. Mundy committed the misdemeanor of attempted coercion when he tried to use the nonexistent evidence to intimidate me into settling the case. Mundy's willingness to violate the law to win a case made it likely that he also masterminded the threatening telephone call from the phantom John Madison.

My former attorney Silpe and the lesbian judge Lobis also violated certain codes of professional conduct in pursuing their own self-interests at the cost of my rights. They likely rationalized their actions under some warped socialized imagery of rushing to defend the fair damsel in distress. A delusion concept ingrained in eight hundred years of literature that some medieval ho invented to achieve money and power, and every mother since, Feminazi or ho, inculcated into her sons. As for the judge, I didn't have any useable ammunition, since she smartly dismissed me from her chambers before putting the screws to me. But I did have enough to file a Disciplinary Complaint against Silpe for entering a settlement without my permission and then lying to me about it. For the present, however, I held off on filing a complaint against him because I needed his and his bozo associate's testimony to support my allegation of Mundy's attempt to coerce me with the extortion charge. In addition, I needed my first attorney Judith for evidence that Mundy claimed to have medical records of my battering the Ho in his first effort to coerce me. Although Judith most likely colluded with Mundy to pressure me into a settlement, I wasn't going to file a complaint against her because I'd never be able to prove it.

In an irony of how small the world is, one of the girls from my study group when I spent a semester in Columbia's School of International Affairs knew one of the Ho's clients. The Ho kept business cards of various marks, and one worked for Nomura Securities where my friend not only worked, but she worked in the same office as the Ho's client. As a goof and in the chance of gaining some information, my friend agreed to confront him with frequenting Flash

Dancers and my ex-wife. The guy naturally denied everything but turned a bright red doing so. Fine, a reluctant witness to the Ho working at Flash Dancers and maybe prostitution, if the Embassy needed him.

Shortly before Christmas day, I sent my above-cover agent to Flash Dancers one last time. He reported the Ho planned to take a vacation after working Christmas Night until the end of January, which I believed, and to go out west, which I knew meant east. Once again, I notified U.S. Customs at Kennedy airport and this time provided them with the Cyrus mutual fund account into which she deposited her smuggled money and the Ho's credit card account as one of the means she used for illegally transferring funds out of the country. With the credit card, she probably bought traveler's checks or money orders to hide her cash flow from the I.R.S., which didn't care anyway, sent them to her credit card company to create a balance on her card that she later withdrew the money at a bank in Russia or elsewhere. Smart girl, better than stuffing wads of hundreds up her vagina like in the old days. Once again, Customs politely took the information and promptly did nothing. How I longed for the old days of the fifties and sixties when Federal officials dealt with the public in a gruff manner but actually did their job. Today they all sounded like graduates from charm school who knew how to respect people's sensitivities but nothing else. What about the taxpayer's right that a government agency do what his taxes are paying them to do? Doesn't mean a thing today with all these insidious female traits of the Political Correctionalists emphasizing form over content that end up undermining the effectiveness of institutions meant to protect Americans.

The Ho also kept up her attacks against me. Her computer hacker tried again to access the web site with her diary, pictures and masturbation video but with no success. Azul, her fellow traveler in Mexico, emailed me claiming she no longer felt close to the Ho because the Ho

had changed. Azul then tried to pump me for information about whether I planned to travel to Russia over the holidays under the pretense of inviting me to stop off on the way for some sexual fun with her—no way, slut! The Ho obviously lay behind Azul's feigned interest. My ex-wife probably feared another fact-finding trip to Krasnodar. So I played along with an intuitive lie that I planned to travel to St. Petersburg. Something rang prophetic about the place because I just knew that the Ho planned on visiting Valodya there over the holidays. Trying my own hand at manipulation, I also replied that the Ho did not seem the same to Azul because she was now rich, at least \$150,000 of rich. Hopefully the figure might breed resentment or even prod Azul to charge money for her spying services, which would surely anger my ex-wife.

My less than honorable buddy Wong arrived in town a couple of days before Christmas. We planned to meet after that day of joy for most but not for me. He'd probably take the Ho out while in New York City to show her off to some of his friends. Wong arrived the 23<sup>rd</sup> and the Ho's last day of work before her vacation was allegedly the 25<sup>th</sup>. Christmas Eve was the most probable night for their rendezvous, so I arranged with a buddy to stake out the Ho's apartment. While shaving before the stakeout, I thought about whether to confront the two or better to follow them. At that moment something invisible pushed my shaving hand cutting my lip with the razor. Apparently the Ho's demons finally breached the protective spells of my voodoo priestess, but if all they could do was nudge my hand, who cared. My growing ambivalence and boredom with the supernatural allowed me to take this escalation in the Ho's curses as one of many common day annoyances. But when my buddy failed to show with his car for the stakeout because it broke down, the Ho's curses again seemed more than an annoyance.

A couple of days later, Wong and I met at the Coffee Shop in Union Square, another trendy New York hangout for the young and hopeful.

As is my habit, I showed on time knowing Wong would arrive late, as do most insecure people. I ordered a non-alcohol beer from the pretty, young barmaid whose face betrayed an empty mind. She said she would have to check as to whether they had any. She came back with a beer and a smile that said tip me real good and I will pretend you turn me on. Where did bars find these walking pairs of breasts who thought MTV intellectually illuminating? What happened to the mature, male bartenders who knew a thing or two about life?

The crowd, all young enough to have me as a father, clearly thought themselves hip or cool or whatever the current terminology was. A couple of good-looking babes walked up next to me with one wearing a Chinese blouse with a dragon embroidered on it. A line automatically popped into my head, “Nice blouse.” She would then say thank you, and I would respond with, “Is it the year of the dragon again?” which I knew it wasn’t because that was the year I married the Ho. She’d say something back, and we’d be on our way with a conversation about meaningless rubbish and insincere smiles. But I didn’t make the move. The relationship with the Ho had jaded me and my experiences with pretty young things as lovers and friends over recent years made plain what I had missed in my younger days—they’re all hos, incapable of fidelity or honor and undeserving of trust. They know their window for fun, adventure and free drinks is short—age 15 to 25 maybe as late as their early thirties. So they rush to get as much sex and good times as quickly as possible from as many men as possible who end up paying the tab while these sluts declare themselves independent women experiencing their sexuality.

All girls are hos because only ho genes made it this far up the evolutionary tree, so why waste my time pretending they’re good girls; they aren’t, and just because the Feminazis declare otherwise doesn’t make it so. Perhaps political correctionalism exists only to help girls delude themselves into believing they’re not whores.

Wong finally showed, only thirty minutes late—on time by his standards. He seemed nervous. We chatted a little and then I asked,

“So, how’s Angel?”

He paused, “How would I know?”

“You’re dating her.”

“What! Are you crazy? Are you on drugs?”—A little too emphatic and rehearsed this response.

“Wong, I have a witness that identified you with her.”

He didn’t respond to this but continued with the tactic that a good defense is a personal attack. “What’s happening to you Roy? You’re not making any sense. She must have warped your head. Do you realize how absurd what you just said is?”

“I want to know what she said Wong? I don’t care about your dating her; I just want the information on what she said.”

He responded by going into the guilt trip, “I drove 45 minutes to meet you. I left my brother and nieces to come down here just so you could get information?” Wong spoke garbage. If the Ho was still in town, he probably drove in from his brother’s to spend the night with her, or he was on his way to his mother’s in Forest Hills. Wong never went out of his way for anyone unless he got something in return or it served his purposes.

He continued, “Is that what you think about our friendship. That I would do this to you and you only wanted to meet me to get some information? I can’t believe this!”

At this point, I knew Tony was on to me. He had probably remembered the waiter asking about “Angel” in October, so he came prepared to sow doubt in the waiter, sidetrack the issue by trying to make me feel as the nefarious party and depicting himself the victim of outlandish

accusations. Perhaps the Ho even helped him with his defense. Whatever, I knew I wouldn't get any useful information from him.

"I've got a witness who identified you from those photos of you and your girl that you were so kind to send me. When you were at Carmines Restaurant with the Ho, she got up to go to the bathroom. The waiter asked you whether her name was Angel, and you said 'yes.'"

Tony ignored the specifics of the conversation, "I'd never go to a place like Carmines."

"Give me a break. You always go to trendy places and Carmines is trendy, for now."

"What was the exact date and time that I was supposed to be there?"

"The end of October."

"Don't you have the exact date and time?"

"No."

"Want kind of investigator do you use if he doesn't know the exact dates." Only the Ho would have thought that I hired investigators to trail her. Anyone else would assume someone I knew saw the two of them together.

The witness works in the restaurant," I replied.

"Works in the restaurant. What good is that? I'm a general manager of a major corporation."

"No you're the general manager of one of the smallest foreign subsidiaries of a major corporation."

"Well your witness is useless. This witness would be thrown out of a court of law if they couldn't remember the exact date and time." I always laugh when people who weren't lawyers thought they knew how the law worked. Wong was wrong, but I let him rant hoping he might let slip some useful information. "Come on, what's happen to you. I know things have not gone

well. You can't find a job and you lost a lot in the market. That your life turned out bad through no fault of your own but your parents."

"Let's not get personal Tony or we'll both regret it," I warned. He switched tactics, but those last remarks contained information that only the Ho knew. I never confided in Tony about my financial or job search difficulties and never mentioned my parents to him. He unwittingly used information the Ho provided him, which only bolstered what I already knew as the truth; my ex-buddy Wong dated the Ho.

"I wasn't here in October anyway but the beginning of November with my girl friend to go to a wedding." Strange, his email said he was in New York the end of October. "Besides, why would I go out with your wife? She's a Ho! I don't go out with trash like that. I'm a moral guy. You can ask anyone who knows me in Moscow."

"Wong, everyone you hang out with knows you always chase after your friends' girls, wives or daughters. We had this running joke that if you saw one of us with a girl, you'd say to yourself that if she went out with one of us, she should go out with you. Every girlfriend I had in Moscow you tried to hustle. And as for Hos, you dated sluts in Moscow, like the stripper at the Sirius Club. She wasn't a nun Wong. And as for Mr. Morality, what about that 14-year-old in Cuban you always bragged about. "

As so often happens with liars, Wong started repeating himself in the hope that redundancy could replace truth. I had enough and left, never to see this jerk again. The confrontation assured me that Wong dated the Ho, but I wondered why he didn't just admit it. He couldn't be so immature to think I'd pummel him. He probably thought that if his dating a prostitute came to the attention of one of his bosses at Schering-Plough, it might cause him problems. He should have realized that had he told me the truth and everything the Ho said, I

wouldn't try to cause him any problems at work. But his Kafkaian type efforts to convince me that I was deranged, my witness not credible and him a moral guy angered me.

Personally, I didn't think telling Wong's bosses, one of whom I provided a recommendation for Wong as manager of the Russia office, that he dated a prostitute would result in anything but laughter. But using the cliché Political Correctionalist ploy of accusing Wong of "sexism" just might work. In a pretext letter that appeared to come from one of the many Feminist attack groups, my invented Feminazi writer complained about Wong's bragging, as he always did, concerning his appearance in the Russian Playboy magazine with "naked Russian girls hanging about him like ornaments." With appropriate Feminazi fury, my phantom she-male railed, "I thought such sexist exploitation of women's bodies was a thing of the past in American business circles but apparently respect for women as human beings does not apply to American businessmen in Russia. Your Russian manager, who has a notorious reputation among Russian women, even boasts of bedding over eighty of my Russian contemporaries and a 14-year-old Cuban girl. I have a good mind to notify the National Organization of Women about this incident." Wong had actually boasted about the eighty girls in Russia. Whether the letter had any impact, I don't know, but if it did, Wong deserved it.

Throughout the Holiday Season, my Krasnodar translator Nadya continued to track down various people concerning the Ho's sexual sales business. Nadya, however, ran into one major obstacle. The idiots who ran Krasnodar's telephone company, which was the government, decided to change everyone's telephone numbers. Imagine a telephone company trying to do that in America. Nadya now had to find the addresses for the old numbers, then look up the new numbers for those addresses because the telephone company didn't publish a new directory listing people by their names. She eventually contacted the remaining people from the Ho's

dairy and my interviews, but as with the ones contacted earlier, they all refused to talk. Could the Ho, her mother and her attorneys possibly have threatened into silence everybody on whom I had a lead? That made no sense. More likely all these people, mostly former female models, had something to hide. But what, were they all hookers? That didn't seem likely either. Perhaps the answer lay in the genetic inability of Russians to tell the truth or aid justice.

Svetlana, my Krasnodar attorney, sufficiently recovered from her illness to have one of Krasnodar's prosecutors start the inquiry into determining whether to indict Inessa for defamation. The prosecutor questioned under oath six witnesses who confirmed Inessa's slander and threats and also interviewed Inessa who told her side, or more accurately her lie. On the day of Inessa's testimony, Svetlana ran into her in the prosecutor's office. Inessa walked over to Svetlana and asked, "Are Roy and Alina divorced yet?" Svetlana just grinned and walked away. Svetlana knew Inessa was trying to find out why Svetlana and my translator continued to investigate her daughter's soiled history in Krasnodar even though the divorce had come through a month earlier.

The Ho and her attorneys might have suspected that the purpose of my continuing investigation was to gather information and leads for Immigration to build its own case, but they didn't know for sure. Inessa tried to find out by baiting Svetlana because if the Ho and her attorneys could confirm my providing assistance to Immigration, they could once again launch a campaign of threats and lies to not only intimidate Immigration with false charges of improper conduct but to pressure the Krasnodar prosecutor into not indicting Inessa.

An easy way to intimidate any Russian official was to portray him as a tool of the American Government. Russians, as with most of the world, don't like America. Russians want our dollars, consumer goods, liberties and to live here, but they're too jealous of us to admit that

we built a country superior to theirs and that America, not Russia, is the only remaining superpower. Nationalism dies hard, especially in a defeated, bankrupt nation. So, if Inessa could rant around town claiming I was an agent for the United States' Immigration Service and that the prosecutor was doing my bidding, it might exploit enough xenophobia to cause the prosecutor to drop the case out of the sheer nuisance it brought him. The Ho and her attorneys didn't learn for certain of my cooperation with Immigration until much later, so they never launched a campaign of jingoism against the prosecutor in Krasnodar.

The prosecutor, however, did sit on the testimony because of the Russian tradition that over the holidays everything in the country stopped functioning, to the extent it ever functioned, and because the mad Russian god of winter hit Krasnodar with the worst blizzard in fifty years. Transportation shut down for a couple of weeks, stores closed and electricity ceased. Emergency workers did little to help because their pay was chronically late and chronically de minimis, so average citizens suffered and died until nature changed its mind.

Just before New Year's, I called Valodya in St. Petersburg in an attempt to confirm my hunch that the Ho planned to vacation there. An older sounding woman, I assumed Valodya's mother, said he was in Moscow. Maybe to meet the Ho flying in from New York City and arrange her passage through Customs to keep undetected the dollars she smuggled into Russia. I instructed Nadya to call Valodya's number after New Year's, pretend she was a friend of the Ho's from Krasnodar and ask to speak with Angela, the name Valodya used for the Ho. If the older woman answered, she'd likely get an honest response, if Valodya answered—maybe. Nadya also suggested calling the Ho's numbers in Krasnodar to see whether she picked up, which would mean the Ho went to Krasnodar instead of St. Petersburg. Keeping track of the

Ho's whereabouts helped in creating a profile of her travels that might prove useful to Immigration in finding her if she ever went underground.

Sitting at home on New Year's Eve, before leaving for a party, I listened over and over to Anne Lennox's "Don't Let It Bring You Down." I first heard her rendition while watching the movie *American Beauty* at a theater in Moscow just after my marriage to the Ho. The song played during the romance scene between a middle-aged man and a teenage girl as a prelude to the man's release by death from a useless life. The movie struck deep into the well of prophetic hopelessness inside me. Now, nearly two years later, the song conjured up a vision as how all the horrors that females visited on me throughout my life would end. I resolved not to go down the way every woman who ever lived wanted men to go, in self-deprecating pity, pleading for justice and bemoaning his fate to the gods that didn't exist. No, I intended to continue fighting against my sea of troubles. All my life, females tricked, cheated or misled me in order to satisfy their selfish, irrational whims while I, like the perennial sucker, realized their true nature too late. Finally, I saw clearly their hidden arrogance and vicious disdain for men. They think that because they give birth, they can enslave life for their own use. Whether Feminazi or ho, females believe they have a license to defraud, whore and even murder with impunity. Whatever ethically repugnant acts their emotions or ho-hormones drive them to do, they believe themselves free of responsibility for the harm caused, since they are "Women." America used to hold its citizens responsible for their actions, now only men are held accountable, not just for their misdeeds but those of females as well.

#### Auld Lang Syne

Two thousand and two, another year to go through that I wanted to avoid.

The weather lifted in Krasnodar and the prosecutor indicted Inessa on January 25<sup>th</sup> for criminal defamation. Boy, that must have really agitated the Ho's hatred of men. The indictment laid out the facts as told by various witnesses that after my marriage I found the Ho's diary in her handwriting that showed "Shipilina, A. went in for prostitution both before acquaintance with Hollander and after that." When Inessa and the Ho read that in a public document, their blood must have boiled. The indictment went on to tell of my trips to Krasnodar to interview people who knew the Ho and to whom "Shipilina, Inessa deliberately spread a flagrant lie about Hollander, in particular she told that Hollander is mentally ill, a criminal, that he is under investigation. Nevertheless Shipilina, Inessa, knew very well that information spread by her was false...." The indictment stated Inessa's purpose was to "... [D]efame Hollander's honor and dignity and also with the purpose to undermine his prestige in Russia. In addition Shipilina, Inessa told threats directed against Hollander's translator if she [Nadya] did not stop working for him." "...Shipilina, Inessa also told witnesses that Hollander terrorizes her daughter, that he got married to her daughter with the sole purpose of gain having the intention to direct her to the USA to work at strip-tease bars. These arguments are also lame and wittingly false, because Hollander was ready and wished to get married to Shipilina, A. exactly with the purpose to create a normal family." "... Shipilina, Inessa spread calumnious information of Hollander...among lecturers and instructors of the Krasnodar Academy of Physical Culture in public places. [Inessa also] menaced [my translator Natalya] with reprisal if she will continue to work with Hollander. So, Shipilina, Inessa Aleksandrovna, has committed a crime of slander." The prosecutor sent the indictment over to the local Directorate of the Ministry of Internal Affairs for the detective squad of the Central District of Krasnodar to gather evidence.

In Russia, a large city like Krasnodar contains a number of administrative districts each with its own prosecutor and chief of the local Directorate of the Ministry of Internal Affairs. The organizational scheme is a hold over from the Communist days when a District Communist Committee made sure the government agencies in its part of town toted the party line and kept embezzlement of government resources at a reasonable level. Once the district prosecutor conducted a preliminary investigation that led to a criminal indictment, the prosecutor referred the case to the chief of the local Directorate of Internal Affairs for gathering all the available evidence for the prosecutor to present in court. Either the prosecutor or the Internal Affairs chief could decide to close a case without trial.

If convicted, Inessa would only end up doing community service, but I could use the conviction to bring a civil defamation suit to win a small amount of rubles, which wasn't worth it. Still the indictment helped in disseminating the truth about these two hos and provided Immigration at the Embassy another nail for its deportation case. The problem, however, lay in getting Internal Affairs to do its job, which always took money and connections in Russia. Svetlana knew the chief, so the chance of the case appearing before a judge looked good, but the Ho would then try to find some way to bribe the judge to dismiss the case or rule in Inessa's favor.

A trial meant my appearing as a witness in Krasnodar, so as a precaution for avoiding any of the Ho's hoodlum customers, I planned to take a train from Moscow, rather than fly, and stay in someone's apartment, rather than a hotel. But any trip was still a ways off. For the present, I obtained documents requested by Internal Affairs from a psychiatrist to show that I was not crazy, the New York State Bar Association to prove there were no complaints against me, and a business associate that attested to my good character. Internal Affairs also requested and

received from me sworn written answers to a number of questions they asked about how I met the Ho, why I married her, the reason for the divorce and my activities in Krasnodar, including whom I met, to whom Inessa had defamed me and in what way the defamation harmed my “honor, worth, dignity and reputation.” My answer to the harm part was

“I am a lawyer with a Masters of Business in Finance. I received my MBA with honors from Columbia University in May 1997 and my Juris Doctor degree with high honors from George Washington University in 1985. I belong to two of the four national academic honor societies in America: Order of the Coif and Beta Gamma Sigma. I have worked for ABC Television News, the United States Department of the Treasury, where I received a Top Secret Security Clearance from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and for one of the best law firms in America: Cravath, Swaine & Moore. These credentials attract people and businesses not only in the U.S. but Russia to retain my services not just for my skills but my integrity, honesty and dependability. In Russia, I have been providing legal and business advice to Russian organizations, the government and individuals since 1991, which included the Department of Overseas Business Promotion in the Ministry of Foreign Economic Affairs, Intertraining Association and Kroll Associates. My reputation for straightforwardness has enabled me to publish a number of articles on law, politics, economics and Americans in Business World Weekly and Law Gazette, and appear on BK TV KT on one occasion to provide analysis of laws governing the buying and selling of securities.

“As our world becomes smaller and smaller, a mean-spirited individual’s defamation of another person can easily have reach beyond the parochial geography in which it was made. Inessa Shipilina’s malicious, premeditated and willful efforts to besmirch my character in a wholly unjustified attempt to keep the truth about her daughter from the New York State Courts not only harmed the concept of justice by which civilized people live but left a spreading stain on my reputation not only in Russia but one that could easily expand to wherever I may conduct business or deal with decent-minded people in this small world of ours. It is not as unlikely as one might think to accidentally meet someone who knew an acquaintance of ours in a distant city or country. In fact, contemporary population mathematics postulates that any of us can have a message personally delivered to anyone else in the world by going through a chain of at most six people. Unless the Krasnodar court puts a stop to Ms. Shipilina’s spurious statements calculated to cause grievous harm to my dignity, honor, worth and reputation, and to call into question in the minds of others all the credentials I have garnered thus far in this life, then there is no telling how far and deep her injurious conduct may reach. In addition, when considering the surprises that life brings, it is not unfeasible that this time next year I might have the opportunity to work with organizations or individuals in Krasnodar, but not unless my name is cleared.”

In order to keep Immigration at the Embassy fully apprised of the statements by me, I sent them copies of the deposition answers for Internal Affairs. Inessa would have access to the answers, which would quickly make their way to the Ho’s attorney in New York. Mundy, true to

form, would try to misrepresent to Immigration my statements in order to further the only tactic his limited mind capable of—character assassination. With a copy of my answers, Immigration could decide for itself whether Mundy accurately characterized my testimony or not.

Just before the indictment came out, Nadya talked by telephoned to the older woman in Valodya's apartment in St. Petersburg. The woman said the Ho was visiting the city and that she was presently out with Valodya. Great, now I knew the Ho was in Russia. I contacted a former Lt. Colonel for the M.V.D. in Moscow to find out on which flight the Ho planned to return to New York City. His contacts could only check Aeroflot flights because western airlines weren't so stupid as to allow Russians access to their passenger lists. Since the Ho always flew Aeroflot—she once claimed it her patriotic duty, but the real reason was it cost less than other airlines—my contact found her return date set for January 28<sup>th</sup>. A few days before her return, my Moscow lawyers Xenia and Dennis actually saw the Ho in the Moscow subway, which meant she had found some sucker to put her up for free in that city or more likely for sex. My G.R.U. contacts arranged for Russian Customs to check her bags for a greenish brown powder called “Freeze of the Caucasus” that she once threatened to kill me with, and which mostly likely was the narcotic she secretly fed her customers, and had fed me, to fool them into thinking the euphoria they felt came from her sexual charms. She had claimed to take a little of the powder to “cleanse” herself, but more likely to help her ho the night away at Flash Dancers. What a bag of tricks she carried, but if caught with even a small amount of narcotics in Russia, she'd do time, usually a long time, in a prison right out of the middle ages, and Immigration would immediately revoke her residency status.

On the 28<sup>th</sup>, the Ho showed right on schedule but not alone. An officer from the Moscow Organized Crime Division and an Intelligence Officer from the Moscow's Airport Security

accompanied her onto the plane. They made sure Russian customs didn't touch her bags. Rats! She knew her stuff and how to smuggle, probably with the help of her St. Petersburg's Valodya.

I told my Canadian private eye, Elaine, the story, and she immediately contacted a United States Drug Enforcement Agency officer. The D.E.A. agent recognized her use of government officials, whom she bribed with either sex or money, as the mark of a professional smuggler rather than just a mule. When my Canadian private eye also mentioned the Ho was seen with Chechen hoods in Russia, D.E.A. started an investigation.

#### Area Codes

Buoyed by the indictment and D.E.A. investigation, I filed a complaint with the City's District Attorney over the Ho's perjury on her financial statement in the annulment/divorce case. A couple of assistant D.A.s I had talked with before hand told me not to waste my time because everyone expects people to lie in divorce suits unless they are an attorney. It took the District Attorney less than a week to notify me it would not initiate a criminal prosecution. The D.A. suggested I take up the matter in the divorce court. Now how could I do that, since the case ended? My last attorney, Robert, said the D.A. was just being nice to me because there was nothing I could do in the divorce court. A District Attorney acting nice didn't sound right to me, so I filed the information away for future reference.

In the meantime, the host carrying the web site with the Ho's dairy notified me that a hacker tried yet again, for the third time, to access my account number. The Ho showed no signs of giving up. How could she? A matriarchal America, her duplicity and my stupidity gave her probably the best opportunity of her life for achieving her dream—money and mo' money. Likewise, how could I quit after the way she, her attorneys, my attorney Silpe and the courts trampled my rights.

In late January or early February, INS officials in New York City interviewed the Ho, most likely in the presence of her attorney Mundy, about her activities prior to obtaining a temporary green card. The only reason INS in New York took a break from its institutional culture of see no evil, hear no evil, so do nothing was because Immigration at the Moscow Embassy told them to start looking into her. The Ho and Mundy now knew that my continuing investigation was to provide Immigration with information about her marrying me for a green card and defrauding Immigration and the State Department by denying she worked as a prostitute.

The Fates seemed to favor me at last. Xenia found a P.I. to investigate the Zygos Club in Cyprus and try to dig up more information on the Ho, which didn't seem likely since she worked there three years earlier. Even without any additional information about the Ho's whoring for pounds in the Mediterranean, documentation of the club's activities could help Immigration show the Ho's diary depicted the truth about her selling sex in Cyprus. Immigration could easily prove she worked at Zygos because they had copies of her Cypriot visa documents listing her employer as the club and her agents as the Athanasious.

On February 6<sup>th</sup> in the evening while at the supermarket, I received a call on my mobile.

"Hello, is this Roy Den Hollander?"

The voice sounded similar to that of the goon who left the threatening voicemail message last October.

"Who's calling?" I asked.

"This is John Pierre. Is this Mr. Hollander?"

If it was the same guy, he was using a different last name this time, or had forgotten the name he used before. Then again, maybe he had gotten married since his last message and meant to say John Madison-Pierre.

“I’m sorry I didn’t hear your name,” I said putting down my shopping basket and reaching for my pen and a small note pad.

“John Pierre, I’m calling on behalf of Angelina....”

Now I knew it was the same guy, so I switched into my wise guy mode to keep him off balance and buy time to get my pen to write. I had just come in from the cold and needed to warm my cheap pen up to writing temperature.

“Just a minute, just a minute....” Rats my pen still wouldn’t write. “Hold on I’ll be right with you....” Still carving colorless indentations into my pad. “Any minute now....” Finally the ink began to flow. “What did you say your name was again?”

“John Pierre!” The arrogant tone of his voice told me this guy was a loser who deluded himself into thinking everyone would genuflect when he spoke. He probably thought that on hearing his voice again I’d plead for mercy.

“Just a second, just a second....” I delayed a little longer just to annoy him. Then mockingly, I said, “John do you have a phone number?”

“Of course, I do! It’s 212 802 7065,” John or whatever his real name was steamed. Easy to get this clown’s goat.

“Are you a lawyer John?”

“No, I’m not!”

“Look John, I can’t talk right now. I’ll call you back,” and hung up.

John called my mobile a couple of more times while I picked out my groceries, but I didn't answer. Let him stew. Maybe he'd do something stupid like leave another message, only more threatening this time. If I talked to him then, he could simply deny what he said because I didn't have a recorder hooked up to my mobile as I did my landline. Just as I hoped, John left another voice mail. He didn't completely lose his cool, but this message showed an exasperated hood going a little too far on a recording.

"Mr. Hollander, this is John Pierre, and I left you a message earlier on. And I did speak with you but apparently for whatever reason, you obviously weren't available to talk. I'm giving you a courtesy phone call.

What's this "courtesy phone call" stuff? No one I'd ever dealt with in my life used that kind of terminology.

I'm going to tell you to cease and desist with your actions against Angelina. I will tell you right now that what you're doing, I know everything about you. I know exactly what you have been doing and your past history and your record. I know everything about you sir.

I liked to explain to you what's going to happen. If you continue harassing and making this girl's life miserable, I will promise you that everything under the law and under my ability to do so under the law, I will pursue you in every way shape and form imaginable under the law, and make sure that justice is done because right now you disgust me. As a human being, I am just so disgusted with everything about you and what you've done to this girl. More than some pathetic form of display of inhuman treatment—you've gone beyond that sir. I'm very much available! And let me tell you something that I am extremely well known in this city, and I know everything about you. You better get your act together, and I am telling you this under fairness and courtesy—cease and desist with what you are doing to this girl and her family and the way you try to effect her in her country. Because you, my friend, are right now going to be under investigation if I hear one more word that this is happening. And it's not going to be by me, but the Federal Government. And you at this point in time have crossed several boundaries that cause for a lot of red flags in the air my friend.

So, quite frankly, right now I would be basically on my good behavior. All I'm telling you, do the right thing Mr. Hollander; it obviously is the best thing to do. Be human and be courteous and understanding of other people's feelings and their lives. I think you guys are over and done with. That's it—leave her alone! Have a nice day."

There's that "have a nice day" again, which along with his use of "courteous," was a lingo alien to me. Maybe he got them from the Ho. Anyway, his tone of voice and phrasing this

time made it even plainer that physical violence lurked behind his words. That stuff about the Federal Government and investigation were just covers for physical threats. No one with the ability to move the Feds into going after someone ever makes such a threat. Even Nixon didn't telegraph his enemies. And as for my record, the only item besides a prior "Top Secret" clearance was my arrest by the Philadelphia Police during Mayor Frank Rizzo's reign.

Back then, still in my hippie stage, as opposed to my current obnoxious lawyer stage, I told a cop who was arresting a buddy and his drunken co-workers "You wouldn't be so tough without that tin star on your chest." Not exactly original, but enough for the cop to blow up and try to slug me. He missed, despite the streetlights, and his buddies pull him off after I pinned his arms.

At the precinct, when we exited the paddy wagon, some cop asked, "Who's the tough guy?" To which I naturally replied, "I am." Pow! He punches me in the stomach—typical pig cheap shot and hand cuffs me. My friend and his co-workers are taken into the stationhouse while the precinct pigs gathered into two lines, a gauntlet, through which one pig pushes me with my hands cuffed behind my back. They punched and kicked me to which I almost mouthed off "My older brother used to hit harder when we were kids!" But considering my position, I chose discretion as the better course.

The pig's case against me for allegedly assaulting a cop was dismissed. The F.B.I., however, investigated the violation of my civil rights, which was added along with many others to a suit brought by the Department of Justice against Mayor Rizzo and various police officials for committing and condoning "widespread and sever" acts of police brutality. As is usual with American injustice, the case was dismissed.

Neither John Pierre a.k.a. Madison, nor the Ho, nor her attorneys had anything on me because there was nothing to have. They were just trying to exploit the maxim that evil often succeeds by convincing good that it is evil.

The goon they used probably came from Flash Dancers, which law enforcement believed was owned and managed by the mob. Immediately, I called my lawyer friend Jeff and played the threat for him. He suggested that he telephone Pierre as my attorney to warn this clown to back off or Jeff would haul him into court. On a conference hook up, Jeff made the call but only got the voicemail of a man sounding like Pierre but not mentioning any name. Apparently, Pierre gave me his real number rather than a phony one, which made no sense. Jeff left a message saying he was my lawyer and asked Pierre to return the call. Pierre never did—not surprising.

Obviously, the indictment of the Ho's mother and my providing information to Immigration at the Moscow Embassy caused the Ho and her attorneys to resort to the same tactic they tried in the divorce court, which they probably believed successful—not knowing that I decided against making the motion before ever receiving the John Madison threat. This latest threat's reference to "her country" thinly disguised the Embassy's investigation and the part about her "family" referred to the criminal charge against Inessa. The Ho and her attorneys were telling me to stop cooperating with the Krasnodar prosecutor and keep my mouth shut with respect to Immigration. They really didn't want any public proceedings looking into her activities.

Once again, I tried to interest my local police precinct in tracking down the hood, and, surprisingly, they didn't laugh at me this time. The police cadet who took the complaint actually jumped on hearing the tape. She immediately tried to arrange for me to see a detective, but

apparently they were all out on a Dunkin Donuts' break, which should have told me something, but I missed it. The Embassy wanted copies of the October and the latest threat, which I sent them, and my Krasnodar attorney Svetlana received copies to show the prosecutor that Inessa's daughter tried to intimidate a witness, me, in the criminal defamation proceeding. Svetlana said the Ho could always accuse me of setting up the call, which I'd heard before. For every charge, the Ho could respond with a lie, and naturally she would. But the whole purpose of legal systems was to decide who told the truth. If the judicial and enforcement agencies used as an excuse for inaction that a lie would always negate the truth, then they were useless.

#### Runaround Sue

The report from the Cypriot investigator into the Zygos Club came through. Xenia provided Immigration at the Embassy with the original and sent me a copy.

Xenia said that Marios, Melios and Irina Athanasiou didn't own the club but that a couple of Russian crime lords in Krasnodar did. That surprised me; I always thought the Cypriot mafia controlled all the strip clubs on the Greek part of the island. Perhaps the fall of the iron curtain let loose on the world the dogs of Russia who muscled in on indigenous rackets in countries across the globe.

"So who are these crime lords?" I asked.

"The investigator refused to give me their names because he feared for his life," she answered.

"Great, a private detective with cold feet. Okay, I'll review the report, thanks."

Once again the Ho surprised me with the true nature of her life and hatred of noble sentiments. The report included pictures of a dive located down a seedy alleyway that reminded me of the third world. Inside, the undercover photos showed hos dancing on tables while

holding onto polls. The place looked small with a tiny bar in need of a bigger selection of bottles—more like a bar in some gangster’s den.

Zygos wasn’t so much a strip club as a brothel, an illegal brothel, since Cyprus outlawed prostitution. The gratuities provided the authorities undoubtedly assured protection from prosecution. The club, like all the others on the island, recruited whores mainly from the former Soviet Union. That probably explained why Russian hoods owned the club, since they provided the key investment of human capital. It also meant the Vasilyevas worked closely with the Russian mob or were part of it—not unsuspected. Cyprus’ corrupt and thoroughly bribed Migration Office registered the whores as “dancers” or “artists.” Flesh peddling comprised a lucrative part of Cyprus’ tourist industry, and once a ho worked on the island, Migration would allow her back at anytime in the future to resume her entertainment occupation. A prostitute’s contract lasted for three or six months, and she could cancel with no questions asked at anytime on paying a \$500 fee. Every girl knew before signing that the worked involved prostitution, which brought in most of the girl’s income. None of girls were forced into selling their bodies, and all the new girls were tested for venereal diseases and AIDS by a doctor approved by the Migration Office.

Zygos and other clubs offered a menu of services from which the girls received a commission. Sitting with a customer for a drink earned the girl one Cypriot pound per drink; performing a striptease with complete undressing at a customer’s table - 5 pounds for the girl; and a private striptease in a separate room for ten minutes in which the customer fondled the girl - 10 pounds for the girl. More intimate activities in the private room cost the customer 60 pounds for “vaginal intercourse” with the girl’s take - 20 pounds, “oral intercourse” went for 20 pounds and masturbation sold for 10 pounds with the girl receiving half of the price for those

two. From 3 AM to 7 AM, the so-called “rendezvous time,” a customer could pay for five drinks and take the girl of his choice to a hotel or some other place. The services provided and the price depended on what the girl and customer agreed. The whores also received a daily salary of 20 pounds from the club.

All the clubs used flashing white lights to signal the girls to stop any sexual activity in case the police decided to raid the club for failure to pay sufficient bribes or to put on a staged bust for the public. Zygos stayed open from 11 AM to 7 AM. The girls generally tried to establish regular sex customers to bring in a steady stream of cash. Russian girls generally made less than the hos from other countries for hygienic reasons. All the dancers worked under nicknames, which was how the Ho started using “Angelina.” Not, as she told me, that the Russian Orthodox Church didn’t recognize her real name “Alina.” The average prostitute at Zygos netted around \$7000 U.S. a month. That meant the Ho probably made around \$40,000 from her six months on Cyprus—a lot more than I believed. Where did she keep all that money? In her sex career, just from 1999 to the end of 2001, she grossed, tax free, around \$250,000. Marios considered the Ho an excellent worker and would employ her again. He told the investigator, without knowing the agent worked for me, that the Ho still kept in touch by telephone and had visited the club twice in the past year. Like all good businesswomen, the Ho kept her options open, including returning to hook in Cyprus if U.S. Immigration actually managed to deport her, or maybe she and the Athanasious had other business dealings.

I slammed down the report in disgust. What filth. How could anyone work in that industry? How could any idiot date, not to mention marry, such a slut? In my brighter days, I always wondered what kind of a guy dated a prostitute, not the customers who hired a ho for sex, but the guy that went out with her as though she were a normal girl friend. Television and the

newspapers always had stories about hookers that reported the prostitutes saying they had steady boyfriends and their boyfriends knew what they did for money. My experiences now told me that the boyfriends never knew they dated hookers because the hos covered their prostituting with lies about working as models, dancers or artists. I could have used that additional enlightenment sooner.

### The Pusher

My attention focused back to the Ho's drug trafficking. When the Ho originally threatened to poison me with the greenish-brown powder she imported from the Caucasus, I sneaked a sample and eventually contacted a couple of private laboratories for testing to determine its content. Their fees were too steep for me, so I forgot about it until Xenia mentioned that the FBI tested unknown substances for free. At the F.B.I. headquarters at Federal Plaza in New York City, visitors need to pass an agent in a bulletproof booth who asks them the nature of their business. A pretty young girl standing in front of me identified herself to the agent as a reporter for one of the respectable newspapers in the area. Looking at her, I thought once but not too long and opened my mouth.

“Are you interested in the Russian sex industry?”

She paused, apparently making a decision, then in an optimistic tone said, “You mean to work in it?”

She misunderstood, but the hopefulness in her demeanor slammed home to my thick skull that most young girls probably wanted to work in the sex business. They just needed the opportunity of some man making them an offer. Damn, I never imagined it so easy to recruit sluts. What was with these girls: greed or did they feel that men willing to pay money for sex

confirmed their feminine allure or convinced them of their sexual power. Well, I quickly popped this ho's bubble.

“No,” I laughed. “I didn't mean did you want to work in the Russian sex industry, but whether you were interested in doing a story on it.” I gave her my card, but never heard from her. Next time, I'll tell some ho that I'm recruiting for the industry but need to test the goods beforehand.

After passing the security guard, a couple of agents came out and escorted me to an interview room. I showed them the substance in a clear plastic vial and handed it to them.

One of the agents, Mario Pisano said, “Please put it on the table.” He moved the vial with his pen to get a closer look. What's he afraid of I wondered then, duh, understood they'd take my prints off the vial to run a check on me—so what.

I interjected, “Once I find out what this stuff is, assuming its narcotics, I'm thinking of notifying Customs.”

“How'd you come by this and why do you think it might be narcotics?”

I told them about my ex-wife threatening to kill me with it, my theory as to what the Ho used it for and from where she imported it.

Pisano remarked to his partner Vadim Thomas, “A marriage made in heaven.” I couldn't argue with the sarcasm.

Then out of nowhere, Thomas asked, “Have there been any threats?”

Thomas' first name and his looks pegged him as of Russian descent whose ancestors came from the Caucuses, the same general area of barbarity where the Ho grew up. Should I trust this guy? Did it matter? Whatever, he clearly understood Russian girls better than his partner did.

“Yes,” and I briefed them on the threats from John Madison or Pierre and gave them copies of the two tapes from my briefcase. Thomas went for a tape player.

It never entered my mind to raise the threats with the FBI because I assumed them outside the agency’s jurisdiction and purely a local police matter.

Thomas finally found a tape player and the two agents tried listening to both tapes, but the F.B.I.’s micro recorder couldn’t play at two speeds like the twenty-dollar Radio Shack recorder I used. So these special federal agents ended up listening to the tapes at the one speed on their player, which was faster than mine, and made it sound as though Mickey Mouse had threatened me. Could this be the world’s premier law enforcement agency? How’d these guys ever catch John Dillinger?

“You guys can keep the tapes, I have other copies.”

They assured me that somewhere in the headquarters for the New York F.B.I. there was a recorder that played at the speed currently used by the electronics’ industry. They asked for a short history of the Ho’s work life, which I verbally provided and gave them the telephone number Madison, a.k.a. Pierre, had given me.

Thomas remarked, “The guy is probably a hood working at Flash Dancers.”

“My thoughts, exactly,” I agreed.

Pisano said the Bureau would test the substance and determine whether they could do anything about the threats. He suggested I leave it to the F.B.I. to investigate both matters rather than shopping around to other government agencies, which might result in duplicate efforts and a waste of resources. Fine with me, if they wanted the case exclusively, they could have it. I thanked them and went back home to my private hell.

A couple of weeks later at the end of February, agent Pisano called me to say they had tracked down the man who had made the threats. They probably found Madison-Pierre through the telephone number, but Pisano wouldn't say one way or the other nor give me the man's real name. He and Thomas would talk to both the Ho and Madison-Pierre to tell them to knock off the threats. Great by me, I told him. Imagined the Ho and the goon's shock when these guys flashed their badges, probably at Flash Dancers, the easiest and most inviting place to find the two of them. Pisano also said the F.B.I. had tested the substance but refused to tell me the result—a lot of good that did me. All of this information, I provided the Embassy official and assumed he could obtain the test result if he thought it useful.

In Moscow, Xenia tracked down a model named Oksana who once worked for the same agency as the Ho in Krasnodar, the Tatyanna Vasilyeva House of Fashion. The model told Xenia over the telephone that the agency kept a “dirty girls” list on which the Ho, to no surprise, had her name beginning in 1995 while still a coed. The agency rented out the girls on the list for banya orgies, private sex parties and other adult entertainment. New Russians and old commissars called the agency and ordered up a ho as with any call-girl operation or what the modern day censors of insensitive language refer to as “escort services.” Anastasia and Dima undoubtedly managed this side of the business by recruiting the girls and discretely marketing their services among those with money in town. That's why Anastasia made a point of telling me the girl who showed me into her office on my April trip was a model, or in Russian, “call girl.” Anastasia was trying to make a sale. It also explained why a young pretty girl always hung out in the Fashion House: in case a guy with money dropped in to buy some fun.

Anastasia, Dima, the “dirty girls” and the customers probably traveled in the same circles of crime, which included Smolin, the manager of the Troika Restaurant, who earlier tried to

convince me to back off my investigation in Krasnodar. He probably feared my tracking the Ho's activities would expose a wide spread network of sex for money that involved all of Krasnodar's modeling agencies and most of the big shots in town—very embarrassing and with international implications since local sluts, with lots of help, landed in far away places. Perhaps oil and hos were Russia's only natural resources. The model whom Xenia talked with feared making a statement, but agreed to meet Xenia in person.

One potentially useful piece of information from the model was that the Katya I had interviewed in Krasnodar knew about the list because she also went on it in 1995. Katya now lived in the United States, according to the model. Good ol' U.S.A., number one terrorist target and Mecca for the world's hos. The fates must be trying to tell this country something.

The information on call-girl Katya's move to America went to Immigration at the Embassy since she now fell under its authority. From my interviews with Katya, and all the other associates of the Ho, I knew they'd cut each other's throat if it meant possible gain for themselves. By telling Immigration about the list, it now had a club over her for working as a prostitute before immigrating. Convincing Katya to talk didn't seem a problem for Immigration—finding her in America did. After having to track down Anastasia and Dima for Immigration, I knew the agency could never find Katya. I hit the Internet, but this time without any success. Apparently Russian hos are more proficient at hiding in America than their pimps. Too bad, Katya could not only seal the Ho's fate but also provide evidence for deporting the two procurers of female flesh, Anastasia and Dima.

Immigration was interested in these two because the Embassy asked me whether they were actually married and for Dima's last name and birth date. I didn't understand the significance of their marital status unless they lied on their immigration application. It turned out

that Dima and Anastasia were married but he assumed Anastasia's last name Vasilyev, unheard of in Russia, so Dima's real last name remains unknown. What was he hiding? My allies did find Anastasia's birth date—she looked older than her years. Anastasia and Dima Vasilyeva were probably more criminal than I previously had imagined, maybe even the owners of Zygos. That would explain Marios Athanasiou traveling to Krasnodar and meeting with Anastasia and Dima: to deliver profits and discuss pandering.

After notifying Immigration about the Vasilyeva House of Fashion's "dirty girls list," the Embassy official asked me to try to obtain a sworn statement from Dr. Paulsen, the California doctor who produced the Ho's masturbation video. Unlikely he would help voluntarily, but he might respond to my threatening to notify the California Medical Board about his amateur porno productions in Moscow that he imported into America.

When I telephoned Paulsen's number, someone else answered who said he had received the number only a few months earlier. Telephone information had no listing, the California Medical Board's data on his home and office were out of date, and the Internet turned up nothing. Why was this doctor hiding? I still had an email address for him, but knew if I sent him a message he'd ignore it. How to get him to disclose his address or telephone number? What did I know about Paulsen? His key weakness was pretty young Russian girls, and the moment I recalled that, I saw my solution. Even if he were hiding, he'd probably surface for the chance to hose a young Russian babe. I set up an email address using the name Katya Morosova. The name Katya I chose from the Ho's Krasnodar friend whom she whored around with and Morosova from Krasnodar's or was it Krashodar's photographer of naked models. My fictitious Katya sent Paulsen an email. His first name is Marc but Russians spell it with a "k":

Hi Mark,

Leo gave me your email. I will be in Los Angeles next week for two months. I would like to meet you. I don't know anyone in America except for my Russian relatives. How can I reach you? I have attached a photo hope you like it.

Katya

The photo I used was of Enya, one of the Ho's acquaintances, who won the Miss Charming title in the 2000 Miss Krasnodar contest. I pulled the picture out of the collection of shots I still kept from those early days of delusion. Paulsen replied the next day:

"You can reach me on my cell phone at 310 686 4219 or my office at 310 298 1968. At the office ask for Wayne."

Wayne? Who's Wayne? According to Paulsen's Medical Board filing, he didn't have a middle name of Wayne. I called his work number over the weekend, assuming there would be no answer, to see whether the voicemail message might identify the company. All it said was "This is Wayne, please leave a message." The area code showed Paulsen still worked in Southern California where all kinds of bizarre gurus set up shop. Maybe he hustled some self-improvement services under the name Wayne because it sounded more politically wimpy than Marc. Then again, Southern California is also the center for the nation's porn movie business.

On Monday, I called during working hours expecting a receptionist from whom I could pump some information, but Paulsen picked up, "Wayne Williams." Raising the pitch of my voice to disguise it, I said, "Sorry, I have the wrong number." So, the medical doctor ran a business probably without any employees under a phony name. But why and what kind of business? After a little musing, it became clear to even me that maybe Paulsen was no amateur pornographer but a professional who made his living at it. I emailed Paulsen again using my virtual Katya Morosova, telling him Katya wanted to work in films. True to form, he responded quickly that he was working on a few video projects about which he would talk to Katya when she arrived in town. That was good enough for me to conclude the doctor a professional

pornographer. It was also clear Paulsen would not provide a sworn statement no matter what the threat, since he was in the porn business himself.

Notifying Immigration at the Embassy, they immediately became interested in Paulsen as a target, not a witness. The Embassy official asked whether he imported girls or just videos to which I didn't know for sure, but suggested I could just call him and pretend I too was in the business. The Embassy thought that might tip him off into changing his numbers again because after my previous contact that's what he did. Maybe just a coincidence, maybe not, but the Embassy thought it best to use their connections in California to check him out, which meant going through INS in America. If they found anything, I don't know. Most likely U.S. Immigration didn't even bother to try. INS in America couldn't do anything right. It had just approved a change of immigration status from tourist to student for the 911 pilots Mohammed Atta and Marwan al-Shehhi after they were dead and after killing thousands. How could such an incompetent institution do anything right? It couldn't, so rather than make more stupid mistakes, it just did nothing.

In another attempt to help Immigration gather evidence of the Ho's prostituting, I called her pimp in Moscow, Leo. It was a long shot, but thought he might agree to sign a statement that while the Ho worked for him as a model, she confided that she also did prostitution on the side for extra money. Anything along those lines that she told Leo was admissible evidence, but he declined to make the statement. Either he didn't want to rat out a fellow criminal with mob connections, which he also had, or feared that if a Russian law enforcement agency obtained a copy, it would see through the wording as an admission of the real nature of Leo's business, which would mean paying higher bribes to the police.

After I hung up with Leo, my boxing coach Tony called. “I just tried to reach you but the line was busy.”

“I was just talking to my ex-wife’s pimp in Moscow.”

He started laughing in his good-natured way, “What about?”

“I wanted to see if he would be willing to sign a statement saying my ex-wife worked as a prostitute.”

Tony kept laughing at what I too saw as the absurdity of my situation and facetiously remarked. “I wonder what he said!”

“He said no because he didn’t want to injure his reputation with the stable of girls he pimps out.”

“What a great guy.”

“But he did ask whether I was divorced yet to which I said yes. Then he starts in on this pitch that he has lots of pretty, new, clean girls from the provinces that want to start a family in America.”

Laughing harder, my Tony said, “Yea, right!”

“I politely told him, I’d look him up when in Moscow.”

“Fat chance!”

“Fat chance is right.”

The conversation made me step back, pull me head above the maelstrom to question how I ended up in this farce that incongruently carried such dire consequences. Four witches must have cursed my life. The worst, my mother, programmed my emotions to make decisions driven by cowardice, negativity, lack of self-confidence, low self-esteem, arrogance and laziness in a narcissistic effort to keep me under her control and doing her bidding. Whenever faced with a

decision between courage and cowardice, my upbringing insidiously pushed me towards cowardice and the accompanying disaster it always bore in causing a wrong decision. Next, the Feminazis perverted an entire society to persecute the ones who created and defended it—men. Without guys, these modern-day Clytemnestras would find themselves serving as Nazi broodmares, Japanese comfort girls or Commie secretutes. More than once, Feminazi influence kept me out of job because of my sex, even though I was more qualified than the female who ended up in the position. The third hag, my overstuffed female stockbroker Maiya Furgason disappeared much of my wealth by following the crooked Wall Street analysts. Why she, whom I counted as a friend, failed to protect me from these thieves was beyond me. I trusted her to watch over my financial interests while I worked in Russia, and she failed miserably. She had worked on Wall Street for over two decades and had an MBA from Columbia University. She should have done a better job. Was she also a crook or just an incompetent pretending to have expertise? Lastly, while much of my life savings rode on the winds of injustice into the pockets of swindlers, the Ho ripped the remainder of my life into futility. Emotionally manipulating, deceiving females were the true evil of this or any age.

Retribution lighted my only course now, but it offered less than full justice because the boundaries of reality made it impossible to settle all the scores. My other was beyond reach, since she was dead, but hopefully inhabited one of the lower circles of hell. The Feminazis were too pervasive unless I had nukes, which I didn't. As for my stockbroker, I joined a class action suit against her firm Salomon Smith Barney, which went nowhere, and filed complaints against her with government agencies, which also went nowhere—no surprise there. The only curse of the feminine evil plaguing my life that I could bring to justice was the Ho. But it would take a heroic act of a free man, and I wasn't at all confident I could do it. Although my intuition hung

as a burning light in my mind showing what I must do, the dark smoke of fear, panic, illusion and weakness often veiled the truth of my obligation.

While lying in bed that same evening, my emotions seized me to confirm what logic concluded over a year earlier when the Ho and her attorneys' Temporary Order of Protection was served. I felt death take a hold pointing down the road of my fight for justice. At first my conscious rebelled, fear struggled not to accept the inevitable, but the future held no escape. I finally stopped squirming for a hiding place and faced the truth the way terminally ill cancer patients must, and in that I perceived liberation.

#### Pushin Too Hard

March 11, 2002, the second anniversary of my wedding from a Russian hell, started a week of illness for me. Most likely due to the flu or food poison rather than the Ho's black magic since the full moon had past a week earlier. The Ho always cast her spells at the new moon so that they built in intensity as the moon grew full. After the full moon, the spells died away unless she recast them in the new lunar cycle. Whatever the cause, I felt like garbage but had to keep fighting.

Immigration needed to punch holes in any claim that the Ho's dairy recorded fantasies rather than reality. By now, the Ho had probably convinced herself that she only scribbled the fantasies of a decent Russian girl, not the activities of a hardcore prostitute. Any affidavits attesting to the accuracy of a number of events in the diary would help refute such a defense. Statements from her former boyfriend Alexei and the Academy professor Vera would help, but would they be enough. The Ho and her attorneys might argue that only the sex for money scenes were fantasies, but the rest real—kind of. In such a scenario, Immigration would have to rely on the assumption, which was a big assumption given the man-hating females in the Government,

that the administrative law judge who heard the Ho's testimony and read the intricate details of her diary would find her claim of fantasizing the prostitution episodes ludicrous. Immigration needed more.

In an effort to provide such, I contacted a private investigator in Mexico City who provided an affidavit that The Men's Club, where the Ho worked, also ran prostitution, just like the brothel Zygos in Cyprus. The Men's Club in Mexico City, run by Roberto & Rosa Elina Quilan, was more successful, and surprisingly, the franchise of an American company with similar clubs in Houston, Dallas and Charlotte called "The Men's Club" with an Internet site at [www.mensclub.com](http://www.mensclub.com). The owner and operator of the Houston club had been indicted for fraud, skimming, illegally structuring transactions and tax evasion—no surprise there, and coped a plead to conspiracy to defraud the Government.

Meanwhile, Svetlana in Krasnodar tried to find anyone that my side hadn't yet contacted who might be willing to testify about the Ho's prostitution in Krasnodar.

The war felt as though it had turned into one of attrition without any victory in sight, or as was popular in my draft dodging days, no light at the end of the tunnel. Besides, was victory even possible? Without the tax authorities and customs enforcing their laws, even a decision by Immigration to deport the Ho would leave her victorious with hundreds of thousands of dollars and the freedom to ply her trade in the American underground or move on to another country full of suckers while my life lay shattered and financially unviable. How did evil usually end up victorious? All the comic books, television shows and movies never ended that way. What an insult to the gods, especially since my compassion allowed her to consummate the scheme to use me as her tool for reaching America. Enough wailing to the heavens, none of the gods cared because there was none.

Fighting evil required the acts of men and there was still a lot of information to provide the Embassy before reaching my objective. Business school taught me that when starting an endeavor, first formulate an objective, the end result desired. Strategies and tactics come and go with unforeseen circumstances, so success depends on keeping an eye on the objective. The night the Ho, her attorneys and in effect the Feminazis declared war on me with the Temporary Order of Protection, I chose my objective and that objective is vengeance. If my efforts with the Embassy proved futile, then I would move on to another strategy, but the objective would stay the same. My quest for vengeance, a.k.a. justice, did not rely completely on governmental bureaucrats doing their duty. Even I wasn't that stupid.

In order to garner more information on the Ho, her activities and associations, I needed to hide in plain sight. After searching around the entertainment industry, I met the man most capable of teaching me the skill I needed: makeup, as in disguises. Most entertainment people in New York City knew Bob. He started as a makeup artist after serving in World War II where he won a Bronze Star. In his seventies, he sold his own line of makeup products and wigs for theater, film and television productions, such as Saturday Night Live, while teaching, as he said, all kinds of people: actors, C.I.A. agents and hoods on how to change their appearance.

"I need a disguise that will prevent people who know me from recognizing me." I told Bob.

"How close will you get to them?" He asked.

"The closest, maybe a few feet. It's hard to say, anything can happen. Why?"

"The closer you are to a person, the easier it is for them to tell you're wearing makeup. Are you going to be talking with them or spending a lot of time near them?"

“No talking, and the nearest is about three feet and then only for a matter of seconds. You know, as if we were passing on the street.”

“Okay that should be no problem, close up for a few seconds and no conversation. What’s it for?”

I came prepared with my cover story. Always better to keep such tales as near the truth as possible; otherwise, I’d forget them and in the preoccupation of the moment blurt out something that sent me scrambling to cover up the mistake with another lie.

“When I worked in Moscow, I met this American executive who made the mistake of marrying a Russian prostitute. He didn’t know it at the time but became suspicious after bringing her to America when she started working at Flash Dancers. He asked me to investigate her past in Russia, which brought me into contact with a number of people in the Russian sex industry. The investigation isn’t over, and I still need to find out some information that may bring me into contact with these same people in Russia and now America because a few have moved their operations here.”

“They know what you look like?”

“Right, I initially dealt with them without any disguises or false names, but now I need to avoid their recognizing me. For example, I may have to travel to a place called Krasnodar on the Black Sea to testify in a trial growing out of my investigation. It’s real easy to stake out the airport there since only two flights arrive a day from Moscow. I don’t want them to notice me, just in case.”

“Is your client in the middle of a divorce?”

“No, the divorce is over. He wants the information to help Immigration send her back to where she belongs, hooking in the evil empire.”

Bob laughed. He was a good-natured man who knew all about the tricks females spend their lives playing on men. He spent about four hours teaching me the basics and directing me to apply the makeup myself. Midway through, I asked whether he had any ideas for a particular disguise. He didn't say anything at first. Then I saw him rolling into a long curl the fake hair used by makeup artists.

“What's that?” He held the curl to his side burns and I knew immediately—an orthodox Jew. I laughed. Bob was one of those unpretentious geniuses who knew his trade; unlike all those loudmouth alleged experts who clutter the airwaves and trendy bars these days. No one would ever suspect me for an orthodox Jew with a painted dark complexion, fake beard, dyed hair, curling side burns and a black hat and suit. One final touch, Bob applied a thin line of liquid on my cheek above the false beard that quickly dried into a scar—mother of mercy, a fearsome looking Jew, ha. Looking in the mirror, I practiced a wrath of god look then bought the materials and thanked Bob for all his help. He said come back anytime with questions, no extra charge. On my way out, I realized that not so long ago, before political correctionalism, America was full of professionals like Bob driven to do a good job in their field rather than just trying to look good, tout some totalitarian ideology and make a lot of money by cheating people.

A few days later, I received a call from F.B.I. Special Agent Pisano who was working on the Madison-Pierre telephone threats. Pisano said he and his partner tried to talk to the Ho, but she refused to say anything, telling them to talk with her lawyer instead. These Eastern European hos learn fast in America. That didn't really bother me because now she at least knew the F.B.I., the agency she asked me so many questions about in Moscow, was looking into her activities. What did upset and bewildered me came when Pisano said they decided not to talk to the hood who made the threats because “it might agitate the guy into doing something to me.”

Huh? Helloooo! Are you guys the F.B.I. or the Girl Scouts, I said to myself. If the F.B.I. feared provoking this goon, what good were they? I wanted my tax dollars back. It sounded as though the F.B.I. was telling me to give in to the threats of the Ho and her lawyers. Screw the F.B.I., I'd deal with this clown myself, and demanded his name. Pisano refused citing privacy reasons. Privacy! Some hood calls twice to threaten me using false names, the F.B.I. knows who he is, but claims he's protected by his right to privacy—give me a break! What about my right not to be threatened? In closing, Pisano added the F.B.I. “was not an investigative organization,” so it couldn't help me any further. Well then what did the “I” in its initials stand for then, “Incompetence,” “Idiots,” “Indolence? Finally, he warned me not to open my apartment door to anyone I didn't know, duh, I live in New York City thank you, and to watch out for myself in public. It now sounded as though the F.B.I. worked for the Ho, her attorneys and John Madison-Pierre, or was it protecting the hood? F.B.I. agents must spend too much time watching Rocky and Bulwinkle during training. No wonder al Qaeda took out so many people; the F.B.I. can't figure out who are the bad guys.

Assuming I survived long enough, I'd file a complaint with the inspector general of the F.B.I. Every federal agency has an inspector general for investigating corruption and incompetence. While working in the Government in 1986, I referred a case to an inspector general who actually did his job by preventing the I.R.S. from allowing a family with “hands across the White House,” that means rich, rich, rich, to violate the tax law.

The F.B.I.'s bizarre decision not to talk to the hood set me to wondering whether the Ho used sex, drugs or perhaps cast a spell on them. My belief in black magic had since peaked and then diminished during these war months, but I still considered it possible that demons walked among us manipulating forces beyond the control of normal humans. Weird things kept

happening. Early in the morning of the vernal equinox, I awoke, or thought I awoke, to find the Ho sitting on my chest strangling me, her eyes glowed red with fury in a face contorted with hate, which I was sure she honestly felt—probably the only honest feeling that touched her soul in years. Unable to breath, I struggled and struggled to get her 150 pounds off of me, but my will floundered, she squeezed and squeezed, I resisted and resisted and then poof, she vanished. Guess her astral projection or the demon she summoned retreated to the living hell of her being after believing it served the purpose of scaring me into submission. It didn't, just like the hood didn't. Perhaps I just couldn't take seriously black magic or gangster threats.

The Ho's counter offensive continued. The Directorate of the Ministry of Internal Affairs (M.V.D.) for the central district of Krasnodar closed the criminal defamation case against Inessa. The police investigation cited a lack of evidence. My G.R.U. sources told me later that after the witnesses initially testified before the Krasnodar prosecutor as to Inessa's criminal acts, the witnesses began receiving threats from Russian goons. The hoods even contacted my lawyer, Svetlana, threatening to harm her children if she used her influence to reopen the case. Needless to say, the witnesses changed their testimonies, so after the threats there really was insufficient evidence. Can't blame the witnesses. People who aren't criminals or politically connected in Russia are defenseless; similar to America, except here it's money that protects a person's rights and if a girl, her sex.

The prosecutor's office still wanted to press the matter based on the original sworn testimonies, but the Chief of the local M.V.D., P.I. Ostapenko, his deputy chief, Anna Pavlovna Kurilka, and the investigator Olga Viktotovich Borisova blocked the prosecutor's attempt to go to trial thanks to a large sum of money paid to the M.V.D. officials by the Ho and Inessa. Svetlana learned it cost \$10,000 for the Ho to shutdown the proceedings, a huge bribe by

Krasnodar standards, because there were so many witnesses to Inessa's defamation of me. Boy, that must have ticked the Ho off. Having to part with so much of her sex money was almost like losing a breast, true not a large breast, but still a breast. It was expected that the Ho would use a monetary or sexual bribe to avoid a trial from exposing her and Inessa's nefarious activities in Krasnodar, but I didn't expect it to happen so soon. The official reason for closing the case was to conserve scarce law enforcement resources. What scarce law enforcement resources? There wasn't any law enforcement, so there couldn't be any scarce resources. In truth, the bureaucrats wanted to keep the resources flowing uninterrupted into the pockets of those required to carry out the law with the added contributions of bribes. Russian officials are masters at inventing Orwellian excuses for their own criminal conduct, just like Political Correctionalists who use self-righteousness to excuse their hypocritical and reprehensible acts.

To reopen the defamation case, would have cost around seven thousand dollars. In Russia, the authorities will initially do their duty if they have sufficient evidence. They do it not out of a dedication to justice but to start the bidding. The side without supporting evidence then pays a lot for officials to disregard evidence. In order to obtain reconsideration of the evidence requires another bid, but not as high as the party without evidence, or, in the alternative, connections with a higher up official to overrule the predacious bureaucrats. Taking the second route, I contacted my G.R.U. agents to try to bring into the fray an official powerful enough to tell the central M.V.D. Directorate in Krasnodar to reinstate the case. My agents assigned their man for southern Russia operations to handle the matter.

Five days later, March 27, 2002, early in the morning, I received a telephone call from a Detective Bob Henning at the 114<sup>th</sup> Police Precinct in Queens, the precinct where the Ho lived. Cops always call early in the morning when a person is not fully awake or late at night when

tired in order to cause as much emotional distress as possible. These tricksters probably only read one book in their life: *The Trial* by Franz Kafka. The detective notified me of my pending arrest for setting up the Internet site nine months ago because it allegedly violated the Temporary Order of Protection the Ho took out against me and was dismissed eight months ago. The detective said my ex-wife recently showed him the dismissed Temporary Order of Protection, a flyer for the web site and claimed I set it up to harass her. Arrest meant a night in jail with New York City's better citizens, since it took about a day to bring a person before a judge who decided on bail, or to continue the incarceration, or, as most likely in my case, release the prisoner under his own reconnaissance.

Dumbfounded, I called a criminal attorney I knew who accusingly said, "Doesn't matter that it occurred nine months ago or that the order was dismissed. You're going to be arrested and end up in the Domestic Violence Court."

"Wait a minute. I set up that site because my then wife and her mother were interfering with my right to a pre-discovery investigation in the annulment/divorce proceeding."

"Doesn't matter. As soon as some assistant district attorney learns about you putting nude pictures of your former wife on the Internet, they'll start clamoring for your head."

"Those pictures show what my ex-wife wears to work—nothing. I put them on the site to reach people who might know something about her, but didn't know her name, only what she looked like at work. If she were a lawyer, I would have shown her in a business suit. But she's not; she's a stripper and a prostitute. That's what she wears for her customers. And the video clips simply show her working. That makes it easier for her customers, who can attest to her profession, to identify her. She's a ho, that's what she does. Besides, she posed for the naked photos with the knowledge and consent that her Moscow pimp would use them to advertise her

for prostitution, which included putting the photos on his web site. That's how she advertised herself, so she relinquished any rights she had in them to her pimp. The same goes for the video clips. She consented to allowing the producer and her Moscow pimp to use those clips to advertise the porno video for sale. And, I now own the rights to both the photos and video clips.”

“Doesn't matter.”

This attorney was the typical brainwashed Upper West Side male wimp who didn't care about justice, only placating the Feminazis. I went looking for another attorney—a man, but, in the meantime, arranged to surrender to the detective a month later in late April—obviously not a high priority case for the police, but one bearing the imprimatur of Mundy's concept of lawyering. But I couldn't understand why Mundy and the Ho waited until now to push for my arrest when the site was set up the previous year.

Angry and almost overwhelmed with feelings of persecution, I contacted my own precinct where I earlier filed a complaint for the threatening telephone calls by John Madison-Pierre. A detective said they closed the case because the police didn't want to devote the resources to track down the man who made the threats. This sounded like the police in Krasnodar. Did the Ho bribe these guys too? Was I missing a dramatic change in America or did I still delude myself into thinking that this country shown as a beacon of fair play and equal rights under the law for everyone, even men? Was American just as corrupt, crooked and abusive of individual rights as Russia if you happened not to belong to some elite class? If I had been born a bimbo in America, I'm sure the cops wouldn't have dared closed the case.

Later that day, after struggling through the funk of powerlessness against the feminine evil that plagued me and all the other men who ever lived, I received another call from John:

“Mr. Hollander, this is John Pierre calling on behalf of Angelina. I told you before to cease and desist. This is your last warning, don’t continue helping the INS or we will meet and you don’t want that. You understand what I mean. (In the background, I heard the Ho say ‘About my mother and the prosecutor.’) And do not try to get the case in Russia reopened, if you know what’s good for you. I’m watching you, I know everything about you, have a nice day.”

He hung up before I could say anything or start my recorder going. Good strategy on the Ho’s part. Hit me with a combination, the pending arrest and another threat. One low blow followed by another, but I didn’t go down. Trouble was rising all around me, but I just got meaner as the desperation increased.

### Nothin To Lose

The latest assaults to prevent any public exposure of not only the Ho’s activities but her lawyers’ complicity in them caused me to launch a counteroffensive that consisted of two new prongs. The day after the latest threat from Madison-Pierre, I went to the Family Court in Manhattan to obtain a Temporary Order of Protection against the Ho in order to put a stop to the threatening telephone calls. Two could play the helpless victim role. From now on in the courts, I would assume the tired, broken old man role. Perhaps not as far from the truth as I would like to believe. It made no sense to continue projecting a false image of youthful confidence and invulnerability when in reality my life lay on the trash heap of failure and now persecution.

The Manhattan Family Court personnel really surprised me. Unlike the Queens Court, people here, even the security guards, were courteous, competent and helpful. After picking up the forms from the window for submitting the complaint, I took my time in filling them out in order to fully explain the situation because I feared the judge, most likely a female, would deny me a TOP like the Queens’ judge because of my masculinity. Also I was dead tired from a sleepless night. Twenty minutes later, the clerk, a man, called my name. I went over to the window.

He asked, "Are you finished yet?"

"No."

"Well let's go, Hollander. We have a lot of cases to deal with. Can't keep people waiting, hurry it up."

Boy was that refreshing. A bureaucrat who considered time a commodity for getting the work at hand done rather than wasting it away on a Dunkin Donuts' brake. Hurrying up, I submitted my complaint and joined the rest of the people, mostly females, waiting their turn to appear before the judge who would decide whether they'd receive a temporary order of protection. One girl very pretty, nice big balloons, Latina, in spiked heels and with a small child spoke so loudly into her mobile that everyone else in the cavernous hall heard her side of the conversation while imaging what the poor guy on the other end was trying to say.

This girl didn't mince words, "I don't care what you say Shawn, I'm getting an order against you. You better keep your sorry ass away from me or they'll put you in jail."

Pause while she listens.

"That's right; they'll throw you in jail where you belong. All I have to do is tell them to take you away and so long sucker."

Pause

"Don't you tell me anymore of your lies. I'm on to you. All you wanted was someone to ride. Well, you can go back to your wife. You never spent time with me anyway except to get off."

She went on and on like that, definitely an uninhibited girl.

The bailiff called my name and I entered a small antechamber just outside the court. Then came the uninhibited mobile user with big balloons who sat in the chair next to me, so I

started talking with her. She wanted an order of protection against a middle-age lawyer she dated and who allegedly fathered her child. She met him at a strip club in Manhattan where she worked as a lap dancer. Enough irony universe, give me a break. She started stripping at 17 and now 22 wanted to save enough money to start a fashion business. She duly expressed sympathy when I told her about my ex-wife, but quickly added that unlike the Ho, she didn't go in for prostitution. If she did, would she admit it? I don't think soooo. She continued to complain about her boyfriend being married and ugly. So I asked why she went out with him.

“I started dating him when I was nineteen because he treated me like a woman, buying me lots of gifts and taking me to nice places.”

In ho parlance that translates into he had money.

“But all he wanted was sex and then went home to his wife.”

In ho parlance that translates that he stopped spending a lot of money on her.

“Then I had his kid and things went bad.”

In ho parlance that translates she got knocked up by somebody, but doesn't know by whom, or if she does know, the guy was poor, so she tried to convince the lawyer he was the father and should give her lots of money not just for the kid, as the law requires, but for her. The lawyer didn't buy it, so now she was going to embarrass him by lying to obtain an order of protection.

“When I was in high school, I did real well, but then my family moved to New York City and I started hanging around with a bad crowd.”

In ho parlance that means feel sorry for me because I'm really a good girl whom others led astray, and wouldn't you like to save me by giving me a lot of your money.

“I dance on 37<sup>th</sup> and eight.”

This meant come by to see me and we'll hook up for lots of your money.

The bailiff finally called me before the judge, a woman. After taking the oath, I answered a few questions, the judge granted me the temporary order of protection, set a court date and sent me to another office to obtain a subpoena for the Ho to show up in court to answer my complaint against her. All right! Maybe a little bit of justice does exist, but I wasn't about to engage in any extensive delusions concerning America.

In order to have the cops serve the Ho with the subpoena, I went to the 114<sup>th</sup> Precinct. Maybe Detective Henning will have to serve it himself, then again, when I identify myself they might just lock me up on the Ho's complaint for violating the dismissed TOP rather than waiting to the agreed date in late April.

At the precinct, I ended up dealing with an officer who taught martial arts, which meant we shared similar values and respected each other. He called the Ho up, who lived a block away, and said he had some papers for her. She said she just stepped out of the shower but would be right over. The officer suggested I wait at the Burger King next door while she stopped by the precinct. He would call my mobile after he served the papers and she left. The court required a signed statement from the officer that the papers were served. Fifteen minutes later the officer called, and I went back to the precinct house. He gave me the paper and said let's go outside. Something was up that he didn't want to talk about around other cops.

"When she walked in I recognized her. She's been her before about you."

"I know that's where a lot of this started."

"She's a dancer," he said.

“No she’s not. She’s a stripper at Flash Dancers and a prostitute. She started whoring for money in her hometown in Russia, moved on to a brothel in Cyprus then to Mexico City where they kicked her out of the country.” The officer seemed surprised and subdued by my remarks.

“But she dresses like she’s broke.”

“She’s not broke. She makes more than you do, at least \$14,000 a month in cash and that’s only from stripping. Impossible to say how much she makes as a pros.”

“You won’t know it.”

“She’s a Russian prostitute. They’re masters at false impressions.”

We shook hands and I caught the subway home. But on the way while going over in my mind the events at the precinct, some things troubled me. Why did the Ho agree to stop by the precinct immediately? When the FBI contacted her, she told them to talk to her lawyer. Why didn’t she do the same with the police? I’m sure Mundy instructed her to refer any legal matters to him. It seemed strange to me that she was so willing to come to the precinct. And the shower, she just stepped out of the shower, something strange there. Usually she took a shower just before leaving for work, still three hours off and when she returned in the early morning. Then there was the officer taking me outside to talk, recognizing her as a dancer. Why did he think she worked as a dancer? I’m sure when she filed the harassment complaint with the Detective Henning she may have mentioned the occupation she uses as a cover, dancer, but why would that get back to a patrol officer who works in a different department and probably doesn’t even socialize with detectives. Finally, the officer’s change of demeanor when I told him she was a lap dancer and prostitute. No, I sensed the 114<sup>th</sup> Precinct knew the Ho well, but in what capacity. I filed my questions away for the future.

On Good Friday, Xenia met with the model Oksana in Moscow who had exposed the “dirty girls list” at the Vasilyeva House of Fashion. Oksana repeated that the Ho was among the girls on the list and added these girls often provided sexual services to a group in Krasnodar called the “Albatross Club” that consisted of “bandits and businessmen,” which in Russia meant the city’s power elite. The Ho once told me she knew lots of important people in Krasnodar, but failed to mention how intimately. Unfortunately, Oksana refused to talk to the Embassy or provide an affidavit because she feared for her family still living in Krasnodar. Oksana warned that people were afraid to talk about the Ho’s prostitution, which Oksana knew she continued to do whenever in Krasnodar, because it involved this club whose members have “no mercy.” These criminals likely included Smolin, the manager of the Troika restaurant, and were the reason he tried to steer me off of my investigation.

No wonder almost all of the people who knew anything about the Ho in Krasnodar were unwilling to talk to the Embassy or provide affidavits. Oksana’s information also explained why nearly everyone I interviewed, especially the girls who worked as models for Vasilyeva, said the Ho didn’t engage in prostitution until she went to Cyprus. The girls, like all hos, were covering up their own sorted past while the guys didn’t want to run afoul of Krasnodar’s movers and shakers, so the story line depicted the Ho as a good girl until she went to Cyprus where everybody knew Russian girls worked as whores. Many of the people Svetlana and Nadya talked to, mostly former Vasilyeva models, didn’t say anything negative about the Ho because she had as much dirt on them as they on her, and, of course, no one wanted to embarrass the city’s aristocracy, that is the criminal elite, with the dirty truth. What a nest of vermin and hypocrites conspiring to present a phony image of their town, especially the Tatyanna Vasilyeva House of Fashion. It ranked as the city’s top model agency, which really meant the most

successful pimps, and regularly advertised on television its haute couture, which in reality meant flesh peddling.

After this revelation, I doubted Svetlana would have much luck in obtaining writing samples of the Ho from the Academy. Vice Rector Minchenko belonged to the elite and wouldn't want the Ho turning evidence on anyone in retaliation. The odds also looked slim for anyone swearing to the Ho's prostitution in her hometown, since it might implicate the seedy web of sex for dollars that tied the politicians and businessmen with phony public images to prostitution.

Mundy, another phony but here at home, answered my complaint against him with the New York Lawyer's Disciplinary Committee for attempting to coerce me into a settlement in the annulment/divorce case by lying to my lawyers. In his answer, he didn't even address his lying. Guess he had a lot on his mind in helping to shut down the criminal case against the Ho's mother and arranging for threats to keep me from assisting the INS. Or maybe he wanted to avoid a provable lie since he had no medical records or audiotape to produce. As for his attempted coercion, he filled his answer with irrelevancies, dissemblings and tried to distract the committee from the issue of his misconduct by assassinating my character. He brought up the website, which had nothing to do with my accusations against him, but allowed him to say, "These criminal matters are still active and pending." My answer tried to enlighten the Disciplinary Committee on Mundy's efforts to distract them from the issues by calling his ruse an unfortunate but often used tactic of lawyers that can't win on the merits.

It wasn't clear whether Mundy and the Ho finally got the message that they could not scare me because I had nothing to lose, so to make sure, I started preparing the second prong of my counteroffensive with the benefit of re-enlightenment.

Easter Sunday brought the resurrection of my beliefs from before the Ho horrors, and I began the long slog of returning to the old Roy who used science and logic to understand reality. Black magic became nothing more than a psychological game played by mean-spirited girls, which worked only when the intended victim bought into it. No longer a believer, so whether the moon hung full or dark in the night sky made no difference anymore. I shook off the last remnants of the Ho's psychological manipulations and exorcised the lies that had seeped into my unconscious from the constant bombardment of Political Correctionalist propaganda that blinded me to the true evil nature of women: the greatest lie the devil told the world was that she was a man.

Females now stood in the stark naked light of truth; their only value lay in their bodies, if young, and social conversation, if I was drunk, and even those limited qualities required caution. Yesterday, today and tomorrow, broads will always bundle together lies and deception in order to trick men in some fashion or another. The Tierra del Fuego Indians experienced a similar epiphany that they described in one of their myths: "In those far off days, witchcraft was known only to women. Young girls learned how to bring sickness and even death to all who displeased them. The men lived in abject fear and subjugation. This tyranny of the women grew from bad to worse until it occurred to the men that a dead witch was less dangerous than a live one."

The second prong of my counteroffensive grew out of the District Attorney's refusal to prosecute the Ho for committing perjury before the divorce court. The D.A. suggested I take her perjury up with the judge who granted the divorce. My lawyer Robert said I couldn't do anything, typical modern male defeatist attitude, but I decided to do some legal research because I didn't buy Robert's explanation that the D.A. was just being nice—an oxymoron—by suggesting I complain to judge Lobis. Even under the domestic relations law, the Ho's perjury

amounted to a fraud on the court and me. She lied with the intent of deceiving both judge Lobis and me. That allowed me to make a motion to reopen the settlement agreement and ask for money from her. Plus, the October 2001 threatening telephone call from the Ho's John amounted to attempted duress and attempted coercion to not only prevent me from making a motion for a trial on fault but also, it could be interrupted, to force a settlement on terms financially agreeable to her. True I didn't care about obtaining money from her at the time, but the law did provide for modifying a settlement agreement when financial circumstances warranted it. And my circumstances had headed south ever since.

Another argument for my motion to reopen the settlement was that the Ho and her attorneys' interference with my investigation in Krasnodar and witness tampering concerning the annulment/divorce case not only prevented me from finding out the extent of her prostitution but helped to illegally conceal the true amount of her assets, their increase in value during the marriage and her income. For instance, I didn't learn of the \$40,000 she made in Cyprus until I received the investigators report on Zygos. Although the Ho earned that money before our marriage, it was invested in something, which might have increased in value during the marriage. She had also concealed the true extent of her income from stripping and prostitution during the marriage, which her and her attorneys' illegal activities in Krasnodar kept hidden.

The Ho's perjury on her net worth statement, likely advised by Mundy; John Madison-Pierre's first threat to me; and the coercing of witnesses in Krasnodar gave me a shot at reopening the financial sections of the settlement, but I also had to show the court that circumstances had changed dramatically since the agreement to put me in need of support and her in a position to afford paying it. At the time of the agreement my net worth easily overshadowed hers, so there was no need of monetary support for me. But now, thanks to my

female stockbroker, my battle for justice and the emotional trauma caused me by the Ho and her attorneys, I found myself rushing towards poverty with little hope of recovering or finding a decent job. She helped put me in that situation, so why not make her pay for the damage she caused; she could afford it. Since bringing the Ho to America, she had grossed by June 2002 around \$275,000 tax-free.

Naturally, I doubted the man-hating female court would go along with my argument, but since I decided to represent myself, it would only cost me time, but the Ho thousands. Added benefits were I didn't need to worry about some androgynous attorney selling me down the river, and it would serve notice on the lesbian judge that her political priorities serve to reward only injustice. Although, I doubted that matter to her. In drafting the motion, I ripped a page from female victimology and played up the threats, fraud, looming poverty and the psychological impact of discrimination exploited by the Ho's attorneys. The motion accused the Ho and her attorneys of engaging in a conspiracy to crush my rights for their pecuniary benefit in which the court wittingly went along with because of its belief that in a dispute between a man and a woman, the man should lose because the woman represented all that was true and holy in the world.

Mundy responded to my motion with his usual strategy of character vilification in which he pompously rendered a medical opinion that I was delusion because I sought assistance from a psychiatrist to deal with the harm he and the Ho intentional caused me. By his twisted reasoning, the more successful a defense attorney and his client are at causing harm to a plaintiff, the greater the likelihood of the court not granting the plaintiff any relief.

On the arrest front, I found a firm of criminal attorneys to handle my upcoming surrender at the 114<sup>th</sup> Precinct. These attorneys were great, all middle age or older men. I didn't see one

token, young, arrogant female lawyer in the place. They remembered the days when men were treated like human beings in this country. The attorney I first met, thought me behind the eight ball because as soon as a female judge, mostly all the judges in the Domestic Violence Court were broads, hears about a man posting naked pictures of his wife on the Internet, the judge we'll start screaming with self-righteousness indignation, "How dare you!" Which meant how dare a lowly man disseminate the truth about his darling, lovely wife.

This attorney, however, unlike the political correctional nerd attorney I previously consulted, listened to my explanation for setting up the website and using the photos and video clips: to find information about her for the annulment/divorce proceedings by assuring people could identify her in her business uniform and at work. In addition, I told him that she knew when her Moscow pimp took the photographs that they were to advertise her as a prostitute on the Internet, and she knew that the porno video would also be advertised and sold to the public.

The attorney immediately called in one of his colleagues—another middle aged man. These two guys were pros who wanted justice and not just to pick their client's pocket or cow-tow to trendy political bigotry. The next day, two days before my scheduled arrest, my attorneys contacted Detective Henning. They asked Henning what the charges were against me, he didn't know. That sounded strange. My attorneys told him about a court case that indicated the allegations against me didn't amount to harassment. Henning put off the arrest until further notice and said he would refer the case to the District Attorney's computer crime section. My arrest might still happen, but at least I knew my attorneys sided with me rather than those political correctional robots who automatically thought all men guilty in order to justify throwing a man in the clink on the whim of a bimbo. My attorneys said the longer they can put off my

arrest, the less likely it would happen. That meant living under the dagger of a night in jail, but I had earlier lived for five years under the sword of the Vietnam draft, so this was nothing.

After the good news from my attorneys, I began wondering how the detective could not know the charges against me two days before my scheduled arrest. What was this guardian of the public safety going to do when I showed: invent the charges? When I originally talked to Detective Henning on the telephone, he sounded a little defensive, not at all like a cop talking to a suspected perpetrator. My logic and intuition painted a couple of scenarios. Henning and the Ho knew each other personally. Maybe she frequently visited him at the 114<sup>th</sup> Precinct, which would explain why a patrol officer recognized her when she promptly showed to pick up my temporary order of protection against her. If so, she probably cried, pictured me as her vicious ex-husband and flirted, perhaps more, to manipulate Henning into arresting me on some charge or another. Or maybe the Ho's attorneys used Henning to scare people with false threats of arrest. Cops in New York City often use their authority to make extra bucks intimidating citizens. But once Henning ran into lawyers who didn't subscribe to the current theory of inherent male guilt, he punted and left the District Attorney to decide or at least said he did. Once this legal issue resolved itself, I planned to file a complaint with the Police Department's Internal Affairs Division that Henning used his official power to harass me because of improper persuasion used by the Ho or her attorneys.

My criminal attorneys suggested I close down the site to make the entire matter moot, which they could use in arguing with the Queens D.A. if he decided to pursue the case. Not a problem, since by then Svetlana had found three witnesses who knew the Ho worked as a prostitute in Krasnodar and had signed affidavits as to such for Immigration. These were courageous people as was Svetlana. It surprised me that some folks in that town were honest and

gutsy enough to do the right thing. One affidavit told of the Ho recruiting girls for sexual activities. The Ho posed a double threat to a man's wallet as both prostitute and pimp. Another affidavit referred to the pimp the Ho sometimes used, Rey, whom Katya had originally told me about as providing models to New Russians. Those affidavits along with other information and leads should, according to the law at least, cause the Government to deport the Ho, but whether it actually would—I doubted. The U.S. Government in the 21<sup>st</sup> century just couldn't do what Barbara Jordan once said, "People who should get in, get in; people who should not enter are kept out; and people who are deportable should be required to leave." So simple, but the richest country in history couldn't do it.

### I Fought The Law

Taking a weekend off from my war, I attended the fifth year reunion of my Columbia Business School class. To my surprise, I enjoyed it. The alumni office did a good job keeping us busy and entertained. And, to my astonishment, my classmates recognized me and greeted me warmly. They had considered me a little obnoxious and overly competitive in class, but apparently that didn't matter anymore. We talked about our lives since graduating with me telling about my nightmare, of course. At first, most didn't believe it, but on recalling my overly sober nature in class, they realized I spoke the truth. Most laughed at my stories, which I enjoyed, and some thought I lived an interesting life, which I couldn't understand. I would trade my fall into this perdition for one of their high paying business jobs immediately.

While talking with a few of the more wealthy graduates, I half jokingly remarked that I might end up the first in our class on public assistance. One high tech exec responded by asking whether I could find him a nice, pliable Russian nanny for his kids. "Tell her she'll live in the lap of luxury out at the Hamptons." Was that why I attended an Ivy League business school to

enlist clients for a procuring business? I declined. Later, these guys went down to Flash Dancers to check my ex-wife out. Fine with me, they'd get a kick and were at heart decent men. Many of my American male classmates were the best and the brightest, unlike the lying, thieving, trash inhabiting members of much of the third world, government bureaucracies and the New York State courts.

A hearing on my temporary order of protection against the Ho for the threatening telephone calls occurred in the first week of May. She showed up in the waiting area outside the courtroom where I was sitting. Then her attorney Mundy walks out of the courtroom to talk with her. What was he doing in the courtroom? Court security was making everyone who showed to wait in a large room outside, but Mundy kept going in and out of the courtroom at will. Okay, I was an attorney representing myself, so I tried to enter assuming attorneys were allowed in, but security stopped me. No admission until my case was called, even for attorneys. Mundy could, therefore, talk to the judge about the case outside of my presence—a violation of the law. I filed the information away for future reference.

While waiting for other victims, violators and attorneys to enter the court, I looked in the Ho's direction a few times to catch her giving me the evil eye. Some of her conduct, such as that, truly proved comic, but the rest—dangerous.

Normally in court, an attorney for the defendant approaches the attorney for the plaintiff, whether he is representing himself or not, to try to work out a settlement before any hearing. Mundy, however, never approached me. Guess he didn't like me, but one of the court's pro bono attorneys did. The pro bono attorney was a decent guy and even suggested I had a good case, if I could subpoena the F.B.I. record that identified who was threatening me. That was a good suggestion and I told him to pass along my request for a trial.

The bailiff called both sides into the courtroom. The Ho walked behind me to intensify her evil eye and mumbled some Russian hocus pocus at which I now laughed. Mundy, already inside, seemed in a foul mood, a little too hostile for an experienced litigator. Why? A female judge different from the one who civilly granted my request for the temporary order of protection appeared this time. Judge Helen Sturm, sounded Nazi, boiled with female hostility. Probably in the middle of a menopausal mood swing given her age, Sturm scoldingly recited to me the dangers of representing myself. Boy, the decline in ho-hormones really turns a broad into Xanthippe. Civilly, I thanked her for the same bad advice I had heard in law school but declined to waste my money on another useless attorney, since I could screw up a case just as badly as them without the cost. Sturm, however, kept badgering me to retain a lawyer. Now I knew what Mundy was doing in the courtroom beforehand. When I showed without a lawyer, Mundy and the Ho realized that I would not only avoid costs in legal fees by representing myself but evade another lawyer selling me down the river in order to curry favor with a Feminazi judge—just as Silpe did in the Supreme Court. The judge, of course, didn't want to spend time with a trial because she didn't care about justice for a man, so when Mundy talked with her or her clerk earlier, the judge decided to lean on me to hire an attorney in order to thwart my strategy. She failed. Sturm set the trial for July 2<sup>nd</sup> and Mundy escorted the Ho out, such a gentleman walking with something much less than a lady.

The preparation for my case began, but I didn't have much hope of success since I needed evidence that showed a connection between the Ho and her attorneys, Mundy and Petrovich, and the threatening caller, who's real name the F.B.I. knew but wasn't telling. Even if I had the guy's name, I'm sure he'd lie on the stand anyway or plead the fifth, and the Ho would certainly claim no connection with him. But negativity is no reason to give up without trying, so

I made a couple of attempts to identify this hood. My G.R.U. agents approached their F.B.I. contacts but couldn't get the guy's name, only that Verizon had sold the number that Madison-Pierre gave me to a company that provided electronic voicemail to its customers. To find the name associated with that number, I requested a subpoena from Strum directing Verizon to tell the court the name of the voicemail company to which it sold the telephone number. With the voicemail company's name, all I needed to do was have the court subpoena the company's billing records for that number, which would produce the hood's real name and address. As a backup, I also requested an order directing the FBI to disclose the thug's name. In compliance with New York litigation rules, I also made requests for information on the hood from the Ho. Mundy ignored them, normally not done by lawyers—did he know something I didn't? I soon found out at the next hearing.

On July 2, I signed in with the court security officer, turned to find a sit in the waiting room outside the court when I saw the Ho sitting alone. Not one to let an obnoxious opportunity go to waste, I sat a few rows behind her. She started looking to the left, then stretching her giraffe-like neck to the right, but couldn't find me until she twisted her head completely around *al la the Exorcist*. On seeing me, she got up and walked to a seat behind me, so I repositioned myself to the side of the room still looking directly at her. She moved again to the back wall with a direct line of sight for evil eyeing. Again, I changed my seat to keep the enemy in my line of sight. The Ho, like all females, always a coward in direct confrontation, turned her back and waited.

As at the first hearing, Mundy once again emerged from the courtroom—more discussions with Sturm behind my back in which he championed the cause of innocent womanhood? The bailiff wouldn't even let me near the courtroom door this time. Mundy talked

with the Ho and went back inside. Then he came out with this whale of a female, the judge's law clerk. Too bad I had left my harpoon at home. She, with Mundy standing behind her, tried to pressure me into a settlement. They wanted me to accept a one-year protection order against the Ho in which the Ho made no admissions of wrongdoing. It would save the judge the bother of trying a fellow female and for the Ho prevent the disclosure of any information useful to Immigration and perhaps save her money. The settlement offer meant nothing. The main aim of the case was to prove the Ho violated U.S. law by arranging for threats and to create a public record so that when I finally ended up in the gutter at the hands of some Russian hit man my old associates in the press would have a story that would prod the F.B.I. into doing something at last. No thanks I replied.

Mundy and the blimp went back inside the courtroom to probably hatch a new scheme against justice. A little later, the bailiff called the Ho and me inside. To my surprised, Sturm asked Mundy to start. Usually every court under the sun instructs the plaintiff, me, to begin, especially since I filed motions to compel the Ho to respond to my requests for information, which her attorney ignored. In the dialogue between Sturm and Mundy, which sounded pre-scripted, the judge said my requests for information were "onerous" and "burdensome" and agreed with Mundy who claimed they were "ninety-nine point nine percent totally irrelevant." Mundy always tended to exaggerate, but the real problem was that Sturm, her menopausal emotions in overdrive, had already made a decision to deny me any useful information. By making that decision before I had a chance to argue my point violated the due process rights guarantee of the Constitution.

In America, a court can't make a decision affecting a person's rights without first holding a meaningful hearing. By not doing so ignores one of the key reasons for America's

revolutionary war. The founding fathers—not mothers—were fed up with the King making decisions that affected them without giving them a chance to be heard. Taking a page from feudal royalty and every other tyrant, Sturm, probably thinking herself a royal princess as do most girls, followed the procedure of Stalin’s show trials: she made the decision first, then held a meaningless hearing. In America, even when the judge is a female and the person she’s deciding against is a man, due process still applies, although most Feminazis disagree.

Sturm was trampling my rights, so I put up a fight by arguing that she should grant my requests to subpoena F.B.I. and Verizon records so that I could make the connection between the hoodlum threatening me and the Ho. Well, Sturm goes off, scolding me as though she were my mother for requesting the F.B.I. and Verizon records from the Ho. What a bimbat! I didn’t request the court issue a subpoena to the Ho for F.B.I. and Verizon records. What sense did that make? She doesn’t have the records. The F.B.I. has its records and Verizon has its—those are the records I wanted. As simply as possible, I tried to explain to the man-hating judge that I had requested in writing a court ordered subpoena issued to the F.B.I. and one to Verizon—not the Ho. Sturm obviously was too lazy to read my papers and only listened to Mundy’s dissembling briefing before the hearing. The Ho knew who the intimidator was, but what idiot would think she had custody of F.B.I. and Verizon records. The bimbat judge finally realized her stupidity, but that didn’t deter her hostility. Sturm jumped to another attack, once again berating me for exercising my constitutional right to represent myself rather than hiring an attorney to knife me in the back.

By this stage in the hearing, the latest behind the scenes scheme among Mundy, Sturm and the blimp law clerk became clear. Sturm was trying to hammer me into reaching the settlement that Mundy previously proposed by denying my subpoena requests for the key

evidence needed to show the Ho and likely her attorneys were behind the threats. Such scheming and one sided communications again violated my constitutional rights and the law. But who's counting. Today's institutions don't care.

Mundy and Sturm had hoped that denying me evidence, allowing Mundy to speak first and the judge giving me a tongue-lashing might cause me to cave to their wishes. It didn't. Sturm then directed Mundy and me to file motion papers and return to court July 16<sup>th</sup> for her to formally announce what she had already decided and probably take another shot at intimidating me into conceding to Feminazi injustice. Making arguments after the judge already decided against my requests for subpoenas was no hearing at all, but since she had failed to beat me emotionally into submission, she decided to cover her royal ass just in case I decided to cause her some problems for violating my rights.

Leaving that court, I was thinking what I had never thought about a girl before: Someone should rape that broad judge, then turn her over and ram it up her ass as she screams in pain. I filed a complaint with the New York State Commission on Judicial Conduct. Naturally, the Commission did nothing, probably because Sturm was female. A female from the Commission responded to my complaint saying, "There was insufficient indication of judicial misconduct"—meaning we don't care about the rights of men when they've been violated by a woman because women are always right and men always evil.

Both Mundy and I filed our motions, which meant nothing, since Sturm had already made her decision. But it may have cost the Ho money or sex to pay for Mundy's time to prepare her papers. "May have" because under VAWA, the U.S. Government foots the bill for illegal aliens, including their lawyers' fees, when they accuse citizens of domestic abuse in a legal proceeding. True, the Ho wasn't accusing me of such in this proceeding, but it was related to the

annulment/divorce and her TOP accusations, so the Department of Justice's Office of Violence Against Women may have picked up her bill.

Sturm's written order, she probably never glanced at my arguments, prevented me from obtaining any records from either the F.B.I. or Verizon, no surprise there, and set a trial for August 12, 2002. Her ruling concerning the FBI didn't matter since America's premier law enforcement agency had already refused to provide the court any information after I had notified it of my request for a subpoena from Sturm. The F.B.I. stated the Family Court had no jurisdiction over the agency, and the Privacy Act prohibited it from disclosing any information on Madison-Pierre. But Sturm's order denying me the Verizon information made it next to impossible to link the Ho with the unknown man threatening me. Sturm really didn't want the truth coming out about the Ho thanks to Feminazi hohood.

In mid-August, one of Mundy's female associates and the Ho showed for the trial. The Ho had just returned from a few weeks in Krasnodar and apparently Cyprus. On her way back to New York City, Russian customs searched her before boarding the plane in Moscow and the D.E.A. searched her when she landed at New York. Both found nothing because they failed to do an "internal" where she hides her contraband. They knew this, but I guess they didn't want to handle a prostitute's moneymaker.

Before the trial started, I requested judge Sturm direct the Ho to produce her mobile telephone for examination of any calls made to my numbers. It was a long shot that the Ho allowed the man making the threats to use her mobile, but it was all I had left to make the connection. If her mobile showed a few calls in the right time-frames to my numbers, it would permit an inference in my favor or at least unnerve the Ho enough to make it plain to even that hater of men Sturm that my ex-wife lied. Sturm had instructed in her previous order that the Ho

turn over her telephone records if she “in fact has these documents.” The Ho always kept her telephone records, but Mundy would make sure she denied having them. However, she couldn’t deny having the records on her mobile calling list, which I also knew she never erased. But Sturm decided to eviscerate her own ruling and denied my examining the Ho’s mobile call record. That’s what “kangaroo courts” do—undercut their own orders to make sure the person they want to win does.

Sturm rushed through the trial that she never wanted, since it was a man and not a female fighting for his rights. Sturm interrupted, chastised, continued to give me a hard time about not hiring a lawyer, denied the introduction of relevant evidence as to the Ho’s motive and means and used her own objection of “hearsay” for a catch all to keep out of the record any matter she didn’t want. It was unlikely that Sturm even knew the purpose behind the hearsay rules, so I tried to enlighten the bimbat, but she angrily rebuked me. Sturm even refused to let me introduce as evidence of the threats the tape recordings I had made of the calls. She didn’t want to “spend the court’s time listening.” Duh! So how was the court to know the calls were ever made? My case sabotaged by an ideological corrupt judge, Sturm asked whether I was finished presenting my case. No, I remarked I have a witness to call—the defendant. That put Sturm and the Ho’s female attorney back on their high heels. Since the case was not a criminal matter, I had the right to question the Ho under oath. Immediately, Sturm stopped the case, told both sides to leave the courtroom. This wasn’t a recess or lunch break; she just halted the trial and took up another case. What was going on? Obviously Sturm and the Ho’s attorney weren’t prepared for my surprise, but with the trial stopped, they could regroup.

An hour or so later, the trial resumed with the Ho on the stand. Between the Ho’s lies and Sturm over ruling my questions, the testimony proved useless. Sturm even prevented the Ho

from answering where she worked, Flash Dancers. I asked the question to lay the basis that the Ho had regular contact with nefarious guys, such as the goon bouncers, who tend to use threats. In the end, the judge from hell ruled against granting me a permanent order of protection. Would the result have been the same if I were a woman and the Ho a man? Not likely.

The trial, however, did prove useful because the Ho admitted in court she was an alien and not a U.S. citizen. That wasn't exactly new information, but I now had proof for other departments in the government of her alien status. The Family Court's confidentiality rules would prevent me from handing over the Ho's testimony but it would not stop a government subpoena.

The importance of the Ho's admission lay in the fact that she had registered to vote in February 2001—the previous year. Only citizen's can register to vote. In registering, she falsely swore she was a U.S. citizen, which was a deportable offense, a federal crime that carries a maximum of five years and a New York State class E felony carrying a maximum of four years. The Ho would be right at home in a New York State prison along with the other illegal aliens who make up 24% of all the State's prisoners. But the state would never lock her up. My only hope at non-vigilante justice still lay with Immigration at the Embassy, but I knew it was a fool's hope, since I was a fool for wanting the Government to do its job, and even if it, it would take years.

Assuming the VAWA Unit denied her permanent residency status, she would end up in a deportation proceeding, but with plenty of legal options. At the very least, each option would delay her deportation while she made more and more money illegally. In the deportation proceeding, she could make another application for a VAWA waiver even though its denial is what put her into a deportation proceeding in the first place. The Feminists in writing VAWA

wanted to make sure alien girls had at least two bits of the apple. If the Immigration Judge decided against granting her a VAWA waiver, she could then appeal to the Bureau of Immigration Appeals, which has cases going back seven years. If she lost there, then she could appeal to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit. By the time this procedure ended—a procedure stroked into a Byzantine edifice by the Feminazis, the Ho could retire to Cancun on her hooker earnings, or simply start the game over again by marrying another sucker, or go underground. Whichever route she takes, I'd rather wait for the second coming than for the U.S. to kick that slut out.

The Ho's latest crime of perjury came to light while checking voter registration records for an old acquaintance that was up for re-election as a Democratic State Committeeman. Using the Board of Elections computer, I typed in the Ho's name on a lark, not expecting it to come up, but it did. There on the screen was documented proof of her claiming U.S. citizenship—perjury in black and white with her distinctive signature. The authorities couldn't ignore this as the ranting of a defrauded ex-husband. Still, I doubted anything would happen, but did notify the Embassy and the New York City Board of Elections.

The Board of Elections, to my surprise and thanks to my old political activist friend Alan, decided to conduct an investigation that could end with the Board referring the matter to the District Attorney for prosecution. The Ho will claim she didn't understand English at the time she committed the felony and then start crying. She'll probably get away with it because she's a broad and the New York City's District Attorney's offices are filled with Feminazis. But pursuing the matter was worth the try.

Millions of aliens in America, whether legal or illegal, lie about their citizenship in order to obtain voter registration cards. In New York City, the cards are not supposed to be used for

identification, but no one outside of the Board of Elections knows that. Aliens obtain the cards as a secondary form of identification that bolsters the credibility of their primary I.D., usually counterfeit, which enables them to pass as citizens. Unscrupulous politicians, primarily totalitarian lefties—many of them leftovers from the sixties—actually encourage aliens to commit these federal and state felonies because once registered the aliens might as well vote and they'll vote Democratic. The Republicans, always a little behind the times, are also beginning to vie for the alien vote while the party's business members continue to demand lots of illegal and legal aliens as a source of cheap labor, which means bigger profits for the captains of industry.

Both political parties don't care about correcting a problem that is not hard to fix. Most states, as New York, have their voting records computerized, so a computer comparison with INS records would easily show which aliens in Immigration's files, some legal and some illegal, registered and voted. Voter records contain the alien's address, or at least one that he is using, so a comparison of federal and state records can lead to locating aliens who willingly violate the law, which makes them deportable. The government could swoop down and bounce these lawbreakers out of the country, which is what it should do. When a citizen breaks the law, the government is on him like gangbusters. Cheat a little on taxes or make an innocent mistake and the I.R.S. slaps a lien on an American's assets until he pays their usurious penalties and fees. The I.R.S. also takes years to notify the taxpayer of the problem because during the delay the fees and penalties keep spiraling upwards, adding to the government's coffers. That's how the I.R.S. makes up for some of the money it doesn't collect in taxes from aliens because many of them, including all the illegals, hide their income while collecting government benefits paid for by the average American.

It's the American way in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century—after decades of feminazism and political correctionalism all levels of government just can't seem to do what makes sense because as with the Communists, Nazis, Ku Klux Klan and the Catholic Church before them, the modern day ideologue female cultists value their beliefs over people, power over right and self righteousness over logic. The Feminazis lay waste to the lives of others, mainly men, with a reckless disregard reminiscent of Senator Joseph McCarthy. They lie, exaggerate and libel, cry tears of hypocrisy over alleged sexual impropriety that they wish would happen to them or sound like nuns running from the realities of life. At least McCarthy was right about Communists working in the Federal Government as K.G.B. records revealed after the collapse of the Soviet Union. He was just wrong about whom they were, so the search resulted in witch-hunts. Today the witches use the same tactics to destroy in the name of their beliefs and intimidate to further their power.

Following the trial in Feminazi Sturm's court of feminine inquisition, I filed another complaint against her with the Commission on Judicial Conduct, this time for failing to dispose of all judicial matters "fairly" and failing to be "faithful" to the law. The failing to be "faithful" charge I especially liked, since females often use the accusation to criticize men but never seem able to apply it to themselves. They either resort to "nothing happened," or the man seduced me, or some such lame excuse blaming everyone but themselves. This time my complaint against Sturm went directly to the administrator of the Commission, a man I knew from nearly 25 years earlier. Back in my media days, I worked undercover as an assistant campaign manger for one of Roy Cohn's mafia connected judges. Fed what I saw and heard to Joe Conason at the Village Voice and became the Commission's chief witness against the judge. For many years my whereabouts remained difficult to find, but no more, since I really don't care.

My reason for contacting the administrator of the Commission was that he knew my reputation for telling the truth, which might at least cause the Commission to start an investigation into Sturm. But no, times had changed and my second complaint was also rejected. Somehow the Feminazi mind set, even in agencies run by men, had infected the workings of the government whether local, state or federal. Something insidious had occurred over the past three decades. The culture of government institutions, even law enforcement agencies, had metamorphosed into femininity. Previously effective, hard hitting organizations now acted with those especially feminine traits of timidity, paralysis in making judgment calls, overly concerned with image, incapable of handling pressure, believing that talking about a problem solved it, failing to do what's right because it is right regardless of the consequences, scapegoating against men and inability to make decisions. Even when females in these institutions actually make a decision, if it turns out bad, they blame a man, men or a patriarchal society.

The change from manly to feminine government agencies resulted from the large number of females flooding into government jobs evolutionarily more suited for men. At the beginning of feminazism in 1970, girls comprised 28% of the civilian employees in the Federal Government, by 2004—48%. Government bureaucracies never had high reputations for effectiveness even in the 1950s, but now, with all these females in positions Mother Nature never meant for them, the high level of incompetence and screw-ups has emasculated this country.

Guys are also partly to blame for acting as gentlemen in making allowances for female ineptitude. Take April Glassby, the American ambassador to Iraq in 1990. She met Saddam Hussein just before he invaded Kuwait. At that time, there was rising tension between Iraq and Kuwait, Iraq was mobilizing and there were reports that Iraq might invade Kuwait. So what did Glassby tell Saddam at their meeting: the United States had no obligation to defend Kuwait.

What a ditz! Was she afraid Saddam would use his sword on her or didn't she want to offend his sensitivities by popping his illusion of being a modern day Saladin? As a result, Saddam invades and lots of men die, not lots of females, but lots of men. Does she get blame for her deadly screw up, no!

The infestation of Feminazis into bureaucratic positions has made all levels of government in this country even more inept and ineffective than previously with the added insult of females abusing their powers in the name of a self righteous, self centered propaganda claiming females can do no wrong. Just as the Commies, Nazis, Klan and Catholic Church of old did.

Besides the complaint against Sturm, I also filed, somewhat belatedly, a complaint with the Commission against the Queens Judge Fran L. Lubow, the she-male who laughed at me when I requested an order of protection against the Ho back in February 2001. Lubow violated the Judicial Canon that judges "shall be patient, dignified and courteous to litigants." They're not supposed to laugh at the people appearing before them and should at least give folk, including men, the time to be heard. Lubow cut me off the moment I started to explain why I wanted the order of protection. By acting on her own preconceived biases that the motivations driving men are the same that run broads, Lubow jumped to the conclusion that I only wanted an order of protection because the Ho had gotten one against me. Lubow knew her sex, but, like all Feminazis, she mistakenly thought she understood men. The vindictive, petty nature of females drives them into tit-for-tat squabbles in which girls exploit their genetic proclivity for lying to make up anything just to strike back at a man. Guys generally let things slide with broads unless feminine evil threatens a man's life or liberty, and even then some idiots do nothing. Ironically, if I had been a girl appearing before Lubow, I most likely would have been lying and Lubow

would have known it but granted me a temporary order of protection anyway just to strike another feminazi blow against men. Lubow tried to cover her invidious discrimination by claiming I could only obtain an order of protection from the court handling the annulment/divorce—not so. The Commission, true to form, dismissed this complaint as well by saying once again, “there was insufficient indication of judicial misconduct,”—the Commission’s liturgy for when the bias and incompetence of female judges are brought to its attention.

Pursuing all my avenues against the forces allied with feminine evil, I filed another professional responsibility complaint against Mundy with the lawyers Disciplinary Committee. Mundy allowed his Russian assistant Petrovich, to act as a lawyer by giving clients legal advice, as he did when the Ho and I met with him back in October 2000. Such conduct was fine for Russia where Petrovich was admitted to practice as a lawyer, but not America where he wasn’t. The Committee completely ignored that complaint, never heard a word from them about it.

My motion before judge Lobis to reopen the maintenance and equitable distribution sections of the divorce agreement also went down the drain in August 2002. My victimology strategy failed because as a man in modern day America, not only does acting as a man not work but neither does acting as a girl. The moment a guy says something sharp to a girl or gets into an argument with her, he’s threatening violence or harassing the innocent angel and it’s off to jail. But when a girl destroys a man’s career or murders him—it’s okay. It didn’t matter to Lobis that the Ho and her attorneys attempted to use duress to force me into a settlement and committed fraud with the falsehoods in her Net Worth statement filed with the court. The lesbian judge used the dodge that I didn’t provide enough evidence about the Ho’s perjury and attempted

duress, as if industry wide knowledge of the amounts lap dancers make and tape recordings of threatening telephone calls weren't sufficient for my motion.

A motion of this type didn't require proof beyond a reasonable doubt or even a preponderance, just enough to show that there existed a dispute over the facts. Even without the recordings and the Ho's statements in her diary about her income, Mundy's opposition papers made clear a fact dispute existed. The evidence the judge claimed was not presented in the motion isn't supposed to be included in a motion. That evidence is obtained through the process of discovery and then presented at a hearing. Under the law, all my motion needed to do was provide enough information to show there existed a disagreement as to what took place. But in modern day America, she-male judges can do what they want regardless of the law.

Lobis didn't want the bother of a hearing or cause the Ho any discomfort by exposing the truth and likely decided to use her lesbian judicial axe against the sex she wasn't. How could the legal system become anymore absurd than having a lesbian, who is mentally neither a man nor a woman, make decisions concerning the relationships between men and women. She's not a man, but wants to be, and not a woman, but wants them.

Appealing both Sturm and Lobis's decisions might work but the chances were small because even a higher-level New York State court was unlikely to give me a fair shake. After all, a Feminazi headed the state's highest court—no Benjamin Cardozo her. In referring to batterers and abusers who were men, she didn't even use the modifier "allegedly" when they had not been convicted of anything. She was also the one who threw out the rule that lawyers couldn't serve on juries. So what happens, a lawyer, female at that, on the jury in the Tyco case thinks she knows more than the eleven other jurors and refuses to vote for a conviction. The defendants walked, two Tyco executives get away with stealing hundreds of million from the

company's stockholders until the State holds another costly trial in which they're finally convicted. Such is justice in the she-male judicial system of New York.

My foolish law school belief that New York State's legal system could render justice rather than discrimination, incompetence and expediency was just about dead. My war turned to the other avenue of justice in New York in which I had worked—the news media. The years I had spent as an investigator, writer and political producer for a couple of local television news programs, Eyewitness News and WNEW TV News, the predecessor of Fox News, taught me that images and sound bites can actually prod somnolent, corruptocrats into doing their duty.

My reasons for leaving television news in 1981 for law school were the beliefs that lawyers had more power in righting injustice and defending the rights of individuals—what a dope! Most lawyers don't care about justice, just winning and money, no matter whose rights they violate. And the real arbiters of justice and rights in the legal system are judges: government bureaucrats, who in the state courts are too often just as lazy, corrupt, incompetent and habitually disdainful of the little man as are other government employees. A successful, competent lawyer is not about to leave private practice for the dramatic pay cut of spending the rest of his life working for the government. So, many judges not only come from the lower ranks of private practitioners but also from the bottom half of their law school classes, which is why they weren't very successful in private practice in the first place. Law schools grade on a curve, so those from the bottom 50% would have flunked without it. In the past, the state courts were always largely filled with these flunkies, but of late the harm doesn't stop with them. Now there is the added corruption of power by Feminazi judges who legislate their personal discriminatory philosophy. Today, the fix is in for injustice in most American state courts, especially for men.

Thanks to Billy-Bob Clinton, the level of incompetence and male discrimination also spread, perhaps less virulently, to the federal courts in the 1990s when his wife made him appoint lots of female fascists to the bench. Whether in federal or state courts, these girls are simply incapable of focusing for long periods of time on the issues of a case or handling in a rational, organized manner large caseloads. Instead, they try to hide their scattered thinking by acting mean and nasty in the hope of brow beating lawyers into accepting their often-wrong decisions. They also try to throw many cases out of court: the fewer the cases, the more time to talk and feel self important like a princess. In the end, feminazism made the country's judicial system worst by transforming state and to a lesser extent federal judiciaries into institutions that render expediency rather than justice and are used as a means for legislating political correctionalism as opposed to adjudicating the law.

The courts today, especially state courts, are pretty much a joke except for the rich and Fortune 500 companies, since they can afford to pay the fees for long lawyers' hours necessary to make the law understandable to the many dim lights in the judiciary or appeal to higher-level courts with fewer females. Many large companies also operate across state lines, so they can avoid the state courts where most the judge are just plain stupid or corrupt. In addition to the rich and large companies, the legal system also works for girls who violate men's rights and often criminal laws with impunity. Whether these hos lie or tell the truth, they get their way. Much of the legal system in this country just doesn't work for men versus broads, unless you are Ted Kennedy—but then he is rich.

The news media looked liked my last stand. I put together a list of guys I had worked with in the news business twenty-odd years ago or guys I knew from those days that were still in the media. The girls I didn't bother listing—they were the enemy. The guys were all in my age

bracket and probably fed up with the feminazi tyranny that swept through the government in the later 20<sup>th</sup> century. They all probably had their share of dealing with hostile, incompetent broads in positions of authority either in their work or personal lives.

My first attempted contact was with John Miller whom I had worked at WNEW TV News. Miller was now a reporter for ABC TV News. He had made the big time. I concluded Miller the most likely to do a story because there seemed to have been a little friendship between us back then. For a while, we even shared the same newsroom ho, a college intern from the Philadelphia area named Judy Comeau, now Judith Comeau Bollinger, who screwed a much of guys at the station, often in return for dinner. She preferred getting down like a dog but wouldn't take it in the ass because of an unusually small anus, or so she said. She went on to graduate from Wharton Business School, became an analyst at Goldman Sachs, married and moved to London where her husband made over \$100 million running the Egerton Capital hedge fund. Not bad for a tart turned Feminazi: slutting her way to \$100 million.

I sent John a summary of my plight and followed up my letter with a voicemail message, but never heard back from him, not even the courtesy of a get lost. Okay, maybe we weren't even slight friends back at WNEW. Or maybe the story wouldn't make it until someone, probably me, ended up dead as in a detective story from pre-feminazi America, circa 1950s and earlier.