

## **Stupid Frigging Fool**

By Roy Den Hollander

Part 6

Turn, Turn, Turn

*“The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing.”—Edmund Burke*

It began looking as though the Feminazi infestation of government institutions and the news media’s lack of interest in my story were driving me to that clause in the Declaration of Independence: “That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (unalienable rights), it is the right of the people (men) to alter or abolish it.” But I wasn’t angry; I was seething with rage at state and federal authorities for their incompetence, sloth and adherence to modern day, trendy sophistry that demands the violation of the rights of a person provided that person is a man. Well and good this wrath, for what better motivation to drive a wronged man to justice. Look at history: sympathy and flowers never won the day for truth and right, but fury against the violators of men’s rights is what compelled many to a just end. With my recourses to the legal system ended in failure and poverty staring a middle-aged, unemployed lawyer in the face—there was nothing to lose and only justice to gain.

Then my telephone rang, it was Jeff, my lawyer friend. He knew well my ongoing struggle with the she-devil from Krasnodar and her Feminazi allies, and I about the endless legal battles he had with his ex-wife. I met Jeff’s ex-wife through him in the late seventies, before they married. Back then, she kindly kept documents for me concerning the mob judge connected with Roy Cohn hidden behind her paintings. Jeff belonged to the class that rules America: Exeter, Bowdin College, Harvard Law, a couple of top notch law firms and marriage to an investment banker at Goldman Sachs. But following the route of the preppy elite, rather than his

first best destiny, extracted a toll. He now had a one-man practice doing insurance litigation work and needed some help to handle the caseload. Doing litigation work for money rather than rights didn't sound appealing, but more importantly, I worried that the forces of the universe were setting me up for more torture. Jeff, however, had a way with words, so I agreed to meet with him and talk about it.

During these days, as did Steve McQueen in the *Sand Pebbles*, I not only wondered, “What the hell happened?” but why and how? Looking for answers in religion—or what I saw as the ruminations of guys in robes with beards, who walked around 2500 years ago and conversed with burning bushes, or guys in robes with beards, living in the desert 1300 years ago, engaging in discussions with shining lights in caves—made no sense. Those guys probably thought the earth was flat and lacked any knowledge of science, although they knew plenty about feminine evil, but so did I. It seemed more logical to base a philosophy of existence on updated information: modern day science. Just because the vast majority of people on this planet know little to nothing about Newtonian science while even less understand anything about relativity, quantum mechanics or newer theories, that's no reason to use such a prevalence of ignorance to argue that the beliefs of the many are accurate. If anything, the beliefs of so many folk based on old and outmoded information indicate they are wrong.

Look at Joseph Campbell's *The Masks of God: Creative Mythology*, pp 78-79, where he buys into Schopenhauer's religion, or if you will philosophy:

“Duality,” that's the realization that I am not he, you are not me, and we are not all together, “is an illusion of the sphere of space and time; both our fear of death and our yearning for the pleasures of this world derive from, and attach us to, this manifold delusion, from which released is achieved only when the fear of death and desire for enjoyment are extinguish in the knowledge of non-duality. With that ‘we are all,’ as Schopenhauer avers, ‘one and the same single Being.’ And the sentiment proper to this selfless realization is compassion. ‘All individuation is a mere appearance, an effect of space and time, which are themselves nothing more than forms of my cerebral capacity for knowledge and the conditioning factors,

consequently, of all objects of that knowledge. Accordingly, the multitude and variety of individuals, also, is merely an appearance, i.e., a mere effect of my way of perceiving. Whereas my true, my inmost being subsists in every living thing as immediately as I can know and experience it only in my own self-conscious self.”

Okay, that explained compassion, but what about brutality? Old philosophies and old religions provided no understanding, no explanations—just more illusions. Any sane man with the power of the gods could do a better job than what history has written. So I closed the remaining religious books lying around my apartment and shelved them.

Modernizing to at least the 20<sup>th</sup> century, quantum mechanics shows that in looking at a small part of reality at a particular point in time, any number of events can happen next, and each of those events has a certain probability, expressed as a percentage, of occurring. Some events are more likely than others and each and every possible event may occur in different universes. The universe I’m stuck in has only one of the many possible events happening. Which event turns up next in this or any universe is impossible to say until it happens. All that is known before the event happens are the probabilities of each possible event occurring next. In Wolfram’s *New Science*, a few basic rules are applied to some elementary parts of reality that result in a subsequent new pattern of reality. By repeating the application of the same basic rules over and over on each succeeding pattern, new complex, intricate and surprising patterns arise with certain relationships stretching through all the patterns or, stated differently, the emergence of certain laws in pattern formation over time that influence the next pattern.

Whether from the quantum or new science point of view, I figured something existed in nature that chose the next event or next pattern. Since the next event in this universe had always occurred or the next pattern had relations to prior patterns, it seemed logical that a “mechanism” of some sort caused the next event or pattern to occur. Perhaps that mechanism was random selection. The problem with randomness is that it can’t be mathematically proven. Doesn’t

mean it doesn't exist, just that man doesn't know for sure whether it does or not. Given a choice between basing a belief on what "I know" as oppose to what "I know I'll never know," I rejected random selection as the mechanism. That left a mechanism for determining what happened next or the next pattern as one that followed certain rules or guidelines, since randomness was out.

Some might say that what causes events or patterns at the very small level of the universe, or universes, doesn't translate into running the reality in which we live. Not so, the Schrodinger wave equation of quantum mechanics also describes huge ocean waves, three or more stories high, which occur every so often. And the new science starts with the very elemental and builds with each suggestive application of the basic rules to the macro level. So both views seemed worthy for understanding what we experience in this life.

The theoretical mechanism of the universe that determines what happens next for the reality in which we lived, maybe not every little detail but at least the important occurrences, I dubbed the *Matrix*. The movie was still popular at the time and about a hidden force, a master computer, running the show, so the name seemed fitting. But rather than creating illusions of reality as in the movie, this *Matrix* determines reality by choosing which of the many quantum probabilities comes true or, in the new science, the pattern that comes next for this universe.

So how does this theory explain my life ending up in such a mess? Was I doomed from birth by the *Matrix* to live a wasted and useless existence to terminate in some such lunacy as I currently found myself?

During my college days, the world's population was 3.5 billion, by 2002 it stood at 6.5 billion, 3 billion additional people just since I went to college. That's one-quarter of the total 12 billion Homo sapiens to have lived on this planet since the evolution of our species around 150,000 years ago. In 1750 the number of humans nearly hit a billion, by 1900 about 1.7 billion,

but by 2000 the increase had shot up dramatically. The key threat to mankind's survival in the 21<sup>st</sup> century is overpopulation. All the horrors of famine, war, pestilence and mass misery until death stem from overpopulation.

Assuming the *Matrix* causes what happens next, its objective and that of evolution for this planet are probably the same. Evolution works to assure the survival of a highly conscious species: humans, who will either wisely accelerate the pace of change in the universe or foolishly end it, at least for themselves. To assure the evolution of such a highly conscious species requires programming a desire for sex when not eating, working or sleeping along with an ability to procreate at nearly any time of the month. The human species key advantage was always its brain with its ability to create technology to compete successfully with and escape from faster, stronger predators. To assure the survival of humans, evolution and the *Matrix* needed us to multiply rapidly and develop technology fairly quickly. 150,000 years ago our numbers were in the tens of thousands and 70,000 B.C. a volcano apparently reduced Homo sapiens to the size of village. Without our ability to reproduce quickly, Mother Nature's experiment in intelligence on this planet might have failed.

The rapid increase in human population also fueled an increase in technology and the development of technology stimulated the rise in population by reducing the death rate over time. During the thousands of years of that evolutionary cycle, nearly everyone living at any given moment was necessary in order to prevent extinction. But at some point, maybe 1900, maybe 1750, the population's drive for sex and advancing technology reached levels where together they caused a rapid increase in population accompanied by the same in pollution and depletion of resources. The rapidly growing population fueled greater advances in technology that caused an even more rapid growth in population with greater pollution and depletion of the

environment. Ironically, the evolutionary tools for assuring the survival of our ancestors now threatened us.

At this juncture, 1750, 1900 or 1950, there arose a surplus or excess population that was not needed for the survival of the species. This surplus or excess population actually became a detriment to the species survival by depleting resources, increasing pollution and leading to conflicts. So in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, there are a huge number of people who should not exist, maybe 5 billion or more or less. In order to compensate, the *Matrix* makes their lives unpleasant in order to cause some to refrain from continuing or procreating. The *Matrix* likely uses other tactics to control or eliminate this surplus population over time, such as homosexuality and Feminazism. Both homosexuality and feminazism deter people who would otherwise have children from having them. However, technology has been hitting nature hard on that with fertilizing embryos outside of the woman and growing life forms from just the mother's genes, but nature also has other options: wars, asteroids, dysfunctional upbringings, falling for the wrong girl, etc.

So to answer Steve McQueen's question from the *Sand Pebbles*, I clearly belonged to the excess or surplus population. Condemned to a life of stupidity by the *Matrix* when after my birth it chose among all the other probabilities that my Nazi mother and her coward of a spouse would raise me. The *Matrix* could have chosen the probability in which both parents got run over by a truck or met some such other terminating event that would have changed my caregivers—but no. The *Matrix* chose them. With the *Matrix* as an enemy, and for me it clearly is, I would never know until too late if my next act merely amounted to another blow from its hammer relentlessly pounding me into oblivion. The time-space continuum in this part of this universe is clearly organized for those who are not part of the surplus population—the lucky ones. That means

members of the surplus population will continuously run into doors that do not open and troubles will seep out of nowhere, but just the opposite will occur to the lucky ones. Whether the *Matrix* allows some free will or just makes human choice a joke for either the surplus or lucky population probably doesn't matter. The surplus population's free will amounts to picking which doors to knock on that will not open because determinism locked those doors to them. The lucky ones choose only doors that open because determinism unlocks them.

Okay, maybe the *Matrix* does not micro-manage the lives of the surplus or lucky populations, but it doesn't have to. All it really need do is determine at birth whether a person is surplus or not by choosing a child's caregivers, not necessarily the parents, but the folk who actually raise the child. After growing up, we would all still have some freedom to choose, but the lucky ones would tend to make choices more likely to benefit them because their upbringing gave them a more accurate view of society and how best to effectively deal with it. The unlucky ones don't have such a perspective or training, although the *Matrix* can probably be fought, to a degree; that it isn't completely determinative and makes mistakes in its efforts to reduce the surplus population. But how to tell whether any acts are fighting or aiding it? I hadn't a clue. As such, I greeted Jeff's proposition with trepidation, fearing just another *Matrix* trick to keep me from my justice, but I still visited him to check it out.

Jeff worked out of his duplex apartment in Manhattan. We sat down, and he proceeded to describe the type of legal work he had been doing for the past five years.

"It's subrogation litigation for a New York insurance company. The company provides casualty coverage mainly to commercial businesses. When something happens, usually a fire, that damages a business' ongoing operations or property, my client, the insurance company, conducts an investigation to determine the cause. Depending on the results of the investigation,

my client decides whether to payoff on the policy or not. If the company pays, we then sue the outfit that's responsible for the fire."

"I'm not sure I understand," I said in my ignorance. "I've never worked on any insurance cases."

"They're not much different than other commercial litigation and a lot less complicated than the lawsuits you worked on at Cravath," Jeff reassuringly replied. "I'll give you an example. One of my present cases involves a famous steak house that hired a company to clean the grease that builds up in the smoke vents over the grills where the steaks are cooked. One night a fire started in one of the vents, caused a lot of damage. My client, the insurance company, paid for the repairs under the policy, and now I'm suing the grease cleaning company to recover for my client what it paid to the steak house. We're claiming the grease cleaning company failed to properly clean the vents where the fire started."

Now I understood. Jeff went on to sell the benefits of such work. The pay was good, almost as much as the Ho made, only I had to pay taxes. The hours were not as long as the prestigious firms for which we both had worked, and I could use the extra time to pursue the avenues of justice left me against evil females. Enough with these demon-spawn taking me for a ride. Not only my dead mother, the Nazi, my ex-wife, the Commie, Feminazis judges but also my fat pig female stockbroker with whom I had met the previous week over her disastrous investments of my money.

My so-called broker and friend, Maiya Furgason, had lied to me that the analysts at Salomon Smith Barney didn't know that the officers of the companies in which she invested lots of my money falsified those companies' financial statements in order to drive the stock price up to the levels at which Furgason bought for my account. I didn't believe her excuse for a minute

since I was no longer in Russia isolated from the news. There were allegations all over the press about conspiracies between analysts and corporate executives to rip off small investors like me. She lied to me, as most females do, to cover up either her incompetence or villainy. That ended my sucker friendship with her although I didn't let her know it. First, I'd find a law firm doing a class action suit against Salomon Smith Barney, then pay Furgason one last visit carrying a wire, just like the old days in the news media, hoping she'd put her fat foot in her fat lying mouth.

“Jeff, let me think about your offer. I greatly appreciate it, but I'll need a little time to decide.” Jeff was not only trying to help himself out but to do me a favor as well by pulling me out of what he saw as the tailspin I was in with the Commie Ho. However, I looked at my situation more like a kamikaze dive at the sluts who most recently violated my rights in getting what they didn't deserve. But the *Matrix* had a couple of more surprises for me.

“So what's going on with your ex-wife?” Jeff asked.

“I received a couple of more threatening phone calls, so I tried for a permanent court order of protection, but no go. Also the divorce judge denied my motion to reopen the settlement. These Feminazi judges really don't give a damn what the law says. They just go ahead and do what they want, which is usually discriminating against men while letting girls get away with perjury, hiring threatening thugs or any other criminal activity—just amazing. But I shouldn't be surprised; this is America. Normal civilized behavior doesn't apply to girls here. After all, who else except broads can get away with killing the unborn and partially born with impunity; commit serial murder of their born children without getting fried in the electric chair because they blame a man for making them do their butchery; or beat the rap for slaughtering their boyfriend or husband by simply lying to the court, ‘Oh he beat me.’ This is one twisted

country. But I still might appeal both decisions; however, the odds of a man finding justice in the New York courts for the harm from an evil wife are nil.”

“What were the reasons for trying to reopen the settlement agreement on your divorce?”

“That the Commie Ho, my affectionate nickname for her...”

“I gathered that.”

“That she and her attorneys used duress and coercion, which included the first telephone threat, to have me agree to the settlement, and that they lied on her Net Worth statement filed with the court, which was fraud. But if I accept your job offer, the financial reasons for providing me some of her income or assets disappear and I wouldn’t bother appealing. Actually, I’m nearly at the end of my legal rope.”

“I’m sorry to hear that,” Jeff said. “Do you have any idea who was making the threatening calls?”

“I went to the FBI; I think I told you about that?”

“Right and they did nothing.”

“Not exactly, they tested the drugs she was feeding me and likely her Flash Dancer customers but wouldn’t tell me what it is. They also tracked down the guy, told me the guy was out of town, so they didn’t interview him. When the guy came back, they changed their minds and decided not to talk to him because, as this one agent said, the guy might get angry and cause me harm.”

“That’s unbelievable! Did the FBI interview your ex-wife?”

“They said they tried, but she told them to talk to her lawyer. They probably went to Flash Dancers like the New York City INS agent when he interviewed her for lying on her visa application. The INS agent visited the club almost immediately after I filed a complaint, which

seemed strange to me. Generally, New York INS doesn't get around to looking into a case for months, if ever. He likely went for a little entertainment on taxpayer dollars, and the FBI guys probably did the same."

"Rather peculiar." Jeff remarked. "I guess they just wanted to look at the strippers. Do you have any indication of whom the guy is that made the threats?"

"When I first talked with the FBI, one of agents said the guy making the threats was probably a hood working at Flash Dancers."

"So in your case for a permanent order, you tried to subpoena the F.B.I. records but no go."

"Not only that, but Sturm wouldn't allow me to obtain records from Verizon that would lead me to the identity of the hood. The F.B.I. claimed the Family Court didn't have jurisdiction to subpoena its records even if Sturm had allowed it, so I'm thinking of appealing her stonewalling the Verizon and other discovery requests."

"Who else is involved in all of this?" Jeff continued.

"Well, as you know the law firm Kuba and Mundy handles all her legal matters."

"A nice Russian name 'Kuba'."

"I didn't know that! The firm caters to Russian immigrants and illegals. Then there were my witnesses in Krasnodar for both the divorce and criminal defamation cases. They were threatened into keeping their mouths shut by Russian or Chechen gangsters. The Krasnodar model agency that sent the ex to work in a Cyprus brothel also runs a call girl operation for the city's business, government and criminal elite, if you can actually separate them in Russia. The Ho's pimp in Moscow provides prostitutes to Western businessmen and the city's elite. He even sends his girls to southern California on bribed visas from the U.S. Embassy. He belongs to an

organized crime group that provides him protection and who knows what else. Actually, I just heard from my Moscow lawyer that my ex-wife's Moscow pimp is being investigated by Russia's organized crime bureau—a redundancy in terms, Russia's a criminal society.”

“Any other criminal connections?” Jeff asked.

“What are you driving at?”

“It sounds like organized crime is involved: prostitution, threats, sending women to Cyprus, America and who knows where else, and the Moscow pimp.”

“I never really looked at it that way.”

“How could you? Think of the emotional upheaval you've been going through. Bouncing from one disillusionment to another, always thinking the next is the truth and the end of the nightmare but it's not. Only as the distance in time increases can you really see what was going on behind the events. Recovering from a psychological trauma like this means getting to the bottom of it, peeling away one layer after another.” Jeff always did use psychology as a way to understand problems and then solve them.

“So you think there's more going on here than a prostitute tricking me into bringing her to America? That I haven't been able to see clearly the source of this nightmare because of my defense mechanisms?”

“It's possible,” he spoke with a therapist's voice. “What other ne'er-do-wells are involved?”

“A number. Looking back now, they always seemed to be popping up here and there. During my investigation for the annulment/divorce case, a couple of people in Krasnodar told me they saw the Commie Ho hanging around with gangsters and bandits, Russian lingo for

mobsters. One of her model associates even saw her with Chechen mobsters in Sochi, a Black Sea resort.”

“How’d they know they were mobsters?”

“Mafiosi in Russia are like rock stars here. They’re famous, dress a certain way and everyone wants to be one because they’re the only ones with money and power.”

“What a place.”

“Also my Moscow lawyer hired a private detective to check out the brothel the Commie Ho worked at in Cyprus. Turns out a couple of wise guys in Krasnodar own the place. And law enforcement in New York knows that Flash Dancers is a mob operation. I’m sure mobsters also run the Mexico City brothel where she worked. I can check that out easily enough with a private eye I know there. Okay, so the Commie Ho’s entire working career is connected with organized crime, which would have been good for obtaining an annulment or getting her deported, but what good does any of that do me now?” I asked.

“What do you know about RICO?” Jeff replied.

“Racketeer Influenced Corrupt Organization, a Federal law passed thirty odd years ago to take down organized crime. They named it RICO after the lead character in the first gangster movie *Little Caesar*, starring Edward G. Robinson. At the end of the movie, Rico gets machined gunned, and as he lies dying, spits out, ‘Mother of Mercy, can this be the end of Rico!’ Hmmm, a fitting end for the Ho. Anyway, that’s the extent of my knowledge, but RICO is criminal law, and I don’t think any prosecutor will be interested in this case.”

“Prosecutor, no, but you don’t need a prosecutor. The law allows private citizens to file civil RICO suits. And in the civil court you don’t need to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the law was violated, just by a preponderance of the evidence. Actually, I’ve been working on a

couple of civil RICO cases, and it looks to me that you may have one here. Hoodlums seem to be lurking in the background, appearing when their interests are threatened. I think there is more going on here than you believe. She's probably more closely connected with these gangsters, most likely a valuable member for furthering their operations and clearly an asset. Prostitution, pimping and drugs are big money makers for organized crime."

Leaning back in my chair, I looked at the ceiling as the true nature of the nightmare began to unfold. "Damn! Realization comes slowly in affairs of the heart. I thought I had a handle on things: Russian slut uses drugs and duplicity to sucker me into marriage and bring her to the U.S. so that she can make big bucks in the sex industry. Now you're saying that the Russian mob might be behind what's been happening with the Ho as the front."

"You yourself told me a number of times that the mob runs Russia. Didn't you even refer to Russia as the 'land of RICOs'?" Jeff replied.

"That I did, that I did, but was too blind to see it happening to me. I thought I was smart—what a fool. You're right; it all makes sense. Look at who introduced me to the Commie Ho, her Moscow pimp. He belongs to a crime group in Moscow. In fact, I actually meant one of its enforcers in his office last year when he sold me the naked pictures used for advertising her prostitution services."

Jeff asked, "Were there any communications across the U.S. border or state lines, either before or after the marriage?"

"Sure, after the marriage, letters and telephone calls between her and me."

"They may amount to mail and wire fraud, which is just one of the violations that RICO is meant to address. Her lying to get into the U.S. and the efforts of her lawyer to keep the INS in the dark may also fall within RICO."

“Of course, the fraudulent marriage made up only Act I, which, along with her secretly feeding me drugs and lying over the telephone, was how the Russian gang she belonged to was able to get one of its assets, her, into America where she could make a lot more money for her and her mob associates than in Russia. Sure the amount was small by Russian mafia standards, but multiplying the promised cash flow by thousands of other prostitutes the mob illegally got into America amounted to big bucks. But getting her size 11 feet on the ground here didn’t assure her and her mob associates that she would remain generating profits they maximized by evading taxes and smuggling the cash out of the country.”

“Exactly, when you refused to lie to the INS for her, filed for an annulment or divorce, pushed for a trial and began giving the Moscow INS information, they had to stop you. If your ex-wife and her criminal pals didn’t, it could have resulted in your exposing part of the Russian mafia’s entire operation for bringing prostitutes to America to sell sex and lap dances and even its smuggling of drugs.” Jeff elucidated.

“That’s why the Temporary Order of Protection, the threatening telephone calls, the intimidation of my witnesses in Krasnodar, bribery, perjury and the threat of arrest by that pig cop in Queens; all to protect not only the Ho from deportation but the business of Russian gangsters running sluts across the border. Good grief!”

“Look, I’ll print out the two civil RICO complaints I’ve filed and a couple of memorandum of law. Read them over, do a little research and see what you’ve got. I’ll be glad to help you if you decide to go ahead. Perhaps the most important aspect of RICO is that it is a Federal law, which keeps you out of the state courts.”

“That might give me a chance, although a small one in the Southern District of New York. I’m sure they follow the Feminazi line, but the judges there are a lot brighter than the bimbats in the state courts. I just hope I get a male judge if I go forward with this.”

“Also, if you go to Federal Court, you wouldn’t have the problem of the F.B.I. not being within the Court’s jurisdiction as you did in New York’s Family Court. And federal subpoenas always cause witnesses, whether hoods or corporations, to be more cooperative because the Judges have a reputation of little tolerance for hiding evidence, which is what happened in the Family Court.”

“So it might be better to go the Federal route rather than bother with appealing Sturm’s kangaroo court decision.”

“That’s something you have to decide.”

Jeff gave me the copies of the papers from his RICO cases. I left telling him I’d get back in a couple of weeks about his work offer. Apparently I wasn’t at the end of my legal rope after all, but was this just another *Matrix* trick to give the Commie Ho more time to make money: her only true love in life next to sex. If I pursued the RICO action, I’d need money, which meant accepting Jeff’s offer. And that meant foregoing the appeal of Lobis’ ruling. It also meant delaying swifter and more certain justice. What to do? These days, I trusted the *Matrix* about as much as broads. I didn’t want to get suckered again with another delusion about justice for a man in feminarthy America.

When I got home, another unexpected development. A letter from an old buddy I had known since kindergarten days: Blackie the Indian. We had been friends for decades but had fallen out of touch over the passed five years. Last time I heard from him, he had developed lung cancer, and I assumed him long since dead, but he wasn’t, so I called him up.

Turned out the lung cancer was in remission but he was still knocking on heaven or hell's door. I told him his wife was probably blowing smoke in his face while he slept. We laughed, not only about that, but each other's plight and together cursed feminararchy America. He invited me to visit and stay at a cabin he owned on a lake in the West. Sounded nice, I told him I'd get back in a week.

Jeff's discussion about RICO and the prospect of reviving my old friendship with Blackie persuaded me to at least checkout one last legal possibility by researching the RICO law. If my nightmare fit the law's requirements, I'd file suit in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York and accept Jeff's job offer, and hope this latest turn of events wasn't just another *Matrix* scam.

#### I'm A Believer

RICO requires the violation of any number of specific criminal laws, mostly Federal, and allows any private citizen who has been harmed by such violations to bring a civil suit in a Federal District Court providing the wrong doers are organized crime or act like it. That is, RICO allows a person to sue groups of people that cooperate together to do bad things that ended up harming the person suing. Congress realized that Federal prosecutors and local district attorneys couldn't go after all the wise guys, so Congress decided to let private citizens in on the hunt to rid the mob and mafia like groups from our way of life. To encourage citizens to bring suits, rather than resorting to vigilante justice when prosecutors failed to act, Congress granted the citizen who won in court three times the dollar amount of damage done to his business or property. If the mobsters beat a person up or kill him, however, he can't recover for his injuries, pain, suffering or burial costs. RICO does not allow for personal injuries and emotional distress, but the law is still evolving. One judge, for whom I once worked as an intern, Chief Judge Jack

Weinstein, has extended the law to include personal injuries that impact a person's property and business, such as preventing a sole proprietor from carrying on his business while he recovers.

Weinstein, appointed by Bobby Kennedy, whose presidential campaign I worked for as a volunteer, always stood out as one of the brighter and fairer judges in the federal courts. Once he was trying to decide what sentence to give convicted Congressman Fred Richmond, so he asked his law clerks' opinions. One clerk thought the judge should be lenient because the defendant was a former public official, but Weinstein disagreed because the congressman had abused the public trust, so he deserved a stiffer sentence.

RICO law is complex and many judges, especially in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York where my case would have to be brought, didn't like it. Also, if I had to appeal a District Court decision, it meant going to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit whose judges liked civil RICO cases even less. To the busy District and Second Circuit judges, civil RICO cases took too much of their time and confused everyone involved, so they used various tactics for throwing out cases brought by individual citizens. The judges, however, are more accepting of RICO cases brought by government prosecutors—bureaucratic courtesy, I assume. The judges' objection as to the time a trial or appeal would take I could understand since RICO involved a lot of different elements and criminal laws, but their problem with confusion was no excuse. As lawyers, they failed to look at the law from a business perspective. Judges and lawyers think two-dimensionally in terms of a shopping list of facts required for liability, but RICO requires a three-dimensional perspective to understand the sphere of the context in which certain crimes are committed. More simply put, judges and lawyers lose the forest for the trees.

Looking at RICO from a business perspective—my Columbia MBA finally comes in handy—gives an overall view of the types of activities intertwined with certain relationships the law tries to prevent. Any criminal operation, such as the Russian mafia, can be thought of as similar to a corporate conglomerate with all the business related connections the conglomerate has to other conglomerates, companies, organizations, governments and individuals. These connections are the conglomerate's allies in making a profit. The corporate conglomerate itself consists of affiliates and subsidiaries each with its own managers. It may be tightly controlled by a few executives at the head office or operate more like a confederation in which all member and allied companies are pretty much autonomous in making day-to-day decisions. Conglomerates can have their own in-house counsel, captive law firm or outside lawyers where the lawyers not only participate in management decisions but also provide directions for carrying out decisions and running segments of the operations. The same holds true for accountants, public relations firms, advertising agencies and consultants on management, personnel and the physical plant. Even suppliers, wholesalers or retailers may swing enough influence to play a role in directing operations because of the integrated effort needed to bring a product or service to the market place just in time to meet consumer demand. There is no set structure for conglomerates other than their members and associates sharing common goals and acting together to achieve those goals.

The really successful conglomerates, whether legitimate business or mafia, have a strategic vision or goal that can be expressed in a sentence. For example Disney's: "Bringing happiness to millions;" General Electric under Jack Welch: "Become number one or two in every market we serve;" the Mexican Cartels: "Addict everyone we can, kill the rest;" or the Russian mafia: "Infiltrate and expand operations into hard currency markets, especially the U.S." These

goals are what give direction to decision making by managers, employees and associates in large, modernly managed organizations and mafias. Such goals eliminate the need for a hierarchically structured command and control, as in the military. A mid-level manager does not need a higher up who in turn needs another higher up, and so on, to okay a course of action. Managers will only make those day-to-day decisions that serve the organization's stated goal, provided they understand what that goal is.

Once an organization's goal is in place, the managers need to agree on strategies for achieving that goal. With RICO conglomerates, the strategies are basically summarized by the three main RICO violations: getting it, keeping it and running it. For the Russian mafia that means:

1. Invest money from criminal activities to gain control of other businesses—whether legitimate, criminal or a mixture of both—in order to expand.
2. Use criminal activities to hold onto businesses or take over others—whether legitimate, criminal or mixed—in order to consolidate and expand operations.
3. Operate the criminal conglomerate, or as the law calls it the “enterprise,” by conducting the criminal activities that are its core business—white slavery, importing pornography, drug trafficking, financial fraud, protection, extortion—and using other criminal activities to secure the core business and maximize profits.

Conspiring to violate RICO comes into play when participants or associates of a criminal conglomerate agree on any of the above strategies.

In order to execute any conglomerate's strategies requires tactics—the nuts-and-bolts actions needed for getting, keeping and running the organization. For a RICO conglomerate the tactics consist of a web of criminal activity made up of any number of specific crimes that are

connected to each other and last over a minimum period of time. In the Second Circuit, it's two years.

A RICO conglomerate must also act across state or foreign borders; otherwise, the federal law can't touch it.

There's a lot more to this, but that is the simplest I can make it. So what does it all have to do with the Commie Ho? Looking over the events since I first met her through the perspective of RICO, an international group of hoods had set traps for unsuspecting Western businessmen into which I had walked that resulted in my bringing one of their prostitutes and procurers to the American market. In effect, I was taken for a ride by a mobster moll right out of a 1940s detective movie, except standing behind this moll were assorted organized crime figures: Russian, Chechen, Cypriot and American. That ride harmed my business by causing it to lose business opportunities and profits, damaging my business reputation and costing me lots of money. Time and money went into investigations and court proceedings to fight the perjured Temporary Order of Protection, try for an annulment, obtain a divorce, determine who were threatening my witnesses in Krasnodar and me in America and enlist the legal system in America and Russia for protection. My efforts at rectifying the harm done me and preventing additional injury took time away from my business, which cost me money. The criminal defamation by the Commie Ho's mother in Krasnodar, the Commie Ho's lawyer making and filing false charges against me in the U.S. and the threat of arrest by one of the Ho's apparent clients, Detective Henning, damaged my business' reputation and good will—more money gone.

A RICO lawsuit, if I won, would not only compensate me for all that but also punish the culprits by rewarding me three times what they cost me. That sounded fair, although I still worried about a time-costly, dead-end diversion in pursuing a civil RICO case. Every day of

justice delayed meant another \$500 to \$1,000 for the Commie Ho, more money, more power. But I had to give it the old college try, so I decided to file a suit and accept Jeff's work offer. Since I wouldn't be starting for him until after Labor Day, I had time to draft a complaint and spend a handful of days in the West visiting my old pal Blackie.

I looked forward to seeing Blackie again, and following the visit would give me a chance to check up on Anastasia and Dima Vasilyeva, the two that ran the Tatyanna Vasilyeva Fashion House in Krasnodar and its "dirty girls" list. The Vasilyevas' U.S. residence was about a two hour flight from where Blackie lived. Was this a *Matrix* setup? I wouldn't know until I acted.

My RICO Complaint referred to the overall criminal conglomerate as the Russian International Crime Organization, an intentional play on RICO, and for short: the Russian mafia. The Complaint described that enterprise as arising out of the ashes of the Soviet Union when the collapse of communism unleashed that evil empire's restraints on organized crime, corrupt government officials, travel, trade, communication and emigration. The Russian mafia consisted of domestic and foreign corporations, partnerships, individuals, government officials, law firms and organized crime gangs, including American, Russian, Chechen, Cypriot and Mexican. Its key aim was to infiltrate and expand activities into hard currency markets where profits are not threatened by inconvertibility or drastic depreciations. The Russian mafia's members and allies cooperate together for the purpose of engaging in illegal and legal activities in order to earn substantial profits.

The Complaint focused on a small portion of the Russian mafia's activities in America, Russia, Cyprus and Mexico that injured my business and financial assets. It asserted that in order to transfer a valuable asset, the Commie Ho, to America, the Russian mafia, operating through some of its allies and members, such as Leo, aided and abetted the Commie Ho in

entering a fraudulent marriage for the purpose of evading U.S. immigration laws—a Federal felony. The Commie Ho and her mob associates, such as the Athanasious who provided a bribed police report for Immigration stating the Ho had been a good girl in Cyprus, defrauded INS and the Department of State into issuing her an immigrant visa, also a Federal felony. In order to keep her in America making money for the Russian mafia and furthering its operations, mafia members and confederates, such as Mundy’s law firm, tried to coerce me into lying to the Immigration Service, intimidated me, threatened me with physical violence, suborned and committed perjury, engaged in mail and wire fraud, bribed officials, attempted to and did tamper with witnesses and informants. The Commie Ho and her Russian mob associates maximized profits and minimized expenses by evading taxes, laundering money and exporting revenues out of the U.S. without reporting so as to disguise the true ownership and source of those revenues. The Commie Ho and her mob associates also engaged in white slavery, prostitution and drug trafficking, imported pornography, used international facilities to assist in carrying out its activities and conspired to commit murder for hire.

News of the conspiracy to commit murder for hire came from a reliable source in Krasnodar. The Commie Ho had met with someone in the Khachatryan Araratovich Asypyan crime gang in Krasnodar before the Sturm trial to arrange for deep-sixing me if I were called to testify at an INS proceeding against her. When I had worked at Kroll, the going rate for offing a foreigner was \$5,000 plus travel expenses. The Commie Ho could easily afford that or just sell a subscription of equal value for access between her legs. The hit contract didn’t concern me because the INS would never call me to testify.

The way Immigration’s procedure works under VAWA, the Commie Ho and Mundy can say anything they want about me to the INS in order to trick the government into granting her

permanent residency. They can accuse me of battery, extreme cruelty, an overall pattern of violence, rape and mayhem, and I'll never have a chance to refute their lies because I'll never know about it, and even if I do, I still wouldn't be allowed to show they are lying. Why, because I am an American who married an alien. Under VAWA, aliens have more rights than citizens, especially when the citizen is a man. The protestants in Medici France and the democrats in Stalin's Soviet Union had no right to be heard either, or any other due process rights for that matter. In America, the mere allegation of a husband slapping his ex-wife around prevents him from finding out what's going on at INS concerning his alien ex-wife which results in a permanent record of false fact findings libeling the husband that is assumed accurate even though he never had a chance to prove otherwise. In addition, the husband will never be able to find out what the fact findings were although every police agency in the world can along with certain private Feminist organizations. So if an American applies for a federal job and doesn't get it because his alien ex-wife or alien ex-girlfriend lied about him to INS, he'll never know. What a piece of work is feminararchy America!

After giving Jeff a draft of the Complaint to review, I made arrangements to fly out West to see Blackie. Before leaving I tried to notify the INS at the Moscow Embassy of the Commie Ho committing a Federal and state felony by falsely claiming to be a U.S. citizen when she registered to vote. Unfortunately for me, my INS contact at the Embassy, the only competent Federal employee I had come across, left to join a diplomatic security unit at the Department of State. Smart for him, but now I faced a bottomless pit at the Embassy. Things were going wrong again.

It took me a month and repeated threats to file a complaint with the INS inspector general before the Embassy folks began to stir their chronically lethargic brains to simply find out who

was now handling the Commie Ho's removal proceeding. Neither my Moscow attorney, Xenia, nor I could reach a live person at the Embassy's INS office. So at Xenia's suggestion, I FedEx the certified voter registration documents that showed the Commie Ho perjured herself, and she had them hand delivered to the Embassy. Xenia remarked, "That's for getting something to the INS at the Embassy, but getting information on who's now in charge of the case—well, that seems to be something even Houdini couldn't do."

Xenia finally found the man in charge of the Commie Ho's case, Scott Marvin. He sent two emails to me, and Xenia met with him once to turnover the voter registration documents. Marvin told Xenia he'd notify the INS in the U.S. immediately and let her know the following week the status of the removal proceedings. We never heard from him again. He simply ignored any further attempts to contact him, even when we tried to supply more information. Xenia kept a list of the many times she tried to contact him over much of the following year and then we just gave up. Marvin's reason to stop any communication could have resulted from the VAWA Feminist requirement, 8 U.S.C. § 1367, which prevents disclosure of any information concerning alien's applying for VAWA waivers. But then again, maybe the new female head of Immigration at the Embassy decided to bury the case.

The voter registration documents were also dropped off at the New York City INS office, and both it and Moscow were given the number, issue and expiration dates of the Commie Ho's second passport that she used to hide from U.S. Customs her money laundering travels to places like Cyprus. The passport information came from an official at the Italian embassy in Moscow where the Commie Ho obtained the visa for her prostitution trip to Italy with Alfredo. When the Commie Ho entered the U.S. she used one passport that only showed travels between America

and Russia with her other passport bearing the stamps of Cyprus and other havens for tax evaders, money launderers and the Russian mafia.

### Hey, Little Girl

On my way out West, I got to talking with a couple on my connecting flight from Pittsburgh. They asked me, as Westerners always do, “What’s it like to live in New York City?” Too arrogant to lie, I said, “It’s a behavioral rat-sink.” The husband understood right away, but the wife, a real blonde, probably wishing she had gone there in her younger days to transform her sexual allures into fame, fortune or at least good times, asked seriously, “What do you mean?”

“There’re too many people in too small a space. Someone is always in the way. Noises, whackos, concrete everywhere, filthy air, and people yakking on cell phones, which makes you think at first they are either nuts or talking to you. More than once I’ve answered a question that someone asked of the other party they were talking to on a cell phone. The overload of the senses tends to keep you in constant flight, fight or lust mode. A person can’t relax when he’s out and about. There’s always a little uneasiness that something unpleasant or just awkward will happen. And then there’s the girl distraction. So many hot young babes in tight skimpy clothes looking like juicy plums. Sex sells and no one is better at advertising it than young New York City girls, especially in the nightclubs. A man just can’t concentrate on anything when out in the street.” The husband’s ears perked up at this.

The wife, most likely dreaming of what-might-have-been, said breathlessly, “Sounds exciting!”

“For you it would have been,” I said ending the conversation and sinking back into my seat to ruminate about this typical of females. She clearly wished she had gone a hoing in New York in her younger days to live the nightlife on the wallet of one man after another.

New York City was and is a ho magnet, or as a friend calls it “a ho-aisis.” Every gold-digger in every hamlet, third-world mud-street dive, small town America or urban center wants to live in New York City when she’s at the peak of her power or, more accurately, trading ability—mid-teens to late twenties. In the City of eight million stories, she can rent her tits and ass for lots of gold, find one affluent sucker after another, ho numerous back-door men while acting the role of a “good girl” for her main sucker, and, maybe, make a big score using institutions that once stood for some degree honor but now only serve Feminazi efforts to extort, fleece and subjugate men. There’s nothing new about girls trying to pick men’s pockets, use guys to solve their problems or ruin a man’s life to get what they want, but under Feminazism, girls are successfully approaching totalitarian control over men. Broads throughout the world know the most lucrative free-fire zone for taking down men is New York City.

Take the ludicrous example of a stripper—that means prostitute—at an upscale lap-dancing club in Manhattan. She went into a New York State court charging the men running the club with sexual harassment and walked or danced out with millions of dollars. Hello, selling sex is what she does, she can’t sell it if potential customers don’t respond to her advertising, so when some guy working at the club responds by waving his dick at her, assuming her accusations are true, the man-hating court, with applause from the emasculated news media, gives her millions in sex-mail, or perhaps the Feminazis call it gender-mail. Pure injustice, what does a stripper and prostitute expect? She assumed the risk by voluntarily putting herself in situations in which she intended and hoped her “charms” would excite men. So she was successful, but since the guy wasn’t rich or famous, just an employee, she felt offended and the court gave her millions for her hurt feelings.

Besides illustrating the present-day despotism of Feminazis in positions of power, that case also shows the age-old problem with pretty young hos. They exploit the power of their bodies that they intentionally augment—high heels, tight revealing clothes, bras with fake nipples pointing through their blouses, lip stick, eye shadow, eye liner, fake lashes, pheromone perfume, strategic padding, jewelry and so on—to wheedle money or something of value out of a lucrative prospect. How many guys on waking up have looked at the girl beside them and wonder, “Who’s this; she doesn’t look like the girl I picked up last night.” The reality that girls can’t get through their heads when using their sexually enhanced weapons is that those weapons don’t work like laser-guided missiles. The weapons tend, like cluster bombs, to hit every man in sight, or smell. When non-lucrative prospects react to their concocted sexual bombs, girls feel offended, annoyed and sue the guy for sexual harassment. The Feminazi courts, aided by the Feminazi controlled media, which intentionally makes the man look bad for following his genes that hos knowingly manipulate, reward these broads even though they intentionally or recklessly incited the situation.

One reason the Feminazi judges and reporters persecute men while treating trollops as angelic victims is because female judges and reporters also use or did use the same tactics to attract certain guys and became livid when the wrong guy approached them. The female judges and bimbo reporters are just as guilty as the sluts, and boil with the same delusion brand of self-righteous indignation until the opportunity occurs to vent their vengeance on some guy. For those girls who never had any sexual power or lost it to the passage of time, they try to substitute other means of attracting a man. Some delude themselves into believing that by running around reciting the liturgy, “I’m a strong and independent woman, I’m a strong and independent woman,” or by making good bucks in a job they stole from a man or by trying to brainwash

society with pious declarations that girls aren't sex objects will win them a man—it won't. So, these scorned Feminazis take the fury of their rejections out on any man they can. Either way, innocent men suffer at the hands of Feminazis in positions of authority. If Feminazis can use female hormones as an excuse for murdering children, then society can use their hormones as a reason to keep them out of positions where they can harm even more innocent people, especially men.

The Feminazis just can't accept the role that Mother Nature made for them. To keep the species going, girls had to be sex objects. Most young girl's breasts are larger than required to hold the milk for suckling the young and shake like bowls of Jell-O in order to attract the fortune in men's eyes. Their asses are prominently and roundly formed so that men will look at them with desire. No one needs all that padding for sitting, which girls do a lot. Don't get in the way of girl heading for a seat in a subway car. Even if it is too small to fit her drearier, she'll shoehorn her rear in there somehow. Had Mother Nature not made girls objects of sexual gratification, none of us would be here.

Those mounds of flesh carry a power most ugly Feminazis can't imagine or the once good looking ones are trying desperately to replace. The now dried out, bitter females who bought into the Feminazi bill of delusion that girls should concentrate on a career, like men do, now realize there aren't any guys out there interested in them because they are no longer physically attractive. They've let the best years of their lives slip away by demonizing men and believing exalted delusions about themselves. Real men, not hermaphrodites, don't want a fat and flabby over-the-hill broad in her mid-thirties or older, and here I'm being charitable. Personally, I think the logical cut off for a girl's desirability is her late twenties. She better find

her main fool—husband—by then because, unlike with a guy, a girl’s money and social influence can’t compete with firm round breasts, a tight ass and a coquettish giggle.

In vain efforts to recapture the power of their youthful Ts & As, the Feminazis have latched onto the societal authority traditionally held by men as a substitute. But institutional power in the hands of a broad generally doesn’t work because Mother Nature made guys and girls different. Mother Nature knew that in order for humans to survive, it required a division of labor because no one person could perform all the tasks necessary to assure the proper upbringing and survival of children. Yet Feminazis delude themselves into believing they can “do it all,” and some do—but always badly. Unlike other mammals, the offspring of humans need protective surroundings for years in which to learn how to cope with the environment, whether the plains of Africa or the streets of New York City. Other mammals are born with survival hard wired into their brains. But because of that, they can’t take advantage of or readily adapt to change. Humans can since their brains continue to develop after birth. In order to give human children the chance to reach maturity, function within a society and procreate, Mother Nature divided up the child rearing and protection tasks.

Females handled the kids in the early years that resulted in women developing superior aptitudes in language that grew out of understanding baby gibberish and the ability to sense emotions, which together enables them to read the signs of problems or normalcy in a child. While caring for children, women gathered berries and roots that developed their manual dexterity in which to this day the average girl excels over the average man. Watching the kids and searching for small items of food at the same time created in females a speed of eye movement generally quicker than in men. For example, it’s difficult for the average guy to catch

the average girl looking at him because her eyes move more rapidly than his. The rapid eye movement ability in females makes for excellent accountants and secretaries.

Evolution gave the roles of protection and providing the protein that's crucial for survival to men. Battles and hunts occur on a three-dimensional chessboard that requires a man to see in his mind the locations, movements and relationships of his targets and then extrapolate this information to the next moment. Testosterone provides for more gray matter in the male brain, which is responsible for such computations. Today, only one fourth of women score higher on this ability of three-dimensional visualization than the average man. In addition, tracking down mammoths or fighting adversaries bent on destroying a person's tribe required cooperation, organization, courage and honor. A man facing a prehistoric beast or human enemies needed to rely on other men, so a concept of integrity or honor developed among most men because they literally were entrusting their lives and families to other men.

Organizational and cooperative abilities led men to create societies, starting with tribes and later city and nation states, in which women created the home so that children could be raised to contribute to carrying on the species. With the transition from hunter-gatherer to agrarian societies some 10,000 years ago, men still fought, although somewhat less with weapons, to protect their societies from others and nature by using their evolved abilities to build economies, physical infrastructures, governments, press, labor, religion, education and all the other institutions to which modern day nations are heirs. Girls, consistent with their evolved traits, acted timid and afraid to take chances, but so they should for Mother Nature chose them as the caretakers of the next generation. Men, on the other hand, needed to be daring, for they are the protectors of the next generation and explorers of the unknown, which often leads to opportunities that increase their children's odds of survival. Within the state, men and women

carried out roles consistent with the abilities they acquired over millions of years of mammalian evolution from the jungles to the sidewalks. But in the seventies, the Feminazis began their campaign of evolutionary incorrectness, fatuously described as “politically correct,” as though someone’s politics could seriously be taken as correct, which is about as ridiculous as a particular religion being correct.

All the talk of “political correctness” was just propaganda for a special interest group that wanted more than they deserved or could handle. Same old story: a small group of people want all the benefits of society without the accompanying obligations, so they come up with a lunatic philosophy that they sell to others, which ends in a lot of misery for everyone. If all these girls are as good and tough as they think or the fantasy world of Hollywood makes them out to be, why do they still start crying when they’re caught screwing up? Remember the bawling Feminazi head of the Red Cross who got fired for defrauding the public into giving for the 911 tragedy but then used the contributions for other purposes. Or take this knock ‘em down; shoot ‘em up alleged action heroine Lara Croft feigning the courage and toughness of a man. Does anyone other than a Feminazi believe that I, a middle-aged man, couldn’t deck the actress in that role in seconds or the latest Hollywood she-male boxerette?

Mother Nature’s invention of the concept of division of labor made so much sense that it led to economies in which individuals, companies and even countries produce the products and services for which they are best suited. Globalization is nothing more than focusing production in those parts of the world where the geography, natural resources, culture, demographics, government and other factors make the creation of certain goods and services most efficient for a specific level of quality. It doesn’t mean, as corporate America typically argues, moving operations to the cheapest labor market. Talking with someone in India who doesn’t fully

understand American English, but pretends to, does not efficiently provide a valuable service although it does increase revenue to pay bloated executive salaries and bonuses. Smart individual businesses divide up lines of production and services in order to use workers with the necessary abilities and skills for a set of labor tasks. Only an idiot would place an employee with the abilities and skills for one position into a position requiring a different set of abilities and skills. But that is exactly the Feminazis goal for all of society's labor tasks except the most dangerous—those stay with men.

Girls have plenty unique abilities—they aren't powerless. They've always had some power over men, but now the Feminazis want a tyranny. Evolution gave girls enough powers to hold their own with men in a forever-troubled equilibrium. The powers of sex, duplicity, emotion and cold-hearted self-interest savagery all fall largely in the dominion of women. Girls' power of emotional manipulation employs an arsenal of weapons: sympathy, boosting a man's ego—"you're the only one," motherly pretenses and shaming or trying to make a guy feel guilty. Nature in turn provided men with the powers of physical strength, logic and courage that built, ran and protected various social orders. Men's ability to physically beat up females was always balanced by evolution enabling females to emotionally beat-up men. Unfortunately, given the limitations of technology, a man can't show in court the pain and suffering caused by a female's intentional infliction of emotional distress. There is no machine to look inside his head that would allow him to claim he hit her in self-defense. All the court can see is the girl's black eye.

The Feminazis aren't satisfied with their feminine advantages, they want more by wresting social authority away from men in order to tip evolution's balance of power in their favor. What they fail to realize is that social authority requires the attributes Mother Nature gave men—qualities most females will never possess anytime soon. By stealing for themselves roles

evolutionarily fitted for men, the Feminazis are doomed to bitter, unfulfilling lives while men suffer the savagery that occurs when broads gain the upper hand, as described in Frederick Engels' *Origin of the Family*, a fitting analogy for modern day America.

Most of today's younger Feminazis don't realize what some of the older ones have finally learned: socially authoritative positions and constant attempts to disgrace and dishonor men so that they will cave to female whims just make men turn away. Most men aren't attracted to girls with social authority; they had enough of that from their mother and teachers, and no man wants to spend time with someone who's always trying to denigrate him by harping on a few bad examples of men. The only guys these Feminazis can attract are members of the eastern, effete, white trash, quasi-intellectual elite, who are androgynies anyway. Feminazis are evolutionarily incorrect, and evolution will eventually win out over that special interest group's illusions of political correctionalism.

Another major flaw with the Feminazis is their objective to keep older babes in the running for men by using a mirror image to understand guys. Any 101 international relations course warns against this method for determining how to deal with an enemy, which to the Feminazis, men are. The Feminazis know what attracts females to men: money, power and fame, so they foolishly conclude that the same would make females attractive to men by assuming men are like females: a delusion to say the least but necessary for many desperate broads who are over-the-hill.

The Feminazis in their quest for the social authority held by men also believe that money and authority will allow them to behave as barbarically as they wish because there would be no father figure in the form of a wealthier or more powerful man to curb their emotional tantrums. That's why so many broads in positions of authority act so mean and nasty—there's no restraint

on their innate malevolence. One of the many reasons evolution made men better suited to handle the stress of social power was to curtail the boundless evil that females drunk with power will pursue. Witness those high school sororities that were hazing new recruits in a field out in the West. I went through hazing at a college fraternity that was nowhere near as brutal as what those girls were dishing out. And all that it would have taken to stop those barbarian princesses was for one man, just one and not an androgyny, to walk into that field and tell them to knock it off. Or take the female customer service reps that the public has to deal with when a company makes a mistake. Reasoning with them is impossible. They lie to cover up their ignorance, can't make a judgment call to solve the problem and use authority in an arbitrarily vindictive manner. Men are not immune from abusing power, but because evolution slotted men for handling the responsibility of social authority, they are more able to handle it and less likely to abuse it.

As my plane began its descent into the airport, I concluded that when a man pursues the occupation that best suits his aptitudes rather than fears or the wishes of others, girls take their evolutionarily correct place—good for mothering his children or partying. And the two roles shouldn't be confused. Once crowned with the title “mother,” girls generally turn into bores and nags since caution and restraint fit that role of nature. No kid wants to see his or her mother as a boozier, druggie or ho, which is why mothers always rewrite their earlier days to appear as good girls. For partying and fun, pre-motherhood young babes satisfy the need since that's their role. But serial sexual escapades and repeated episodes of temporarily altering the brains chemistry while partying with girls is no reason by itself for a man to live. The worst fate for any man comes when he fails to pursue his first-best destiny because the resulting existential vacuum becomes occupied by the girl of the moment to whom he ascribes idealistic attributes that females do not and never will have, such as fidelity, honesty, honor, courage and compassion.

The guy creates an illusion that the girl is what makes his life worth living, what gives him a reason to continue his pathetic little existence. Girls know this instinctually and use it to their own self-serving interests. All girls carry inside their heads the motto that “Men are like children, they believe anything.” And girls will ruthlessly exploit that gullibility to delude guys into believing that females are of angelic quality and worth living for. They aren’t.

A man requires eternal vigilance to avoid trusting females or listening to their advice because duplicity is one of their innate powers that they adeptly use to further their own perceived ends, no matter how warped they may prove. Girls can only think about themselves. They don’t care what kind of harm they do to a man. Girls will sacrifice a man’s dreams, hopes, aspirations, savings and life so long as they get what they want and will feel no remorse in doing so because they believe their actions justified, since they are females. Girls reserve for themselves the right to commit any crime, to lie and to cheat, for men are as dust to them. They have been the focal point of evil in the world for millennia and as with so many other lunatics throughout history, believe they have a divine right to abuse men, since god, or in feminarchy America the goddess, is on their side.

A man must keep his priorities straight in the face of the seductive charms of young ladies. After his first-best destiny comes keeping himself in shape. Muscles that work provide a sense of confidence and well-being—evolution’s natural state for a man. To keep from going nuts in a society that caters to females and tolerates injustice, everyman needs a few close friends: guys he can trust and on whom he can rely, not broads since they are genetically untrustworthy and as fickle as history. For fun, there’s chasing girls, and it’s not as difficult as most guys think. Girls are hungry for men, just look at the faces of the ones in a nightclub that aren’t dancing. All a guy need do is walk over and start talking to them in a matter-of-fact

manner. No Shakespearian witticism necessary; they wouldn't understand it anyway. Only the arrogant or nervous Nellys will give a guy a hard time or ignore him, so move on: a guy doesn't want the snobs or fearful ones anyhow. If a man chooses to have children, then for their sake he has to put up with his wife's efforts to emotionally manipulate and deceive him, but the husband can deal with this by remembering that he's living with a pathological liar and teller of tales. Above all else when married, he must not give up partying with other girls for his wife will surely ho other men as long as guys find her desirable.

### Summertime

Late August 2002, my first vacation since I traveled to Puerto Rico during Thanksgiving in 2000, I needed it. Blackie put me up in his cabin looking west over a lake, an ideal spot to take in the tranquility of the setting sun glistening over the water. Gazing out on the lake made me wonder, as I always did when in a quiet place surrounded by nature, why did I ever settle in New York City? I had never answered the question and wouldn't this time, why bother, it didn't matter. Even if the reason no longer made sense, I couldn't do anything about it. Thanks to the female influences in my life, I no longer had the money or prospects to move elsewhere.

The years since Blackie and I last saw each other had brought both of our lives to an unpleasant stage—no golden days these. Still, we had a lot of laughs talking about the absurdity of our existences that were winding down. Most people end on a down note; the problem with us is that we never had an up note. Our dooms differed: mine mental, his physical, but both of us cursed these times. The aftermath of Blackie's cancer condemned him to some days in which he felt so bad, he just stayed in bed. We couldn't figure out whose life turned out worst, but while Blackie might disagree, both of us clearly had nothing to lose anymore.

Blackie lived the middle-class suburban life I had always disdained: family, two story house in a real nice neighborhood with trees, grass and empty lots. Okay for a guy that recently retired from working in a grammar school. He would have done better, however, by working elsewhere, but when he finally left graduate school, colleges and even high schools were only hiring Feminazis—no men need apply! A similar situation happened to me in television news where broads, not half as good as guys in that business, received preferential treatment for jobs. The news director at one TV news show told me he'd make me a reporter—if only I were a girl. The big lie for 50 years, about which broads must still laugh at men for being so gullible, was that girls weren't equally represented in various institutions and occupations because of invidious discrimination. It wasn't invidious discrimination because most girls couldn't meet the minimum requirements for certain jobs until the Feminazis intimidated employers into lowering the requirements.

In the seventies, the government, media and education imposed quotas that gave lots of incompetent Feminazis jobs evolutionarily suited for men. My first television job resulted from a local TV news show wanting to hire me in 1975 but couldn't because of the Feminazi quota system. The Federal Communications Commission tied the license renewal for all television stations to the affirmative action hiring of broads. In order to circumvent the dictates of totalitarian females, the news director created a job in which all the network's stations hired a fraction of me. Since the quotas only counted whole persons and not fractions, an additional man to the station's operation never showed up on the records. The news director was a courageous guy for doing that, as was the executive producer for special events at the second news show I worked. The executive producer went out on a limb to hire me despite management pressure to hire a girl. He gave me the job because I was more qualified.

Feminazis like to say a girl has to be “twice as good” to get a job over a man. Not from my experience. The Feminazis must be confusing the denominator with the numerator. After all, Mother Nature didn’t evolve girls to be good at mathematics, which depends so much on geometry. Men, not girls, had to make sure a spear traveled in an arc that struck its target. Although ancient men didn’t know they were using geometry, a successful hunt and therefore survival depended on it. Geometric ability imprinted mainly onto the genes of men so that today boys on average perform better on spatial tasks and tests of mathematical reasoning. Girls, as a result of their roles in rearing children, do better at verbal memory and distinguishing whether objects are similar or different. For example, Vanderbilt University studies show that thirteen times as many boys as girls score above 700 on the math part of the SAT while girls do better on the grammar and writing sections.

The reason the main stream news media can’t get the lefty bias out of its reporting these days is that the old quotas resulted in many Feminazis, mostly lefties, slithering their way into the business in the seventies and eighties. Back then, the major TV news shows were on CBS, NBC, ABC and PBS with the key newspapers the New York Times, Washington Post and Los Angeles Times. Today these girls have positions of influence at these organizations, and, as females always do, they push their own agenda regardless of the truth. As a result, the traditional media no longer reports the news but propagandizes or feminazizes it as does the New York Times or more accurately New York Pravda, which prints whatever it wants—whether true or made up.

Educational institutions have also concentrated on hiring girls over men since the 1970s. That led to the failed feminine-wimp approach of coddling children rather than disciplining them. Old fashion discipline at least made kids pay attention long enough to learn the basics for

survival and act sufficiently civil so that teachers could teach. Nothing focused my concentration or curtailed my unruly behavior in school more than the gym teacher bouncing me off the bleachers for acting up in one of my classes—the right amount of physical force gets results. Even females should understand that. Slap one upside the head, and she'll reel-in that sharp, lying, female tongue that has caused so much trouble and pain since language began. But with the Feminazis in control, education has replaced masculine discipline with therapy and substituted the development of the different aptitudes of boys and girls with socially engineering guys into girls and girls into guys in an effort to yield a Frankensteinian common denominator of soulless automatons with sexually neutral attributes.

Feminazis, their fellow travelers and those too weak to oppose them are responsible for turning the government, media and education into wimp institutions. Imbuing these sections of the American society with estrogen driven, irrational feminine traits may rank as the determinative factor in initiating the end of this country's success. All empires rise and fall, and the Feminazi brand of totalitarianism is putting an end to an America where a man could live more or less free and pretty much pursue the opportunities he wished.

The Feminazis, as with all tyrants, hold others to a standard of conduct that they do not follow. If Billy Bob Clinton had been a Republican, the Feminazis would have swarmed like locusts on Washington during his impeachment hearing. The rest of the world, including Europeans, sees this. That's one reason America is so hated in the Middle East, Russia, Asia, Africa and South America. The men in those places don't want America's values because they don't want to end up as some shrew's lap dog.

There are lots of guys from my generation whose lives the Feminazis screwed in the name of their big lie that throughout history men unjustly and harmfully discriminated against

females and otherwise oppressed them. Oppressed, how? Discriminated, sure, but to their benefit. Here's a segment of history in which these duplicitous broads claim a male-dominated society oppressed and discriminated against them:

A propeller driven plane drones somewhere overhead far out of sight. Its low monotone humming envelops a warm, spring Sunday afternoon somewhere in the 1950s. I sit on my 24 inch, black, single-gear Schwinn bicycle, keeping my balance by holding onto the door handle of an old, blue, four-door 1947 Dodge.

My consciousness pauses at the moment, feeling vaguely sad for no discernible reason. The week's events ended with this gift of nothing to do: no homework, no television shows, no new housing developments to explore or classmates able to come out and play.

The dead-end street needs a new asphalt topping. Where I am balance on the side, the asphalt has broken up into small gravel-like stones with an isolated weed sprouting up here and there. It is still early spring, the lawns are just beginning to turn green and the tulips and dogwood buds remain closed, waiting for a few consecutive days of warm weather. The air smells fresh, warmed slightly by a gentle breeze.

The droning airplane fills the vacuum of silence on this street with modest middle-class houses in this small suburban town, whose claim to fame will not come until the end of the next decade. Of all the towns in America, this town will have the second highest number of persons per capita to die in Vietnam—all of them men, of course, and all of them guys I grew up with.

Nearly 58,000 American men in the military died in Vietnam, at least 40% of them went unwillingly—they were drafted. Around 340,000 were wounded, a couple of million served and, the statistic I like the best, over 58,000 of the men that served in Vietnam subsequently committed suicide. While so many men suffered, females opportunistically took advantage of the lives, minds and years the war destroyed by seizing jobs previously held by men.

As girls flooded into the better jobs, men continued to comprise 90% of the work force in the most dangerous occupations, died younger and committed more suicides in a society where today over 50% of the millionaires are women. How could any rational person, which leaves females out, conclude that America oppressed broads? Rather America epitomized a classic, although subtle, matriarchy disguised by the disinformation that it was a man's country. The truth shows girls on the whole doing very well for themselves at the expense of men.

As for female military casualties in Vietnam, none of whom were drafted, guess how many died. Eight—not eight thousand, not eight hundred, not eighty, but eight! The same number of guys who died in Vietnam from the New Jersey town of 7,500 folk where I grew up.

Christmas time 1969, Blackie and I ran into one of the guys we grew up with who was eating lunch at the Stewart's Root Beer stand in our hometown. Brian didn't look very happy that day.

"What's going on?" Blackie asked.

Brian blurted out in despair, "I've joined up."

We knew what that meant. The useless war had been plaguing virtually every man in our age group for years.

"What are you crazy? What about college?" We said almost in unison.

"I didn't do so well, so I'm out of school. The draft will get me any day, so I figure it's better that I join."

"Oh man. You're on your way." I remarked.

"Yea, probably," he said while looking down at his burger.

We talked some more and wished him luck. When Blackie and I left, we knew Brian was dead—so did he. The following spring he was killed.

Brian had been caught in the wheels of a machine beyond his control. A machine that glowered over the land at every young man, just waiting for him to leave high school, funk out of college or graduate. When any of those events happened, the machine grabbed him and sent him halfway around the world to risk his life and sanity to make a few bucks for the military-industrial complex. For years, nearly everyone of my male contemporaries carried on his back

the most powerful country in the history of the world just waiting for its chance to cut his throat, maim his body or blast his mind.

In the late seventies, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that it wasn't unconstitutional to discriminate against men by drafting them but not females and requiring men but not females to register for the draft. Today's Feminazis cry about oppression and discrimination, what do they know? Most modern-day Feminazis spent the war walking around in mini skirts, see-through blouses, taking drugs and enjoying free love, which meant they were free of the worry of getting pregnant, thanks to the pill. Girls hoed anybody and everybody they wanted, but guys still had to pay the price for a date, an accident and a President, L.B.J., who overwhelmingly won the female vote in 1964. There are a lot of guys in America today who know broads have always received preferential treatment, but let it slide. The Feminazis' continuing greed, however, to take all of the marbles based on a lie of past oppression has created in these guys a deep seated hatred for the Feminazis. At some point, something will happen that brings it out into an open, bloody war.

Out West, Blackie and I hung out for five days, went boating and swimming. Then I flew out to check on the Vasilyevas. Anastasia and Dima Vasilyeva rented half of a tiny house in a working class neighborhood on the outskirts of the nearest city. It didn't fit. These two had lots of money. They ran the top model agency in Krasnodar, a city of over a million people in the middle of one of Russia's most prosperous regions. They also supplied girls from Russia to overseas brothels for which they probably collected 20% of each girl's gross and ran the dirty girls list for Krasnodar's movers and shakers. Factor in that they paid no Russian taxes other than the bribes to their tax collector, and their tiny suburban house began to look more like a cover. With their money they wouldn't live there unless trying to create a false impression, as Russians are adept at doing. Maybe they were trying to appear as poor working class folk to

disguise the importing of girls for prostitution and lap dancing. They probably smuggled the hos through Canada, a country even more liberal at allowing in low-lifes than America, or sponsored U.S. visas for the girls by using a modeling outfit similar to what they ran in Krasnodar as a front. The house was too small for running that type of operation, so I checked to see whether they were connected with model agencies in the area, but nothing. Information would likely turn up later that explained why the poverty front.

My vacation over, I took a plane back to New York.

#### Work A Day World

After Labor Day, I began working for Jeff, my first paying job since I left Kroll over two years before. The money was good, but I knew I would never make enough to offset the losses due to my incompetent or crooked stockbroker, the Commie Ho, her Russian mob associates and my useless divorce attorneys. Outside of work, I kept fighting on the multiple fronts in my war against the low-lifes that had tricked, cheated and violated my rights. Joined a class action suit against my stockbroker's firm Salomon Smith Barney, dug up more information on the Commie Ho's criminal associates in Russia, filed a civil defamation suit in Krasnodar against the Ho's mother, tried to prod the Feds into enforcing the law against the Ho for falsely claiming citizenship and instituted a disciplinary proceeding against my annulment/divorce attorney Silpe for selling me out.

My Russian G.R.U. buddies discovered that the Commie Ho first met Khachaturyan Araratovich Aspyan at the Albatross Club in Krasnodar while doing out calls as a prostitute from the Vasilyeva Fashion House's "dirty girls list." Aspyan, or one of his hoods, was the guy she hired to knock me off if the INS called me as a witness. According to my G.R.U. contacts, the Albatross Club consists of powerful government officials and wealthy criminals—if the two

can be separated in Russia, and controls Krasnodar the way Al Capone's boys did Chicago. Asypyan runs one of the most powerful crime organizations in southern Russia and has close connections with one of Russia's top godfathers Ded Khasan, the mafia boss in St. Petersburg. For a time in the 1990s, Ded Khasan helped make St. Petersburg the third ranked city in the world for unnatural deaths, behind Bogotá, Columbia and Lagos, Nigeria.

Other Krasnodar gangsters and Albatross members, such as Volchok, a.k.a. Woolfy, and Raketa, a.k.a. Rocket—probably a Captain Video Ranger dropout—continued to enjoy the charms of the Commie Ho when she visited her hometown. But the relationships went beyond sex. The Albatross club protected the Commie Ho's criminal interests and various members and associates have deals with her for providing prostitutes, pornography and to some extent drugs to America. The best I can tell is that the Commie Ho, besides smuggling drugs and laundering money for the Russian mob, brings together Russian hoods with American mobsters that run escort services, brothels and lap-dancing clubs and sell pornography. Prostitution needs hos, the Internet needs porno and everyone needs to get the illegal profits out of the country. The Commie Ho, along with other Russian mafia members and comrades, facilitate such activities. The Ho even recruits her own prostitutes for smuggling into the U.S.—such a busy big girl.

The Russian mafia uses various ways to import Russian hos into America: bribing U.S. embassy officials in the countries of the former Soviet Union, Cyprus and Mexico with \$3,000 to \$4,000 a visa, using corporations controlled by Russian and American gangsters to sponsor the girls for visas by claiming they will work as “artists,” “dancers” and “translators” or simply sending the hos to Mexico for shipment across the border into the U.S. The pornography produced in Russia comes directly to the U.S. or by way of Cyprus, Mexico and the Internet while opiate narcotics flow via couriers from the Caucasus region of southern Russia directly to

America or by way of Mexico. Cocaine in turn moves from Mexico to Russia, where only the New Russians can afford it. Transferring the proceeds from illegal activities in America to offshore banking havens involves hiding the money, travelers' checks or diamonds on or in the couriers or in their baggage plus the more sophisticated method of depositing the funds to a credit card account from which the money is later withdrawn overseas. Friendly bankers also help by failing to report large amounts wired overseas or deposited.

On the litigation front, Svetlana, my Krasnodar lawyer, filed a civil defamation suit against Inessa, since the criminal suit was closed thanks to bribes and threats. The most I could win in the Russian court was 500 Rubles, about \$20. Obviously the courts in Russia are more of a joke than here. That's why anyone over there with money uses hoods; then again, anyone with money in Russia probably is a hood. Still, I wanted a trial in order to expose the bribery and the threats made against my witnesses by Russian or Chechen gangsters, since I could use that evidence in the RICO case.

Domestically, I considered adding my former attorney Silpe as a defendant in the RICO case. Silpe's motivation for ignoring my instructions and agreeing to forego my right to a trial on the Commie Ho's adultery and for an annulment still troubled me. Was there a more sinister force at work other than kowtowing to a Feminazi judge? Did Silpe belong to or associate with the Russian mafia also? The odds of that looked miniscule. Jeff's divorce lawyer recommended Silpe, so either Jeff's lawyer worked for the Russian mob or blind, dumb, bad luck steered me to an attorney connected with Russian gangsters. Jeff's lawyer was in no way connected with Red hoodlums, but given the Matrix's tricks, I could easily believe the goddess of chance led me to an attorney connected with the Russian mob. After some research into Silpe's past, I concluded

he wasn't involved with the other RICO defendants although he might have been threatened or bought off, but I'd never prove that.

My other option for justice against Silpe was to file a malpractice suit, but that would make available for the RICO defendants all the private communications between Silpe and me. Not that there was anything the defendants could use, but given Silpe's record of lying, I was sure he'd gladly add some damaging falsehoods out of spite. My only recourse, which I took, was to file a complaint with the New York State Lawyers Disciplinary Committee, which would be kept confidential. Silpe made a number of crucial lies in representing me, but I focused on the misrepresentation he made back in July 2001 when after he met with Judge Lobis and the Commie Ho's attorney, he told me there was no agreement on fault, which meant I would get my trial on annulment and adultery.

True to his lawyerly ways, Silpe responded to my disciplinary complaint by lying. First, he falsely claimed that at the July 2001 conference, he fully explained to me the agreement that the parties would not contend who was at fault, so there would be no trial for an annulment or adultery. Lawyers always lie like this when they think it's their word against someone else's, usually their client's. Every state has a disciplinary committee and none of them are about to believe a client over the lawyer, unless it involves sexual harassment. If the committees believed the clients, it would result in all those incompetent and crooked lawyers flooding the labor markets looking for new jobs—might even cause a recession. Besides, the disciplinary committees consist of other incompetent and less than sterling attorneys, so it's similar to having ex-cons running the police force and criminal courts. Lawyers just don't punish other lawyers unless they have no choice. But Silpe made a mistake, or so I thought. When he was lying to me

that he made no agreement, my friend Jeff who had accompanied me to the court was standing right there listening. I had a witness, and one who was a lawyer from Harvard Law.

Silpe's second key lie to the Disciplinary Committee was that the lawyer I hired after firing Silpe had told Silpe I still could have gone ahead with a trial for an annulment and adultery if I had wanted. Silpe used this lie to convince the Disciplinary Committee that it wasn't anything he told me that prevent me from having a trial on the issue of fault, but my own later decision not to pursue one. Once again, lawyers lie like this all the time. They misrepresent what another lawyer, not an adversary, says knowing that most lawyers will not testify against another lawyer. But Silpe made another mistake here, or so I thought. My former lawyer told me Silpe was lying, and he would tell the Committee that if asked.

Promptly, I notified the Disciplinary Committee of Silpe's lying along with my witnesses' names and telephone numbers. The Committee took well over a year to make its decision. Silpe beat the rap. The Committee's decision stated, "There is insufficient evidence to conclude that Mr. Silpe made intentional misrepresentations," and "the Committee arrived at this determination after conducting an investigation consisting of several steps." Did any of those steps consist of contacting my witnesses? No! Not one of them! The Committee's sloth, bias and incompetence in failing to contact my witnesses to Silpe's lies didn't surprise me, since the Feminazi's bud-a-boo of sexual harassment wasn't an issue. But the lack of surprise in no way assuaged my anger. I fired off a letter to the head of the Committee demanding a review, a lot of good that would do, and accused them of failing to do their duty, bias, incompetence and possibly worst—blatant corruption.

Mr. Silpe was my attorney to whom I paid lots of money. He held himself out as competent in domestic relations law of which I never even had a course. I trusted and relied on him as clients are encouraged to do and for which the disciplinary and ethics rules were enacted

so that such trust and reliance would only rarely be misplaced. Perhaps the rules only exist to give clients a false sense of security that their attorney will act forthrightly.

You state “there is insufficient evidence to conclude that Mr. Silpe made intentional misrepresentations.... or that he intentionally withheld information.” Basically you are calling me a liar, since my statements are evidence that Mr. Silpe made misrepresentations. You’re also telling any client who complains against a lawyer that the client’s words are useless—they will not be believed. Okay, let’s assume my statements mean zero and all clients are liars when they complain against august attorneys. What about the two corroborating witnesses to misrepresentations by Mr. Silpe? The two witnesses to whom you and your Committee never talked. How do you answer my corroborating witnesses—are they liars too? No, you just ignore their evidence.

Mr. Silpe’s misrepresentations in his answer amount to hiding the truth from the Committee. But, I assume that is not considered professional misconduct.

The Disciplinary Committee’s review reached the same conclusions as the initial decision because its review still failed to talk to my witnesses—American justice.

My efforts to expose the myriad acts of malfeasance and nonfeasance that I had stumbled across since meeting the Commie Ho brought me back to the I.R.S. for another try at changing its no-tax policy on lap dancers. While reading the New York Times, a rare event for me, I saw an article quoting the new I.R.S. Commissioner that the Service would begin concentrating on high income tax evaders. About time, when I worked as an attorney in the I.R.S. Chief Counsel’s Office in 1985-86, it concentrated on pursuing small time tax cheats. One case I worked on for a couple of weeks involved a Federal employee who failed to report the \$100 he received for jury duty—the I.R.S. decided to prosecute. What a waste of the taxpayers’ dollars. The I.R.S. left the rich alone because they had lawyers and political influence, and it didn’t bother those making fists full of cash in the underground economy because it took too much work. That left the middle class an easy target to soak for the taxes the rich and criminals didn’t pay. So on reading the change in I.R.S. policy, I sent the Commissioner my estimation of the untaxed \$13 billion dollar cash flow into lap dancers’ tongs and suggested the I.R.S. adopt

guidelines for taxing these cheaters. It might make up for some of the loss Federal tax revenue from another nefarious group that had once paid 32% in 1952 but by 2003 only contributed 7.4% to the tax coffers—corporations. The Commissioner's Office sent a polite reply that my letter was forwarded to the New York City office. The same office that refused to even look into the Commie Ho's tax evasion that she had admitted in her diary. That meant the circular file.

### I Like the Nightlife

In the middle of September, Mark and I started chasing girls together on the weekends. There aren't many guys in this world who are any good at picking up chicks, but Mark is and so am I. Together we had a lot of fun and laughs. We both saw through their duplicity and attempts to use men. We also had an added advantage. The white and Latin chicks, which Mark preferred, saw him buddying around with a middle-aged white boy, so they viewed him as a professional with money. The white chicks were also thinking backdoor man. Sometimes I'd start talking with a white or Latin babe, introduce her to Mark, and then go looking for someone of interest to me. The black, Latin and Asian babes, whom I lusted for, saw me hanging around with a smartly dressed black dude, so they figured I'm cool. They also saw me as a potential sugar daddy. Sometimes Mark would introduce me to one, and then goes hunting for what he liked. We each provide the other additional credibility with the dames we were interested in.

Our tag team hustling began on a regular basis after Mark had just gone through a couple of unpleasant relationships: one with a Latina, followed by a rich white broad from Jersey. Both times he ran into the same insult from the girl's parents—they were bigots. Both sets of parents made clear their ignorance by objecting to their daughters going with a guy whose skin absorbed more of the visible electro-magnetic spectrum than their daughters.

The source of America's most deadly injustice in its history stems from the inability of those whose skin reflects more of the visible electro-magnetic spectrum to realize that those who reflect less have the same aspirations and dreams: a good job, nice house, schools that teach their kids and a decent neighborhood in which their children can grow. Varying degrees of visible electromagnetic reflection don't indicate a difference in values. All those outdated references to race simply make ne'er-do-wells, including the effete, eastern, quasi-intellectual elite that populate wine and Brie parties on the upper Westside of Manhattan, feel superior to others. There haven't been different hominid races on this planet since the Neanderthals died out some 27,000 years ago. Then again, sometimes in court, I realize they didn't all die out. Anyway, contrary to white suburbia stereotyping, most of the black guys with whom I chased girls or played sports were more conservative than me. If anyone ever gave me a nuke, I'd use it, but my black buddies only wanted the American dream—go figure.

People should check their ancestry. Seventy thousand years ago a giant volcanic eruption wiped out all of our ancestors except for 3,000 to 10,000 Homo sapiens. Over the next 70 millennia, all of us now here came from those 3 to 10 thousand survivors—sounds like a TV show. Every other hominid, what the scientists classify as different races, died out. The different physical characteristics of modern day Homo sapiens evolved as an adaptation to the particular geography where people were hanging out. Can you imagine hunting animals on the equator without sun block—not me? So Mother Nature gave those ancestors of ours in tropical climates a darker pigmentation to keep the ultra violet rays out. In the northern climates, hair became flat and wavy instead of curly in order to keep the heat in rather than allowing it to flow quickly away from the head. Boiled or frozen brains don't work well. On it goes with other physical characteristics, such as lighter skin to absorb Vitamin D in temperate zones.

Today's differences among individuals simply result from one person's ancestors spending more or less time in a particular climate since that giant volcano blew up. Before modern times, physical differences served the purpose of increasing the survival of our race, Homo sapiens, in all parts of the globe. Today, such physical distinctions are superfluous. If I want to hang out at the equator, I'll buy some sun block and an air conditioner. If I need Vitamin D, I'll take a supplement. Superficial physical attributes lie along a spectrum that various lunatics have divided into superficial groups to further their own interests. Culture, however, is a different story; some, such as America and Russia, reward evil.

With the Commie Ho divorced but not forgotten, I too was trying to recoup from a revolting experience. The Commie Ho had scrambled me to the point where if a pretty young lady started turning on her high beams and pumping out those pheromones, I wanted to run down the street screaming. It was time for me to place these broads in an accurate perspective, and Mark helped. I knew that unless a guy was intent on having children, girls were only good for partying. But it wasn't enough to know it; I had to feel it in my gut. Sure love exists, but not between a guy and a broad. For instance, girls love money, especially men's money, the kind for which they don't have to work. Most men also love their children and the lucky ones their occupation, but as for love between the sexes, it's an illusion of an indefinable Shakespearean sonnet theme ruthlessly exploit by broads. Girls are forever conniving men into believing that guys should love them by asking, "Why don't you tell me that you love me?" How many times have I heard that from a broad? Girls know that the moment a guy believes he's in love, he'll feel obligated to, tolerant of and dependent on them. Then watch out, those greedy little female hands will loot his savings accounts, bankrupt his business and ruin a man's destinies. Unlike love, the emotions of passion and compassion do exist between the sexes with the later usually

absent in the girl while posing great danger for a man. The biggest mistake next to a guy believing he's in love with a broad is to feeling compassion for her. Once a girl has a man over that barrel, she will take him for everything tangible and intangible she can get, bleating all the time that he should sacrifice for her with the words: "Help me."

It's a fool's road to accept exploitation in the name of an illusion propagated by the exploiter or allow the cold-hearted use of compassion to chain oneself to the exploiter's whims. The only emotion a man should feel for a girl is lust because that's what Mother Nature built girls for, and she built plenty of them—3.5 billion and climbing.

Relationships between girls and guys are adversarial—girls know this, but most guys don't. Broads take without remorse a man's money, house, cars, sanity, equipoise, dreams, hopes and life. They enter any relationship with that intent coursing through their veins. Out of self-defense and self-preservation, the wise man does nothing for a girl until she puts out, then concludes that I've gotten what I wanted and so has she—a good time—and moves on to the remaining ones in the pool he finds attractive, not all virgins, but a lot more than the 70 odd girls the martyrs receive. It's not considered honorable by Hollywood movies, but acting honorable toward girls invites defeat and ruin because they have no concept of honor. As soon as chivalry causes a man to show consideration, she'll take the advantage to plunge her dagger of deceit, dishonesty or any other reprehensible act that serves her selfish interests. Better to fight fire with fire. Deal with girls the way they deal with men: lie, cheat and use them. Never show a girl any regard beyond that of the minimal civility shown an animal.

Whenever a girl asks for a favor, a man should remember that for over 150,000 years, and millions more when factoring in other ancestral hominids, girls have been exploiting men by using the fallacy that by having sex with a guy, a girl was doing him a favor. On the contrary, a

man does the girl a favor by having sex with her because girls enjoy it more than men. The ancient Greeks knew this. As a young man, Tiresias found two snakes mating and hit them with a stick. He was transformed into a woman. Seven years later, Tiresias did the same thing and became a man again. When Zeus and Hera asked him which sex experienced more pleasure during intercourse, Tiresias said women. Hera, angered over the disclosure of a key feminine tool of trickery, promptly struck him blind. Sure it's only a myth, but logically the revelation makes sense. Guys enjoy sex, but not to the point of risking the sickness, pain and life-upheaval results of a pregnancy. Females, however, throughout history risked those all the time, so intercourse must be more enjoyable for them than guys. Girls, therefore, owe the man a favor, not vice versa. But girls hide the truth so as to get a free ride, or trick a man into giving them favors by pretending they are the ones who granted him a favor—what a con, but not the only one.

Girls use many tricks to snatch a man's mind from the key purpose of his life, once again, pursuing that first best destiny whatever it may be. Females manipulate men through the emotions of the unconscious by flaunting their tits, asses and legs or eliciting sympathy with phony hard luck stories, usually about their previous boyfriends abusing them, which actually means they didn't cave to her every demand. They leech onto a man's conscious by appealing to his ego with "you're different than the others," and metamorphose their personalities by pretending to be what a particular man wants, so they can get what they want.

The uncanny feminine ability to mold or metamorp-ho-se her surface personality to what a man desires ranks as a girl's most insidious and effective power. The Star Trek episode "The Perfect Mate" depicts this power by personifying it as a pretty, young female, called an emphatic Metamorph. The character's personality changes to suit whatever man she is with at the time.

The Metamorph cozens up to one man after another deceiving, winning over or inducing him to do something for her by artful coaxing, wheedling or shrewd trickery. The men don't realize her duplicity because each honestly believes she's only interested in him. No wonder she appears beautiful to the eyes, since the man's mind sees only an illusion, a mask covering her real motivation—her drive since a child to satiate her selfish desires and gain wealth by any means. The Metamorph, in the episode, gained her end with a faithless marriage to a rich and powerful man—nearly every girl's desire whether vamp or Feminazi.

Girls enter relationships with premeditation to use the man by unleashing their Metamorphs within, which ironically often results in the man becoming what she wants. Metamorphs pretend to have abilities to ease a man's pain, dissolve some of his troubles and make a nirvana here on earth, so long as the man does what she wants. If the Metamorph fails in her con, she at least has cornered the guy into a position where she can enlist the institutions of society, especially in America, to coerce and extort what she wants from him—usually money.

Girls don't solve problems; they create them. There is no salvation in a female. A man has to walk through the shadows in life on his own. The only salvation or nirvana for a man is pursuing his first-best destiny through his entire life. Most men, however, don't do that because they belong to the surplus or excess population. Many, due to their upbringing, fall prey to enticing Metamorphs and transfer the want and need for a purpose from their first-best destinies to serving females.

Metamorphs manipulate men into focusing their money, time, energy and efforts on pleasing them since Metamorphs want to make bearing and raising children as easy on themselves as possible. Nirvana for most women exists in creating families, but that's no excuse for bleeding men to death so they can also have a life of ease and social status. Girls, however,

want it all. They will lie, cheat, dissemble, manipulate, kill and do any other evil act to fool or intimidate men into sacrificing to make the female lot easier so that girls can do what they've always wanted: raise children and live the life of Riley. For a man, there is no nirvana in a girl's arms, but for a girl, a man's arms provide the financial, physical and emotional basics necessary for a girl to quench her desires.

Both my mother and ex-wife used their metamorph powers to get what they didn't deserve—a ho trait, and the term ho clearly described my Nazi mother. Through a lady who grew up with my mother, I learned darling mother got fired from her nursing job for hoing at age eighteen. She had worked at the Christian Sanatorium in northern New Jersey where in the 1920s to 40s alcoholics went to dry out. All the pretty nurses, including mother, serviced the head doctor, but what got her fired were her trysts with a famous alcoholic writer from New York City. And to think she used to tell me she had never kissed a man until twenty—what a phony. A little more truth about her came from her own mouth when I was nine and stuck with my drunken mother in a Switzerland Hotel. In her young and pretty days, she often danced on tables at the Hotel Astor Roof Garden in Times Square—the original table dancer. One night, however, she slipped smashing her platform with her derriere and management finally bounced her out for good. All this just a few blocks down Broadway from where my wife would years later give, in the jargon of strip clubs, table dances. Mother also confessed when I was nine that she married father because he had good material prospects as a chemical engineer. Now that's a “ho” although not as rabid as my ex-wife. Maybe mother invented the term. How many different men did I pass by on the way out of her into a society filled with metamorphs?

Evil is out there, but not in the Sun, Moon, stars, planets, nature or, as the *Lord of the Rings* depicts, in orcs, trolls and goblins. It seethes in the acts of humans. Only people can

decide to violate the rights of others in order to obtain something they don't deserve, usually material goods or psychological and social power, and the most effective of the species at harming others to obtain what they don't deserve are females. When caught, females always whine that punishing them means to also do evil. Not so, when a person is punished for violating the rights of another, the punishment is not evil, the punishment does not violate the culprit's rights because the culprit has forfeited her rights by harming the rights of others. Institutions and companies also do evil by not performing the duties for which they were established or performing them in violation of the rights of others. But that occurs only because the people making up such organizations use their powers to serve themselves rather than the reason for an institution or company's existence. Basically, the problems plaguing history and every day lives, such as my own, come from people greedy and arrogant enough to trample the rights of others in order to satisfy some want or desire. In my case, I didn't do anything to deserve a Nazi Ho as a primary caregiver, and the only thing I did to deserve the Commie Ho as a wife was to feel sorry for her and be susceptible to the drugs she secretly fed me.

Most of the females I've had dealings with in my life were evil, but by the time I understood that, they had destroyed everything and every prospect I ever had except my physical health. I never should have trusted or believed any broad or that they were good for anything but partying and problems. Still, I don't hate them, for how can a guy hate that which he lusts after—Feminazis excluded, since I carry no desire for them at all. But I do hate what dames intentionally and recklessly do to men, such as accusing men of what girls are guilty of in order to deceive men into thinking females don't do such things or always pulling a switch—saying one thing, then doing another. Understanding girls for what they are removes much of the danger in dealing with them—know the enemy, for they know men.

The enemy I knew best were W-T-EABS or white trash Euro-American broads, but now I generally stayed away from them. Mother Nature had programmed me to pursue only attractive girls in their late teens or twenties, which ruled out W-T-EABS because in that targeted age range white girls are too confused over whether to act like a guy or girl thanks to the Feminazi propaganda of their mothers and schools.

Take for example the night I was sitting in a bar on the upper Westside waiting for Mark and Ron, a black belt from Mark's martial arts class. This nice looking W-T-EAB, around twenty three, sits down next to me, so, like the spider to the fly, or is it the fly to the spider, I start talking to her. What a klutz this white girl, she blushed, had difficulty speaking in sentences and couldn't even key in a number on her cell phone. She felt intimidated because like all young white broads programmed with the Feminazi lunacy she thought herself powerless with respect to a middle-aged lawyer. What a fool! This girl looked great, very pretty, thin and desirable. Mother Nature gave her plenty of power to hold her own with an apparently successful man, but the Feminazis had stolen it away. She thought she needed an equivalent or greater measure of career accomplishment to feel confident enough to even carry on a conversation. Men don't want to date a competitor; they already spend all day fighting with them. At night, men want a red lip smile, "a wiggle in her walk and a giggle in her talk." Most modern American white chicks have relinquished their strengths so that over-the-hill Feminazis don't have to worry about competition from them for men. Such young white chicks actually feel ashamed of the power evolution gave them. On the other hand, young black, Latin and Asian chicks know their power and how to use it, which gives them the pose, confidence and wit that makes hanging out with them a pleasure. B.L.A.s know my interest in them—their bodies, as I know theirs in me—my

wallet. Since most my money had already been spirited away and I knew never to let any girl prepare me another meal, the nightlife during became enjoyable rather than dangerous.

### Bad Girls

In October 2002, the Russian military intelligence guys convinced the Deputy General Prosecutor for the Southern Federal District of Russia to reopen the criminal defamation case against the Commie Ho's mother, Inessa. This looked somewhat promising because now an official of the national government showed interest in the case that local corruption and organized crime threats had closed. The Krasnodar Ministry of Internal Affairs would now either do its duty, unlikely, or make the Commie Ho pay more money in bribes, likely, or she would have to enlist her hoodlum associates to make more threats, most likely. What ever happened, I would learn about it through my intelligence agents and could use it in the RICO case.

Balancing off this good news, naturally came bad from the lawyers Disciplinary Committee, which dismissed my initial complaint against Mundy. The Committee decided that when Mundy threatened to use at trial a non-existent audiotape recording of me allegedly trying to extort money from the Commie Ho, Mundy was not trying to coerce me into a settlement because the law requires that he threaten to make public something that was not already public. When Mundy lied to my attorney about the existence of the audiotape, the accusation of my attempted extortion had already been made public when the Commie Ho filed a report with the 114<sup>th</sup> Police Precinct in December 2000. The filing of the "report" was news to me for I had never heard about it. No police visits, not even a Kafka-type phone call early in the morning.

Today in America, girls can create a police file on a man without the guy knowing about it, so long as the slut doesn't press charges, which is what the Commie Ho did, obviously under

Mundy's instructions, since she wouldn't have otherwise known she could do that. Another violation of my due process rights by Feminarchy America, but who's counting? Perhaps the only reason for the report was to enable Mundy to get away with his coercion-type tactics without violating the letter of the law. Even so, Mundy still lied about the audiotape's existence but that didn't bother the Committee, "There was merely a statement from one counsel to another, concerning evidence that might be used in the case." What evidence? The audiotape didn't exist, so there was none. It's as though a prosecutor lies to a defense attorney that the state has the murder weapon with the defendant's figure prints on it in order to trick the defendant into a plea bargain. Attorneys can't lie like that to opposing counsel. The Committee should have required Mundy to produce the tape to show he wasn't lying, but it didn't.

Okay, so lawyers have a constitutional right to lie, but I still had a trick of my own. Mundy had also told one of my attorneys that he possessed medical records of me beating up the Commie Ho. Once again, no such records existed, but the Committee doesn't care about attorney falsehoods. Mundy's statement, however, was another attempt to coerce me into settling the case so that the nefarious connections and activities of my wife and the Russian mafia, with which Mundy did business and probably belonged, would remain hidden. This time, unlike with the extortion accusation, there were no police reports concerning such beatings, so the Committee could not dismiss a coercion charge against Mundy threatening to make the alleged medical records public on the grounds they were already public information. So, I filed another complaint of coercion against Mundy. This time figuring I had boxed in the Committee, but some type of fixed was in—institutional sloth, bias or corruption. The Committee responded that it reviewed my second complaint but the result was "in accord with the original decision not

to proceed further.” They didn’t even mention the second coercion charge, probably because they couldn’t find a way around it.

Some potentially useful information on Russian prostitution in the U.S. came from a newspaper article reporting the indictment of six people from the former Soviet Union for running the largest prostitution ring in Los Angeles history and laundering the illegal proceeds. The article didn’t list all the names, so I put in a call for the grand jury minutes on the outside chance of some connections with the defendants in my RICO case. The prostitution operations were similar, which meant the Russian mafia lurked in the background. The ringleaders, a Russian mother and daughter ho team from the Ukraine, arrived in Los Angeles in the late 1990s and, with the aide of four others from the still evil empire, opened up shop in 1999. The operation set up Internet websites and spent tens of thousands on advertisements in foreign language periodicals, local newspapers and the yellow pages. The ring took in \$5 million over a couple of years. The boss, Mama ho, received nine years while her 22 year-old daughter remained a fugitive from justice. Their operation smuggled in Russian prostitutes through the mired loopholes of incompetence and corruption at the INS while some of the Russian hookers came by way of Mexico. It all sounded like part of my RICO case against the Commie Ho and her associates. The Commie Ho’s Moscow pimp, Leo, bribed INS officials in the Moscow Embassy to obtain visas for his prostitutes to travel to southern California or used front corporations in California to sponsor his prostitutes for work, student, and even religious visas—Mary Magdellan entries. Once in the U.S., the sluts overstayed their visas for as long as they wanted, often times for good. The INS can’t do anything because it’s clueless as to how many aliens don’t leave when they should or where they are living in the country. With the girls working as prostitutes, lap-dancers and porno starlets, everyone involved makes lots of money.

Leo also sent girls to Mexico from which they were smuggled into the U.S. So a connection between the L.A. ring and the Commie Ho's Russian mob associates wasn't farfetched.

When I called the Los Angeles District Attorney's Office to obtain the grand jury transcripts, the operator surprisingly put me through to the Deputy D.A. handling the case. The D.A. chatted about the case and gave an interesting take on the crime of prostitution. The Deputy D.A. said that many people wrongly claim prostitution a victimless crime when it actually harms other members of our society in many ways. Prostitution rings don't pay taxes, but they do use the public infrastructure for which the rest of society's members pay. That reminded me of the line from Ludacris' record *Ho*, "You're tax dollars underwrite ho independence." The D.A. added that prostitutes and pimps usually engage in other scams, such as ripping off credit card companies and various businesses. The cost of those crimes aren't paid for by the companies but passed along in the form of higher interest rates and prices to law abiding customers. Prostitution also increases the spread of disease and health care costs. When more people become sick or people become sick more often, the insurance companies aren't going to let that eat into their profits. Insurers will raise medical premiums for everyone to cover the costs caused by their members' interaction with or working in the prostitution business. In addition, federal, state and local health expenses jump because of more incidents of disease among the uninsured from prostitution, which was turning into a largely Russian enterprise in American urban centers.

The D.A. was right, prostitution caused increased economic costs to the rest of us, but I doubted the law enforcement agencies would put an end to it anytime soon. The cops working vice made too much money protecting prostitution rings from prosecution. Probably the only reason for busting the Russian ring was it undercut the prices charged by other organized

operations. The Russians charged a flat fee of \$200 to \$300 an hour while the girls from the more established rings requested tips on top of the \$200 to \$300. Simple economics most likely resulted in the established operations complaining to their “good friends” on the vice squad to put the Russians out of business or the cops’ payola would dry up. But Russians are quick learners and the next ring will pay the cops their fair share.

Another force deterring the prosecution of organized prostitution is the American quasi-intelligentsia’s efforts to benefit females anyway it can, even hos and madams. By declaring prostitution a victimless crime that should not be prosecuted, America’s arrogant elite of Feminazis and wimpy white man has replaced the virgin on top the pedestal with shrews and sluts. The obvious solution to the social harm caused by prostitution and allowing females to violate the law is to legalize and regulate it. Periodic medical testing of the hos will reduce the risk of disease, licensing certain companies to sell the girls will help keep organized crime out and auditing the books will increase the chances of the industry paying its fair share in taxes while those who don’t comply should go to jail for a long, long time. However, whether legal or illegal, the quality of life still suffers. During Clinton’s tenure in office, the porn and escort businesses mushroomed, some legal, some illegal, but now whenever I meet a good-looking babe, I wonder whether she’s a prostitute. However, a national registry listing all licensed hos would reduce the chance of some professional slut suckering a guy into believing her a good girl. A man would then only have to contend with ferreting out amateur hos—an all but impossible task, but that’s the risk of living as a heterosexual male on planet Earth.

Jeff completed his review of my first RICO draft in October and came up with a lot of good suggestions, which I incorporated during my weekends over the next six months. My job with Jeff took up my time during the week, and I liked making money rather than just spending

it. Work on Jeff's cases consisted of drafting court papers, appearing in court and taking depositions. While in the middle of asking questions at one deposition, I received a call on my cell phone and took a recess.

"Is this Roy Hollander?" the caller asked.

"Yes."

"This is Blackburn."

Who the devil is Blackburn, I wondered. Was this another threatening call?

He repeated, "This is Blackburn. Do you remember?"

Then I remembered. The Canadian private detective, Elaine, who had tracked down one of the Commie Ho's offshore bank accounts, knew guys in the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration. She told them about the Commie Ho smuggling in drugs to feed her prostitution customers, and they wanted to talk to me. D.E.A. had arranged with my investigator to use the code name "Blackburn" so that I would know D.E.A. was calling. Oh brother, I mockingly thought when told this months ago and tried not to laugh: everybody wants to be a secret agent man.

"Yes, yes I remember," I answered.

"We'd like to talk with you."

"Fine, but I'm in the middle of a deposition right now. Do you want to set up a meeting or a time to call? How can I get back to you?"

"We'll get back to you."

"Okay, you can always reach me on my cell phone."

"Roger," he hung up. Sounded like another Captain Video Ranger. I went back to the deposition and never heard from the D.E.A. again. They actually began snooping around Flash

Dancers for secretly putting drugs in some high net worth customers drink and food but dropped the investigation to allegedly concentrate on the 911 aftermath—the current excuse of choice by government employees to do even less then before.

The next day, October 23, 2002, a twenty-two year old Chechen rebel named Movsar Baraev led over 50 armed militants in the takeover of the Dubrovka Theater complex in Moscow and held around 750 people hostage. I still had friends in Moscow and emailed them in the hope they weren't among the hostages. None were. To my Moscow lawyers Xenia and Dennis, I sent, "I hope you all are safe. I wonder if my ex-wife is involved somehow—just a little joke." My lawyers well knew that the Commie Ho had grown up in Chechnya. They replied with similar banter, "As far as we know, Alina is not to blame for this one."

It was obvious to me how the Moscow hostage crisis would end—lots of dead people. Russian government officials, as with most of the population, just don't care about human life when it's somebody else's. Sure enough, on Saturday that same week the F.S.B. pumped some unknown gas into the theater and sent in its Alpha unit. These guys are brutal. Individual rights don't exist to them. Once I witnessed them assaulting a nightclub to arrest a couple of gangsters. The Alpha unit rolled up in a gray bus that looked as though it just drove out of a Disney cartoon. But nothing Disney-like jumped out of the back and side doors. Wheeling AK-47s, they ran into the club slamming anyone in their way against the walls or to the floor, grabbed a couple of guys, maybe the right ones maybe not, pounded them with rifle butts and dragged them back to the bus.

The Alpha unit stormed the Moscow theater, protected by gas masks, and promptly executed the fifty some Chechen terrorists who had been knocked out by the gas. The gas also sent 650 theatergoers and actors to the hospitals, but no one in the government thought about

telling the doctors the type of gas used so that the hospitals could properly treat the sickened hostages, as a result, 120 died. Incompetence, no, the government officials involved probably figured everyone would die anyway, so why bother. Besides they wanted to get back to their daches for the rest of the weekend.

### All She Wants To Do Is Dance

Just before Christmas, I started taking salsa lessons. Mark kept telling me that if I learned salsa, I would clean up with the young babes at the Latin clubs where we often hung out. “They’ll look at you as the rich daddy they never had, and if you can dance, man-o-man, they’ll be all over you.”

The first part of Mark’s analysis was right; I haven’t made it to the second part, yet. One Saturday at Gonzales y Gonzales, I asked this twenty something Latin chick, “Meet any rich guys tonight?” She replied, “Only you!” It must have been my gray hair, but looking rich and talking with these pretty young things wasn’t enough, they wanted to dance. Dancing rock ‘n’ roll was not a problem, but the really hot girls in New York, the ones who knew how to dress to flaunt their attributes, went to the Latin clubs. These clubs mixed black, Latin, Asian and white folks along with the ages: teenagers, with fake identification, to my age and older. Unlike other New York City discos, the Latin clubs had class; not only in their dress code, but guys actually asked girls to dance, just like before the Feminazis took over. In the rock ‘n’ roll clubs, everybody jumps around like pigeons trying to use their appearances to attract someone to dance with them, no one asks anymore. One Feminazi told me the reason was so that girls didn’t have to feel awkward at telling a guy no—typical broads, always shirking their responsibilities.

The rock ‘n’ roll clubs put me at a disadvantage, since the years had left my once good looks on the ash heap of the 1980s. The only tool left was my ability with words to make a girl

laugh and impress her with my education, which for girls meant money and a challenge, as in could she enslave this overly educated white guy to depart with lots of dinero and free help. The music in the rock 'n' roll discos was usually so loud, I could barely understand a girl even if she did open her mouth and yelled in my ear, so it was near impossible to carry on a conversation. A hearing aid was not likely to increase my chances, either. In the Latin clubs, the music wasn't so loud, so they looked good to me, if I could dance and the girl could speak English. Talking got me telephone numbers, but dancing and talking got Mark the girls. One night at the Copacabana, this drop-dead pretty, sober Asian girl in her early twenties came over and asked me to dance. The only girls that had ever asked me to dance before, even in my younger years, were either sloshed with liquor, doped up or mass murders. When I recovered from the shock, I had no choice but to tell her I couldn't, I wanted to, but would only embarrass her. She kept pushing, not believing me. This babe wanted to dance with me, and because I couldn't, I had to turn her down. As she walked away, I decided to start taking salsa lessons. At my age, I couldn't afford to turn my back on yummy opportunities like that.

A dance school across town from my apartment offered salsa classes, so I signed up for group lessons. Naturally, the prettiest girl in the class was a young Russian with big balloons. She just immigrated to America by marrying some Peace Corps fool. The entire picture of her duping this guy looked familiar; I wondered whether she also used drugs on him. Still, she was a joy to dance with and very inviting. As evil as Russian girls are, they know how to act sexy, but I wasn't entering that abyss again. The classes helped, but with my life running down, I wanted to make quicker progress, so I went to the front desk to sign up for private lessons. The girl told me there were a number of guys who could teach me.

“No, no, no!” I quickly said. “I realize this is New York, but I don’t want to learn how to dance with a guy. I want to learn how to salsa with a girl.”

“The men instructors are very good and can show you what you need to know.”

To myself I thought, what they can show me I don’t want to know. The idea of dancing with a guy, even at a distance like some clowns do in the rock ‘n’ roll discos, wasn’t for me, and this school wanted me to hold one in my arms in order to learn the salsa—no way! What the hell had happened to this country? I didn’t care how trendy it was for guys to hug guys or dance with guys; I knew what my genes told me, the only life form I wanted in my arms were young ladies. After six-million years of evolution, the Feminazis and girlie-men may succeed in mutating Americans into neuter, but that’s one glass of Kool-Aid I’m not drinking. Other folk can do what they want, but they’re not foisting their beliefs on me so that they can feel better about themselves.

“Give me a girl.” I demanded. “I don’t care when it is, I’ll make the time.” Money still talked, and I got a female instructor.

For my first private lesson, I arrived early and my teacher arrived late, as she usually did for most of the lessons. Isabella had her high beams on when she made her entrance, and I jumped, emotionally, with my autopilot charting a course into this hot babe. After class, she pumped me for all the necessary information to decide whether my pockets carried gold or copper and where I stood on the sucker spectrum of occupation, age, marriage status and gullibility. That didn’t bother me; all girls do it. But when she took my business card saying, “I always write something on the back of business cards that will help me remember the person,” my sensors flashed “Red Alert, Red Alert!” The Commie Ho always did the same thing in order

to keep her suckers straight. And since Isabella had bigger breasts, that made her even more dangerous than my ex-wife, so I decided not to follow the lust pumping in my veins.

My intuition or experience proved right. A month later, after one of our classes, Isabella suggested we have lunch. Okay, as my shields went up, let's see what happens. All girls have metamorphs in them, but some girls, like Isabella, are purebreds. They look and move as though struggling to burst the seams of their clothes just for you. But more dangerous are the varying tones of their voices that intentional play on one emotion after the other.

At lunch, Isabella said she came from Spain, so I asked with suspicion how she got into America. She dodged that at first to tell me about her family in Spain, which had money, and about her work there as a professional dancer and owner of a fitness center that made her enough money to buy a "mountain." Translation: "I don't want your money. I'm already rich." My translation: "Oh yes you do, but I don't care because I don't have any thanks to the Commie Ho and my fat sow stockbroker."

"So why come to New York? Why not live on your mountain top?" I asked, referring to Thomas Mann.

"I always wanted to come. It's the center of dance, and I'm trying to put together a Broadway play that I wrote about dance." Translation: "New York is where the money is. Can you get me some for my play?"

Letting that ride, I said, "I know people from Spain can visit here without a visa for short periods, but how are you able to stay here and work?"

"It's hard working here for me." Ducking the question again, and about to try to soften me up. "When I go for jobs, men paw me and want something from me before they will help me. They grab my ass." My thoughts: "And what a nice voluptuous ass you have. Your future

is clearly behind you.” Translation of her complaint: “You’re not like them, right. You’ll help me out of the goodness of your heart, right.” My thoughts: “The gold digger blues again. Trying for sympathy in order to make it easier to play me for a sucker.” The eternal metamorph ploy as described by Bogart in *Casablanca*, “I heard a story; it usually goes with the sound of a tinny piano in the parlor downstairs. ‘Mister, I met a man once when I was a kid; it always began.’” Translation: “The man did bad things to me, so feel sorry for me.” My thoughts: “Oh please tell me the details, but it’s not going to work here anymore. I don’t believe you dames anymore, no matter what you tell me.”

Trying to sound sincere, I replied, “Gee, that’s a shame. So how did you end up here?”

“I was dancing in Cuba where I met an American violinist from the philharmonic. We fell in love, and I came back to New York City with him when he left Cuba.” My thoughts: “She found her ticket to legal residency in gold diggers’ heaven.” Isabella continued, “Things were great for a while, but then he started being aggressive to me.” Translation: “He became suspicious that I was playing around.” My thoughts: “Wrong word sweetheart. That’s the same word the Commie Ho used to describe me after I discovered her adultery.”

Isabella went on, “Then I got pregnant.” The unspoken part: “So I could stay in America.” My thoughts: “The violinist became suspicious she was just using him for a green card and threatened to send her back to Cuba or Spain or wherever. She then tricks him into making her pregnant or believing he did when actually it was one of her other beaus. Once pregnant, Isabella knew that the INS wouldn’t deport her, although the law allows it, and after giving birth, she was home free in the U.S.A. because the Feminazis would never allow the separation of a mother, regardless of her duplicity quotient, and child.”

She continued, “After I gave birth, he tried to deport me, and I ended up living in a shelter with my daughter for six months.” My thoughts: “The violinist finally wised up that she had scammed him from the beginning in order to work, play and stay in New York City and that the child was probably fathered by one of her other playmates.”

Needless to say, Isabella’s attempt to make me feel sorry for her failed, so she went on without missing a beat to another metamorph tactic.

“I’ve only gone with a couple of men.” Translation: “I’m a good girl.” My thoughts: “Yeah, right, as I sense her oozing sex through every pore.”

Every girl, except the virgins, always say she’s only gone with one or two or at most three guys. It doesn’t matter whether she’s 15 or 45; they all say the same thing. How’s that possible? Most of my buddies and I had gone out with more than three girls, but yet every girl any of us ever dated had only made it with one or two or three guys. The math just didn’t add up, unless there were a small number of overly active girls some place who made up for all the extra girls we guys slept with—or, someone was lying, and I knew whom. That feminine lie, however, turned out bigger than I had imagined.

Conservatively speaking, guys from 15 to 65 pursue girls in their prime or those close to it, say 15 to 35 years old. That’s a requirement of evolution in order to assure the species’ survival: guys hunting young fertile looking girls while the girls seek men with authority and money. So at any given time, the male population from 15 to 65 is pursuing a receptive female population from 15 to 35. The result is that females from 15 to 35 service the males from 15 to 65 of which there are a lot more than the females. The girls 15 to 35, therefore, are more promiscuous than guys 15 to 65; that’s why the girls are called hos. But when girls hit the years beyond 35, few guys other than husbands, and even that’s a stretch, want to touch them, so their

promiscuity falls below that of men 15 to 65. In the end, it probably all balances out with each sex humping the same number as the opposite sex over a life span. While husbands may be more likely to cheat on their over-the-hill slovenly wives, girls 15 to 35 are more likely to cheat on their main boyfriend or husband.

Okay, I didn't buy the good girl routine, but Isabella had one more metamorph card to play, which was a new one to me that derived from Feminazism. "I want to be independent." Translation: "I wouldn't be a bother. I'm a strong independent woman who can take care of herself." My thoughts: "Yeah independent until something bad happens and then you come running to me to solve the idiotic mess that you made. No thanks."

Isabella's emotional snare missed me, but since she was my teacher, and boy could she dance, I respected her for that and we remained cordial acquaintances. She always impressed me with what she could do on the dance floor—well beyond any guys' abilities. After going to the Bolshoi Ballet in Moscow plenty of times, I concluded girls are just better dancers. Probably has something to do with displaying their wares around the primeval campfires or they just have more with which to work.

Generally when girls don't get what they want by emotionally manipulating a man, they resort to other tactics. Thank goodness Isabella didn't, but in modern day Feminarchy America, every girl carries more weapons than Artemis does arrows.

Take what happened to my pal Jeff. He had two kids with his wife and was now divorced. Because of the adversarial nature of their relationship, the wife no longer had a prayer of emotionally manipulating him. But she could use the New York State courts to obtain her unfair ends. The domestic relations courts stood as Bastilles of Feminazism: invincible for a time in their discriminating against men as a new form of institutionalized corruption in the name

of feminist fantasies. Once a husband or wife, usually the wife, invoked the New York judicial system to deal with the failure of a marriage, the courts continue to hover over any disputes the two may have long after the dissolution of a marriage. In effect, the Feminazis in New York City have successfully created a corrupt Big Sister to coerce former husbands into acceding to a former wife's unjust and often illegal demands—usually for more money. Injustice, being rotten at the heart, needs cunning treatment, which the courts provide.

Answering my telephone. “Roy it’s Jeff. You’re divorce judge was Joan Lobis, correct?”

“That’s right; the man-hating lesbian who browbeat my attorney into tricking me out of a trial. Being the wimp he was, the Christ killer went along with her demands.”

“Well, let’s not get into religion. Lobis is now handling the child support issues from my divorce.”

“Good luck!”

“I’m beginning to agree with you. I just came back from a hearing before her, and as you know, my ex-wife keeps asking for more and more.”

“But she saved up lots of money as an investment banker and is now married to that financial executive who makes \$10 million a year. What’s with her? Is she trying to increase the child support so that she can skim some more for another piece of jewelry or another fur coat?”

“I don’t know,” Jeff answered. “But something is not right. Lobis kept acting very differential to my wife’s attorney who is a woman.”

“Well Lobis hates men, and you are a man.”

“Right, but I feel there is more going on here than that. Lobis favored my wife’s attorney to such an extent, and so quickly dismissed my arguments that I suspect she may have received campaign contributions from the attorney.”

“Maybe, what’s the attorney’s name?” I asked. “I’ll check Lobis’ financial filings. And ask around about her.”

“Thanks, I appreciate it.”

The financial records showed nothing, but a buddy knew about both Lobis and this female attorney. Back in the 1970s, before Lobis went to law school, she and the girl lawyer were living in a lesbian relationship that included a third female—a ménage a trios with a dildo. Bingo! Jeff’s intuition was right. Lobis obviously favored her former lesbian lover’s clients not because of the attorney’s legal expertise but past sexual trysts with the judge. Judges aren’t supposed to do that, and at the very least, Lobis should have disclosed the affair, but she didn’t. Jeff filed a complaint with the New York State Commission on Judicial Conduct, but given my dealings with that Feminazi institution, I doubted anything would happen because Lobis was at least half a female.

Imagine the tempest, if a male judge failed to disclose that a female lawyer who appeared regularly before him was a former concubine. The Feminazi storm troopers would scream for his impeachment, and, most likely, even accuse him of sexually harassing the lawyer in some twisted way or another. But when females violate the rules: none call for justice, nor plead for the truth. The Feminazis trust in secrecy and speak lies; they conceive mischief and bring forth inequity wherever they go. A couple of months later, the Commission dismissed Jeff’s complaint. The lawyer for Jeff’s wife, however, handed the case over to her daughter to avoid the appearance of conflict, which to Jeff and I was still present. Lobis obviously was biased

whether her former lover or her lover's daughter handled the case. After all, it wasn't as if Lobis' former lover left her for a man and turned her back on lesbianism, since the lawyer's daughter was artificially inseminated.

How did America reach such a state of affairs? Some, mostly leftover lefties from the 1960s, believe with misplaced self-importance that they brought about the "equality of women." Not likely. Nothing of importance happens in America unless the rich favor it. By the end of the 1990s, the rich or top 1% of wealth holders owned nearly 40% of this country. That was more than what the bottom 95% of the population owned, which probably meant you. Bill Gates alone had more than the bottom 45% of Americans combined. From 1970 to 2000, the rich steadily increased their ownership at the expense of the rest of us with the net worth of the top one percent in 1999, 2.4 times the combined wealth of the bottom 80%. The top 5% owned over 60% of everything you saw in the U.S., and 99% of all the politicians. Such a concentration of wealth in so few hands gives one class of people not only enormous power but common interests for which they exercise their influence. What are the odds that the 99% who own the remaining 60%, or the 95% hanging onto 40%, could ever agree on anything, not to mention coordinate their efforts through associations like the Business Roundtable, American Chamber of Commerce, National Association of Manufactures and other groups where the movers and shakers meet to plot the future? The rich, unlike average Americans, not only have access to, but often are the decision makers in government. As for the public officials who aren't rich, they curry the favor of the wealthy in return for money, jobs, status and ego. So it is no accident that federal and state governments generally act only for the wealthy and in their favor. Government officials are not about to invest time, energy and effort in assisting the average citizen when they

can help the wealthy unless doing their duty to the average taxpayer serves the policies of the rich.

If the interests of the rich are served by going to war, such as in Vietnam or Iraq, then pick up your guns boys, you're on your way. If their interests require changing the social fabric of the society they control, then change will occur. The interests of the rich are two fold: protecting what they already have and becoming richer. Sometimes the interests of the rich and the rest of Americans actually coincide, such as in World War II or the cold war. If the Nazis or Commies had won, the rich, except for the sellouts, would have ended up like the rest of us have always been: relatively poor and powerless, which the rich deserved, but then all of us would have lost our constitutional rights—for whatever those are worth. Other times, the interests of the rich conflict with the majority of us as with the Feminazi movement.

Feminazism's roots reach back to the 1960s but became a force for the rich in the early 1970s. Whether the rich sponsored or exploited the bra-burners doesn't really matter. Since the early 1970s, real wages for American workers have steadily declined. Workers today in nearly every job, except CEOs or Wall Street Bankers, make more than 12% less than in 1973 when inflation is taken into account. When workers make less, corporations make more, and who owns over 50% of the financial wealth in America (stocks, bonds, mutual funds): the same 1% that now owns more than 40% of everything you see in America. A reduction in corporate expenses, such as salaries, usually increases gross profit, which ups the value of a company's stock and allows for more dividends—all of which benefits the owners. Real wages for Americans fell for the simple reason of supply and demand. Feminazism dramatically increased the labor pool for jobs evolutionarily suited for men by adding females to that pool. The increase in the supply of labor out stripped demand, so real wages dropped and the rich got richer. No

longer could a man work a middle class job and make enough to support a family and send his kids to college. Now both the husband and wife have to work because of lower real wages with the children paying the price. Anyone who thinks day care, assuming the kids aren't molested, is as good as a stay-at-home mother is nuts. From the 1940s to 1960s, the average workweek was 40 hours, but today no one, other than government employees, puts in 40 hours. The increased competition in the labor market from the influx of females has led to employees working longer hours, an additional month since 1970, and harder, a 33% increase in productivity, for less pay. So thanks to the Feminazi special interest group, the rich pay lower wages for more work and more production—not bad.

Another benefit to the rich of Feminazism comes from the large influx of girls into positions in the government formerly held by men. The rich aren't dumb; they know girls can't handle executive and managerial responsibilities or long periods of stressful, hard work because Mother Nature didn't breed them for it. That's why the rich generally keep females out of many important positions in their corporations because they don't want to end up bankrupt. So the girls, tricked into believing they have to pursue the same careers as men, gravitate to government positions that require less work and are easier to obtain because the government is more susceptible to intimidation by the Feminazi lobby. After all, girls, unfortunately, have the vote—about seven million more than guys. The government, therefore, ends up with lots of crucial positions filled by females who, because of their genetic insufficiency in certain abilities, can't handle the duties of their jobs. As a result, the government becomes more incompetent, leaving corporations to get away with more fraudulent activities in order to increase profits. The rich win again, and the rest, both men and women, lose. Since the rich effectively control America

and benefit from Feminazism, it makes sense that the rich must have either been behind the social trend or exploited it to their own advantage when it emerged in the 1960s.

A more subtle aim of Feminazism, which also benefits the rich, employs a strategy of the former Soviets. Every dictator, oligopoly or class that gains control of a nation knows that the only meaningful opposition to its rule will come from men. Only men have the courage to put their lives, liberty and fortunes on the line for a principal, and to do it in enough numbers so as to overthrow the entrenched bosses of a society. The odd girl here and there may have such guts, but generally there's too few of them to make a difference. Furthermore, evolution programmed men with the abilities to mobilize, battle and prevail in physical confrontations, not girls. History has shown that only groups of men can marshal the force necessary to depose of tyrants. Joan of Arc, the odd girl out, didn't lead debutantes or lingerie burners. The Soviets' strategy sapped their male population's courage and determination for freedom by killing, gulaging, committing to insane asylums, slandering or firing from jobs men demonstrating "anti-social behavior"; that is, standing up for their rights. It was a systematic culling of alpha males. Over time, the psychological climate of these ever-present threats made Soviet men almost as docile as the females.

The American rich adopted the same Soviet objective but used somewhat different tactics. In the 1970s, after the domestic upheavals over the Vietnam War, primarily led by men, the rich, with their knowing or unknowing Feminazi allies, set out to enervate the U.S. male population in order to lessen the chance of any more challenges to the top one or five percent's control over America. Not that the Students for a Democratic Society, Weathermen or Black Panthers ever really threatened the American rich's control, but these men protesting in the streets of the U.S. might have at some point actually picked up the gun and used it in an

insurrection instead of just talking about it. So the rich, using the media corporations they run, started demonizing men as evil, coarse, brutish and in need of sensitivity training. The campaign, which continues, was to marshal social and psychological pressure from different parts of society to push men into behaving like frightened little girls so that the rulers, with Feminazi collaboration, fleeced men of the evolutionarily correct benefits they earned by creating, protecting and building America.

Sexual harassment suits stalk the land extorting from men fortunes and ruining their careers for doing what Mother Nature expected and girls always wanted whenever they intentionally enticed a man. Courts infringe on a man's right to travel freely by violating his due process rights in granting, without him present, orders to a lying ho that prevents the man from going anywhere that the girl might conceivably be. If he steps on a subway train and the ho is there, the police have to arrest him in most states, which means at least a night in jail. Men end up incarcerated based solely on allegations from females, usually lies, which the men never have a chance to refute before going to jail—sounds like feudal Europe. The hapless man then ends up with his name on a domestic violence inquisition list and in the F.B.I. databases, a permanent criminal record, when no violence occurred other than the man being locked up because his wife perjured herself to a court that didn't want to bother hearing the man's side before granting her the power to imprison.

Legislators, lobbied by the Feminazis, passed rape shield laws in violation of the equal protection clause of the constitution and the rules of evidence. These laws for camouflaging overly used vaginas provide broads with swords to extort, intimidate and vent their vindictiveness over imagined slights. The laws prevent defendants in rape cases from presenting evidence that the alleged victim is really a prostitute or overly promiscuous, which infers, but

may not be enough to prove, that she consensually engaged in sex with the defendant. Under the shield laws, a ho need only get a man in a compromising position with no else around and threaten to scream rape then or later unless he does what she wants. An accused murderer has more rights. A murderer can present evidence that the victim threatened him to show that he acted in self-defense by killing the ho. For example, an accused murderer could provide evidence that the victim threatened other men on days prior to her death. The jury could infer from such evidence that the ho also threatened the defendant, and, in self-defense, he killed her. Evidence of the alleged victim's prior relevant conduct is permitted for any criminal proceeding except rape. If the alleged rape victim volitionally engaged in sex with different men on the days before the alleged rape that evidence is not admissible even though it infers the ho volitionally engaged in sex on the day she now claims rape. So a man actually has a better chance of keeping his freedom by killing a ho rather than letting her accuse him of rape.

After tearing down men for the attributes Mother Nature endowed them with and stereotyping guys as guilty until proven innocent, the rich and Feminazis, again through the media, created the illusion of the "New Woman" as a substitute for all the male heroes of history who fought injustice. The "New Woman" public relations con, probably inspired by the 1968 "New Nixon" campaign, depicted girls as having courage, strength and a willingness to fight for what's right that when coupled with their innate compassion, something they never possessed, would end the nation's ills. The society, or at least the influential members of it, has been brainwashed into believing the genetic qualities of men really reside in bodies engineered for non-manly tasks. Very ingenious because neither America nor any societies' new heroines will take up the gun to fight and die for freedom in sufficient numbers to defeat a ruling clique because Mother Nature never gave them the abilities to do what the illusions purport. The rich

and Feminazis created the myth that women will lead the way to a better land, but since they can't, they won't and haven't. Mind over nature is a losing proposition for those buying the lie, but a winning one for the rich in creating psychological barriers that convince men they shouldn't do what they can and that girls can do what they can't. Given the frustrations that result from such delusions, no wonder psychotropic drugs, Brave New World's soma, are so popular.

Higher education also played a key role in mentally de-sexing the sexes into male wimps and Feminazi shrews. Always dependent on the rich for endowments and controlled more and more by Feminazism, academia provides the rational through so-called scholarly research and discourse for re-engineering human behavior to benefit a few and their minions. Grade schools also do their part by indoctrinating boys to act more feminine and girls more masculine to create a conformity of powerlessness—a neutered species.

The rich and their knowing or ignorant allies the Feminazis have in large part succeeded, but only in America. Men, who once got together to play poker, drink and smoke cigars or compete in tackle football, bruising basketball or baseball, now integrate broads into their past-times. The competitive edge of competence, courage, fortitude and, yes, violence fades from non-use when girls are involved. American men's sense of self has become so warped that they will actually praise a girl for her acts during coed competition when only derision would reflect the truth. I'd like to see some Feminazis step on the playing field with my old rugby team. Today, guys even talk about how they feel rather than asking for advice on how to solve a problem. They waste time and money on a shrink's couch, self-indulging their feelings like some high school girl with too much estrogen. American males even look to girls as solvers of

problems and omnipotent goddesses in control of reality—what lunacy, but very successful for the American rich because emasculated men don't rebel.

Propaganda, intimidation, demonization and efforts at making guys feel ashamed have transmuted evolutions' roles for the sexes to where men forsake their abilities to be more like girls and girls pretend to be what they aren't in order to acquire societal power over men. As a result, America's rich have increased the chance of continuing their rule, boosted their profits and debilitated federal and state governments.

Even the government's failure to do a minor act, such as deport the Commie Ho, serves the interests of the rich. The Commie Ho entered the U.S. by defrauding the federal government, so she is here illegally. But deporting her and others like her would reduce the providers of sexual services thereby driving up the cost of blowjobs, intercourse, lap dances and pornography. Some of the money these alien hos earn goes for buying goods and other services in this economy, which benefits the wealthy more than the rest of us because the rich, on a per capita basis, own a much larger stake in the economy. The Commie Ho and others import drugs to secretly feed their customers, but that also benefits the wealthy since it assures alien hos stable clienteles and cash flows with which to purchase goods and services in this economy. Although much of the money amassed by these alien whores is smuggled out of the country into overseas financial institutions, those institutions purchase U.S. financial instruments, so the money comes back as foreign investments into companies owned by the rich or to pay government contractors, also owned by the rich. Alien hos and their support staffs, however, evade taxes, but then so do the wealthy. The rich, therefore, don't pick up the tab for the public infrastructure that the hos and pimps use, the middle and working classes pay that bill. In the end, it makes no sense for the government to enforce the laws against the Commie Ho because she provides the wealthy an

economic benefit, small though it maybe, but when multiplied over tens of thousands of similar illegals, it adds up.

### What Does It Take

The reopened criminal defamation case against The Commie Ho's mother was shut down once again. My G.R.U. agents reported that the Ho and her attorneys, Mundy and Petrovich, used Chechen mobsters this time to intimidate the witnesses into silence. That made sense. The Commie Ho and her parents lived in Grozny, Chechnya until the early 1990s when, according to the Ho, the parents divorced and she moved to Krasnodar with her mother. Krasnodar was only a few hundred miles from Chechnya, and despite the war between the Russian government and Chechen rebels, Russian organized crime and Chechen hoods worked together in many criminal operations. Money knows no political side.

An additional set back came in my efforts to keep tabs on the Commie Ho's travels between Russia and New York City so that I could alert D.E.A and Customs, for whatever good it might do, of the flights on which she smuggled money out of and drugs into America. She started taking advantage of an Aeroflot service in which the holder of a return ticket to Russia could book a flight three days before departure, and she also began varying the months when she traveled. The short lead time for her flights and not knowing the month of her travel made pinpointing her flights financially prohibitive, since each check by the former M.V.D. Lt. Colonel cost a lot. Once, I tried calling her home number in Queens to confirm whether she was still in the country, figuring that by doing this periodically, I could narrow down when she traveled, but she had changed her number to unlisted. These hos learn quickly.

In March 2003, I finished the second draft of the RICO Complaint and gave it to Jeff for his final comments. In order to serve the Complaint, I needed the addresses, many of which I

already knew, for all the defendants identified by their real names. As for the others still lurking in the shadows, such as the hood who made the threatening telephone calls, I didn't have a chance of identifying him until the case reached the stage where I could subpoena documents from the defendants and the F.B.I. As a double check that Petrovich still worked for Mundy, I called that law firm. The secretary said Petrovich was out and put me through to his voicemail. Since he still worked there, I could serve him at that address.

To obtain the addresses of a few defendants in Krasnodar, I asked the military intelligence guys for help. The only other person's address in Krasnodar that I needed was Alexey Smolin, the guy who ran prostitutes overseas under the disguise of dance troops putting on legitimate shows in discos and laundered money for the political elite and crooks of the city through restaurants that never had any customers. Smolin no longer washed money at the Troika Restaurant, so Nadya contacted the Commie Ho's old boyfriend Alexei who had helped me before with information. He knew Smolin and gave Nadya Smolin's current work address, The Lucky Grand. The Ho's old boyfriend added that he had recently run into the mother Inessa who said the Commie Ho was among the top ten in a beauty contest in New York City and dated a good boy. As always, I just filed the information, knowing it would reveal itself later as to who was the new sucker and which contest.

Besides the addresses for some of the defendants in Krasnodar, I also needed locations in Mexico City for the Julia Heart Agency and one of its employees named Maria in order to serve both with the RICO Complaint. Maria and the agency made the arrangements for the Commie Ho and another Russian mafia prostitute to sell their wares at The Men's Club. The agency, the two prostitutes and the Commie Ho's Moscow pimp Leo had established an underground air route in 1999 for funneling Russian mafia prostitutes to high-end clients at The Men's Club.

Some of the whores were also smuggled across the Mexican border into the U.S., according to a Mexican source.

The telephone number for the Julia Heart Agency came from my private eye in Mexico City, and a Latin girl helping me with Spanish translations called the agency pretending to be a friend of the Commie Ho and looking for work. The madam knew my ex-wife, how could she not, since they were partners in crime, and told my assistant that the agency now used the name Malbros Recruiting Agency and provided the address. It even had a website, [www.malbros.com](http://www.malbros.com), with pictures of the apartments where the prostitutes lived and entertained customers. Those photos looked familiar. On a closer look, I remembered. That's the same apartment as in the photographs that Leo had passed around when the Commie Ho and I visited his studio in April 2000. Leo's photos had not only shown one of her customers, Salvador, but where she "entertained" many other customers—how sweet. My Latina assistant also got the last name for Maria: "Serrato" from the agency, but she no longer worked there, so I still didn't have her address.

As for Azul, I tried to find a recent address, but no go. The Latvian prostitute who, along with the Commie Ho, ran weekend prostitution trips for wealthy businessmen in Mexico in 1999 was off the grid. At one time, I knew Azul's email and her Dutch boyfriend's telephone number but both had since changed.

The New York City Board of Elections had completed its investigation that confirmed the Commie Ho had illegally sworn to be a U.S. citizen when she registered to vote. The Board promptly threw her off the voter registration roles. The Commie Ho could care less, since she had already received the registration card she could use to help show citizenship. What about the federal and state felonies the Commie Ho committed? Was she going to walk on those like all

the other crimes she's perpetrated? When I had talked to the Boards' Chief Clerk in Queens, she didn't even know that falsely claiming citizenship when registering violated the law. The Board of Elections began to look distressingly similar to other government agencies—do nothing to bring female alien felons to justice, except, as in this case, remove their names from the voting roles, big deal.

Time to kick the matter upstairs, so I contacted my friend Alan. He knew the Election Commissioners and counsel for the Board, and they were all scared of him. Alan didn't hold any official position of power, but he could make their lives miserable and his extensive contacts enabled him to dig up any dirt from their pasts. Alan approached the Board's counsel who said I should send him a letter requesting that the Commissioners refer the Ho's illegal activity to the Queen's District Attorney. In the letter, I tried to prod them into doing their duty by playing off the post 9/11 climate, "In this time of uncertainty and danger, I believe our laws should be enforced rather than ignored." It was a bit of a stretch, since the Ho's associates were mobsters not terrorists.

After a month and a half wait without any response, I told Alan and he mounted his charger. No bureaucrat or government dared withstand Alan's onslaught when he believed his cause just. A couple of days later, I received an email from the Board of Elections' counsel inviting me to their next meeting to argue in favor of the Commissioners referring the Commie Ho's felony to the Queens' District Attorney. When the Commissioners investigation began the previous year, I had provided them with an affidavit that the Commie Ho was not a citizen, a copy of her INS card, a certified record of her falsified voter registration and copies of the New York State and federal laws she had violated by falsely swearing to being a U.S. citizen. The Commissioners, apparently, also received information from her, but I never saw that. Based on

the documents submitted and the Queens Board's investigation, the Board's counsel concluded, "It appears clear that Ms. Shipilina executed the affidavit on the voter registration form knowing that she did not meet the statement 'I am a citizen of the United States.'" This sounded good enough to me for notifying the D.A., but the Commissioners had to make that decision, which would come at their next meeting. Needless to say, I wasn't optimistic.

At the Commissioners' meeting, I gave a short prepared speech. When I started, most of the Commissioners were looking down at the meeting's agenda, which contained the documents I had submitted. "In addition to the documents before you, I would like to add that although Ms. Shipilina is a Russian alien who grew up in Chechnya..." At the word Chechnya, the Commissioners stopped perusing the agenda and looked up. That grabbed their attention, as I knew it would. "Ms. Shipilina speaks, writes and reads English sufficiently to understand the voter registration document she signed in which she claimed U.S. citizenship. I believe she went to the motor vehicle department to obtain a non-driver id and voter registration card in order to use them as additional documentation to show she is an American citizen when she tries to obtain more U.S. identification, such as a passport. I believe she is taking this route of acquiring U.S. id as a contingency against the possibility of Immigration deciding to deport her for material misrepresentations on her immigrant visa application. With U.S. identification, it will be easier for her to go underground and continue living and working in America."

The Commissioners briefly discussed the issue and surprised me with statements such as "we have a violation of law here and should refer it on to the proper authorities." One commissioner, however, said he was troubled because the case appeared to be motivated by the sour grapes of a divorce. What's wrong with sour grapes—it's an excellent motive for pursuing justice? The absence of sour grapes on the part of victims or whistle blowers is not a

requirement of the New York and federal felonies the Commie Ho committed. Assume sour grapes destroy my credibility as a witness, what about the documentary evidence? If the tide turned against me, I was ready to pounce with my counter argument. But that commissioner went on to suggest the matter not only be referred to the Queens District Attorney but also the U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District. The Commissioners adopted his suggestion and referred the Ho's criminal acts to both state and federal prosecutors. Amazing, a government body that actually did its duty without bias to either males or females. Then again, maybe it was Alan's presence at the meeting that swayed the Commissioners to follow the law in order to avoid his unrelenting criticism for not doing the right thing. Anyway, it didn't matter because neither the Queens District Attorney nor the U.S. Attorney did a thing. Both agencies adhere to Feminazi ideology in which girls can do no wrong and men are always the culprits. My never-ending battle for truth, justice and what was once the American dream continued. I even wasted the postage to send copies of the Board's referral letters to Scott Marvin at INS in the Embassy in Moscow and to the newly named Department of Homeland Security's Bureau of Immigration and Customs Enforcement.

One of my Moscow attorneys, Dennis, congratulated me on this minor victory and added, "For the life of me, I can't understand the difficulty in deporting this little tart. Ashcroft seems to have no trouble with everyone else under the sun. Maybe he should send her to Guantanamo?" America's war on terrorism had just opened a second front in Iraq, following its initial success in Afghanistan from which prisoners were sent to the U.S. military base Guantanamo on the island of Cuba. Until the U.S. Supreme Court intervened, the prisoners were held indefinitely in a legal limbo somewhere between combatants of war and criminals. Saddam was evil, and the world better off without him, but I didn't really care about foreign tyrannies, I

had my own to fight for justice here at home with the RICO suit and complaints to various inspector generals as my last weapons within the system.

### Walk On The Wild Side

At the end of March, not the Ides, but it might as well have been, my military intelligence agents' man in Krasnodar reported that the Commie Ho "has all criminal contacts through her mother Inessa who is affiliated with the famous Chechen terrorist Arbi Baraev. We will conduct a detailed investigation and collect all information including addresses about all criminals affiliated with Inessa and your ex-wife Alina." Arbi Baraev, who's he? The name was vaguely familiar but I couldn't place it. And what's this "terrorist" stuff? The Ho worked with mobsters, not terrorists. Okay, maybe the G.R.U. considered organized criminals terrorists, and in a sense they were. I went on the Internet to find some information on this guy Baraev and ended up immersed in Byzantine insanity.

General Arbi Baraev, boss of Chechnya's Special Islamic Regiment, specialized in kidnapping, extortion, narcotics, illegal oil production and slavery. In 1998, in return for \$20 million from Osama Bin Laden, Arbi Baraev beheaded four Western telecommunication workers. That's why the name sounded familiar. The investigators at Kroll had told me this story when I began work for the firm in July 1999. According to various media reports on the Internet, Arbi started out as a traffic cop for the Ministry of Internal Affairs in the late 1980s when the Soviet Union still controlled the Chechen Republic. The Soviet Union's national police, the M.V.D., operated throughout the Union with branches in all the regions. As an M.V.D. cop, Arbi worked for the same organization as did the Commie Ho's alleged father and during the same time period: late 1980s and early 1990s. Inessa and my ex-wife may have met Arbi and the members of his clan through the man whose name was on the Ho's birth certificate,

or perhaps the two serviced Arbi and the others sexually. The Commie Ho was 15 in 1990, very tall and in her prime for a Russian prostitute, while Inessa, at 40, over-the-hill but with her athletic build, still sellable.

Chechnya is a clan-based society with ancient traditions. A Chechen's primary allegiance and loyalty is to his clan and its associates. Many clans engage in organized crime activities that reach throughout Russia and even into the U.S., for example, Chechens run drugs into Miami. Although Inessa and the Commie Ho are apparently of Russian and not Chechen birth, they could still be members or associates of Arbi Baraev's clan. Chechen organized crime clans have many Russians and foreigners involved in their operations. Whether Inessa or the Commie Ho are members or just affiliated, the clan would still protect them.

In 1991, Arbi moved up from traffic cop to bodyguard for important Chechen officials. As the Soviet Union began to unravel, Jokhar Dudayev seized control of Chechnya from Russian forces, declared independence and was elected Chechnya's president. The Chechens never liked Moscow's rule over their country. Chechnya sits on the northern range of the Caucasus Mountains, the geographical divide between Europe and Asia, about mid-way between the Black Sea to the west and the Caspian Sea to the east. More importantly, it has a predominantly Sunni Muslim population sitting on oil.

Long before communism in Russia, the Tsars periodically campaigned to expand their empire south in order to acquire a warm water port for commerce and their navy. From 1732 to 1783 armed conflicts between the Russians and the Chechens occurred off and on. In 1783, Chechnya's leader declared a jihad against the Russians that lasted until the Chechens' defeat in 1791. After a period of relative peace, the 1817 Caucasian War initiated another jihad until 1858 when the Chechens were once again defeated. Over the following decade, many Chechens were

deported or fled to the Ottoman Empire while Russians began to settle in Chechnya's northern lowlands—a process that accelerated with the discovery of oil near Grozny in 1893.

Sporadic resistance to Russian rule continued, and after the Communist Revolution, Chechnya became a Soviet Republic. Stalin's purges of the late 1930s cost the lives and liberty of thousands of Chechens, but they continued to defy Russian Communist rule. In 1944, Stalin charged the Chechens with collaborating with the German invaders and rounded up almost the entire population, 400,000, and deported them to Kazakhstan. Nearly 50% of them died as a result. In 1957, Moscow lifted the ban on Chechens returning to their homeland and restored Chechnya as a Soviet Republic.

With the fall of the Soviet Union, Chechens declared independence. In 1994, Russia tried to oust the rebel Chechen President Dudayev in a coup but failed, so Boris Yeltsin sent in the military and M.V.D. troops to begin the First Chechen war of the 1990s. The Russians subsequently assassinated Dudayev but lost the war even after killing one in every seven Chechens. Arbi Baraev blossomed during the 1994-96 war by commanding a detachment of men that kidnapped tourists, journalists, foreign workers, villagers from other republics and Russian government officials. Some were ransomed, some kept as slaves and some, 170, personally executed by Arbi. The war also enabled Arbi's armed band to seize control of the oil production in one of the regions of Chechnya. In order to protect the shipment of the oil through Russian lines to hard currency markets, Arbi bribed Russian military and M.V.D. officers, the very people who were supposed to be fighting Chechen rebels such as Arbi. Oil revenues enabled Arbi to buy weapons from, once again, the Russian military and the M.V.D.

After the end of the First Chechen war, Arbi continued his oil and kidnapping business and moved into narcotics. He covered his criminal activities with the rhetoric of Islamic

Wahhabism, but despite the verbiage, was nothing more than a fundamentalist mafia don. During the Second Chechen War that started in the fall of 1999 after the bombings of apartment buildings in Moscow and other cities, Russian military officers and M.V.D. bosses began making lots of money again by way of bribe taking from Arbi's oil, drug trafficking and other businesses. Beginning in 2001, on orders from Russian President Vladimir Putin, the F.S.B., previously the K.G.B. for whom Putin worked, officially took control of the show in Chechnya, even overseeing military operations. The F.S.B. not only knew of Arbi's dealings with the Russian military and the M.V.D. but also approved, probably because the F.S.B. bosses received a cut of Arbi's bribes. Arbi moved freely through Russian lines conducting his various criminal businesses. He traveled with Russian M.V.D. and F.S.B. identification and under the protection of those agencies.

With friends like that, Arbi didn't have a care in the world until the summer of 2001. A few months earlier, I had made my first trip to Krasnodar to find witnesses for the annulment/divorce case and almost immediately those witnesses began receiving threats to shut up. According to the new information from my G.R.U. sources, those threats actually came from Arbi's clan members—not the Russian mafia. Around the same time, Russia's military intelligence, the G.R.U., always in competition with the F.S.B. for political influence and funds, decided the corruption in Chechnya and the war were destroying the armed forces both physically and morally. The G.R.U. decided that to end the war required strengthening the hand of the Chechen rebel President Maskhadov. President Maskhadov wanted peace, but the more radical rebels, like Arbi, were making so much money out of the turmoil of war, they opposed any peace efforts. Peace might bring a stable Chechen government, and with that Arbi and the other warlords would lose power and money.

On June 23, 2001, the G.R.U. financed a group of ethnic Chechens who stormed Arbi's stronghold and captured the Islamic mafia don. G.R.U. officers questioned Arbi for 11 hours on videotape then shot him. The Chechens that captured Arbi were also paid off with death under mysterious circumstances. The G.R.U.'s actions eliminated one of the F.S.B.'s cash flows and put Chechen President Maskhadov in a somewhat better position to talk peace with the Russian government. It wouldn't last for long.

In accordance with Chechen tradition, a blood relative of Arbi's took over the mafia don's position as head of the Baraev clan. Arbi's nephew continued to run the clan's criminal operations under the protection of the F.S.B. and M.V.D. and assassinated business opponents from other Chechen clans along with members of President Maskhadov's government. The Baraev clan included criminal and political members and associates all the way from Chechnya through Krasnodar to Moscow. Some of them threatened the witnesses in the criminal defamation case against the Commie Ho's mother Inessa—no wonder they recanted their original testimonies. Those threats and a bribe first closed the case in March 2002. But threatening witnesses must have seemed a trifling matter to the Baraev clan at that time, and I doubt its new leader even knew about it. He had more important matters with which to deal. Movsar Baraev was planning the take over of the Moscow Dubrovka Theater in October of that year. During the take over, Movsar announced, "We are from the military observation and destruction unit that belongs to the Martyrs of the Gardens of the Righteous. I swear by Allah that we strive for martyrdom more than you strive for life."

Where did these nuts come from and what was I doing involved with a slut and her mother who are connected with these psychopaths? My whole situation was becoming too damn bizarre.

Russia's President Putin blamed the theater tragedy on al-Qaeda, which was involved to some extent in the Chechen fight for independence. But many think Arbi's old F.S.B. protectors provided the nephew Movsar with the assistance needed to get 50 militants to Moscow and arm them. If the F.S.B. helped, then that explains executing all the terrorists while knocked out from the gas pumped into the theater. The F.S.B.'s Alpha unit didn't want anyone talking afterward. Movsar's deadly take over of the theater turned into a defeat for the G.R.U. because the F.S.B. planted reports that Chechen President Maskhadov approved the operation. That ended any chance of the Russian government negotiating peace with Maskhadov, who the F.S.B. assassinated in March 2005. So the war continued with Islamic warlords, the F.S.B., M.V.D. and military generals making lots of money off of the suffering of others—400,000 refugees alone, out of a population of one million. Men can fight for what's right or capitulate to what's wrong; girls can't even distinguish between the two.

The Baraev Islamic Terror and Crime Clan was added as a defendant in the RICO case, but it was unlikely I'd ever be able to even serve the Complaint on those luns.

### Everyday People

Jeff finished his review of the RICO Complaint and made some suggestions, but I rejected them. Armed with 91 pages of factual accusations, I went downtown to lower Manhattan to file the Complaint in the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York. The federal court, at least outwardly, fits the old Hollywood images of the judiciary: spacious, well-kept and with courteous employees; not like the slum of the New York State court next door where incivility trickles down from the Feminazi judges to the drones in the basement.

The Southern District's clerk took my Complaint, turned to a wooden lottery bin containing the names of the District's judges, and gave it a spin to pick a judge for my case—a

literal wheel of fortune. Please not a broad, please not a broad, I wished; annnnnnd the judge's name is ... a man's, yes! I had a chance. Not only was it a male judge but the Chief Judge of the Southern District himself, Michael B. Mukasey. Okay, this could be interesting. The Chief Judge was in his late 50s or early 60s, which meant he had escaped the anti-male programming that Feminazi mothers brainwashed their children with beginning in the early 1970s: "No Dick you can't have a gun toy, we don't believe in violence, especially against girls." "So Mom, who is going to protect you against the Indians, Huns, Nazis, Japs and Commies?" "Well, Jane will. She's a strong, independent and smart girl who will reason with these other people who are just like us." Anyone raised before the 1970s knows what would really happen to Jane and Mom if any of those folk, or ones like them, showed up looking for land and loot to placate their babes at home.

The clerk date-stamped my copy of the Complaint and issued the summons to legally drag the over sixty miscreant defendants into the District Court. On my way out, I realized it was Good Friday, didn't see any symbolism in that, but I knew the Commie Ho would with her mixture of black magic and anti-Christ Christianity, which she billed as "belief in the God." My friends had always marveled at her apparent hypocrisy until learning that she didn't believe in God but the Revelations' anti-God. What did I care; it was all useless mumbo jumbo anyway.

Two days later on April 20, 2003, Alan and I went to the Manhattan General Post Office, which to my surprise was open on Easter Sunday. Still didn't see any symbolism, and felt nothing but my usual waking hatred for Feminarchy America. Alan was the necessary nonparty to the lawsuit for signing an affidavit stating the papers were actually mailed to the defendants in the U.S. for whom I had a name and address. If the defendants didn't respond to the mailing, I'd have to hire a process server to personally hand them the Complaint, which is what finally

happened. As for the defendants outside the U.S., that required using procedures under an international treaty called the Hague Convention on the Service Abroad of Judicial Documents. That took time because it not only involved dealing with foreign bureaucracies but translating the Complaint into the native languages of the foreign defendants in Russia, Cyprus and Mexico. In order to serve the defendants whose names I didn't know but the other defendants did, such as the Chechen jihadists making anonymous threats to my witnesses in Krasnodar or the telephone goon who threatened me, I'd have to wait until the District Court allowed me to subpoena records and take depositions—if it ever did.

My RICO Complaint grouped the defendants into four countries where they either lived or committed crimes: America; Russia, which includes Chechnya although the Chechens don't see it that way; Cyprus, the Greek part; and Mexico. Because all the defendants belonged to or associated with, including the Chechens in their money-making ventures, a segment or segments of the Russian mafia, called the "RICO enterprise" in my legal papers, each and everyone of them is liable for any harm anyone of them caused me in furthering the enterprise's purpose of transferring assets and managers to the American market. The following are among the more interesting criminals and the accusations against them:

Flash Dancers Topless Club is located on Broadway in Manhattan and run by an American organized crime group that also operates the lap-dancing clubs: Private Eyes and New York Dolls (not to be confused with the former punk rock band). The crime group runs a criminal conglomerate in which it uses Flash Dancers to launder money; recruit prostitutes, including illegal aliens from the former Soviet Union; promote prostitution; recruit pornography starlets; surreptitiously dispense narcotics to some wealthy, regular customers; and sell pornography and escorts over its website [www.flashdancersnyc.com](http://www.flashdancersnyc.com). The managers of the club

arrange for threats and the use of physical force to intimidate and engage in immigration fraud in order to maintain the supply of girls.

Cybertech Internet Solutions operates the Flash Dancers website and the Cybertech Internet Strip Club Network website, [www.stripclubdirectory.com](http://www.stripclubdirectory.com), which connects to strip clubs and brothels around the world, offers pornography and sells call girls at [www.stripclubescorts.com](http://www.stripclubescorts.com). Some of the advertised hos even go on vacations with their “clients.” (So that’s how all those loser guys get pretty young babes to travel with them, but perhaps I shouldn’t talk.)

The law firm used by Alina Shipilina, Kuba, Mundy & Associates, runs a green card and visa mill for providing papers to foreign prostitutes and lap-dancers, mainly Russian, and fights to keep illegal aliens in America, whether criminals or not and whether by legal or illegal means. (The firm’s motto is probably “To be too ethical could mean one less fee.”)

Alina Shipilina assists Russian, Chechen, Cypriot and American organized criminals with importing Russian prostitutes, pornography and narcotics as well as laundering some of the money made in New York City.

Doctor Marc L. Paulsen, a.k.a. Wayne Williams, the producer of Alina Shipilina’s masturbation video, shoots pornography in Russia using “models” from the Red Star Agency and Phodes Studio and imports it into southern California with the help of Leo Perlin, Shipilina’s former Moscow pimp.

Anastasia and Dima, Vasilyeva, commuting between America and Krasnodar, manage the top model agency in Krasnodar the “Tatyanna Vasilyeva Fashion House” that runs a call girl operation, the “dirty girls list,” for powerful Russian politicians and gangsters and sends prostitutes to brothels and lap-dancing clubs in Cyprus, America and Europe. Anastasia spends

much of her time when in Krasnodar managing her school for teaching children how to become models and prostitutes in order to help keep the Russian mafia's supply of them uninterrupted. (The G.R.U. guys alerted the authorities as to the real nature of Anastasia's school and her mother's fashion house. Prostitution, even of children, is technically illegal in Russia but makes up one of the Russian mafia's most lucrative businesses and a top earner of hard currency for the Russian economy.) Anastasia's mother and founder of the agency, Tatyanna Vasilyeva, is a very famous, wealthy "personage" in southern Russia, which means she is part of the politico-criminal elite that runs the region.

Detective Bob Henning of the 114<sup>th</sup> Precinct in Queens, New York (the cop who called me early one morning to say I would have to surrender for an arrest that never occurred) threatened Roy Den Hollander with arrest in return for money or sex from Alina Shipilina, who had acted on advise from her lawyers Mundy and Petrovich. The call was meant to pressure Den Hollander into not cooperating with the INS, which amounted to tampering with a witness and made Henning an accomplice in the Russian mafia's infiltration of America.

In Russia, there is the crime boss Khachaturyan Araratovich Asypyan with whose gang Alina Shipilina took out the contingent murder contract on Den Hollander and whom she helps to run prostitutes, pornography and narcotics to America in cooperation with the American organized crime gang that operates Flash Dancers and the Cybertech Internet Strip Club Network.

The two Krasnodar mobsters named Volchok a.k.a. Woolfy and Raketa a.k.a. Rocket provide protection for Alina and Inessa Shipilina's illegal activities in Krasnodar.

The Albatross Club of powerful government officials and wealthy criminals to whom the Alina Shipilina provides sexual services.

P. I. Ostapenko, the Chief of the M.V.D. for the Central District of Krasnodar who took a bribe in March 2001 to close the criminal defamation case against Inessa Shipilina.

Dmitri Morosov, Krasnodar's most famous photographer of models, shoots some the pornography stills and videos that Asypyan exports to America.

Inessa Shipilina, Alina's mother, uses her position as instructor at the Krasnodar State Academy of Physical Culture to recruit coeds for prostitution and male athletes as enforcers for the Russian mafia. She also arranges for the use of physical force and coercion by the Baraev Chechen clan against persons in Krasnodar who interfere with any of the criminal activities in which she and her daughter are involved, such as seizing the college's gym facilities to run a private fitness club.

Phodes Studio and its president Leo Perlin procured men for Alina Shipilina in Moscow, provided the facilities to produce Dr. Paulsen's pornography video of her masturbating and searched for Americans to bring her to the U.S. (Perlin directed the Commie Ho over to me at the party I had stumbled into at the beginning of this story.) Perlin and Alina Shipilina, consistent with the Russian mafia's goal of continued expansion into the U.S., connived to have Den Hollander bring her to America to add one more mafia asset to the American population so as to increase their and the mafia's cash flow. Perlin sends prostitutes, lap-dancers and pornography starlets to Venezuela, Greece, Mexico and the United States; bribes employees at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow for visas for his prostitutes; produces pornography for the Russian and overseas markets; runs a call girl operation in Moscow; occasionally shoots legitimate modeling events; continues to operate an introduction agency to defraud Western men into relations and marriage with Russian prostitutes in order to export the prostitutes to hard currency

countries; and advertises some of his services and girls on the Internet at [www.phodes.net](http://www.phodes.net).

Perlin belongs to one of the Russian mafia's Moscow gangs.

Valodya Gavrilov of St. Petersburg (was one of the many guys the Commie Ho played with right after our marriage) bribes Russian government officials to smooth the transporting of hard currency into Russia and narcotics out of the country by Alina Shipilina and other members and confederates of the Russian mafia. Gavrilov also travels throughout Russia under the guise of selling custom jewelry in order to recruit females for prostitution and transportation to America.

In Cyprus, Alina Shipilina and other allies of the Russian mafia use the Bank of Cyprus for transferring and hiding their incomes from illegal activities.

Melios Athanasiou, his Russian born wife Irina and his brother Marios recruit prostitutes from the Tatyanna Vasilyeva Fashion House for the Cypriot brothels Zygos and Tramps, both of which Russian mafia bosses in Krasnodar own. The prostitutes at the two brothels also perform sexual acts for pornographic materials shipped to the U.S. where some of the prostitutes also end up. The Athanasious bribe Cypriot officials to obtain visas for the prostitutes since prostitution is illegal in Cyprus.

A. Charalambous, a chief in the Migration Office of the Ministry of the Interior for Cyprus, accepts bribes from the Athanasious in return for providing Cypriot work visas to foreign prostitutes.

In Mexico, the Julia Heart Agency, now called Malbros, finds work for foreign prostitutes in Mexican brothels and lap-dancing clubs, such as The Men's Club. Perlin in Moscow provides Malbros with Russian prostitutes for whom he obtains visas by bribing

Mexican Embassy officials. Alina Shipilina's work visa in Mexico listed her as a translator even though she could not speak any Spanish.

Many of the Russian mafia's prostitutes work in The Men's Club in Mexico City, a brothel and strip club that caters to wealthy Mexican and international clients and is franchised by the United States Men's Club that has operations in Dallas and Houston, Texas and Charlotte, North Carolina. A Mexican organized crime group allied with the Russian mafia controls the Mexico club, bribes Mexican officials in order to stay open, launders money and evades Mexican taxes. (I know—so what; illegal alien Mexicans evade American taxes too.)

Juginta Raszyukevichina, known as Azul to her customers, helped Alina Shipilina in the fall of 1999 run a weekend call girl service for wealthy businessmen and gangsters in Mexico that provided prostitutes for trips to Mexican resort areas, such as Cancun, Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta.

Alfredo Ibarra Sotelo (the guy to whom the Commie Ho prostituted herself in Italy less than three months after my drug-induced marriage) runs cocaine into the U.S., Europe and Russia, where he supplies the Russian mafia.

#### It Ain't Me Babe

Felt like I was on a roll. After sending out the RICO Complaint to the U.S. defendants, I turned to filing complaints with the inspector generals at Immigration, I.R.S., Customs and the F.B.I. for those agencies apparent failures to do anything about the Commie Ho's violations of U.S. law. The idea of involving the inspector generals as a last ditch effort to spur the Government into action came from my first job as a lawyer. The Department of Treasury's Honors Program hired me right after law school for two years to rotate through three different sections of the Treasury. It was the best Federal Government job for which I received an offer.

The hiring at eight other Governmental positions that I was interested in and for which I interviewed were controlled by Feminazis, so there was no chance of my getting hired, even though most of those jobs were considered less prestigious than the one at Treasury. The position I really wanted was at the Department of State, but the Feminazi in charge hired a bimbo instead.

At Treasury, my first rotation, which turned out to be my last, was at the I.R.S.'s Interpretative Division. One of my cases involved a wealthy and powerful family in California that wanted to dissolve a multi-billion dollar trust. The word had come down from the Division's bosses that the politically well-connected family was to have its way. The family wanted a private letter ruling that said if the trust was dissolved and all the billions in assets distributed to members of the family, there would be no tax consequences. The irrevocable trust had been set up in the early 1900s by the family's patriarch to provide income from his oil company stock to his children, grandchildren and whomever else came along that fit as a descendant under the trust provisions—typical robber baron estate planning. The living children and grandchildren, however, weren't satisfied with just collecting the income from the trust's portfolio, they wanted to divide up the portfolio, four billion dollars worth, among themselves—typical offspring greed.

In the five hundred year history of irrevocable trusts, once a person sets up such a trust and then dies, the trust continues until the time the founder stated it would end, providing it wasn't for too long a period which this one wasn't. Under the law, it didn't matter what any of the patriarch's descendants wanted because to dissolve the trust meant going against 500 years of common law precedence forbidding such. So why did the family request a private letter ruling from the I.R.S. that would take effect only if the trust was dissolved? It didn't make any sense,

so I telephoned around the California state legislature to see whether someone could enlighten me and by chance talked to a committee chairman. The family had used its influence to pass a California law that gave it an 18-month window in which the family could dissolve the trust regardless what 500 years of legal decisions had held. Unbelievable! The rich can get what they want by changing the law just for them while the rest of us have to put up with this kind of corruption—not this time baby.

The U.S. tax law looked clear to me that if the trust was broken up, the family beneficiaries would have to pay income and capital gains taxes, which were the areas I was assigned to handle. The family's lawyers didn't want to here that and neither did my bosses. After all, Reagan was President and he was from the family's home state of California. They all knew each other at that level of wealth and power, so government bureaucrats were suppose to do the White House's bidding. In fact, the Associate General Counsel for the I.R.S. said his job was to make sure that those with "hands across the White House" got what they wanted.

After a number of meetings filled with high priced California lawyers, I.R.S. bureaucratic sheep and lots of pressure, I wrote up a memorandum concluding that by dissolving the trust the family members would get hit with a nice hefty tax bill. In order to assure the memorandum's effectiveness, I gave it to the inspector general, told him the I.R.S. was trying to give this family a free ride in violation of the law and quit to go work for the private law firm Cravath, Swaine & Moore. The institutionalized corruption in government disgusted me back in 1986 as it does now, but back then the I.R.S. inspector general did his job by putting a stop to giving that one overly rich family what it wanted. Maybe the inspector generals of the 21<sup>st</sup> century, assuming they weren't ideologically corrupt Feminazis, could stop one Commie Ho.

To each inspector general, I summarized the Commie Ho's law breaking under that agency's jurisdiction, complained that the particular agency did nothing about it, threw in an insult and told them I had taken the law into my own hands by filing a RICO action of which I sent them a copy. By enclosing the RICO Complaint, the bureaucrats might say in typical Club Fed fashion, "Oh we don't have to do anything, since he's already taken it to court." But then again, the other predominant character trait of bureaucrats is the fear of being exposed as the incompetents, frauds and sell-outs they are. The RICO Complaint might goad them into some action in order to prevent the lawsuit from publicizing their failure to address crimes committed by a Russian mafia member.

To the inspector general handling the INS, I wrote:

The I.N.S. has failed to deport a Russian alien who used fraudulent means to enter the U.S. and violated 8 U.S.C. 1227(a)(3)(D), 18 U.S.C. 1015(f) and New York State Election Law 5-210(6), which is a class E felony, by claiming to be a U.S. citizen when registering to vote in state and federal elections. The New York City Board of Elections has referred the fraudulent claim of citizenship to the U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District and the Queens District Attorney.

The officer in the Moscow office who is now handling the Shipilina case, Scott X. Marvin, initially communicated and received documents from my Moscow attorney in September 2002 when Marvin took over the case from another, much more diligent officer at the Embassy. Since that initial contact, the all-to-typical Immigration bureaucracy inaction has come into play. Repeated and continuing attempts to contact Marvin have run into the standard operating procedure at Immigration of see no evil, hear no evil, do no work.

The inspector generals in the Federal Government are supposed to be independent from the agency they oversee so that they can conduct an objective investigation free from bureaucratic pressure. Not so with the INS, now part of the much-ballyhooed Department of Homeland Security. The Feminazi who responded to my INS complaint assigned it to the very people the inspector general is supposed to watch. She sent it to the same INS office in New York City that I had visited two years earlier, which did nothing then, except to send

investigators for lap dances from the Commie Ho and other sluts at Flash Dancers on the taxpayers' bill. It was the New York City office's failure to act that I ended up dealing with the INS at the Moscow Embassy.

The Embassy INS couldn't conduct an investigation or bring administrative action against the Commie Ho, but it could force the New York City office to do so, which it did under the first official handling the case. But with his replacement, Scott X. Marvin, the Embassy let the case slide. So thanks to the inspector general, I'm back depending on the useless, most likely corrupt, incompetents in New York City office that is run by a broad. Just to waste time, I'm surprise the bimbo from the inspector general didn't refer the matter to the Embassy so that it could then send it on to New York. What that Feminazi bureaucrat did contravenes the reason for inspector generals. Where does this Orwellian thought process come from where the investigators rely on those accused of wrongdoing to uncover and punish that wrongdoing? Perhaps Homeland Security is depending on al-Qaeda to investigate al-Qaeda because it makes sense from a Feminazi thought process: who knows more about al-Qaeda than al-Qaeda. Maybe that's why Homeland Security doesn't protect America's southern border with Mexico, it's counting on al-Qaeda to do it. Such a strategy allows the girls at Homeland Security to do even less work.

For the I.R.S., I went to the inspector general at the Treasury Department of which the I.R.S. is part:

The IRS has received sufficient information showing that Shipilina evades taxes on over \$100,000 in income every year. This information was sent to Holtsville I.C.E., the Criminal Investigation Division on Church Street in New York City and Elvis Paliska at Criminal Investigation on Fulton Street in Brooklyn. The information included documents showing how much Shipilina makes, the safe deposit box she keeps the cash in until she smuggles it overseas and even one of the financial accounts she deposits some of the money into in Cyprus. The IRS, however, did nothing, probably because it meant doing a little work to put a case together.

Like so many other Americans, I have learned since 911 that many of our federal agencies are largely incompetent, except for the military of course. The IRS appears capable of only investigating senior citizens on social security or middle class Americans who make a mistake but have to pay high penalties to make up for the inability of the IRS to prosecute intentional evaders.

The Treasury's inspector general's office did the same thing as the INS: referred the complaint to the very agency the inspector general is supposed to oversee. Once again a bureaucratic Feminazi made the decision to pass the buck of her responsibilities and have the I.R.S. look into a complaint against itself.

The Department of Justice's inspector general went one better than those pretending to watch out for wrong doing at the INS and I.R.S., it didn't even bother to respond to my charges concerning the F.B.I.:

In February 2002, the Federal Bureau of Investigation agreed to look into a couple of threatening telephone calls I had received from a man using two different fictitious names. The man made his threats on behalf of Alina Shipilina, a Russian alien who is known in her hometown of Krasnodar, Russia, to associate with Russian and Chechen organized crime figures.

One of the FBI agents I met with, Vadim Thomas, opined that the caller might be associated with a local lap-dancing club called Flash Dancers where Shipilina works. I provided Agents Thomas and Mario Pisano with a telephone number I had obtained from the caller.

Agent Pisano subsequently told me that the FBI had traced the telephone number to an individual who apparently made the threats. Agent Pisano would not tell me the man's name, but said he and Thomas would interview him. Sometime later, however, Agent Pisano said he and Thomas had decided not to interview the threatening caller, in part, because the Bureau was "not an investigation agency" and the agents believed the caller might get angry and do something to harm me. Pisano added that I should not open my door to any strangers and be careful when out in public.

Obviously, I experienced first hand what the revelations since 911 have shown about the FBI's inability and unwillingness to do its job. When I first met Agents Pisano and Thomas, I gave them audiotape recordings of the threatening calls that I had made on a \$20 Radio Shack recorder. The New York headquarters for the FBI didn't have a recorder that could play the tapes at the correct speed, so this thug came off sounding like Mickey Mouse. I was dumbfounded and thought perhaps the agency should be renamed the Federal Bureau of Incompetence.

Customs' inspector general was the only one out of the four to acknowledge it would review my accusations of failing to investigate criminal violations of smuggling money out of the country by the Commie Ho:

Beginning in August 2001, I began providing Customs at its New York Regional and JFK airport offices with information about the smuggling of large amounts of cash and cash equivalents out of the county by Alina Alexandrovna Shipilina, a.k.a. Chipilina, a Russian alien who is known in her hometown of Krasnodar, Russia to associate with Russian and Chechen organized crime figures.

I provided these agents with the number of the Russian passport Shipilina used to enter the U.S. (she has a second Russian passport, 51 N. 0207805, expires 4-4-05, that she uses for traveling to other international locations on racketeering business); the airline, Aeroflot, that she flew when smuggling money out of America; and the approximate dates of her departures. Customs and its agents did nothing.

As a result, I have taken it upon myself to try to do what Customs' agents are paid to do but don't. Customs' inability to do its job has been made all too clear to the world by the 911 tragedy. I have, therefore, instituted a civil Racketeer Influenced Corrupt Organization lawsuit in the Southern Federal District of New York, 03 CV 2717, which deals, in part, with Shipilina's smuggling of U.S. dollars overseas.

Despite the initial show of doing its duty, the person from the inspector general's office responding to me was, naturally, a Feminazi, who, just as naturally, ended up doing nothing.

The seeds to the end of America's economic and military dominance germinate in all those incompetent Feminazis failing to carry out the tasks of their government positions. They got there by creating the illusion of a problem that females had been discriminated against, as were blacks. What a joke, so when was the last time a Feminazi was lynched? Shot dead on the front stoop of her house or the balcony of the motel she was staying in. For the passed 400 years the institutions of this country has had its boot heel on the back of the necks of blacks. While over that same time, white females have received largely preferential treatment.

Broads demand that the good jobs, not the bad jobs, be taken away from men and given to them just because of ages of fantasized harmful discrimination. A good job naturally means

whatever the bimbo wants, including any job that allows her to loot some guy's bank account, such as lap dancer, ho or stockbroker. There was never wide spread invidious discrimination against girls, but that truth didn't deter the Feminazis. They simply created the illusion of such and set off to sell their sophistic philosophy, which, if bought by enough fools, would give them even more preferential treatment in society than they previously had. Prior to the 1970s, females who remained unmarried and worked continuously from high school into their thirties earned higher incomes than men of the same description. Even today, the average female makes more on a per hour basis than the average guy. The Feminazis used typical special interest groupthink: give us more because we say we deserve it.

In the end, the Feminazis actually made girls a double threat for evil. Take Jody Foster, when she was young, in her teens and hot, she posed for *High Society* wearing only a towel. Don't let the name fool you, *High Society* was a skin magazine. Naturally, Foster did it to make money, a girl's true love, and gain attention. It got her publicity all right, since after seeing the photo spread, John Hinckley went out and shot President Reagan in order to impress the innocent little darling who alluringly draped a towel over her naked teenage body for the world to see. Today, no longer inhabiting a firm, supple body, Foster uses Feminazism rather than sexual charms to get what she wants: still money and attention, but through she-male movie roles rather than bare skin. Other bimbats did the same, such as Diane Sawyer who exploited her physical allure as a beauty contestant but when, well beyond her prime, propagandized on a she-male TV show *Primetime* in which the facts took back seat to her Feminazi beliefs. For instance, Sawyer falsely reported that Jessica Lynch went down fighting while resisting capture in Iraq when in truth Lynch spent the entire fire-fight knocked unconscious by her vehicle's accident. Was she driving? It's all Feminazi hypocrisy, pure and simple. When young and good looking they use

their sexual charms to make money and get what they want, but when fat, flabby and no longer attractive, they upbraid men for responding to the charms of younger girls doing what they had done and extort institutions to give them what they don't deserve by playing the victim of discrimination.

Both sexes have always been discriminated against because evolution created a division of labor, but the real question is whether the discrimination against females was harmful. Compared to the discrimination against men throughout history—no way. While men suffered the mind blasting and body rending wars, sweatshops, union strikes and battles against tyrants, the girls were safe at home to ho whomever came by the house. Society generally treated girls with kid gloves, buying into their lame lies in an effort to shelter them from the dangers of reality. Ever hear, “Men and children first!” No, not even today in Feminarchy America. Whenever there's a disaster, the news media emphasizes that the victims included “women and children,” as though a broad's life was more important than a man's. At the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, the average life span for men and females was equal but not anymore. What happened? Simple, modern science chose to concentrate on feminine threats rather those affecting men. During the Great Depression, households unable to support the entire family chose males for homelessness, not the girls.

Girls, not guys, have the god-given ability to make money off of their sex, and since girls enjoy sex more than guys, they reap a triple benefit that includes gaining sympathy as a “victim.” When a guy goes for a job, the only bargaining power he ever had or will have is his ability. A girl may have ability but definitely has sex, which she will use; make no mistake about that, since she enjoys it so much. Walk into a bar and some sucker will be buying a strange girl a drink that she conned him into with a false smile and words of insincerity. So who has suffered

more from past discrimination—men! The same group that is suffering now from even more discrimination thanks to the Feminazis putting broads on an even higher pedestal than before. Men are still the doormats for females, only a man's chances at a job and wealth have declined: over 50% of the work force and over 50% of the millionaires are now broads. My friend Alan has gotten so fed up with the situation that when he has a seat on the bus or subway and some girl stands in front of him, as they always do to men, using their presence to stimulate traditional gentlemanly conduct, he says, "You may have gotten my job, but you're not getting my seat."

Feminazis counter they need to take jobs from men in case their husbands leave them. Baloney! First, females generally have only themselves to blame for a divorce—wives instigate 80% of divorce cases, and the other 20% are likely caused by their incessant nagging, bossing, belittling, cheating and eventually blowing up into a blimp. Second, divorce courts have always given wives enough of the husband's wealth and income to continue their life styles, but that's never satisfactory, the vindictive, greedy little hos want all a guy's money until he lands in debtor's prison.

The Feminazis just weren't satisfied with the traditional preferential treatment and protection society gave females. They wanted free of charge and obligation the fortune and glory for which men always fought and struggled, even though for girls there were plenty of money-making, glory careers: singer, actress, dancer, home diva, fashion designer, writer and much more. But that wasn't enough; the Feminazis wanted the money and glory jobs for which men were best suited without having to put in the same effort. The Feminazis think they deserve such careers, not because of ability, but because of their sex. It's no accident that when a society reaches a stage where life is easy and secure, girls want all the perks, but when life is hard and dangerous, they'll hide behind a man.

The Feminazis fabricated the psychological illusion of the “strong and independent female” capable of bettering men in a man’s occupation in order to supplant evolutionarily correct roles for females. A classic example of sophomoric, self-serving Feminazi propaganda that maliciously distorted the role of housewives was the movie *Mona Lisa Smiles*. The movie depicted, among other characters, a homemaker in the 1950s who was miserable keeping house for her husband. I remember the 1950s, and all those suburban homes weren’t for the husbands but the children. The single most important role for females has always been to create an environment conducive to properly raising children. A home was never a man’s castle; he just provided the money for it. The home, if managed right, created a place for children to grow and learn and provided a refuge for them after the day’s adventures into the ideas and activities of life that would eventually lead to them playing a part in the next generation. Look at who spent most of the time in the home: the wife and kids; the husband was out working, so how was it the home existed for a man. He’d rather be out with the guys having a drink, taking in a game, living in a quiet hotel or making up for all the times his wife cheated on him when she was still attractive. The Political Communists or Psychological Conformists of today rewrite history because the truth would end their free ride by showing them up as the usual self-righteous, hypocritical, bigoted grifters that history has seen so often.

#### Psychotic Reaction

Ever since the annulment/divorce Judge Lobis denied my motion in August 2002 to change the settlement agreement, the Commie Ho and her lawyers Mundy and Petrovich probably thought their evil had triumphed and regularly congratulated themselves on the success of their lies and threats. For them, the Russian way worked in America. But on Tuesday, April 22, 2003, they received a surprise when the postman delivered my RICO Complaint. What they

had started in the Queens Family Court back in January 2001 with a perjured temporary order of protection was not over by any means.

The RICO Complaint exposed the real criminal machinations behind what initially appeared a simple annulment/divorce case of female duplicity and softhearted man. The Complaint pulled the Russian mafia, including Chechen crazies, and its Western partners out of the shadows to reveal part of a new evil empire stretching beyond the fallen iron curtain that engaged in numerous crimes and schemes with many victims of which I was just one. Perhaps it would have been better for the rest of the world had the barbarians of the Soviet Union stayed locked behind their curtain of iron. It would definitely have been better for me. The RICO Complaint also brought my fight for justice and retribution into the federal courts where the corrupting influence of the modern day culture's discrimination against men carried less weight. My chances improved, but not by much.

Unlike the state court annulment/divorce proceedings, the Lawyers Disciplinary Committee and the Commission on Judicial Conduct, everything that happened in the RICO case would be public. The threat that people outside the corrupt do-nothing bureaucrats would learn the truth caused some unexpected responses from a couple of the defendants.

In the silent dark early morning hours of April 23, I awoke twice, or thought I did, from the sensation of being smothered by a pillow. Each time, I came up gasping for air and felt an evil presence in the room that made a guttural noise and wisped by my lips as a form darker than the night. Years earlier in one of the Commie Ho's many lies to make me feel sorry for her, she claimed her father used to abuse her by putting a pillow over her face. The Commie Ho had again stepped into her favored realm of black magic to scare me off the RICO case. To which I

wisecracked to myself, “Dr. Strange where are you now that I need you?” and went back to sleep convinced I could handle whatever the upcoming battles brought.

The world beyond consciousness and light, however, wasn't finished yet. My own unconscious, or, perhaps, my Marvel hero from the dark days of the sixties, sent me a visual warning while I lay half-asleep in my apartment near Greenwich Village. The scene was back in my old hometown in New Jersey in the house I grew up in located on that dead end street with an isolate weed sprouting up here and there. The Commie Ho left the house out the back door. From the inside, I watched her dyed blonde ponytail bob passed the dinning room windows as she headed along the driveway toward the street. Instantly, I told myself hurry, run through the house, out the living room front door, across the porch to the driveway and blindside her just as she passes the corner of the house in order to put an end to these troubles. That was the logical thing to do, but in the dream, the cowardice programmed into me as a child by the parents prevented me. The message from some sanctum forewarned that to change the dream I needed to alter the fundamental behavior patterns foisted on me as a child by mother, the Nazi Ho, and her coward of a spouse. Otherwise, when the time came to do what was necessary to end this injustice, my life would end without any justice.

Initially, the omen didn't worry me. All those TV westerns I had watched as a kid in which justice won convinced my self image long ago that I too could defeat evil, so I went back to sleep. But the day often changes nightly truths, and I wasn't as sure as my reality continued to transform into a Paladin episode. Apparently, I had never been sure, just deluded myself into always believing I could handle any reckoning with evil. The intimations from the genetic realm of man's unconscious finally convinced me that my real battle was not against the Commie Ho, Russians, Chechens or Feminazis, I'd do what I could there, but the grave threat came from

within. The first cut in life is that you are not going to do any more than the amount of stress you can handle; the second cut is your amount of talent and the third your skills. I had the talents and skills, but what of the other?

Mother, the Nazi Ho, supported by a cowardly father, Chicken Little, programmed an over active stress mechanism in me. Witnessing the demeanor of her ravings before I could speak and understanding her vituperative words when I could, she battered her sons with incessant negativity, paranoia, insults, taunts of worthlessness, hostility, arrogant illusions and encouragements of cowardice and ignorance. As far back as I can remember: “You can’t do that. How could you have come from me? You are a monster.” And her favorite, “I should have listened to your father and never had you!” On and on she ranted through my childhood while Chicken Little, who knew the harm she was doing, intentionally ignored her behavior in order to assure himself some domestic peace.

The Nazi Ho’s long campaign for her self-centered ends that included chaining me to her apron strings used many weapons. Starting when I was five, I can’t remember anything before then, and continuing to around ten, Momster repeatedly took me to horror movies that caused me to wake up in the middle of the night screaming my lungs out from nightmares. Her reaction was to laugh my trauma off as childish, but a child who had no one else to turn to. When she and Chicken Little went out on the weekend, I stayed at home alone waiting for the doom I believed stalked the darkness from those horror films. My older brother had escaped to prep school—I wasn’t so lucky. And a babysitter would have meant money out of her pocket. Father gave her a set allowance to run the house, so as the typical greedy ho, she cut costs ruthlessly since any savings went into her personal bank account. So I stayed alone at home scared out of my wits.

By ten, however, it didn't matter because I knew how to shoot and sat in the house with a loaded rifle and my bowie knife. Guess whom I should have used them on?

When I hit eleven, Momster pulled a new tactic to keep me emotionally tied to her and alienated from Chicken Little, which didn't take much doing. She took me to *On The Beach*. Girls in bikinis sounded good to me, so I cheerfully went along only to get hammered by the end of the world from a nuclear war. After, she stops at a drug store to buy me an ice cream sundae, not her usual style, and I can't figure out what's going on. While digging into my ice cream, Momster solemnly confides she's thinking of getting a divorce. To which I wanted to say, "Why the hell are you telling me, an eleven-year old kid, this stuff! Go talk to a shrink." But I didn't, she'd only throw a fit and drag me away from my ice cream.

Thanks to *On The Beach*, when the horror movie nightmares from the black lagoon now woke me up, although I no longer screamed bloody murder, I often heard the sounds of jet engines in the night and wondered whether they were Russian ICBMs.

Such experiences, and these are just a few of this type, during the impressionable first decade or so of my life engrained a mechanism in my brain that would pump out stress hormones in situations that for normal humans were not stressful and pump out more hormones than needed in situations that were. The over supply of stress hormones plagued me with the miserable sensation of flight (fear) or fight (anger) to a degree uncalled for by reality. My body reacted illogically to the situation at hand. In order to avoid the whipsaw effect of those emotions, I consciously and unconsciously avoided situations that others didn't. And that's what the Nazi Ho wanted in the typically evil mother effort to keep a child tied to her apron strings, just as Perceval's mother tried. Mine used psychology while in the story of Perceval his mother

dressed him as a clown to deter him from going out into the world to pursue his destiny. And mine, unlike with Perceval's, succeeded, in part.

Females, whether ho or Feminazi, are always looking for a main fool to provide material, physical and emotional support; alleviate their stupid fears; solve the problems they incessantly create; and listen to their drivel. Before puberty, it's the girl's father. After puberty, it's the sucker on whom they can pin an unexpected pregnancy, and once broads reach the stage when guys no longer offer them dick on a regular basis, they attach themselves like leeches to their husbands. But husbands don't live as long as females, thanks to the wear and tear of work and the aggravation wives cause, so a mother decides early on which of her offspring to groom as a replacement fool. It could even be a daughter. My mother didn't think her eldest son sufficiently capable as a result of landing on his head at an early age when he jumped out of the moving car to escape one of her tirades. Mother was a quick learner, and after my brother's dive out the car, whenever I went for the door handle, she quickly stopped the car before I beat it away from her. As for the middle son, he was already dead, liquated by mother and father because his Down syndrome would have reduced their savings and caused embarrassment. That left me, the youngest, as the one the Nazi Ho targeted for her replacement fool—lucky me.

The Nazi Ho intentionally engineered her parasitic stress mechanism in me in order to keep me as the reserve pawn for when her husband became feeble or left her, which he was apparently considering back when I watched the end of the world in *On the Beach*. The stress mechanism explains why I never pursued what I wanted because such efforts produced excessive stress hormones, which was the Nazi Ho's aim since she didn't want me sacrificing for a career or family—just her. As a result, it was easier—less stress hormones—to get further in efforts that I didn't care about before the same level of hormones invaded my body causing the misery.

But even in the fields outside my first best destiny: politics, labor, TV news, law and business, the stress hormones soon reached levels that made the endeavors joyless, miserable and me a very nasty person quite similar to the Nazi Ho. Overly hostile and overly fearful made facing any dragons unbearable and rendered me ineffective, so I fled to other careers only to face the same problem again.

Every important decision in anyone's life is always a choice between a courageous course of action or cowardice. For me, the stress mechanism assured the cowardly route every time, since to do otherwise would cause too many stress hormones to pump into my body creating a paralysis of fear and anger. Most Americans are more successful than me because their stress mechanisms are more functional. Then again, those who were raised properly so that they can operate effectively in this society face a different problem: when they screw up, they have no one, or no thing to blame.

Nearing the end of my life, I find myself on the bottom of the pyramid of human achievement: no assets with which to attract pretty young babes for some fun times, and, more importantly, no psychological satisfaction of having accomplished something, even minor, with my life, so far. All I have is the misery of a failed life with the only solace, which is pretty much useless, of having found enlightenment. As the male character in *Crouching Tiger* said, "I have wasted my entire life, but I did find enlightenment." Now I know what life is about and how and why it terribly went wrong for me. I understand without illusion, "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune; omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and miseries." *Julius Caesar*, IV, iii, 244-47. I missed my wave thanks to the Nazi Ho's pathological commitment to the belief that all was about her and to her spouse's cowardice

to do what he knew was right. She intentionally destroyed my life to serve her vanities and irrational fears and he helped her.

The Commie Ho, just like the Nazi Ho, used me for her own selfish purposes without regard for the harm it would cause. But compared to my mother, the Commie Ho was a lamb. But the only honorable solution left to this fate to which the stress mechanism has brought me centers on the evil of the Commie Ho. A victory for justice and retribution against her and perhaps her supporters means to defeat, although only for a temporary moment, the effects of the mechanism the Nazi Ho wrought. To set my consciousness and masculinity against the brain washing and duplicity of a pair of evil females, even though only one is now alive, is the challenge forewarned by that omen out of the night of the house where I grew up.

Until the war with the Commie Ho, the Matrix and its agent the Nazi Ho had won every battle. The Commie Ho's lies, cheating and crimes, the bureaucrats' failures and corrupt lawyers brought me face to face with the same choice as always: courage or cowardice. The cowardly path leads only to poverty, more discrimination and dealing with the Chechen or Russian hit man the Commie Ho will most assuredly dispatch for revenge well after the legal proceedings end, regardless of their result. No, my choice was clear, and unlike previously, I was making the right one.

This time I understood what I was fighting against and why I had never achieved fortune and glory by pursuing my first best destiny. A destiny that looks so obvious and fitting from this knowledge but too late to pursue. Perhaps I'm living that destiny in one of the other universes that Einstein thought existed and quantum mechanics implies. But here I'm fated to use my life to win a victory against evil. It's time to remember the Amazon and end this sojourn. But first to turn the future against the Commie Ho and step into the field of vengeance, perhaps then glory

will be mine, but infamy will do. “Though this be madness, yet there is method in it.” Hamlet, II, ii, 218-219.

### Ain't That A Shame

On the same April 23<sup>rd</sup> of metaphysical concerns, a more mundane threat occurred. Mundy responded to receiving the RICO Complaint differently than the Commie Ho, although no less angrily. He hurriedly sent off a complaint against me to the Lawyers Disciplinary Committee. Guess he thought he'd have more luck or had enough pull to fair better than I did with my complaints to the Committee against him. Mundy's grievance was a sophomoric effort to enlist an incompetent state body to prevent me from exercising my constitutional rights to sue those who caused me harm. Mundy's reasoning was if the Disciplinary Committee just started proceedings against me for allegedly using the courts to harass him, Petrovich and his angelic client, it would be enough to scare me off of the RICO suit. Even the idiot Feminazis on the Disciplinary Committee weren't about to do that because I would sue them in federal court for chilling my Constitutional rights. Still Mundy gave it his best smear tactic, lying shot in the true nature of the amoral lawyer: throw enough mud and maybe some will stick, make enough misrepresentations and maybe some will be believed. He wrote:

“An urgent request to the Committee to investigate Mr. Den Hollander's fitness to practice law. [“Urgent” huh, clearly in a rush to have the Committee lean on me before I proceeded further with my case.]

“Although I make this complaint with much trepidation [wrong word since trepidation means a state of alarm, probably meant reluctance], I verily [old English] believe that the facts [so he says] set forth in this complaint will reveal Mr. Den Hollander's reprehensible conduct [name calling often works] has left me no choice [the previous threats didn't work].

“I submit that the proven conduct [most New York state court lawyers and judges can't distinguish between allegations and proof] of Mr. Den Hollander will warrant censure or suspension from the practice of law.

“Mr. Den Hollander has engaged in a relentless course of harassment, intimidation and persecution. [Oh, yea, whose witnesses were intimidated and who received at this point in time three threatening telephone calls and a threat of arrest by a cop abusing his authority?]

“Mr. Den Hollander threatened to have Ms. Shipilina deported if she did not do everything he told her, including payment of a large sum of money. [That’s the extortion attempt that Mundy lied about having an audiotape of, just as he lied about the medical records showing I battered the Commie Ho in his lawyerly effort to intimidate me into a settlement to prevent a trail from exposing any of the Russian mafia’s activities.]

“Mr. Den Hollander had the audacity to create a public website in Ms. Shipilina’s name ([www.alinashipilina.com](http://www.alinashipilina.com)) where, pending divorce proceedings, he posted a copy of her personal diary and naked photographs of Ms. Shipilina, without her knowledge or consent.”

The rights to those naked photographs were mine, so I could do whatever I wanted with them. But I knew the Feminazi infected Disciplinary Committee would use that against me, so I left it out of my official response to this Feminazi equivalent of accusing someone of communism in the 1950s or Protestantism in 16<sup>th</sup> century Europe. My response to the Committee was:

“I began searching in Russia for information and witnesses relevant to my annulment/divorce proceeding. My investigation discovered, among other culpable conduct, that she had created a pornographic video with very graphic acts and advertised her sexual services via naked photographs. In one case, there is direct evidence that she sold these naked photographs to a man for 10 Cypriot pounds after performing sexual acts on him when she worked in Cyprus for the brothel “Zygos.” [That was Grandpa whom she also masturbated for 60 Cypriot pounds.] The pornographic video, which was imported into America, was produced by a California doctor and Ms. Shipilina’s Moscow procurer. The clips from the video that comprise the CD Rom are used to advertise the services sold by Ms. Shipilina’s Moscow procurer.”

“Ms. Shipilina’s own representative, Mr. Mundy, hypocritically criticizes the use of these photographs, CD and a portion of her diary that were employed in an attempt to discover even more evidence of her fraud on me and her criminal activities. The Russian language web site was created as a means to find new Russian witnesses, acquire additional information and communicate the truth to potential witnesses and informants after previously forthcoming witnesses and individuals with useful information were being threatened into silence. The web site contained only a small sampling of Ms. Shipilina’s widely offered pornographic services and extensive criminal exploits. After a period of time, the web site was closed when it no longer produced evidence.”

Mundy’s complaint went on to criticize me for trying to reopen the divorce settlement agreement:

“The outlandish, baseless and downright insulting allegations contained within Mr. Den Hollander’s motion papers speak volumes [my motion papers weren’t that long] about his fitness to practice law. The abuse of the Court system and use of litigation as a means to harass and intimidate [the Ho uses goons] are evident in his motion papers, which I urge the Committee to read. Without regard for ethics or even common decency [look who’s talking], among the 22 exhibits [Mundy always complains my papers are too long, maybe he’s a slow reader, too heavy or too large,] attached to Mr. Den Hollander’s frivolous [the most favored word of lawyers when they or their clients are guilty] motion was a CD Rom he labeled ‘Masturbation Video Promo Featuring Alina Shipilina.’” [Mundy forgot to say that the porn video clips were used to advertise her services. Many lawyers, like reporters, never tell the whole truth.]

In my response to this part of Mundy’s complaint, I wrote:

“In an action for reformation of a divorce settlement that essentially requests damages for emotional distress, could anything demonstrate emotional distress more effectively than a man discovering that the woman he loved and cherished was, and apparently continued to be, a porn star who had deceived him into marriage so that she could ply her wares in a hard currency market? I don’t think so.”

“Mr. Mundy makes unspecified references to the motion for reformation as ‘outlandish, baseless and downright insulting.’ If he would indicate the allegations to which he objects and why, rather than engaging in vituperative generalizations and asking this Committee to do his work by determining the sections that Mr. Mundy is referring to, then as required by your cover letter, I will provide specific responses.” Mundy didn’t like to do much work concerning the Commie Ho, maybe because sexual escapades with her weren’t as rewarding as one initially imagined.

Mundy even tried to twist into something evil my attempt to obtain a protection order from the New York Family Court following the last two of the three threats by the hoodlum accomplice of the Commie Ho:

“Mr. Den Hollander’s very own legal papers provide all the evidence needed to support the conclusion that Mr. Den Hollander is unfit to practice law, improperly using the legal system as a vehicle to harass and incense. [If the Ho in following Mundy’s advice got a protection order based on lies, why can’t I have one based on the truth? Because I’m a man, that’s why.] They are offensive and repugnant [such sensitivity was meant to ingratiate Mundy with the broads on the Committee who believe that any man speaking ill of a female should have his tongue cut out].

To which, I responded:

“Mr. Mundy omits that the action to obtain an order of protection in March 2002 occurred after two more threatening telephone calls were made by a man who sounded like the John Madison from the first menacing call in October 2001. In these two other calls, the man referred to himself as John Pierre, and once again said he was calling on behalf of Angelina. The purpose of these terrorizing calls [so I exaggerated] was primarily to prevent me from providing information to the INS concerning Ms. Shipilina’s fraud on the INS and U.S. State Department in obtaining an immigrant visa.” Actually, the threats were to keep hidden the Russian mafia’s

activities concerning the Commie Ho, but I wanted to keep it simple for the bimbats at the Disciplinary Committee.

Mundy also whined about the Disciplinary Committee complaints I made against him, which at that time were still under review.

“Additional harassment and intimidation is evidenced by Mr. Den Hollander’s entirely fabricated [Mundy knows about fabrication as in a nonexistent audio tape of extortion and nonexistent medical records of battery] and baseless [this is the second most favored word of most lawyers] disciplinary complaint against the undersigned [that means Mundy]. The incredible and far-fetched allegations contained in Mr. Den Hollander’s complaint still dumbfound and amaze me. [The only dumbfounding and amazing part is that a lawyer can get away with lying about evidence in order to try to intimidate an opposing party into settling a case.]

On the last page of his complaint, Mundy tells the real reason for filing it:

“I was named as a defendant...along with dozens of other innocent defendants [strange to claim that well know Russian criminals and the Chechen Baraev crime clan are innocents]. Amazingly, Mr. Den Hollander’s allegations have actually become more frivolous [there’s that number one favorite word of lawyers again] and outlandish than ever before, alleging among other things, that I am part of a RICO conspiracy that spans the globe. [This is, after all, a global economy.] Mr. Den Hollander’s District Court complaint, prepared pro se [untrue, I had help from Jeff], is 91 pages in length and contains 915 numbers (sic) paragraphs. It is a meandering, disorganized, prolix narrative [means too long, Mundy has got to be a slow reader], and an embarrassment to the justice system [now wait a minute that’s getting personal, if there are any embarrassments to the justice system its lying lawyers and male-hating Feminazi judges].

“Decent people [prostitutes, pimps, pushers, pornographers and their profit driven lawyers] are being forced to defend themselves, time and time again, against Mr. Den Hollander’s incredible charges and irrepressible harassment. [He’s complaining that his underhanded activities will now cost rather than make him money.] The time and energy of the Court is being wasted. [Mundy doesn’t care about that.] I urge the Committee to assist in any way possible [start a proceeding] in putting an end to Mr. Den Hollander’s actionable conduct [being a lawyer, I’m not suppose to complain about other lawyers, keep the illegal conduct within the club], unbefitting of an attorney licensed to practice law.”

My turn:

“If Mr. Mundy is concerned with the substance, length and perhaps even the weight of the R.I.C.O. complaint, it would appear to be more appropriate to take such matters up with the federal court rather than attempting to use this Committee as a surrogate for federal procedure.”

“The federal court will provide defendant Mundy the opportunity to refute the detailed allegations of the R.I.C.O. Complaint where the court, and not he, will decide whether his characterizations of the Complaint hold any merit.”

“Mr. Mundy goes so far as to request this Committee ‘to assist in any way possible in putting an end to Mr. Den Hollander’s actionable conduct,’ which, in substance, is an attempt to misuse this Committee to deny me of my civil right to bring a R.I.C.O. suit. Before all the defendants have even been served, Mr. Mundy’s strategy is clear: use this Committee to pressure me into withdrawing the federal claim.”

“He is not only trying to deter my use of the legal system by claiming that the filing of a R.I.C.O. Complaint is evidence of unfitness to practice law, but he is also attempting to thwart the purpose of Congress in enacting the civil R.I.C.O. statute: ‘Those who have been wronged by organized crime should at least be given access to a legal remedy.’”

Finally, Mundy pulled a cheap shot even for him, but then lawyers like him will do anything to win the day:

“By his very own words, Mr. Den Hollander claims to suffer from ‘deep emotional despair, depression and anxiety,’ [who wouldn’t after marrying a member of the Russian mob] and is under the influence of psychotropic medication. [So is half of America, but as for me, I found it useless and went back to a few vodka gimlets, shaken please, on the weekend while chasing girls.] I cannot ignore the obvious conclusion one must draw [not according to the shrink I used for all of three months] from reading Mr. Den Hollander’s very own words, to wit [old English again], that he may indeed be mentally incompetent to practice law [now Mundy’s a licensed psychiatrist]. Mr. Den Hollander’s allegations are not simply far-fetched and irresponsible, but paranoid delusion [I doubt Mundy even knows what that means].”

Jeff helped me respond to this low blow at the end of my answer to Mundy’s complaint:

“In conclusion, Mr. Mundy seeks to have this Committee punish me for exercising my civil rights as a threatened and aggrieved individual. Mr. Mundy does not cite any ethical canons or disciplinary rules that I allegedly violated. Instead, he resorts to castigating me as mentally

unfit to exercise my rights because while experiencing a terrible situation, in part, intentionally created by Mr. Mundy, I sought temporary, appropriate medical help.”

Mundy shouldn't have gotten so upset over the RICO suit; after all, he and the Commie Ho started this war by using the Feminazi tactic of obtaining a temporary order of protection against me for things I never did. Lawyers always think they can bully people, but the moment someone fights back they scream harassment, just like broads. The Disciplinary Committee decided not to get involved but left its club hanging over my head by stating it would await the conclusion of the RICO suit. Typical, I complain to the Committee about Mundy lying twice to my lawyers about fake evidence in order to intimidate me and the Committee kisses it off as vigorous advocacy on behalf of his bimbo client. But when I file a RICO suit against assorted mobsters, I better win or the Committee will rip up my license to practice law. Reminds me of Russia: the victim's the violator and the violator the victim, or truths are lies and lies true. Perhaps the Soviet Union didn't collapse, but really won the cold war and took over America. After all, what other country was dumb enough to invade a Muslim nation?

When I filed my answer to Mundy's accusations, I tried to find out whether other folks had made disciplinary complaints against him. The Committee wouldn't tell me because all such complaints are kept hidden from the public, the very people who need to know whether certain lawyers are crooked. However, whether any official disciplinary action had ever been taken against Mundy was available to the public. This didn't seem fair. If a complaint is filed with the police against someone or a person is arrested and the charges dropped that's all made public. Why should lawyers get a break? Still, I sent out a request for such information to the appropriate office called the Lawyers' Office of Character and Fitness, clearly an oxymoron, and, as I suspected, his record was clean for the time being.

My interpreter in Krasnodar sent me belated “Happy Easter” wishes, which caused me to break out laughing at the absurdity. Although it was a nice sentiment, I didn’t believe the word happy ever touched my life. It touched the lives of some people, but I’m not sure I ever met anyone. Even the annual rugby reunion for Old Blue, the team I played with in the 1970s as a third stringer, didn’t seem to parade any happy guys. In those days, the guys on the A team were among the best in the country while pursuing high net worth professions of investment bankers, brokers, doctors, dentists, lawyers and the like. The future seemed to belong to them, tough, athletic, smart and somewhat conservative. Now, for most of them, the future proved more of a chore to get through rather than the joy it once promised. Most were successful, some even multi-millionaires, but none of the guys I talked with were looking forward to the future, just back to their glory days. Well at least they had them. That’s more than I can say, and what I did say was about my present, which made all the guys I talked with, except the two I would call friends, vanish, so I left.

#### I Got a Line on You

For what it was worth, I informed my lawyers in Moscow, the G.R.U. guys, my Krasnodar lawyer and Nadya about the RICO suit and eventually sent them a Russian translation of the Complaint. The G.R.U. investigators replied that they were still conducting their investigation into the Commie Ho and her mother’s criminal connections and activities in Krasnodar.

Other than my Moscow lawyers, one of whom was American, a couple of translators and the Commie Ho’s old boy friend, the G.R.U. folk were the only trustworthy people I had ever met in Russia. Everybody else, especially the girls, run one scam or another in which they actually believe they have the right to harm others in order to make their lives more convenient.

Most Russians, male and female, act like broads in America who are masters of making crime a virtue and virtue a sin.

American dames and Feminazis chronically suffer from that unique feminine delusion that the mere fact they are female exempts them from civilized behavior. In the name of “choice” and “control of our bodies,” women kill the unborn and partially born with impunity, even though a license to murder isn’t necessary for them to have “choice” or “control” of their bodies. Broads can choose not to have sex or use birth control and save abortion for the rare instance of forced sex, often instigated by them intentionally enticing men, or for a medical emergency, including birth defects of the fetus. But that’s not the choice females want. Self-control or accountability is too difficult for them. They want the choice to act irresponsible and to extort men. Irresponsible by having unprotected sex whenever the whim strikes them because they believe they have a god-given right to do so without paying the consequences—let the unborn child bear the burnt of their lascivious desires. Over 50 million butchered lives since 1973, assuming one per girl and that makes 49% of American women of childbearing age murderers of the defenseless. Abortion on demand also gives America’s new “moral” princesses the choice to extort men without paying any penalty for that crime. A women intentionally becomes pregnant by some guy, it doesn’t matter who, and uses the child in her belly to extort her intended target into giving her something of value: usually money, perhaps a job or even the sacrifice of a man’s life and dreams by marrying her. If the target resists the extortion, she moves on to another of her beaux to shake him down, always secure in the knowledge that she can escape the consequences of her attempted extortion by killing the child inside.

The evil of the modern day Feminazi mantra of “choice” and “control of our bodies” doesn’t end with just killing incipient human beings, which is what the unborn are. As with the

Greek Bacchii, once American females drank the blood of their irresponsibility, they became mad with the freedom to slaughter. Today, highly educated, modern-day, self-proclaiming humanitarian Feminazis support broads that kill their husbands, boyfriends and even murder their own children one after another, after another. It's preferable that the butchered little ones be boys, since boys are about as valuable as bras to the Feminazis, but a slain girl here or there is okay.

The Feminazis successfully use lots of excuses and pseudo science to justify murder, as did the Klan, Nazis and Commies, but for America's new Medusas, it all reduces to their blood lust for power over men. Executioner females need only cry and moan that their boyfriend or husband beat them repeatedly, and the courts will let them off for acting in self-defense when they actually committed premeditated murder. How can the guy defend against the judicial acceptance of Lizzie Borden tantrums—he's already dead. In present day America, the vast majority, if not all females rejoice in the power to get away with killing a husband or boyfriend as a means of intimidation, source of inheritance, opportunity to switch beaus or go lesbian. As for mothers that off their children because they grew tired of the responsibility they intentionally accepted, the Feminazis provide "get out of the electric chair free" excuses, such as postpartum depression, a visitation from the almighty, "the devil made me do it," the husband should have known what would happen even though he wasn't a psychiatrist or some twisted female perception that men don't find mothers attractive. It's all malarkey, but these mass murders of kids actually avoid the death penalty or life imprisonment with such nonsense because Feminazis across this land advocate that such lunatic rationalizations justify killing children.

Eighty-nine percent of the murderers of children during a baby's first week of life are females, usually the mothers. Overall, mothers kill their children nearly twice as often as fathers,

and the mothers usually get away with it—welcome to mommy’s world. Some of the murderesses even set up their own websites from prison in order to flirt with guys over the Internet. These butcher bimbos are seen by Hollywood, the media and courts as heroines because the Feminazis always somehow shift the blame to a man for the acts of a vicious, sadistic female. America’s modern day homicidal maniacs and their Feminazi supporters don’t give a damn what innocents, born or unborn, get harmed, as long as females get their way. Iraq had 30 years of tyranny under Saddam Hussein, but America has had well over 30 years of Feminazi tyranny. America’s unborn populate its landfills; Saddam’s victims lie in Iraqi mass graves—so what’s the difference?

More information came through from my G.R.U. allies on the Commie Ho and her mother, two fetuses that unfortunately had avoided abortion. In addition to my ex-wife and her mother’s association with the Chechen Baraev clan, the two maintained close connections with two notorious gangsters in Krasnodar: Viktor Vladimirovich Kononenko and Magomet Ali Kurban, another Chechen. These hoods through the threat of force enabled Inessa and the Commie Ho to take control of the gym at the Krasnodar Academy of Physical Culture and run it as a private fitness center with the profits going not to the college but themselves and Vice Rector Minchenko. Gee, I wonder whether I could do that with the gym at my alma mater Columbia University?

The G.R.U. also discovered that the Commie Ho had once been the mistress of a Chechen racketeer and warlord named Ruslan Labazanov. A warlord! What century was I living in?

Labazanov started out as a martial arts expert in the Soviet Army but landed in jail for a murder he committed in Rostov in 1990 at the age of twenty-three. Rostov is less than 200 miles north of Krasnodar. In 1991, during a prison revolt organized by Labazanov, he escaped to

Chechnya to become the head of personal security for the rebel Chechen President Dudayev in Grozny. Labazanov had a reputation for viciousness and a willingness to do anything for the right price. Just like the Commie Ho, they must've gotten along well together.

Labazanov, as did other Chechen hoods, made lots of money trading arms, oil and counterfeit bank notes in Russia. Chechnya's President Dudayev and Labazanov eventually had a falling out over the proceeds from a Moscow bank fraud. Labazanov went off to organize his own paramilitary unit, which means armed thugs, in opposition to Dudayev and set himself up as a warlord over a small section of Chechnya. Labazanov used his paramilitary for kidnappings, killings and from 1994-96, running drugs into Miami. Labazanov's criminal empire was on the move until he and his goons killed the family members of Dudayev's bodyguards, which led to an armed conflict that ended with the capture and public beheading of three of his men.

Labazanov, badly wounded, fled from Grozny.

Labazanov then allied himself with the influential Chechen politician Ruslan Khasbulatov, former head of the Soviet Union's parliament. Back in October 1993, Khasbulatov and Russia's Vice President Rutskoi attempted a coup in Russia that ended with Yeltsin sending in the tanks to shoot up the parliament building. There were no real ideological differences between Yeltsin and Khasbulatov, just one mob trying to take over the turf of another, in this case the country of Russia. Ironically again, I had actually met Khasbulatov a couple of times before the coup attempt and knew his chief of staff fairly well, even wrote a couple of papers for Khasbulatov.

Labazanov was built like a fire plug, sported two Stechkin pistols on his gold studded belt, wore a gold watch, a ring with plenty of rubies, heavy gold bracelets and necklaces and a black head band—what a clown. A hired assassin, probably G.R.U., finally took out Labazanov

in 1996. The Labazanov information didn't particularly help my RICO case other than add to the extent of the Commie Ho's nefarious connections. I'll say this, however, she really got around.

My G.R.U. guys said they would soon obtain the addresses of Kononenko and Kurban from the Krasnodar Ministry of Internal Affairs Department for Fighting Gangsterism and Corruption. Now there's a mouthful. Russians always err on the side of more words rather than less. The addresses would enable me to serve the RICO Complaint on Kononenko and Kurban, which I'm sure will give them a laugh. More importantly, the Department for Fighting Gangsterism agreed to start an investigation into the Commie Ho and Inessa on receiving the RICO Complaint from me. My G.R.U. buddies warned me not to snoop around Krasnodar anymore without their protection.

#### Tell It Like It Is

One day while working on a case with Jeff, he asked, "Have you seen any of those new advertisements on buses and taxis for Flash Dancers?"

"No, I generally take the subway." I answered, wondering at what he was getting.

"There's this blonde woman on these large ads that looks like your ex-wife."

"I wouldn't be surprised," I laughed. "She always wanted the glamorous life, although a ho on a strip club's ads doesn't look very glamorous to me. When I see one, I'll check it out."

Over the next few weeks, other friends called me with the same reports: the Commie Ho's face was all over town on Flash Dancers ads. Finally seeing one stretched across the length of a bus stopped at a red light, I looked, got closer, looked again, yes, no, I wasn't sure. Then I remembered the therapist I previously used who described the Commie Ho as a chameleon, able to change her appearance to fit the scam of the moment. Since my friends swore it was she, I

accepted it and decided to eventually subpoena the ad for use in the District Court to impeach her credibility, since she would deny working at Flash Dancers and the ad might help show that she did. Impeaching a witness or party's credibility in court requires an attorney showing that the person lies so much that nothing they say can be believed. It doesn't matter whether the lies are important in that they affect the issues of the case or insignificant, just so long as they occur over and over.

My attempt to interest the media in my RICO case consisted of emailing to the President of CBS News, whom I knew from my days at WNEW TV News and to whom two years earlier I had suggested a story on the truth of the Russian ho market in the West rather than the Feminazi fantasy reported by Christiane Amanpour. If the U.S. media picked up the story, the Russian mob would at least think twice about causing me any trouble no matter where my RICO investigation took me, except for Chechnya. In Russia, organized crime kills anyone that tries to interfere with its cash flow, including investigative reporters, but generally, although not always, avoids knocking off Americans because the politicians, who are the real crime bosses, don't want to jeopardize American aid or business investments of which they steal as much as they can. Chechnya is another story; there's no direct American investment there.

The President for CBS News received a summary of my RICO case and a copy of the Complaint. A follow up telephone call got only his secretary and no reply, so I assumed that as he did the last time I suggested a story, he referred this one to the same Feminazi vice president for prime time programming, Betsy West. She undoubtedly deep-sixed this story also because it would expose much of the truth about Russian broads, which could easily spill over to American females, whose image the Feminazis were trying hard to rehabilitate after thousands of years of female duplicity. She, as do all the other Feminazis in the media, belongs to a special interest

group best characterized as “Sisters United in Deception.” The feminazised media was not about to expose feminine evil when it harmed a man, no matter what nefarious characters aided the female culprit.

Switching to another brewing battle with a duplicitous female, I met in June 2003 with my incompetent, crooked, fat sow of a stockbroker Furgason to secretly record any possible admissions she might make as to why she lost 40% of my net worth. If she made some incriminating remarks, I’d use the recording as the basis for complaints against her individually with various regulatory agencies. The agencies wouldn’t do anything because too many of the rich got richer off the rash of Wall Street frauds concerning .com companies, but I still needed to take that step to get where I needed to go for justice.

At the meeting, Furgason blamed this and that force majeure but never herself. Although toward the end of the conversation, she admitted to knowing that the analysts at Salomon Smith Barney had lied about the stocks they touted before the melt down because their bonuses depended on keeping those companies as investment banking clients. So why did she go along with the fraud? Her male bosses pressured her, which translated that without the investment of her clients’ money in the garbage stocks, she wouldn’t receive a bonus. What a rational. After closing my account, I filed complaints with the Securities and Exchange Commission, the National Association of Securities Dealers and the New York State Attorney General Eliot Spitzer. They all did nothing, and the class action against her firm that I previously joined ended up paying next to nothing because the lawyers took it all.

#### Hot Fun In The Summertime

The Chief Judge for the U.S. Southern District Court of New York scheduled a July 23 preliminary conference in my RICO case in order to find out if any motions would be filed or

whether both sides were ready to go to discovery. Discovery means each side demands documents and information from the other and various people are asked questions under oath in order to gather evidence for more motions and maybe an eventual trial. Defendants of the type I was suing will lie about nearly everything and provide no information or documents, so my task is to show they are lying, which should make the Chief Judge really mad and may cost them fines or result in motion rulings in my favor that might give me a victory.

Jeff came with me to the conference. As we sat waiting my turn, watching one young drug dealer after another cop a plea, a realization jolted my mind—four years ago on that very day, I met the Commie Ho at the party in the basement of my apartment building in Moscow. What were the odds of that? I wished irony would just leave me alone.

My expectations from the Chief Judge were none but hostility to my case. Every private attorney who ever brought a civil RICO case knows the federal judges in the Second Circuit, which includes the Southern District of New York, are renown for throwing out civil RICO cases because they are too complicated, involve difficult issues and consume too much time—the bureaucrat’s lament. Somewhere along the line the statute in many courthouse entranceways of that hot-looking blind girl holding a pair of scales changed her name from justice to expediency. These days the driving force in many courts is to reduce the workload while truth falls beneath the feet of the five o’clock employee rush out of the courthouse door.

The clerk called my case; I went to the front table while five or six lawyers for some of the U.S. defendants sat at the table behind me. The Chief Judge sounded annoyed. So what, I thought. The Judge expressed no concern that I had been repeatedly threatened, and when I requested a protection order, he said, “I don’t do orders of protection.” Gee, I wondered if he did lunch? “If you think you need an order of protection, you go to state court.” My past experience

told me that was useless advice, but passing the buck did save him from doing any work. It made me feel like saying but I didn't, "If I were a Jew in Nazi Germany, a democrat in the former Soviet Union or a black during reconstruction, there would be no justice for me either. But I'm not. I'm a middle-aged man in Feminarchy America, which means there still is no justice for me."

The Chief Judge also denied my request for an order directing the defendants not to destroy evidence or transfer funds out of the country in order to avoid execution on a possible judgment. The Chief Judge remarked that everyone knows they shouldn't do that. Okay, everybody knows it, but that doesn't mean they wouldn't do it, especially hoodlums and a prostitute. The Judge obviously didn't understand the complete disregard of the law held by Russian organized crime or that it posed a danger to the much-vaunted United States of America, the winner of the cold war, but apparent loser of the peace. The Chief Judge's ignorance of the Byzantine criminal machinations Russians engage in to make money likely made him disbelieve my allegations. A Russian judge, however, would have not only understood but known that even worse was going on behind the picture painted by my Complaint. What is considered paranoia in America is an understatement in Russia. Then again, maybe the Chief Judge just didn't give a damn because I was a man.

Anastasia and Dima, Vasilyeva didn't show or bother with a lawyer, but sent a letter in Russian to the District Court. At the time of the conference my translator was still deciphering it, and the Chief Judge never made any reference to it. The attorneys for the defendants Flash Dancers, Nicholas Mundy, Peter Petrovich, the Commie Ho and Detective Henning decided to make motions to dismiss, so the Chief Judge set a schedule going through the fall for the defense motions, my opposition memorandum and the defense replies. During this time, I requested that

both sides be allowed to proceed with discovery, but the Chief Judge denied that request too. Everything I asked for, the Chief Judge denied, but this last item to start discovery immediately I didn't want, so by asking for the opposite, I got what I wanted.

The lawyers for the other side were cordial, but there was one bozo, Vikrant Pawar from the New York City Counsel's office representing Detective Henning. He approached me outside the courtroom and asked, "You've just been admitted to practice haven't you?" and "Are you from around here?" What was he driving at? Was he trying to ingratiate himself to get some information he could use or just mentally deficient? He didn't get any answers to his questions. Lawyers never answer an opponent's informal questions concerning facts of the case or their clients or themselves because it's either a trick or an attempt to save the questioner work from finding the answer himself by going through the formal procedures.

A couple of weeks after the conference, F.B.I. Special Agent Mike Byrnes of the Russian Organized Crime Unit, to whom I sent my RICO Complaint, called to say the case was "not within the circumstances that the FBI is concerned with. It's more a state and local matter, and while it's criminal activity, it is more intrastate rather than across state lines or international. It's also more a situation where one person is pissed off at another." How this federal cop concluded the Russian and Chechen mafias were local crime outfits baffled me, and as for the "pissed off" part that's why hoods make threats and Al Qaeda took out the World Trade Center. Knowing that argument was futile, I thanked him for his time, and said I'd be heading to Krasnodar at some point to continue my investigation with the help of the Krasnodar M.V.D. Department for Fighting Gangsterism and Corruption. By then, the Department had started interrogating some of the Krasnodar defendants in my RICO case as part of its investigation into the Commie Ho

and her mother's involvement with gangsters running prostitutes and drugs as well as the two arranging for Chechen criminals to threaten my witnesses in the annulment/divorce proceeding.

An hour after hanging up, Byrnes calls me back apologizing for being short with me earlier. "I had someone in my office during the last call and didn't want to go into certain matters with them present." The F.B.I. always had another agent present when they talked to someone so that they would have two witnesses to the citizen's one. Not unlike hoods always showing up in pairs—more intimidating but also allowing the hoods or F.B.I. agents to say whatever they wanted and get away with denying it later. Byrnes' wanting to talk to me privately with the other agent out of the room made no sense, assuming that was the truth, but I didn't really care.

Byrnes continued, "The Complaint is long and I haven't read through it all, but there are some items I'm interested in obtaining more information about, such as the INS employees accepting bribes."

"Okay," I said, "let me know all the items you want more information on, and I'll decide whether to provide it depending on the potential impact on my RICO case." He agreed, and said he'd get back to me. In additions, I sent off a letter to Byrnes stating the circumstances and substance of our agreement under the assumption he would also respond with a letter. I wanted to create a paper trail that I could use in court, if necessary. But as I eventually learned, the F.B.I. doesn't respond in writing unless it comes from its counsel—all the better to hide its incompetence and less than ethical behavior.

#### The Letter

My translator sent me the English version of Anastasia and Dima Vasilyeva's letter to the District Court over which she had difficulty turning the Russian into understandable English

because its author, Anastasia, could barely write in her native tongue. The translators of the Commie Ho's diary made the same critique about her grammatical inability. Maybe the girls in Krasnodar dumb themselves down in order to attract boys, which is what Feminazis claim girls do in American schools for which the fault, of course, is the boys. But the more likely cause is that sluts, Russian or American, adeptly focus their time and energy on the easiest way to profit: suckering men, rather than the three "Rs".

Anastasia Vasilyeva's letter adhered to the first rule of Russian and feminine duplicity by playing the sympathy card. She portrayed her and her husband as poverty stricken, struggling to live the American dream since their arrival in the new world on June 28, 2001. She worked as a seamstress and Dima, real name Nicolay, was currently unemployed. The managers of Krasnodar's top model agency with lucrative local call girl and international prostitute operations were now living in the heartland of America surviving hand to mouth—baloney!

The letter stated they could provide articles from newspapers and magazines vouching for their straight and narrow lives in Krasnodar. Since when are everyday poor folk written up in the press of a city of over a million people? No way, but thanks for the idea, and I got my translator in Krasnodar to dig up some articles. She didn't find anything about call girl operations; the Russian media was even more sycophantic toward the rich than the American press. But Anastasia's mother, Tatyanna, had founded the first Krasnodar "couturier, fashion house, model agency," which was now the biggest, most popular and most lucrative. Chaired by Tatyanna and managed by daughter Anastasia the fashion house catered to TV-stars and other celebrities. The Krasnodar press reported that Anastasia and her famous mother, "fashion's grand lady of Southern Russia," continued to put on their annual January fashion show broadcast by Russian national television and radio and attended by movie stars and the pick of society in "luxurious

cars with haughty well-groomed ladies and their solid companions.” Not bad for struggling immigrants living in America. The annual fashion event started in 1998 to celebrate “Tatyanna Day” named after the Russian Orthodox angel “Tatyanna.” That alleged angel probably ran prostitutes as well. One Russian society reporter described the January 2003 grand fashion event: “The theatre was crowded, the boxes were occupied by high-ranking persons as it should be. The beau monde (whatever that means) and others came here this day partly by tradition, partly wishing to join the beautiful, and partly because of the declared prestige of the event. We should pay tribute to the architect of the celebration—the notions ‘fashion’ and Tatyanna Vasilyeva have blended into one in society’s conscious a long time ago.” The event displayed ‘children of all ages’ from the Models School of Anastasia Vasilyeva and ‘were declared to be the pride of our genetic reserve.’” Anastasia’s budding young money makers “put on a display dedicated to the region’s four nationalities: Adygs, Armenians, Chechens and Russians.”

Anastasia’s letter claimed she and her husband hadn’t left the U.S. since they arrived in June 2001; therefore, she must have missed this grand showcasing of her future prostitutes, but she didn’t. Not only did the media spot her at the event, but my Krasnodar translator found out that Anastasia periodically returned to Russia while Nicolay, a.k.a. Dima, spent most of his time there—tough to find a job in America while working in Russia, which technically meant he was unemployed here but not Krasnodar. Anastasia traveled to Krasnodar at least twice a year, once in the summer and once in the winter to sign papers, do an in-person check on the operations—probably to make sure hubby Nicolay wasn’t stealing too much—and push her pet project the Models School of Anastasia Vasilyeva for training children in the glamorous life of fashion and hoing. The Vasilyevas probably crossed over to Canada and traveled back and forth from there

using their second Russian international passports, just as the Commie Ho does, in order to hide from U.S. Customs and INS their travels on mob business.

The busy operation of the Vasilyeva's House of Fashion also included periodic smaller fashion events, such as at the Kuban State University Women's Club. Probably a recruiting gimmick to meet the insatiable demand for female assets. The Fashion House put on a show in August 2003 written up as "a real miracle happening: beautiful creatures in fantastic dresses seemed to have been flying in the air. Music, lighting, spirit of creativity—everything made for the sensation of a miracle." Right, the miracle of feminine self-delusion given that most of those "beautiful creatures" were sluts.

Besides falsely claiming poverty to the District Court, Anastasia emphasized that she and her husband were undergoing great emotional distress over their youngest child's birth defects, which required them to "spend all our time at the hospital ... we are always next to our child." Anastasia used her child's illness as the basis for the lie that the two remained in America, and, therefore, couldn't conduct an international prostitution ring as my Complaint stated. Their child probably had birth defects. Girls in Krasnodar often give birth to deformed children—something in the air, water or wherever. But their detailed description of the health of their child, tragic as it was for the child, was another obvious play for sympathy. The child's illness, however, did explain another reason for pleading poverty—Medicaid. A pretext telephone call by a buddy confirmed my suspicions that these wealthy criminals of Krasnodar were using U.S. taxpayer dollars meant for the American poor to pay their medical bills.

My associate telephoned the Vasilyeva's home using the pretense of collecting an overdue hospital bill for her child. "Hello, this is the Acme Collection Agency. The Children's Hospital referred an unpaid bill for your child's treatment to us for collection."

“We don’t pay for it,” Anastasia quickly and obligingly replied. “It is Government Title 19, so we do not pay it.”

“All right, maybe there has been a mistake. I will check with the hospital and the Government. Sorry to bother you.”

Title 19 is Medicaid. The Vasilyevas know, as do most Russian immigrants and illegal aliens, how to work the system in America. By pretending poverty, they avoid taxes on the large sums they make from white slavery while the U.S. taxpayer picks up the hospital costs for them and their child.

A second rule of Russians for tricking Americans is to pretend they don’t understand English. This way they can retract anything previously said or claim an honest misunderstanding. But there’s nothing honest when it comes to most Russians. The “no speaky English” pretense also allows them to eaves drop on English conversations because foolish Americans keep talking under the assumption the Russians don’t understand English. Anastasia claimed her and her husband’s poor English as the reason for writing the District Court in Russian, but their letter showed a pretty good understanding of the accusations against them that were made in English. Too good a job actually, for it had the ring of an attorney helping them, but whom?

Third rule for Russians, females and lawyers running a con is to lie, prevaricate and dissemble. Anastasia referred to the model agency for which she was the Director, which means CEO, as merely her and her husband’s “workplace.” They recounted my interviewing them back in April 2001, but spun the conversation to depict themselves as ignorant innocents. “We were shocked by the questions. We said that we had no proof and that we knew nothing bad about his wife.” Knew nothing bad! They said the Commie Ho admitted to working as a prostitute in the Cypriot brothel. That one of the girls they sent along came right back home because she decided

against working as a whore. Models from their “workplace” said the Vasilyevas ran a “dirty girls list” and that my ex-wife was on it.

Fourth rule for Russians, broads and lawyers, depict the accuser as guilty of something just as bad or worse. Anastasia claimed, “When Roy Den Hollander understood that we couldn’t help him with anything he got nervous.” When Russians use the word nervous, it means panicky. Under the Commies, exhibiting nervousness was synonymous with guilty conduct for violating one of Lenin or Stalin’s edicts. The Russians are masters at displaying no genuine emotion because often it led directly to the Gulag. Anastasia was trying to tell the Court that her claim of my nervousness meant I was engaged in some criminal activity.

Some parts of the letter were just bizarre. When Anastasia’s husband introduced himself to me in Krasnodar in April 2001, he used the name Dima, which is the name I used in the RICO compliant. The letter states Dima is his christening name, but Nicolay his given name. According to Anastasia, my referring to her husband as Dima “proves that Roy Den Hollander is using false facts and also doesn’t have a serious attitude to the Court.” The first part of that quote was infantile, but the second part may hold some truth.

More importantly, Anastasia’s lame effort to make me out a liar gave me some useful information I didn’t have before: her husband’s official first name Nicolay and his middle initial “N”. I already knew Anastasia’s middle initial “A”, but needed their full middle names or patronymics for the G.R.U. boys to dig up any records in Russia indicating criminal activities. Unfortunately, on coming to America, Russians never give out their full patronymics only the middle initial because they know that’s not good enough to track down their records in Russia for so many people there have similar first and last names. Anastasia’s letter, however, also gave the address at which she and Nicolay were registered in Krasnodar. All Russians are required to

register themselves with the local government as living at a particular address. Some Russians do move around but still keep the same registered address in order to avoid the bureaucratic nightmare of changing it or to hide from the police or mafia, in Russia the two are considered almost synonymous. The Soviets had broken down every city into districts to keep the records from arrest to marriage to abortion to death for all the people registered in a particular district. Even when a person no longer lives in a district, he still has to use the government services offered in the district where he is registered or the government bureaucrats will not help him. Anastasia gave the address at which she and Nicolay were registered in Krasnodar, which meant I now knew the district that kept records concerning them that included their patronymics. Svetlana, my lawyer in Krasnodar, was asked to get their full names.

Anastasia also claimed in the letter to have documents proving the two of them had no criminal records and were not members of the Russian mafia. Who the devil issues non-mafia membership documents? It can't be the American INS. The INS doesn't even bother conducting background checks on aliens applying for permanent green cards, and its computer system breaks down once or twice a week, but that doesn't really matter, since many employees don't know how to use the computers anyway. Besides, INS agents have the highest incidence of criminal activities of any federal agency. They smuggle aliens, counterfeit and sell INS documents and pass aliens who funk the naturalization exam. Any document from the INS automatically makes it suspect. But whichever agency provided Anastasia's "certified innocent" documents, if they actually existed, I couldn't find out until the case went into discovery.

Other information Anastasia told the District Court, I could check right away. Any evidence showing that statements in the letter were false, could be used to attack both Anastasia and Nicolay's credibility by arguing they were consummate liars and nothing they told the court

should be believed. One statement to test was Anastasia claiming to work as a seamstress in an American shop. Anastasia even gave the District Court her boss's name, whom Anastasia suggested the court contact to vouch she made little as an employee and did not run her own lucrative business. Russian mobsters always have a front job and this was Anastasia's since no person, not to mention a Russian female, would give up the CEO position in her mother's premier fashion, model and call girl agency to sew clothes in America.

Another avenue to check was Nicolay, who, according to the letter, worked immediately after the couples' arrival in America at a McDonalds, probably the first Russian organized crime figure to do so. He left that job after six months to spend his time at home with the kids, both under four, and to learn English. The guy who gave his first wife in Krasnodar \$140,000 for a divorce, so he could marry a rich broad like Anastasia and help run the "dirty girls list" for Krasnodar's movers and shakers worked at McDonalds and now took care of his kids. I don't think so.

These ploys concerning Nicolay obviously exploited the Feminazi icon of the sensitive husband doing what the wife should and the patriotic alien trying to become a citizen—both also a first for a Russian hoodlum. Any person who grew up or lived in Russia would laugh at such claptrap. Russian husbands, even those with legitimate jobs, don't stay at home raising young children, and the only patriotism Russian hoods have is for the U.S. greenback. But in modern day America, the Feminazis' gambit of reversing Mother Nature's roles for the sexes, so girls can play at being a man until it becomes dangerous, appeals to bleeding heart liberalism and might sucker the Court into believing Anastasia and Nicolay's lies.

The part of the letter, however, that stood out for me as particularly in need of investigating was "On December 25, 2002 our father came from Russia. Special agent services

and FBI/Federal Bureau of Investigation inspected all of us. The name of the agent is Barry P. Babler. The services and FBI had no issues.” Why was the FBI checking up on a guy from Russia visiting his daughter and then go on to check the daughter and son-in-law? There was something about these people that interested the FBI, but what, and how do I find it out?

Another defendant also tried to sympathy his way out of the suit. Dr. Marc Paulsen, the guy who admitted to producing the Commie Ho’s masturbation video and paying to have sex with her, had his lawyer, who missed the preliminary conference, send me a letter requesting I drop Paulsen from the suit. Paulsen’s lawyer claimed, “Mr. Paulsen is medically sick and will undergo surgery soon. Also, he is not a pornographer.” Right! So what does he hire Red Star models for, and why did U.S. Customs give him a hard time about importing porn videos from Russia? The sickness part either was likely just another lie. Beside, why should I feel sorry for him or any of the other purveyor’s of evil in this case? None of them ever felt sorry for me and probably no one else other than themselves. For them compassion is only a one-way street pointing in their direction; well here I come in my truck. My response to Paulsen’s lawyer included wishes that Paulsen’s operation went well, a lie, and that Paulsen could join my side by testifying against the Commie Ho and her Moscow pimp, Leo.

My worry that the District Court might dismiss the case, that the Second Circuit may uphold such a dismissal and the U.S. Supreme Court deny me an appeal led to an idea triggered by my buddy Mark. He had begun a business setting up websites in the summer of the third year of the third millennium for entertainers looking for patrons. Not being an entertainer, except in my efforts with pretty young ladies, Mark’s website gave me the idea on how to find clients, a special kind of client. All I needed was 40 men who had also been scammed by Russian mafia prostitutes, introduction bureaus, marriage agencies and advertisers of honest Russian girls who

were really sluts, and I could bring a class action RICO case against the Russian and Chechen mafias and their allies. If the Federal courts threw out my first RICO case, they couldn't stop me from coming back with a class action RICO. That would really tick off the Feminazi-sycophantic bureaucrats and make it a lot harder for them to deny justice, since there would be a group of men instead of just one—united we stand, divided the Feminazis walk all over us. Feminazis had been picking off men one by one for decades. Another reason for a class action was that I just might get lucky enough to find some guy who was ripped off by a few of the same scoundrels as me. The way to find my 40 men was through a website. The result was: [www.been-scammed.com](http://www.been-scammed.com).

When the site initially got up and running it said:

Screen 1:

Scammed by a Russian woman?

Lost money?

Want Justice?

Join the beginning of a class action lawsuit against those involved in tricking American men into costly and harmful relationships with Russian women who are no more than liars, cheats and prostitutes.

Screen 2:

Have you been a victim of a fraudulent Russian dating, introduction or marriage service whether through a web site, magazine, newspaper or Russian model agency?

Have you suffered financial loss, emotional distress or other harm as a result of using one of these services?

Have you been taken advantage of by a Russian female?

If you have, then find out whether you qualify to join a class action lawsuit to recover your losses and any damages caused you. Any recovery might be tripled depending on the legal nature of the claim.

The law firm of Roy Den Hollander is looking for victims of these Russian organizations, and their American accomplices, that promise honest relationships with beautiful, wholesome Russian women but end up with the American man defrauded of his money and time.

Perhaps one of the following has happened to you:

- Met a Russian girl on the Internet. After weeks of great emails, she said she was poor and asked to borrow money for food using your master card number. At first it was \$50 and \$100 dollars, but as you cared more and more for her, she started taking up to \$1000. You told her you couldn't afford that, but she said "too bad," then "goodbye."

- Shelled out over \$20,000 for what you thought would be a loving Russian wife. Traveled to meet her in Russia, had a great time, everyone was so nice to you, and you fell in love. Brought her back to the U.S. for a visit, and all she wanted to do was lay around watching soap operas, spend your money on jewelry and run up your phone bill talking in Russian to a guy named Vladimir whom she said was just a "good friend." You were crushed. Your buddies convinced you to put her on a plane back to Russia, but before you could, she disappeared. Now the U.S. Immigration service is giving you a hard time.

- Traveled to a social gathering in Russia that was advertised in a magazine with pictures of beautiful Russian ladies at a classy hotel nightclub. When you got there, the hotel was a rat hole and the girls hags. You demanded your money back, \$5,000, and these big Russian goons pushed you into a corner for a talk. You were happy to get back to the U.S.A. in one piece.

- Found it difficult to meet new people after losing your wife, so you answered a magazine ad to correspond with Russian girls. For \$1000, you got ten letters with pictures of very pretty women, but when you tried to call them, they didn't exist.
- Spent thousands of dollars traveling to Russia to meet a decent girl through an introduction service, but they all turned out to be high-priced hookers.
- Married a Russian girl who turned out to be a prostitute, member of the Russian mafia, a drug addict, adulteress and thief.
- Married a Russian lady whom as soon as she received her green card, divorced you by lying that you beat her up. The American female judge believed the phony tears and gave your Russian wife \$70,000 of the money that you worked hard for.

If you have had a similar experience, then you probably qualify as a member of the proposed class action lawsuit. Your next step is to fill out our short [survey](#). All communications are protected and cannot be disclosed unless you okay it.

You will then be informed as to whether you qualify for the proposed class action lawsuit. If you qualify, your next step will be to decide to join us or not.

Joining will cost you nothing, no matter what the legal outcome. If successful, all attorney fees and costs will come out of any recovery.

Don't be a victim. Join us in our legal action. Fill out the attached survey form.

Sponsored by: Truth, Justice and the American Ideal

Designated lead counsel: Roy Den Hollander, Esq.

Apart from this public effort to set up a class action RICO case, I again tried to win some notoriety for my individual RICO suit. Lynn Vission had written the book *Wedded Strangers* about a number of marriages between Russians and Americans since the 1930s. She gave

lectures on the inter-country coupling that I attended at Columbia University before working for Kroll in Moscow and at the Foreign Language Library in Moscow just after my marriage to the Commie Ho. Perhaps she could use my story for a subsequent edition of her book that she once mentioned she was working on. Unfortunately for me, she was not planning another edition but instead working on a book about the children of Russian-American marriages. Thank goodness I couldn't help her out on that topic, since luckily I didn't have any children with the Commie Ho. What a disaster that would have been; how do you tell a kid that his mother is whore. Vission said in her email, "I have received hundreds of emails from partners of Russian-American marriages, I have not, so far, been contacted by American spouses in a situation similar to yours." An understatement for sure. In response, I told her about the proposed class action RICO website for which she very graciously sent me the web addresses for sites frequented by American men who had married Russian girls or pursued them and suggested I post a letter with those sites advertising the class action RICO. Thanking her for the suggestion, I put it on my "To Do" list.

### Something in the Air

All this prose make's it sound that most of my waking hours were spent fighting for a reckoning with evil, they weren't, but soon would be. My private Salsa lessons with Isabella had ended and my confidence in dancing it had come a long way with the thirty odd choreography routines I kept in a notebook. Isabella suggested I take her group class to continue my progress. She even told me to come a month for free. When was the last time a luscious babe offered a guy something for free, probably Delilah pushing haircuts. Still, I jumped at the opportunity.

After the first group class, I asked Isabella a little confused, “During our private lessons, you taught me to start by stepping back with the left foot, but in class you have the guys step forward with the left foot. Which is it?”

“Oh, it doesn’t matter. I’m just doing that so we can get into the turns and other movements quicker.” She smilingly reassured me with a sensuous hand on my arm.

Made sense to me, so I continued with her classes and paying the fee starting the following month, which I could easily afford. My work for Jeff was making me over a hundred grand a year. But with the money came the soma like illusions of normalcy rearing up from the parts of my unconsciousness contorted by American society. These serpents tempted me with the security of insidious cowardice and surrender while my Salsa teacher oozed sex-stirring fantasies of romance and companionship all of which combined into a formidable tag-team laying siege to the gates of my crusade. I knew exactly what was happening, all the parental and social programming were setting me up for another fall. The seducing succor of the complacent pawn seeped around and through by resolve for justice.

Then I received a call from one of Jeff’s bosses at the insurance company. This was strange because I worked for Jeff, and he usually dealt with the guys at the insurance company to which we provided litigation services. The insurance company officer, probably from the former Soviet Union, nastily accused me of padding my bill and incurring needless expenses by asking the insurance company’s private eye to track down an appraiser the company had used in a case. The claim files showed the appraiser once possessed and might still have some key documents that would benefit one of the cases, which I told him. But he was unable to admit his mistake and continued his caustic rant by insinuating I was lying because he couldn’t remember the appraiser’s name—a typical female tactic when shown up to be wrong. The case was old and the

appraiser landed in jail for a while on unrelated grounds, but the appraiser's name was right there on the documents, as I pointed out to the insurance officer. But he would hear none of it and hung up in a huff—another typical female tactic for covering up incompetence. I called Jeff.

“Why did this guy end up calling me over a billing, I work for you,” I complained to Jeff.

“Well, I was busy, so I told him to call you.”

“You should have warned me. This is your responsibility not mine.”

“I know, I'm sorry.”

I was pissed. As my brother once remarked, “You don't like being pushed around,” to which I would add, especially when acting diligently. The incident made it clear the time had come to put away illusions of normalcy and fight the Commie Ho and her mafia associates full time, to ignite what I hoped was the final phase. A cold feeling of joylessness grew with a desire to set my determination. No more dilatory daydreams about Salsa romance. Go to the clubs to flirt and try to pick up chicks for fun but nothing more, only mutually beneficial sexual associating—nothing more.

Spending too much time with the same girl makes a man weak. Girls are cowards and lack honor. Who was the last girl that acted in any way honorable? Joan of Arc was six hundred years ago. BROADS got nothing to tell me other than “yes” or “no”. They're only pushers selling endorphins pumped into a man's brain by their presence and pheromones. No cold turkey idiot would ever ask a pusher for advice about life or believe what one said. Pushers are only interested in money, have lots of customers, lie constantly, never make refunds, wait for the addicts to come to them and are never on time. God damned the pusher girl. No, I didn't need some girlfriend pushing me into acting the coward in order to exploit me for her own ends or making me vulnerable through that unique stupidity of men to confide in a broad only to have

her use the information as a knife in his back later. What I had to do required strength, more than I ever used before.

My working for Jeff ended with my resignation and I set my course. At first, I wound up tight like a girl set on marriage, which caused me sleepless nights until I remembered one of Mark's key teachings in the martial arts. The only way to put up a good fight is to relax until the instant the ferocity is needed. So I relaxed and set to work creating the instant of justice.

Initially, I began reviewing RICO cases in the law library because in September the American defendants would ask the Court to dismiss the case, which I would oppose. Late one afternoon at the library, the lights went out, the computers crashed—the electricity had stopped. Oh boy, *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, I hoped! Now the rich and their Feminazi lackeys will get their comeuppance! But it was just another New York City blackout, although this one extended across the entire northeast. By evening the bars were overflowing onto the side walks with people downing as much as they could while the drinks were still cool and the ice held out. Walking the nearly pitch-black streets bubbled up ancient fears as people materialized right in front of me without warning then vanished just as quickly back into night. Darkness fearful, dreaded and black became the thought the mind lacked. There was the sense that the security of civilization had momentarily evaporated, although the experience of cruising around invisible was peaceful with the buildings, such as the Flatiron and Empire State, looking beautiful without lights against a night sky filled with stars that otherwise don't exist in the glare of city lights.

Following the mid-August blackout, I flew out to the Vasilyeva's to snoop around looking for evidence of falsehoods in Anastasia and Nicolay Vasilyeva's letter to the District Court. As part of my preparation, I telephoned F.B.I. Special Agent Babler, left a message I would be in his city from August 21<sup>st</sup> to the 25<sup>th</sup> and requested an interview with him concerning

Anastasia and Nicolay's letter; a copy of which I mailed him along with my mobile number where he could reach me in New York.

On Thursday, I left for LaGuardia airport so that I would arrive the two hours before my flight that Homeland Security advised in order to pass through the beefed up security for domestic air travel. Once again, I should have known better than to listen to government retards. It took me less time to get to the gate than before 911 even with the security personnel incapable of speaking understandable English. The airports must have out sourced those jobs. The trick was to just nod my head to these maulers of the English language to keep moving toward the metal detector. One grandmother in front of me made the mistake of trying to communicate with these illiterates, so they pulled her out of the line. Guess the two hour advanced arrival warning was meant for gray haired, stooped ladies like her. The Government doesn't want to violate that totalitarian left taboo of profiling: don't discriminate against our young male brothers who want to kill us, search for the threat among the elderly and folks from Scandinavia. What cretins populate the Government.

In Cincinnati, I waited for my connecting flight. These small airports sitting out in Middle America where nature trumps concrete are nice. They carry a peacefulness and easier way of life free of an atmosphere charged with the hurry of adrenalin and the worry of anxiety that grip large concrete urban centers. After an easy stroll around, I reluctantly turned to my travel reading: the second translation of the Commie Ho's diary. A young American man living in Moscow did this version, which I wanted as a check on the first written translation done by a Russian service used by my Moscow lawyers. Reading again the Commie Ho's inner workings with the distance of hate and time was no less revolting, although the heartache had vanished completely. My translator prefaced his work with "This woman is real perplexing, if you don't

mind my saying so. She involves herself in all kinds of dark and questionable behavior, at the same time throws on these religious sayings and ‘prays’ for help. Can’t quite make heads or tails out of her, but it does make for interesting reading.” My interest, however, had waned, and after twenty minutes of wadding through the sewer of her mind, I put it aside, figuring there would be plenty of time to finish it later. Once again, one of my predictions went awry.

On Friday morning the day after my arrival, I drove out to an upscale suburban shopping mall where Anastasia Vasilyeva claimed she worked as the family’s breadwinner sewing clothes for Cynthia Zahnow in a tailoring shop. It looked like just another mall to me, but was the Fifth Avenue of this suburban area. As we walked into the mall, I saw on my right a woman’s clothing store with manikins draped with the current fashionable look. Something about it struck me as not right, even a little *déjà vu*. When I saw a tall good-looking young babe standing inside, obviously a sales girl, a line popped into my mind, and I walked inside with every intention of flirting with this babe in her late teens or early twenties.

Inside, there were more tall fashionably dressed manikins, both alive and not. The couple of living ones smiled requests at us two middle-aged guys silently asking us to drain our bank accounts on their commissions in return for flirtations that promised delights never to be delivered. I walked up to the girl I saw from outside as she beamed, “Can I help you?”

“Yes, I’m looking for a tailoring shop” and gave her the name. “Do you know where it is?” Okay, so it’s not much of a line, but such prosaic utterances usually provide the opening needed. This girl was taller than me by two inches in her heels, poised and simulating an open invitation.

As I glanced around, she answered, “Of course, they do all our alterations for us and are in the back.”

“What kind of clothes do you sell here?” I asked, no longer interested in flirting but trying to pump some information because my déjà vu had turned into a memory. This store’s set up, fashion and its smiling salesgirls was a carbon copy of the Vasilyeva House of Fashion 6,000 miles away in Krasnodar.

“We only sell designer clothes and specialize in wedding dresses. Would you like to look at some?”

“No thanks, I have no need for a wedding dress. You look like a model. Are you?”

“Well, thank you. Yes I am. Most the girls who work here are models.”

“Does the store help you with modeling, show you what to do and arrange for fashion shows and the like?”

“We regularly put on fashion shows in which the girls model the latest styles and the store helps in all of that as well as our training.” I bet they do, I wanted to add.

“Do you work here all week long?”

“No, different girls come on at different hours. It’s only part time since many of us are in college.”

“What if a customer wanted to take one of the models to dinner?”

Without blinking an eye, she said, “Well that does happen, but we have to run it by our manager first.”

No doubt she misspoke, meaning to stay pimp instead. Having gotten pretty much what I wanted, couldn’t very well ask if they imported sluts from Russia.

“Would you direct us to your tailoring shop?”

“Of course,” she responded and walked out of the shop with our eyes following the movements of her cheeks and calves. “It’s just down there on the right,” she said pointing.

“Thanks.” Even the arrangement with the tailoring shop in back of the fashion store was nearly identical to the modeling and call girl agency run by the Vasilyevas in Krasnodar. This was no coincidence or that Anastasia, the boss in Krasnodar, was a mere seamstress here.

As we walked into the tailoring shop, I went up to a female in her forties and asked for Cynthia Zahnow.

“I’m her,” she said.

I introduced myself as the attorney on the RICO case in New York and started asking questions, which Zahnow was dumb enough to answer, for a while. The Q and A took place in the small public area of the tailoring shop with two of her employees watching and my associate as my witness. Zahnow claimed Anastasia had worked as a seamstress for her but left a few weeks ago, how convenient. Then Zahnow started evoking sympathy to try to fog the situation. Must be Russian I surmised.

“Anastasia’s son was born with birth defects, so she needed a job with benefits to pay for the child’s medical care. I can’t afford to pay my workers benefits, so I found her a job at the Boston Store downtown. She’s probably at the children’s hospital this moment.”

Mentally, I asked myself what’s Anastasia doing at the hospital if she is suppose to be working, and what employee benefit plan would pick up the cost of the pre-existing defects of Anastasia’s child? This syrup was just an effort to cover Anastasia and Nicolay’s Medicaid fraud about which Zahnow probably knew and maybe abetted. I brushed the sympathy ruse aside. Besides, Anastasia got what she deserved for most likely having this child in the U.S. for the sole purpose of making it more difficult to deport her for illegal activities. Anastasia, and now her alleged former employer Zahnow, really milked this kid’s misery for their own suspect ends.

“What does her husband Nicolay do?”

“He worked for a while, but now stays at home with the other child.” How convenient, no traceable job. All during my stay out West and after, I periodically called the Vasilyeva’s house but Nicolay never answered. How could he? Nicolay spent most his time in Krasnodar running prostitution.

“Do you know why the F.B.I. was investigating Anastasia’s father?”

“The F.B.I. visited the store saying it was investigating the father but didn’t say why.”

Zahnow replied.

“What’d the F.B.I. ask you?”

“Oh, I don’t remember exactly. Stuff like how long Anastasia work here, how well I knew the family. But their investigation delayed her father coming here for six weeks.”

“How well do you know the family?”

“We’re friends. Anastasia’s father was coming to visit to help with the children.” The sympathy diversion again and another lie derived from trendy Political Correctionalist propaganda about America’s neutered man: “Mr. Sensitive Androgyny.” No way I was buying. Anastasia’s father traveling to the U.S. to take care of her kids was just as unlikely as Nicolay staying home to take care of one of them or both. More likely the father was either bringing money or information to help the call girl operations in America or taking money back with him to some offshore haven, just as the Commie Ho did.

“Do you know what Anastasia’s patronymic is?” Thought I’d give this a shot since it would save me some money if my Krasnodar lawyer hadn’t already checked the records for the district where Anastasia was registered.

Zahnow began to realize her ploy for pity wasn't working and that she had probably already said too much. "I'll check my records; give me a call on Monday." Fat chance she'd give it to me. By then, she would have reported back to Anastasia who'd tell her to keep her trap shut.

"Do you know Nicolay's patronymic?"

"No," she now turned cold.

The fact that Zahnow knew what patronymic meant made me think again she was Russian. "Are you Russian?"

"No," and she laughed just like a Commie does when trying to make someone feel ridiculous for suspecting something. Zahnow's ancestors actually came from Poland, close enough. She then volunteered, "I know what is going on in this case. Anastasia showed the kook's Complaint to everybody. Are you the kook?" Zahnow now moved to the classical Russian and female tactic of name calling to enlist social opprobrium against a seeker of the truth. What most people don't realize is that lawyers consider slurs from an opponent the highest form of compliment.

"Who used the word 'kook' besides you just now?" Zahnow was now on the hook for defamation, but I wanted to see whether I could catch Anastasia in it. Zahnow refused to say and the interview ended. I gave Zahnow my car, my associate and I left. As we walked toward the exit, I began to say something to my associate when she motioned me to look to my left. Turning, I saw Zahnow using another classic Russian and female trick of sneaking up behind people and eavesdropping.

"Talking bad about me?" She agitatedly said at having been caught.

“No, you haven’t been defamed, but I have,” I replied. Zahnow quickly walked on ahead into the women’s fashion store we first visited. She probably wanted to throw-a-fit, yelling and screaming at us but after landing before a judge for disorderly conduct a few years back, she kept herself under control.

Anastasia’s job, whether still at the tailoring shop or another store, was just a cover that allowed her and Nicolay to claim poverty in order to scam Medicaid while her child’s illness combined with Feminazi fantasies of the “soft man” as personified by the false image created for Nicolay, creates the illusion of the two spending all their time in the U.S.

Next stop—the F.B.I. About an hour later, at a little after 1 PM, I walked into the reception area of the local F.B.I. office. No guards, no reinforced doors and no metal detectors as in New York City. My associate had stayed in the car. My only chance of getting any information was alone since the F.B.I. didn’t like witnesses unless the witness was another agent so as to back up the Bureau’s position or lie on what transpired. Besides, I doubted Special Agent Babler would be around during lunch or even see me if he were.

I gave my name to the receptionist, she told me to have a seat. Not two minutes after I sit down, Babler comes out by himself fashionable tan and well dressed. This guy’s living the good life out here. After introducing myself, I told him the status of the RICO proceeding and that I had a few questions about the Vasilyeva’s letter to the District Court. Handing him a translated copy he could use as a reference in case he no longer had the one I mailed him, I expected him to invite me inside to talk with another agent present as they usually do, but Babler didn’t. Strange I thought.

“I’m sorry for not responding to your telephone call from earlier in the week.” Babler sounded nervous, acted nervous, looked nervous and even perspired a little. “What are your

questions?” So as we stood there in the reception area with no one in listening distance, I started my questions to which I expected the usual F.B.I. reply “no comment.”

“Why did the F.B.I. conduct a six-week investigation of Anastasia’s father and her family before allowing him in the country?”

“We didn’t investigate the whole family.” So either Anastasia lied to the District Court about her and Nicolay passing F.B.I. scrutiny or Babler was lying to me.

He continued, “It wasn’t an investigation, just a routine inquiry into Anastasia’s father after he arrived, which didn’t take anywhere near six weeks. These types of inquiries never take six weeks, not even a month, and are done only after the visitor shows up.” That’s not what Zahnnow said. Somebody doesn’t have their story straight.

“Why Anastasia’s father?”

“It was just a random check of papers that came across my desk to see if the paper work was accurate.” As I recalled from the Commie Ho’s paper work for a visa, the documents were in Russian.

“If it was just routine, why did Anastasia mention you in her letter to the Court?”

“After she received the RICO Complaint, Anastasia came to me saying she thought it dealt with the Russian mafia. She asked me for legal advice, but I told her I couldn’t give her any and didn’t. We aren’t allowed to give the public legal advice of any type. I’ve read the entire Complaint and have a copy on my desk.” All 91 pages he read! Sounded as though Babler had more than a routine interest in my case, but why? Babler still appeared nervous, and his answer didn’t really explain Anastasia’s reference to him in the letter, unless her Soviet mentality made her believe she could bluff her way out of the case by claiming a nonexistent

investigation found no criminal doings. In Russia, gangsters often hire F.S.B. or M.V.D. officials to provide them with a clean bill of lawfulness.

“Do you read Russian?”

“No.”

“It must be difficult working on Russian matters not knowing the language?” I tried to get him to elaborate on how he dealt with documents in Russian.

“Not really.” He tried to change the flow of the conversation toward me. “I’m surprised you aren’t on our list of people who travel periodically to Russia.” Obviously he checked that list, which I didn’t know existed until then, but why did he even spend the time to bother? Or was this some lame attempt at intimidation? Watch out, we’ll put you on our list. Who cares!

I turned the interview back to my questions. “Do you know Anastasia’s middle name?”

“No, but it would be the first name of her father, which I recall is Anatole.” Was this accurate or intentional misinformation?

“Could you check that for me?” I requested, fully expecting a “get lost!” But Babler was still nervous and answered, “The name is in my records back in my office, call me in an hour and half and I’ll have it for you.”

“Okay,” I said surprised, thanked him for his time and left.

Two hours later, I called Babler back. He was no longer nervous but in the typical F.B.I. authoritarian arrogant mood. “I’m not going to give you the name of Anastasia’s father because it would impact one of our investigations and our rules prohibit releasing any information concerning an investigation.” So, the former routine inquiry was now an investigation. Babler then switched to the understanding cop role in an effort to convince me there was nothing the authorities in the U.S. were doing or could do, meaning I should either leave the bureaucrats to

their Club Fed ways or get out of the way of their investigation. I couldn't figure out which, but it didn't matter because I wasn't giving up.

Babler added, "I was involved in another investigation of a gentleman in a situation similar to yours. But nothing could be done because the fraud occurred in Russia." I knew that was a lie. Even if all the criminal acts I alleged occurred in Russia, which they did not, whenever it was reasonably foreseeable that criminal conduct would impact the U.S., like tricking men into bringing mafia prostitutes to America for the mob's white slave trade, those acts violated RICO. Federal law enforcement agencies had plenty of power to not only bounce the Commie Ho, Anastasia and Nicolay out of the country but also break up the Russian mob's operations in America. However, I doubted they had the will. Babler's statement was so absurd that it would absolve the cocaine cartels in Columbia from prosecution because all they did was put the dope on the ships headed for America.

Babler moved into the therapist role with "It is not at all infrequent for an older American man to marry a younger Russian woman who only wants to get to America." This ploy of commiseration put me on alert for the proverbial incriminating question meant to nail me to the wall. But instead Babler asked, "Do you live here or New York?" I didn't get it. He knew from my letter and Complaint where I lived, so dismissing his question as irrelevant, I answered, "New York."

After hanging up with Babler, I called Anastasia's home number several times, but it was busy for over five minutes. Was Babler reporting back to her, maybe, maybe not?

So far, my trip provided some information useful in discovery for impeaching Anastasia and Nicolay and added some specifics to my understanding of their local operations about which I could quiz them in detail, assuming the case made it to discovery. The tailoring shop in the

back of the fashionable designer clothing store with tall pretty young models looked and felt the clone of the Tatyanna Vasilyeva House of Fashion in Krasnodar. Anastasia's letter to the court indicated the tailoring shop was a separate company but the lack of corporation records or a telephone listing showed it was most likely part of the clothing store, just like the operation in Krasnodar. With Canada not far away and notoriously open for allowing in illegal aliens, Russian hos likely entered Canada and hopped a ride across the border into the U.S.

The Vasilyeva's U.S. operations began looking like a carbon copy of their vertically integrated prostitution business in Krasnodar. Perhaps Nicolay recruits the hookers in Krasnodar, arranges passage to Canada using a Canadian "entertainment" company to act as the visa sponsor, just as the Athanasious do in Cyprus. Someone in Canada or Anastasia helps the hos travel across the border into the U.S.. When the girls arrive, Anastasia farms them out to the many Russian mafia prostitution rings in the U.S. or Russian and American mob run strip clubs, which are always looking for new talent. The fashion and tailoring shop does a legitimate business but might also provide a cover for a "dirty girls list" using the shop's models just like the Krasnodar House of Fashion. Unfortunately, the only way to find out was locating a girl who had worked on the inside, but I had neither the time nor resources.

As for figuring out the truth about Babler's strange behavior and his involvement, if any, with the Vasilyevas would require subpoenaing F.B.I. records and deposing him once the RICO case moved into the discovery stage, if the court didn't throw it out first. But even in discovery, getting my hands on F.B.I. records and questioning Babler would be difficult. All I had as a reason was Babler's weird behavior during a ten-minute conversation that only I witnessed and his discrepancies with what Zahnow told me and what Anastasia said in her letter. My intuition knew Babler was hiding more, but that's not a reason the District Court will listen to. Even my

associate thought I didn't have much to go on concerning Babler or the fashion shop's involvement with the Vasilyevas' operations in America, but I knew the fog would eventually clear on some of the scenes that I could not now see.

Over the weekend, my associate and I took in a Latin festival. It surprised me that Latinos lived in the North Country, but what did I know. The demographics of America had changed dramatically during my adult life with the politicians pandering to the Latin vote by opening the southern border to anyone from Mexico, South America and elsewhere. Personally, the Federal Government should only let in the young Latina babes so as to once and for all destroy that prevalent Feminazi myth that a girl can act like a man and be beautiful at the same time. Imagine the contrast: straight hair, no make up, Feminazis with nothing to reveal clunking down the avenues looking like Soviet era matrons while decked out, coifed, painted Latinas with multiple moving parts seduce their way into the imaginations of those men that the Feminazis haven't turned into girlie-men. Which brand of female has more power? It's not the she-male Feminazis. Like most men, I don't pay attention to she-males. There's nothing they can tell me that's worth hearing, and there's definitely nothing they can show me that I want to see.

The Latin festival featured a lot of different acts and music, the language of which I couldn't understand, just like when I stayed in Ecuador some years earlier thanks to a jungle girl I met in Coca in the middle of the Orient. For the remainder of the weekend, my associate and I hung out in the country, watching the sunsets and me cursing to myself, as I do every day the parents the universe stuck me with. Life could have been enjoyable, interesting and worthwhile but for those two sociopaths.

Monday morning 8:15 AM, my ringing mobile wakes me out of a sound sleep. Normally, I'd ignore it at that hour, but it might be important.

“Hello,” I answered.

“Mr. Hollander?” The nasty sounding voice inquired.

“Yes.”

“This is Officer Sean Schmidt from the Town Police Department. You are going to be arrested for aggravated harassment if you try to contact Cynthia Zahnow again or visit her shop. You have no legitimate reason for being in touch with her.” This caused butterflies in my stomach because I just woke up, which was this cop’s intention a la Franz Kafka whom I’m sure he never read.

Schmidt continued, apparently for purposes of added intimidation, “Ms. Zahnow told me that an F.B.I. agent had also talked to you about your inappropriate contact with Ms. Zahnow.”

The butterflies didn’t last long; anger began to seethe through me as it flowed into my voice. “Listen here officer Schmidt, there is right now in the Federal District Court in New York a pending RICO case (I emphasized Federal and New York so he’d know he wasn’t dealing with some bumpkin case in some dink state court) in which Ms. Zahnow will most likely be called as a witness. One of the defendants in that case sent a letter to the Federal Judge in which she claimed to work for Ms. Zahnow. I, as the attorney and plaintiff, have a right, do I make myself clear, a right to investigate claims made to a Federal Judge by interviewing Ms. Zahnow, and I do not appreciate the local police department interfering with a Federal case!”

Schmidt’s voice changed to sounding civil but to save face he repeated, “If you contact her again you’ll be arrested. She says you’ve been coming to her business and also calling her.”

“That’s false! I visited her business once for a fifteen-minute interview for which I have a witness and never once telephoned her. She, in fact, is the one who agreed to call me today with information I had requested from her during the interview. Obviously, she is not going to

make that call, so my next contact with her will be to subpoena her as a witness, and I doubt whether you guys will dare arrest me for that.”

“We have no problem with that.” What else could the flat foot say.

“What did she say about the FBI?” I dropped the angry tone in an effort to obtain some information. I didn’t really think he’d answer, but he did.

“She said an F.B.I. agent contacted her and told her to call the local police to complain about being harassed by you.”

“Did she say who the F.B.I. agent was?”

“No.”

“Well, I’m going to stop by your headquarters later to talk to your Chief about this.”

“You’re free to do that.”

When I hung up, a quote by A. A. Milne came to mind:

“Sometimes when the fights begin, I think I’ll let the dragons win, But then again, perhaps I won’t, Because they’re dragons, so I don’t.”

Obviously Babler was the F.B.I. agent since he was the only agent I talked. Either before or after my interview with him, Zahnow or Anastasia talked with him about my snooping around. If either contacted him before I did, that might explain why he was so nervous. Babler in turn must have reported to one or both of them my interview with him—so much for the vaunted confidentiality of the F.B.I. At some point, most likely on Babler’s suggestion—so much for not giving legal advice—the three agreed to have Zahnow file a complaint with the local cops using that chestnut of Feminazi intimidation against men: a broad faking fear to the police while she lies about male harassment.

Babler's left field question about where I lived now made sense. Babler knew that the cops couldn't charge me with harassment for talking to Zahnow about the RICO case, and as a lawyer himself, he knew I knew that. Babler was simply telling me to get out of town, go back to New York or he would make even more trouble for me. To make sure I got the message that he was behind the threat, he told Zahnow to tell the cops that the F.B.I. was involved. If I had lived in town, the intimidation, to Babler's bullying point of view, would not work because I would have no choice but to fight back since fleeing would not be an option. These federal pigs tick me off as much as organized crime goons. Both are always trying to push people around, "Get out of town by sundown," what a bunch of creeps. Well, I got out of town, since my flight left that afternoon, but the trouble I made for Babler was just starting. Nobody, not even a Federal agency is going to pull my tail and not get chewed a little bit.

My associated and I had a couple of stops to make before the airport.

She said, "Maybe you've stumbled into a hornets' nest. What other explanation is there? The F.B.I. might be running an investigation and doesn't want you interfering. Then again this guy Babler could be on the take. Maybe they pay him in girls for his protection. It has to be one or the other but the real question is which?"

At the Town police headquarters, I vehemently complained to the Acting Chief, also sporting a deep tan, that I didn't appreciate the intimidation implied in the threat to arrest me. I filled him in on the RICO case, why I was in town and made clear that F.B.I. Special Agent Babler had used his police department as a tool. He politely listened as a matter of customer relations, since there was nothing he could do about Babler. But when I returned to continue my investigation, assuming the case made it to discovery, the local cops would think twice about believing some Feminazi. He did, however, arrange for me to talk with Officer Schmidt in

person, which always helps. Schmidt had no further information but agreed to provide a statement if needed about the content of his conversation with Zahnow. The Acting Chief also provided me with a copy of Zahnow's complaint against me.

A little before 1 PM, I stormed, almost, into the F.B.I. office. "I want to know why the F.B.I. is interfering in a RICO case in the United States District Court of New York." I angrily told the receptionist and demanded to see the supervisor. When I saw the look of shock on her face, I said to myself go easy this is not New York City. She said the boss was out of town for the week, which I didn't believe.

"Okay, let me see his assistant than."

She rang a number, talked with someone and said, "He's busy, but call back in an hour, don't come back to the office, just call."

Persona non grata, huh! I knew then I'd never reach any of the bosses. Babler must have told his bosses I was from New York City and would probably return there and step back from investigating my case's connections in their jurisdiction. So by ducking me, the local F.B.I. figured the incident would fade into oblivion. Evildoers always count on the victim letting their evil go. From the airport, I called back and as expected the acting supervisor was still busy, but his secretary assured me he would telephone me in New York City the next day. So how did she know I would be in New York the following day?

On the plane to Cincinnati for my connection to New York, I picked up the second translation of the Commie Ho's diary that I had begun on my way out.

The Cincinnati airport was busier going back. Walking toward the gate, I spotted, how could I not, one of those young voluptuous ladies that makes a man forget all caution. This blonde bombshell came out of the ladies room in her color for the day pink: pink jeans, pink top

and pink Yankee cap. First time I ever saw a pink Yankee cap before. She had trouble, or pretended trouble, with pulling her carry on bag. It tended to roll over on one side as she moved along swinging her hips walking to the gate. The obvious line immediately came to mind, “Need some help?” and then segue into a comment about her pink Yankee cap to which she’ll laugh. But I stopped myself, she’s a blonde and I have the diary of another blonde to finish. So, I found a relatively empty group of seats and sat to my reading.

The rows of seats at the gate faced each other, probably some Feminazi psychologists’ idea to promote the feeling of comradeship. Some motion caught my eye and I looked up from my reading to see the blonde bombshell with her pink Yankees cap parking her nicely shaped rear in one of the seats in front of me. She starts trying to make calls on her cell phone. What girl doesn’t when she has five seconds to spare? But this girl couldn’t get through to any one. Before I can stop myself, I say, “Having troubles with your cell phone?”

“Yes, it must be the airport. It keeps fading in and out,” she replies a little hesitantly.

“Maybe it’s Cincinnati. You can try using mine if you like. It might work.” I said looking her over: nice large breasts tightly packaged but a bit of a tummy roll, probably went on an eating binge recently because compared to the rest of the body it didn’t belong there.

“No thanks, it’s not important.”

“You going to New York?” she asked.

“Sure thing,” I answered. She received a call, so I went back to my reading, but her call last all of 30 seconds.

“I’m also going to New York,” she resumed.

“What for?”

“I go to school there, N.Y.U.”

“Good school, are you heading back from your summer vacation?”

“I’m coming from my home near New Orleans. You know Britney Spears is from there.”

Who? I pondered silently searching for some recognition of the name in my brain as my face must have stared at this girl in bewilderment. Then I remembered Spears was a singer, but I thought she was from England. The bombshell continued with something else, but I couldn’t hear amid the airport noise and my middle-aged eardrums, so I smiled and thought of something to say. I almost remarked ‘looks like you gained some weight at home’ but decided against it and instead asked, “What’s your name?”

She thought some, guess it wasn’t on the tip of her tongue, and said, “Kelsey”

“Pretty name,” I said as she smiled. “Mine’s Roy. How do you find New York?”

“Lonely!” She now looked sad with this obvious opening but I let it go.

“How old are you?”

“I’m twenty-two.” And very delicious I wanted to add, but her demeanor now turned wispily serious as though her youth was draining away.

“You must have lots of beaus chasing you in New York. There’s no reason to be lonely, go have yourself some fun.”

“I know, but I also have my career to think of,” she said with in a tone of burden.

“I thought you were in school?” I responded always the lawyer looking for inconsistencies.

“I was, but now I’m a dancer.” So maybe I heard wrong the first time.

“That’s a tough profession, especially in New York but I guess that’s the place to pursue it.”

“It would still be nice to find somebody.”

Always the optimist without sensitivity, I said, “You’ve got ‘til your late twenties to get married. Enjoy yourself for now, but later on don’t let your career interfere with raising a family. I’ve seen too many girls sacrifice their family for a career and they are now miserable.”

“What do you do?” She asked.

“I’m a lawyer.”

“There’s a lawyer who lives down the block from my family in New Orleans. He’s got a big house, but he’s never around, always working.”

“Yeah, it tends to consume your life.” I gave her my card and said, “If you need a lawyer, give me a call?” Her reaction told me I should have said, “If you feel lonely give me a call and we’ll go have a drink.” All right, so I blew it.

Our plane started boarding.

She said, “I always wait to get on after everyone else boards.” So I waited with her wondering how she ever found room for her carry-on if she waits until everyone is on board. Then I realized, a girl who looks like her will have guys lining up to find room for her baggage or volunteer to put it under the seat in front of them no matter how badly it cramps their legs.

As we walked down the gateway, I thought of trying to get the person next to one of us to switch seats to continue our talk but nixed that. I wanted to finish the Commie Ho’s diary, which would make an interesting topic of conversation with Kelsey, but would drive her away. Mark always told me to shut up about my Russian adventures when hustling a dame, and he was right. Once I breach that subject, the girls vanish into the night air.

“Where do you live in New York?”

“Manhattan.” Nice vague answer that.

“What clubs do you hang out at?”

“I like Cancun,” and she mentioned some other place of which I never heard.

“Yeah, I know Cancun, on Eight Avenue in the high forties nice little bar. I like going to the Latin clubs like the Copa, Noche and Gonzales y Gonzales. Only I still can’t dance the salsa. Keep taking lessons, but I’m not there yet. But the music is great, and I figure the more I go, the sooner osmosis will take over. You should give them a try. You’re a dancer and it should be easy for you.”

“I don’t know about that.” She had lost interest, so when I got to my seat I wished her well and never saw her again. Once I went by Cancun just on an odd shot, but when I told Mark the story he said we’d have to hit the place around 2 AM when girls like Kelsey hit bars like Cancun.

#### It’s Just a Matter of Time

By the time I arrived back in New York, I was even more fed up with this Federal Bureau of Intimidation than when I had left. Who did they think they worked for anyway: mobsters and terrorists? They were no better than the goons I was after in the RICO suit. These federal pigs spend much of their time trying to scare taxpaying citizens into doing what they want. They exploit the unwritten threat that if the average guy does not cooperate with and supplicate himself to their authority, then the entire weight of the Federal Government will land on his head. They don’t dare act that way with the rich and politically connected or even the criminals they’re supposed to put in jail. My seventh grade civics teacher really got it wrong when teaching us about the F.B.I., just as wrong as those TV fantasies about Eliot Ness. In reality, today’s federal cops didn’t take their jobs with some noble thought of bringing evildoers to justice, but for the authority to push ordinary people around and the time to work on their tans at the beach. Did federal employees in the fifties have character and honor, or as a kid, was I sold a

bill of goods that I'm still trying to shake out of my head. One thing is certain, however, they don't scare me anymore.

Blackie came up with an idea for dealing with these federal fops. As a onetime bureaucrat himself, he knew what they didn't like—work, which they only did to cover their butts. By starting a letter writing campaign of complaints, the F.B.I. would feel compelled to respond in some fashion to protect what fearsome symmetry it still commanded after its 911 screw ups. In responding, these modern-day Max Sennett coppers might goof in their haste to get it done as quickly as possible so they could get to the beach. Any mistake might provide some useful information. As Blackie said, “The more you are a pest, the better it is for you, especially since you sure have been getting screwed over by the good old U.S.A.” I couldn't argue with that, and being a pest should come natural to me.

The first letter went to the New York F.B.I.'s Mike Byrnes in the Russian Organized Crime Unit. The letter recounted our telephone conversations from two weeks previously when as soon as Byrnes got someone out of his office so he could speak freely, he asked for more information on some of the allegations in my RICO Complaint. My cover reason for sending the letter was to remind Byrnes that he had not yet notified me of the topics in the Complaint in which he was interested.

The next letter went to the F.B.I. Director in Washington, D.C. with the opening, “I want to know why the local office of the F.B.I. is interfering with my investigation of the facts in a civil RICO case presently in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York?” I had no respect for or fear of these knaves and tried to show it. The Director, probably an honest and competent man, would never see the letter, but some cowardly bureaucrat in his office would. By emphasizing that the defendants included Chechen Islamic mafiosi and Russian

gangsters, even a Feminazi bureaucrat would have to take some action just to protect her rear and the F.B.I.'s. To put a little heat on Babler, I pointed out that he had talked with me alone; took company time to read my 91 page Complaint; admitted the routine inquiry of Anastasia's father turned into an investigation—F.B.I. policy is to avoid confirming or denying any investigations; and provided legal advice to Zahnow and Anastasia that Zahnow file a harassment complaint against me with the local police. Into the mix, I threw that the F.B.I. office's acting supervisor never called me back as promised—for what that was worth.

The letter to the Director listed the incident as one in a series of “bizarre” responses by the F.B.I. concerning the events in my RICO case and set forth the others as John Madison-Pierre's threatening telephone calls. In closing, my letter stated, “I want to know why the FBI is protecting two Russian alien defendants who ran and apparently still run an international prostitution ring centered in Krasnodar, Russia. I am taking this route of contacting you before I decide whether it is necessary to take up the District Court's time with a motion for a preliminary injunction against the F.B.I.” Somewhat gleefully I thought, let's see how those guys like having the threat of Government power turned on them. Bureaucrats, as with lawyers and prostitutes, always become irate when someone does to them what they do to others.

Next came a letter to Vadim Thomas. He was the New York F.B.I. Special Agent whose family came from the Caucasus in Southern Russia, the same general area as the Commie Ho. He and Mario Pisano had met with me in February 2002 at F.B.I. headquarters in New York City and later determined the type of narcotics the Commie Ho brought into the country and identified the guy using the pseudonyms John Madison and John Pierre in the threatening calls. My letter recounted, “unfortunately the F.B.I. did not have a two speed tape player, so the unknown man making the threats sounded more like Mickey Mouse than an associate of Flash Dancers, which

you [Thomas] suggested he probably was.” The purpose was to not only mock the New York F.B.I. to its bureaucratic face, but to get on the record that Thomas suggested the goon worked at Flash Dancers. The letter requested from Thomas the test results on the substance and the name and business address of the man they tracked down. He was not going to give me either, but his denial could be added to the record.

In early September 2003, F.B.I. Special Agent Byrnes left me a voicemail message in response to my letter. He asked that I call him, so he could tell me the areas of the RICO Complaint about which he wanted more information. These coppers, just like hoods, never put anything in writing. Is it sloth or are they trying to hide something? Well, I didn't trust any government employee to tell the truth, so I either taped them or created a written record. My letter in response offered to provide information he wanted in return for information that I needed: the laboratory report on the substance I gave the F.B.I. and the identity of the threatening caller John Madison-Pierre. Since the F.B.I. decided not to investigate any of the threats my letter argued, “I do not understand why [the F.B.I.] will not release the information concerning the identity of the man who made the three threatening calls. Given special agent Mario Pisano's statement that the F.B.I. would not even interview the man because of what he might do to me, and Pisano's added precautions not to open my door to anyone I don't know and to be careful when out in the public, I understand that the FBI does not want to bother with the safety of a tax-paying US citizen—fine. But that is no reason to thwart my efforts to protect myself. I am still fearful for my life, which causes me to periodically change my living pattern and, in accordance with Pisano's advice, take extra precautions when outside of my apartment.” That last sentence was baloney, but I was trying to put Byrnes on the bureaucratic spot that if something did happen to me, the press might come looking for him and others in the F.B.I. to

answer why they did nothing to protect a U.S. citizen. With this letter, I started putting down Jeff as receiving a copy. I figured that having two lawyers involved would reduce the chances of the F.B.I. doing something stupid again and make them realize I was not just a lone flake they could ignore.

By mid-September, Byrnes responded to the letter with another voicemail asking me to call him, but I was busy at the time on other matters, so I let it ride. A week later he leaves another message telling me it was okay that I did not promptly return his earlier telephone call because I might have been on vacation. That ticked me off. Who did these Club Fed indolent boors think they were? Citizens don't need an excuse or permission not to return calls from the F.B.I.—we pay their salaries. This arrogant commissar would have to wait.

Near the end of September, Byrnes finally reached me, by telephone, to say the F.B.I. could not release any information about the laboratory results or the man making the threats. He used the Privacy Act as the reason for not giving me the information. What kind of privacy rights the substance that I gave to the F.B.I. to test had—left me at a lost. Nor could I understand how the claim of privacy could protect the identity of a hoodlum that intentionally called my telephone number to threaten me on behalf of an illegal alien prostitute. By the F.B.I.'s reasoning, if an al Qaeda operative in America telephones the President and threatens him, the President can't find out who made the call because privacy rights protect the caller. The F.B.I.'s rationale was not only stupid, but also a lie, and, unfortunately, a typical example of how law enforcement agencies now work in America. When the average citizen requests help, he can expect law enforcement agencies to misapply Congressional Acts and U.S. Supreme Court decisions meant to protect that citizen by twisting those laws and decisions to protect criminals or the rich or the powerful or illegal aliens or broads or the agencies themselves.

After refusing to help me, Byrnes, in true bureaucratic fashion, requested that I help the F.B.I. by providing it with information to continue its investigation. That last word “investigation” was important because now I could tell the District Court the F.B.I. was investigating some of my RICO Complaint’s allegations, which immediately made them more believable to a judge unschooled in the workings of the Russian mafia. It also told me there was more going on in the F.B.I. than I knew. Byrnes wanted to know about the bribing of INS employees to obtain prostitutes visas. Byrnes got some of the information as a return favor for confirming an ongoing investigation by the F.B.I. Never heard from Byrnes again and didn’t expect to.

Three weeks after sending the letter to Special Agent Vadim Thomas, I mailed him a reminder setting a deadline of October 10, 2003 for a reply or I would contact a supervisor or the inspector general. Private citizens can play the bureaucracy threat game too. A couple of reminders also went to the F.B.I. Director that I had not received any response to my complaint about Special Agent Babler. Inundate the bureaucrats with paper and they’ll screw up somewhere. And they did, in one of only two written replies I received from the F.B.I. The Bureau obviously has a good reason after all for not putting anything down on paper.

The useful F.B.I. letter came in response to my complaint to the Director about Special Agent Babler. The Acting Chief of the F.B.I. Investigative Law Unit wrote that the unit conducted an inquiry into the events by interviewing “cognizant personnel in the F.B.I. office.” Good, that meant Babler, and it should teach him a lesson to stay off my back when I return for more investigating if my case reaches discovery. The Investigative Unit concluded it was satisfied that Babler “acted appropriately in his contacts with the parties in [my] complaint and did not, in any manner, interfere with [my] investigation.” The part of claiming no interference

with my case was expected but not the confirmation of Babler having contact with “the parties in [my] complaint” while I was out there, which meant Anastasia. I had assumed Babler would just deny it, but he didn’t.

The letter’s next paragraph was even better: “Specifically, the agent made it clear to all parties who contacted him that the F.B.I. had no interest in the matters alleged in [my] civil Complaint and that he could not advise them as to how to respond or proceed.” The “all parties” phrase indicated to me that Babler talked with both Anastasia and Zahnow while the “no interest” part created the false image that the F.B.I. was not involved. If “no interest” then why did Babler read the RICO Complaint and keep it on his desk in connection with the “investigation” he referred to when refusing to give me the name of Anastasia’s father.

The really good part, however, was: “The only exception was the agent’s advice to one party to contact the police because that person had alleged that you were harassing her.” Great, the F.B.I. confirmed that Babler told Zahnow or Anastasia, probably both in a conference call, that Zahnow should file a harassment complaint against me. The letter shows Babler knew an attorney was doing what attorneys do when investigating a civil case but went ahead anyway and advised a defendant or a potential witness, or both, in that case to frighten off the investigating attorney by falsely claiming aggravated harassment. Babler, Anastasia and Zahnow’s conduct looks an awful lot like a conspiracy to cover-up something. That appearance of a conspiracy to interfere in a Federal proceeding opens up a legitimate avenue for discovery as to why Babler gave such advice; what are his connections with Anastasia, Zahnow and the fashion store; what’s his interest in the RICO case; and why the investigation into Anastasia’s father? The F.B.I., however, may refuse to release any information about the investigation into the father for the

reason that it's ongoing. In which event, I'll try to go through the G.R.U. guys in Russia to find out what the F.B.I. is doing with respect to the Vasilyevas.

The F.B.I. letter in closing added that Babler's refusal to give me the first name of Anastasia's father was required by the Privacy Act. So why didn't he say so, rather than using the ongoing investigation reason? No, I wasn't buying; the FBI was just trying to cover-up Babler's slip of referring to its investigation that involved the Vasilyevas. So in the end, thanks to the F.B.I., and assuming my RICO case makes it to discovery, I'll have a decent chance to subpoena some F.B.I. records and question Babler under oath. This letter from the F.B.I. is an excellent example of why its employees usually don't respond in writing—they're not sharp enough.

Having obtained some useful information from the F.B.I. Investigative Unit, I tried again. This time requesting that Babler be reprimanded, which would never happen, but that was just my cover for what I really wanted to know: whether Anastasia or Zahnnow or both were told by Babler to contact the police and was it normal F.B.I. procedure to investigate visitors from Russia? This time the Investigative Unit wised up by telling me to make a request under the Freedom of Information Act for the answers to any questions. Knowing that with law enforcement agencies, such was a waste of time, I didn't bother. The relationship between totalitarian governments and the people they rule is always an adversarial one, apparently the same is true today in America.

In order to lay the basis for using the District Court's power to probe the F.B.I.'s activities, I made a motion to supplement my Complaint by adding Zahnnow as a defendant and accusing her and Anastasia of conspiring and tampering with a witness, victim and informant in violation of 18 U.S.C. 1512. The law forbids harassing a witness, victim or informant, in this

case me the plaintiff, in order to hinder him from providing information to a judge concerning the commission of a Federal offense. The whole reason behind getting the cops to threaten me with arrest was to keep me from digging up more information on the Vasilyevas' committing federal crimes. In my description for the Court about what happened, F.B.I. Special Agent Babler played a prominent role, but I didn't include him as a defendant because my intuition told me otherwise. Federal judges tend to view citizens who sue Federal Government bureaucrats as enemies and throw such cases out of court. The judges, bureaucrats themselves, also fear setting a precedence that might include them in such lawsuits. Besides, keeping Babler out might avoid my running into the "attorney work product rule." If Babler were a defendant, the F.B.I. could argue that the interview notes from its inquiry fell within the "attorney work product rule"; therefore, I couldn't get near them.

The only outstanding items from the "Make Myself a Pest" campaign against the F.B.I. were replies from my letters to Special Agent Vadim Thomas. In an effort to turn up the pressure on Thomas, I telephoned the New York City F.B.I. Operations Division and complained about Thomas and Mario Pisano's conduct in handling the threats by John Madison-Pierre and not telling me the test results for the substance I gave them. The F.B.I.'s Office of Professional Responsibility, an oxymoron, eventually called me back. When I answered the telephone a broad said, "This is agent Lu Leiber from the F.B.I.'s Office of Professional Responsibility."

"Oh, what's going on?" I asked in a surprised and wimpy fashion as a result of the lack of sleep. The moment the words left my mouth, I knew they were a mistake because the Feminazi on the other end would interpret them as meaning I was frightened by her position of authority. Whenever a broad thinks she has a man cowed, she'll go for the throat immediately. Leiber did

just that. Immediately, I could hear in the affected nastiness of her voice the instantaneous incarnation of the authoritative, scolding female. I hit my record button to get this call on tape.

“We received your complaint against Special Agents Pisano and Thomas and found no grounds for their doing anything improper. The FBI is under no obligation to give you the results of the substance tested or the identity of the man making the threats. As far as we are concerned the matter is closed. Besides, you are calling in the year 2004 and these events took place in 2002.” Her voice dripped with princessly pomposity in her disdain for having to converse with an insignificant male peon.

“No,” I angrily retorted, “You’re calling in the year 2004. I sent my letters requesting this information in 2003.”

“They are not obligated, Mr. Hollander to respond.”

“So maybe you will give me the site to the F.B.I. rules and regulations where it says they are not obligated?”

Sounding as the scornful school matron in order to hide ignorance, she replied, “Mr. Hollander, any other issue?”

“Actually, it’s Den Hollander that’s the whole last name.” A minor put down, but why not, she was a Feminazi who stole that job from a man, so any attack was justified.

“Again, three answers, to provide you with the analysis results, we are not obligated to do, so that’s our first answer.” But it was confirmation on tape that the F.B.I. has laboratory results; therefore, the Court couldn’t deny a subpoena request based on finding the request was nothing more than a fishing expedition.

She continued, “Number two the threat, and there was an investigation that was conducted by the agents.”

“Right and they found out who made the threat?” Just pumping her for information.

“Yes they did.” Good, another confirmation on tape that will help me obtain a subpoena of F.B.I. records to finally track down this goon, assuming my case makes it to discovery.

“We are not obligated to provide you with that information because the threat was not deemed to be life threatening or serious bodily harm.” How would she know? Imagine this bimbo’s reaction if the threats were made to her—call out the Marines, the Green Berets and Navy Seals! If there was no danger why did Pisano tell me to watch out in public?

“Okay, and that’s it?” I asked. “I thought there was a third in here somewhere.”

“No.” She said there were three just seconds ago. Maybe she dumbed herself down in kindergarten math to be more attractive to boys.

“So how do I appeal this?”

“It’s really not an issue of appeal. If you feel that you don’t want to accept this, well, the third issue...” Ah, there it is, she could count, but her memory was that of the typical vacuum-head bimbo. “I will tell you this. We are under no obligation to provide you with the results of an ongoing criminal investigation.” Thank you again, this time for confirming the F.B.I. was conducting an investigation, this one in New York City. Was its investigation connected to something larger?

“What ongoing and criminal investigation is there?” I reached for her snatch but she blocked me.

“Well if that’s what you were looking for, well that’s number three. We do appreciate people calling us and giving us information.” Now she sounded like an airplane stewardess from the 1970s.

I replied, “Well, there’s one American citizen who will never call you guys with information again; that’s for sure. But I still don’t understand why you even brought up the fact of an ongoing criminal investigation. The guys tested the substance, they found out who the guy was that made the threats and they did nothing. Pisano told me they weren’t going to do anything.”

“I’m not in a position to comment on that, I cannot comment on that. If you feel that you’re not satisfied with this, you can certainly write to our legal department here in New York.”

“Okay, I really didn’t expect you guys to do anything about my complaint being the Federal Government.”

“Well, you know, Mr. Hollander...” I guess she forgot my whole last name, probably the vacuum tube in her head blinking out. “I’m actually calling as a courtesy, as a courtesy, I am calling you to explain...”

Now I got angry and cut her off, “Courtesy! Courtesy! Wait a minute, wait a minute! You people work for me and all the other citizens of this country.”

She mounted her authoritarian horse again. These broads always want to be on top. “I don’t work for you Mr. Hollander, I work for President Bush!”

So I knocked her off, “You work for the citizens of this country! And you know for whom President Bush works? He works for the citizens, or should.”

“This conversation will go no further.” She said in resignation.

I was on a roll. “The courtesy here is that I’m listening to you.”

“Mr. Hollander, I appreciate the information.” Ah, sarcasm.

“The courtesy is that I am listening to a nasty government agent telling me that they’re not going to help a citizen of the United States.”

“I’m not being nasty with you. I’m trying to explain to you.” We were now sounding like a bickering couple. I wonder what she looks like—no I’m not going there, she’s a Feminazi.

“Yes you are... I understand it when you start saying in that tone of voice this is a courtesy call...”

“No I am not, but Mr. Hollander, please, I don’t work for you, and I’m sorry if you feel otherwise.”

“No, but you work for the citizens of the United States of which I am one.” Now I was enjoying antagonizing her.

“No, I don’t work for you okay, is there anything further you would like to say, okay?”

“You don’t work for the citizens of the United States?” I asked, badgering her some more.

“Is there anything further that you would like to say?” She ignored it.

“Of which I am one?” I continued.

“Is there anything further that I can help you with?”

“No, obviously not.”

“Thank you for your help,” she ended as we said out goodbyes.

The call provided me with confirmations on tape that the F.B.I. knew who threatened me, knew the substance the Commie Ho smuggled into the country and had an on going investigation in New York—not bad. It also, hopefully, ruined Miss Leiber’s day. Shortly after hanging up, it struck me that John Madison-Pierre, who threatened me three times, also referred to his calls as “courtesy calls.” At the time of the threats, that term sounded strange to me because I had never heard it before concerning telephone calls, so I filed it away with all the other puzzle pieces waiting to fit. But now, this F.B.I. agent used it, a number of times. Maybe it’s lingo unique to

the F.B.I. or federal coppers in general. Perhaps the goon who made the three threats was an F.B.I. agent, and dismissed that idea as too much television. But, now I wasn't so sure. It would explain the F.B.I.'s refusal to tell me his name and Pisano trying to scare me off, but where's the motive? All of those threats came over a year before I filed the RICO case, and two of them before I ever talked to the F.B.I. But they did occur after a New York City INS agent told an Assistant U.S. Attorney in 2001 that the INS was still checking the organized crime connections of the Commie Ho.

When I heard that back then, I couldn't figure out why the INS agent had mentioned mafia connections. My original complaint in March 2001 to the New York City INS didn't mention any gangsters because I didn't think any were involved at the time, but now I knew different. Did the Commie Ho and her Russian and Chechen mob associates have sufficient influence in any federal law enforcement to have an agent threaten me? The Russian and Chechen mobs had a lot of money and plenty of influential contacts. Or was INS, F.B.I., Customs or D.E.A. behind the threats so that I wouldn't interfere with one of their investigations already under way in 2001? Then again, maybe none of the above was true? Right now all I saw was another shape in the fog that would clear some day, assuming I was around to notice.

#### Once Upon a Time

As another summer of discontent ended in late September 2003, I made another try to interest the media in my RICO case. This time contacting another guy whom I had first met in the 1970s while working at WNEW TV News, Bob Iger. Back then, Bob was starting his way up the corporate ladder at ABC Wide World of Sports and eloped with a very straight-laced, preppy lady with whom I worked, Susan. Her spur of the moment marriage surprised everyone in the newsroom, so I nicknamed her Suzy Cream Cheese after a song by Frank Zappa. Bob and

Susan were smart, decent people and we became, if not friends, very good acquaintances. Cream Cheese once lent me one of Bob's books that they thought might enlighten my dead-end nature.

*A Fan's Notes* by Frederick Exley juxtaposes the author's real and partly imagined life with that of a fellow student of Exley's from the University of Southern California: Frank Gifford, the New York Giants' great football running back and receiver. Gifford was one of my heroes. As a kid, I watched him play on TV every other weekend. There were Giants in those days and none with more guts than he. When Gifford joined the team in the early 1950s, he ran faster than anyone else in the league and played both offense and defense when other players, as now, stayed with one or the other. With time his speed began to fade, so he relied on his smarts. In 1960, he got blindsided during a passing play and suffered a severe head injury that forced him into retirement. But in 1962, he came back as a flanker to make one unbelievable catch after another as the Giants made it to the NFL championship game two years running. He retired for the last time in 1964 and went into broadcasting TV Sports.

In 1980, I actually met him on a story I was producing for my employer at the time WABC TV Eyewitness News where Gifford had previously worked. After a short interview for the camera, I asked him for his autograph, babbling about those great catches he made of the bombs Y.A. Tittle threw. Apparently, it had been sometime since a fan complimented him on his football achievements since his wife remarked, "I don't believe this!" But Gifford seemed pleased that someone remembered. I still have his autograph, the only autograph of any successful person I ever wanted.

*A Fan's Notes* seemed written for me, since Exley couldn't do anything right either, bouncing from one useless experience to another like a pinball. In one episode Exley meets a tall beautiful blonde, the girl he always dreamed of but never got because he didn't have the glory or

fortune of a Frank Gifford. But on this occasion, for some unknown reason, the tall blonde beauty goes for Exley. Unfortunately or maybe fortunately, his anxiety prevents him from consummating the relationship, so she vanishes to find someone else. If only that had happened to me with the Commie Ho, but no, I was even unluckier than Exley.

After reading the book, I returned it to Bob and Cream Cheese and thanked them for their attempt to help, but my life didn't change. It's unlikely that people with a bad upbringing can really change their lives. Lots of folk disagree, and many are decent people like Bob and Cream Cheese who try to help with a little advice. The three of us kept in touch into the 1990s and then, as with many American couples, Bob and Cream Cheese divorced. Cream Cheese started buying into the Feminazi propaganda that husbands should sacrifice their careers to make the wife's role easier by shouldering much of the family burden evolutionarily slated for women. Cream Cheese went to work for a video production company and Bob became Chief Executive Officer for Walt Disney, which owned the American Broadcasting Company for which I had once worked. So, I sent Bob a synopsis of the RICO case billing it as "Frederick Exley in Russia" and suggested that Disney's subsidiary ABC News might be interested. Never heard back.

In another effort to interest the media, I contacted a guy who had written articles on the Russian mafia while working for the American Bar Association's Organized Crime and Corruption Project on Russia. He now worked in the Chief of Staff Office for the Department of Homeland Security, but no longer wrote articles about the Russian mob or had any up to date information that might help my case. Too bad, his insight into the Russian mafia was the most accurate I ever came across:

"The Russian mafia differs from the Italian mafia as the latter has been portrayed in *The Godfather* and other movies. In some respects the Russian mafia is even more frightening because it represents a virtual, if not actual, partnership between Government officials and criminals. Many believe that this corrupt influence reaches to the highest levels of the Russian

Government, a belief for which there is ample precedent. Throughout the Soviet era, the Communist Party was largely seen as the most powerful of all criminal organizations in the world. The Party controlled not just one aspect of an illicit economy but the entirety of a nation and its resources.

“During the Soviet era, the mafia and government officials formed partnerships that controlled the lucrative ‘black’ and ‘grey’ markets of the Soviet Union. Nonetheless, communist authorities themselves took second place to no one in criminal behavior. Russians first began to use the word ‘mafia’ in the 1970s to describe the large networks of corruption lurking inside regional and central government ministries. Regional party chiefs became their own regional chieftains, feudal overlords of vast criminal networks. The Government and the mafia became one.

“The Russian mafia is distinctively menacing in light of its close connections with key sections of the government bureaucracy. While it is true that as the Communist Party faded from power, more conventional organized criminal structures emerged, these connections persist.

“The Russian mafia also represents an attitude, not merely an organization. This attitude, developed during the years of Communist Party rule, is rooted in the belief, held by many government officials to this day, that if something is not nailed down or something is placed within their power, they can treat it as their own property. These former Communist apparatchiks are not averse to taking, selling, or auctioning off to the highest bidder any thing, or authority, entrusted to them. Corrupt former Communist, and now Russian, officials have sold secret military hardware to the U.S., indicating that if the price is right, even treason is not an impediment to a lucrative deal.” Scott P. Boylan, Organized Crime and Corruption in Russia, Vol. 19, Fordham Int’l L.J., 1999, 2013 (1996).

Scott did, however, refer me to an attorney and visiting scholar at Harvard University who also wrote articles on the Russian mafia and had actually prosecuted some Russian gangsters. The Harvard scholar didn’t have any up coming articles planned in which he might use my RICO case, but he did know how the Russian mob operated and tentatively agreed to testify as an expert in order to educate a jury on the workings of Russian organized crime, if my case made it to trial. He also suggested I check out the F.B.I. Law Enforcement Bulletin for information on the Russian mafia that might help my case.

The Bulletin contained lots of information that provided background support for my allegations, which surprised me given the F.B.I.’s general uselessness. The Bulletin described the Russian mafia’s international enterprises as made up of numerous ethnic groups, including

Chechens, and comprised of amorphous gangs that act autonomously or have loose ties to regional, national or international criminal networks. The Russian mob is not a monolithic institution like La Cosa Nostra with traditional membership rules and codes of honor and respect. The skills and absence of moral principles of Russian criminals pose an exceptional threat to society, both in the U.S. and abroad. The F.B.I. estimated that about 80 major Russian organized criminal groups engage in prostitution, extortion, drug trafficking and fraud schemes and these groups use many financial institutions and businesses throughout the world for money laundering.

The first wave of Russian Mafiosi came to America in the 1970s as a result of détente, but it was the second wave following the fall of the Soviet Union in the 1990s that brought most of the professional Russian criminals to the U.S. According to former FBI director Louis Freeh, “When freedom was established in Russia, it helped spread the existing criminal network to expand abroad.” The Russians formed gangs, some of which affiliated with other domestic and foreign-based organized groups. These gangs are large, well-connected and well-financed and may represent the greatest threat for law enforcement in the U.S. The Russian mob in America is allied with La Costa Nostra in crimes of prostitution, extortion and fraud, including in the stock market (as though Wall Street Bankers need any help in that area). Its Miami operations work with Columbian drug lords to ship cocaine to Russia in return for Russian military aircraft and weapons while a partnership with Turkish criminals smuggles drugs from the Near East to America. Russia’s M.V.D. estimates that over 100 Russian mafia gangs are active in at least 50 countries fed by the lifeblood for the Russian mob: money laundering.

A report by William H. Webster, former F.B.I. chief warned, “The Russian Federation itself is likely to become a full-blown criminal-syndicalist state. In many respects, such a state

already exists in Russia with corrupt officials at all levels throughout the government, successful full-time criminals, and businessmen for whom Russian and Western laws are simply obstacles to overcome. Even at the lowest level of the Russian mob, the strong shared interest in self-enrichment, survival and power prevent normal interaction with those outside it. How then can the U.S. hope to build enduring relationships in matters of international cooperation, economics and security with representatives of such a criminal state?”

According to the Webster report, Russian gangs or krishas usually include a financial institution for laundering and investing the profits, government officials for protection from other officials belonging to different gangs and for escaping enforcement of government laws against a gang’s operations, and an armed force—a private militia. “Membership in a krisha carries a price: a share of profits or payoff in services by a company or individual to the krisha. In return, individuals and businesses receive services that ensure personal security, defense from attack and shakedown by another krisha, handling of payoffs and deals, intimidation of real or potential enemies and competitors and other help. A krisha is not only a criminal entity that intimidates, beats or murders, but can also be governmental, able to deploy force for criminal ends. A krisha can manipulate the law and bureaucracy in an individual or business’ favor—or against it.”

Perhaps what I was up against was a U.S.-Russian krisha. Anyway, if the FBI knows all this, why is it not only refusing to help but actually hindering my efforts?

My review of the F.B.I. Bulletin led me to the book *Red Mafiya: How the Russian Mob Has Invaded America* by investigative reporter Robert I. Friedman. According to his book, the Russian mob runs gaudy strip clubs in America where girls dance without clothes and are generally available for prostitution—sounded familiar. The mob traffics in heroin and has even corrupted some NHL hockey clubs. The Russian mafia virtually controls Russia and has spread

to every corner of the U.S., infiltrating banks and brokerage firms. American law enforcement agencies were just waking up to the threat posed by Russian organized crime but may not be able to control it. Many, Russians don't come here to enjoy the American dream but to steal it. Friedman concluded, the Russian criminal empire stretches around the world and poses an enormous threat to global stability and safety.

Friedman appeared to be my best chance of interesting a reporter in my story, but, unfortunately, he was dead. Not at the hands of the Russian mafia, but his belief in Feminazi propaganda. While working on a story of alleged female oppression in India he contracted a disease that killed him.

### Bend Me, Shape Me

The American defendants that responded to my Complaint didn't want the case to go any further than it already had, so they joined together in filing a joint motion to dismiss that included a 66 page memorandum of falsehoods, half-truths and omissions along with 16 exhibits, mostly irrelevant. In Federal court, a motion to dismiss asks a judge to throw out the plaintiff's complaint. The motion comes at the very beginning of the proceeding before the discovery of evidence, witness testimony or hearings on what actually happened that gave rise to a complaint. The purpose of motions to dismiss are to eliminate those cases in which assuming everything the plaintiff says in the complaint is true, there aren't any laws that can do anything to help him recover damages for the harm he may have suffered.

In an effort to allow society to function, conduct that some may find offensive is just not covered under the law. For instance, a guy uses the word "girl" instead of "woman," there's nothing a broad can legally do because the law does not cater to overly sensitive people. When courts assume what the plaintiff says is true, that doesn't mean they accept statements that hold

no credibility in reality, such as “politicians tell the truth.” In order to determine whether statements in a complaint are so absurd that they shouldn’t be considered true, the courts can look to knowledge commonly held by people in the community, including newspaper articles, even the New York Times unfortunately, or to certain documents used by the plaintiff in drafting his complaint. (Since my 2003 RICO case, the Supreme Court has heightened the requirements for a complaint by requiring that what it alleges falls somewhere between possible and probable.)

From the defendants’ opening salvo and through all their papers filed over a period of nearly a year, the attorneys for the American defendants and eventually a defendant in Cyprus, the Bank of Cyprus, used the prevalent lawyer tactics that have made the court system in America a joke for determining the truth.

The opposing lawyers, led by Bradley Dubin, rolled out their litigation of personal destruction under the assumption that character assassination really works: demean, demonize, denigrate, and “dis” the plaintiff in order to distract from the legal issues by making the plaintiff the issue. They accused me of setting out on a “relentless course of harassment” against my ex-wife and anyone who helped her “without regard for ethics or even common decency.” This familiar Feminazi lament was aimed at emotionally turning against me any shrew or hermaphrodite clerks working for the Chief Judge and to use the current political climate in America to pressure the Chief Judge into ruling against a man in a dispute that involved a female as a key defendant.

Today’s male judges often err on the side of less or no rights for men so as to avoid the Feminazis labeling them “male-chauvinists,” the equivalent of being marked a commie in the 1950s. The defendants also depicted me as emotionally disturbed by calling the Complaint the product of “a delusional, imaginary tale of fantasy”—a little redundant that and somewhat of an

overreaction. But the defendants meant to not only bias and apply “politically correct” pressure to the District Court, but to intimidate me with the specter of Feminazi wrath and insinuations of mental problems. Such tactics often succeed in modern-day America, but unlike these half-men, defense lawyers, broads don’t scare me and calling me nuts only brings a smile to my face. In an insane society, a person needs to be crazy to be sane.

The defense lawyers used other tactics typically resorted to by honor-less members of the Bar:

Tell enough falsehoods and half-truths, omit what the defense lawyer doesn’t like and misrepresent the rest.

Overload the Court with exhibits and so-called facts so that in its rush to wade through all the material it will miss an attorney’s intentional deceptions.

Misquote and selectively edit statements by other courts and the plaintiff in order to twist the accusations and the law to fit an attorney’s falsehoods.

The attorneys arrayed against me did all that and more. They loaded up their memorandum with snide remarks in an effort to spew forth so much social opprobrium that I would decide it not worth fighting for my rights. Such a technique often works with plaintiffs who don’t expect their character to come under constant assault in a case in which their character is not an issue. Little did these goofs know that by this stage of my life I was now immune to such sophomoric name-calling.

The defense even tried to avoid the key question on a motion to dismiss by claiming the Complaint didn’t “prove” my case, but complaints aren’t suppose to prove a case, just tell the defendants of what they are accused. A complaint’s purpose is not to prove, at least according to the U.S. Supreme Court. *Hickman v. Taylor*, 329 U.S. 495, 500-01, 91 L.Ed. 451, 67 S.Ct. 385 (1947). The proof comes further down the road, after the plaintiff and defendants have the opportunity to use various court procedures to gather evidence, that’s called discovery. When a

person files a complaint, he doesn't walk into court with stacks of evidence ready to go to trial because in order to obtain most evidence requires a court telling the defendants, or plaintiff, to hand over documents or testify at depositions. For example, if an SUV swerves across the median of a road and hits a car sending the car's driver to the hospital, the driver or his insurance company is going to sue. In order to determine whether the SUV hit the car because the female driver was fixing her makeup, talking on her cell phone, had drank too much, or the SUV's steering wheel locked, or a pot hole punctured one of the wheels or other something else happened that caused the accident requires a court to make the female driver, seller of the car or city provide information to the plaintiff because neither will hand it over voluntarily. That's the proof that discovery produces.

It took me three months in the law library, the entire fall of 2003, to compose a 147-page memorandum in order to counter the defense attorneys' lies and omissions and debunk their deceit filled arguments and implications. My opposition memorandum included a handful of exhibits on procedural matters except for one that contained copies of a website on which Mundy's law firm advertised immigration and domestic relations legal services. On the same web page as Mundy's firm, an agency marketed Russian girls for marriage—nice fit of services. Here was one website where an American man could pick his ho of choice and use Mundy's firm to get her into the country—such Russian efficiency. Also included were lots of photos from that site of pretty young Russian girls, some scantily clad, because I knew Mundy and Petrovich would like that. As soon as their lawyer and lead counsel for the defendants, Dubin, received my response, Mundy took his firm's ad off the website.

The time I had to spend on opposing the defendants' motion illustrates another of their tactics: make numerous lies that either require me to use up lots of time refuting or risk the

District Court believing them. It's always more time consuming to counter a lie than to make one. Again, this tactic of lawyers often works because plaintiffs don't want to spend lots of money on their attorney. But I'm a lawyer, so I didn't have that expense, although the defense figured the time I would have to put in would drastically cut my income, and, like Russians, lawyers can only understand money. So to them, creating a situation that required me to spend lots of time responding to their lies would, under their value system, deter my effectiveness because I wouldn't take the pay cut. They didn't realize, however, that I was in this to my last dollar or last breath, whichever came first. Some people will do anything for money; others will do anything for justice.

In the defendants' motion to dismiss, the lawyers tried time and again to trick the District Court by claiming a case said something it didn't. They even used selectively edited quotes or failed to mention a qualifying sentence in manufacturing the law to support their positions. It's an effective tactic when using a large number of cases, such as over 100 as they did. To accurately understand what a case says requires reading it in its entirety. Judges and their clerks don't have that kind of time to check the veracity of what lawyers claim for a case, and the defense attorneys used that failing of the judicial system to mislead the District Court. So I read the cases and pointed out the defense attorneys' duplicitous version of the law over and over for the Court.

Another nifty trick used by the defense attorneys as I told the District Court was that "They do not refer to any paragraphs or page numbers in the exhibits they talk about. That leads to wasting a busy court's time by requiring it to search through the defense's exhibits in order to check the accuracy of their characterizations of parts of those documents. Perhaps, these lawyers wish the Court to accept their edited version of documents on faith."

The attorneys for the defendants in America also took allegations in the Complaint out of context, misquoted some and simply ignored others to support their objection that the accusations against their clients didn't provide enough information. The defense lawyers, however, filed so many exhibits, allegations and pages of detailed and intentionally misleading arguments in response to the Complaint that their argument of not having enough information looked ludicrous. They clearly understood what I was accusing their clients of doing, and that is all a complaint needed to do back then. But once again, the heart of this tactic was to play on the District Court not having enough time to check whether the Complaint provided the information the lawyers claimed was lacking. So I provided the District Court a listing of the pertinent paragraphs in the Complaint ignored by the defense lawyers, an accurate quoting for those misquoted and established the appropriate context for others in order to fill in the phony information gap the defense tried to create.

When the defense attorneys weren't omitting or misstating my allegations, they were calling them "outlandish, extremely broad and fantastic" or "outlandish, incredible and far-fetched." They used the word "outlandish" a lot to try to convince the District Court that my Complaint described a reality that couldn't possibly exist; therefore, the Chief Judge shouldn't assume my allegations true as generally required in deciding a motion to dismiss. For example, the defense lawyers called my allegation of the global reach of the Russian mafia a delusional fiction that read like a Tom Clancy novel. In response, I requested the District Court to take judicial notice, which it could in a motion to dismiss, of a public statement made by a former Director of the C.I.A. John Deutsch said before Congress, "Russia's criminal groups reach across international borders, including our own ... [and] have the potential to support terrorism, and contribute to the proliferation of materials, technology and weapons of mass destruction."

As I told the Court, “While the last part of this quote concerns the Tom Clancy novel *The Sum of All Fears*, [my] Complaint does not deal with nuclear weapons of mass destruction, just the more mundane, run of the mill Russian criminal operations in America, such as money laundering, illegal money transactions, prostitution, narcotics trafficking, extortion and fraud that are often carried out in cooperation with La Cosa Nostra.”

To further counter the defense lawyers’ dismissal of that mob’s globalization, I used a law review article by Scott Boylan from the Department of Homeland Security. “Not only does the Russian Mafia kill and steal in Russia, it does so in the United States as well. Mafia members are involved in theft, extortion, money-laundering, gun-trafficking, drug running, prostitution, smuggling, loan sharking, contract killing and more. The U.S. Department of Justice has established task forces to deal with the Russian Mafia in New York, Los Angeles, and Miami.” In addition, an article by investigative reporter Friedman in the November 7, 1994 N. Y. Magazine stated that by 1994, the Russian mob had more than 300 members in the New York area alone, making it larger than the Bonanno, Colombo, or Lucchese crime families. Further, Friedman’s *Red Mafiya* book warned, “Blending financial sophistication with bone-crunching violence, the Russian mob has become the FBI’s most formidable criminal adversary, creating an international criminal colossus that had surpassed the Columbian cartels, the Japanese Yakuza, the Chinese triads and the Italian mafia in wealth and weaponry. Presently, the U.S. and Russian Governments are cooperating in efforts to combat criminals operating in the United States and Russia. The FBI has assigned agents to the U.S. Embassy in Moscow, while U.S. Department of Justice prosecutors currently reside in Moscow.”

If my allegations about the Russian mafia were imaginary, I argued to the Court, then why didn’t the F.B.I. save taxpayer dollars by closing down its Moscow office and its Russian

organized crime unit here in New York, which was looking into some of the allegations in my RICO Complaint. So much for the Russian mafia existing only in my imagination, which I wish it did. The defense lawyers were simply copying what mobsters always do: claim their organizations are as imaginary as the tooth fairy, but no one believes that line anymore—I hoped.

Another response to the defense attorneys' objection that my allegations were "outlandishness" was to tell the Court, "Well, of course they are because they describe the conduct of collaborators and members of the Russian mafia, which, to quote an American executive in Moscow, are 'frigging unbelievable.' The Complaint merely depicts the defendants' deeds, and, if those had not been outlandish, then there would be no Complaint."

The defense lawyers in trying to convince the Court that the Russian mafia existed only in my delusional imagination also misrepresented the Complaint as stating the only connection among the defendants was that they came into contact with the Commie Ho. To which I replied, "If coming into 'contact' with her was the criteria for listing a person as a defendant, then it would be impossible to list them all for Shipilina has literally had thousands of customers who have 'come into contact' with her. She is, however, the thread that weaves through a section of the Russian mafia. The defendants are fellow travelers who committed crimes in order to get her into the U.S., keep her here and expand the activities of the Russian mafia to its and their benefit. In the Watergate scandal, reporters Woodward and Bernstein followed the money; here the plaintiff followed the trail of Shipilina. She is a mid-level manager and asset of the Russian mafia, who works with, works for, cooperates with or directs other members and abettors of the criminal enterprise. When I walked into the cross hairs of the Russian mob, Shipilina was the one dispatched by defendant Leo Perlin to sucker me into unknowingly helping the mob infiltrate

another of its members into the U.S. The only way I have been able to expose some of the workings of the defendants was by following the thread of Shipilina.”

“A little common sense is needed to show the absurdity of the defendants’ objection that they are not connected. When I worked as an associate at Cravath, Swaine and Moore or as a political producer at WABC TV Eyewitness News, I never came into contact with every member or associate of those large organizations, but it was clear that we all shared the organization’s goals and worked for that end. On anyone case or story, I was at times the only connection among different members or associates of the organization, all of whom were working to make the organization succeed and providing varying degrees of assistance on that particular case or story. That’s how large organizations work. They muster together resources, which include people, to support the pursuit of numerous activities to achieve the organization’s goals. At any one time, Cravath, Swaine and Moore is working on dozens of cases, Eyewitness News on dozens of stories and the Russian mafia on dozens of targets. Looking at only one case, one story or one target will reveal only some of the organization’s members or associates and some of them will not even know each other, but they all share the common goal and accept the means for achieving it. Otherwise, they will be fired, or, as with the Russian mafia, worst. And no, I am not claiming Cravath or Eyewitness News as being RICO enterprises.” The disclaimer in the last sentence was necessary because when dealing with low-life lawyers who torture the plain meaning of sentences to serve their ends, I needed to stop them from verbally jumping up and down like monkeys vying for a banana claiming I was so delusional that I called those organizations RICO enterprises.

The argument that the defendants were not connected also served as a ploy to maneuver the District Court into considering the allegations against each in isolation—switch the focus

from the forest to the individual tree, which would change the legal outcome. “The purpose of RICO is to reach organized crime groups. If defendants are permitted to narrow the focus to individual defendants in a vacuum, then there is no RICO statute. The cause of action is against the Russian mafia of which the defendants are part. Large organizations work through individual humans who make decisions within their sphere of responsibility and carry out tasks to get them accomplished. It is a one for all, all for one situation. And that is how the law treats RICO participants: joint and individually liable for harm caused by others in an organization or association. The U.S. Senate report on RICO stated: ‘What is needed here are new approaches that will deal not only with individuals, but also with the economic base through which those individuals constitute such a serious threat to the economic well-being of the Nation.’” The only way to take down a criminal organization is by holding everyone who exercises some power in running the operation liable. Without RICO, the law could only reach individual members or confederates, not the whole collective, which was what the defense lawyers wanted.

“The Russian mafia consists of and acts through people, and no one victim, or customer, comes into contact with all the decision makers and support personnel that go into making a mafia successful. But they are there in the shadows supporting those on the front lines, giving aid and direction in order to reach the mob’s goals. For me, the Russian mafia’s retailer or, more appropriately, front, initially was Alina Shipilina, but soon other comrades in crime came out from standing in the shadows to help directly and indirectly with the mob’s scheme as it applied to me. What others are lurking behind the known defendants continue to be revealed as the Krasnodar Department for Fighting Gangsterism and Corruption conduct their investigation, and I mine.”

One diversionary tactic of the defense attorneys kept them harping that the case involved domestic relations, not RICO matters. Their underlying argument was that since a state court had already handled the domestic relations issues and the ex-husband, me, held a grudge over the results, the District Court should find some way to throw the case out. My response emphasized the larger picture, which explained how I got tripped, pushed and drugged into this mess.

“There are really only two ways a middle-aged, American, male lawyer could get involved with such a bunch—money or a woman.” The Feminazi sycophants must have loved that—screw them. “I took the road less traveled or, perhaps, more traveled. An allegory should help. While sailing the waters of the former Soviet Union in my Sun Fish, doing my work for Kroll Associates, along comes this juggernaut of pimps, prostitutes, pornographers, pushers and assorted criminals of Russian, Chechen, American and other nationalities, including a few lunatics from the Chechen Special Islamic Regiment. The juggernaut, ever scanning for the easy prey of softhearted American businessmen, spots me, and sends out one of its prostitutes as bait: a tall, blue-eyed, bleached blonde. Using duplicity and drugs, my Sun Fish is torpedoed, heads to the bottom. I’m sunk—married to a Russian prostitute who is a member of Russian organized crime although I don’t know it at the time. I bring my wife of a few months to America, and the juggernaut of the Russian mafia gets another one of its assets and mid-level managers into the premier hard currency market in the world. While this was happening to me, it was and continues to happen to others. When I finally came up for air and saw what was happening: I struggled, tried to get free, fought back to protect my rights as a human being by using the law and not stepping outside the law—but to no avail. So far, the Russian juggernaut of organized crime has been more powerful, more effective than the law because it uses lies, dissemblances, prevarication, smear tactics, threats, intimidation and bribery.”

“My dark passage began with the discovery of telephone calls that Alina Shipilina made from my apartment in order to market her sexual services to Flash Dancers’ customers. The truth led through a labyrinth of sleaze, crime and corruption that my attorney friend helped me realize was part of the Russian mafia. I am just one of the pieces of wood that the Russian mafia used to fuel its Mordor engine of greed.” The *Lord of The Rings* movie trilogy was big at the time.

“The only reason for the earlier domestic relations’ case was the very nature of the Russian mafia’s scheme, which includes using prostitutes in Moscow to deceive American businessmen into marriage so that the prostitutes can gain legal entry into the U.S.A. I was one of the suckers. But because the trail of the harm done to me lies behind a fraudulent marriage rather than a fraudulent business transaction does not make it any less serious. When criminal instrumentalities exploit human emotions of the heart rather than the pocket book, the victim does not lose his rights under U.S. law.”

“Today, the Russian mafia consists of assorted criminals from the former Soviet Union who have joined with underworld characters in Western markets over the past decade to create a global web of smuggling, protection, extortion, counterfeiting, tampering with witnesses, revenge, evasion of taxes and other illegal activities.” Both the Court and the defense lawyers missed the initials spelling “S.P.E.C.T.R.E.” My memorandum continued, “Russian organized crime groups, working in cooperation with each other and foreign gangsters, infiltrate lucrative, hard currency markets, such as the U.S., by taking advantage of ineffective and un-enforced immigration laws, as well as bribable officials, to illegally gain entry for the organization’s managers and human assets. I am one of the victims of this new Red menace.” Probably should have wrote, “red-lip menace.”

“Operating through some of its members and allies, the Russian mafia tricked me into bringing one of its assets to the U.S.; tried to get me to lie to the INS; secretly fed me drugs; tried to intimidate me; threatened me with physical violence; suborned and committed perjury; engaged in mail and wire fraud; bribed officials; attempted to and did tamper with witnesses and informants; laundered money; and conspired to commit murder for hire. My continuing investigation in Russia has revealed the involvement of a Chechen terror and crime clan in threatening witnesses in Krasnodar and the clan’s known connection with both Shipilinas. As a result, to this day, I continue to follow the advice given me in March 2002 by a special agent for the F.B.I.—don’t open your door to anyone you don’t know and watch out when you are in public.” Okay, so I pretended to be scared.

In order to make sure the Court realized that the Russian mob not only harmed me but other Americans as well, my memorandum continued. “Besides the harm . . . caused me by the defendants, their continuing criminal activities also injure other U.S. citizens, both individuals and companies. Through business alliances among American, Russian, Chechen and other criminals, the defendants further the Russian mafia’s operations. Prostitutes flow out of southern Russia into New York City for sale and use in lap-dancing clubs, such as Flash Dancers, or over the Internet, immigration laws are violated to get the prostitutes into America and keep them here, drugs are brought in from southern Russia to keep high end customers happy and assure their return business, prostitutes also flow from southern Russia to Cyprus and on to the U.S., prostitutes and pornography move from Moscow to southern California or first to Mexico and then into the U.S., the prostitute underground railway extends into America from southern Russia, all these operations are protected with bribery and physical intimidation, profits are laundered and the U.S. system corrupted. It is all interrelated—supply, service and production,

protection, profit maximization, reinvestment and growth—with each defendant playing his or her part in the success of a large organization. An organization that targets tens of thousands of consumers for sexual services with the result of dramatically increasing the health risks to those consumers and their partners. The Russian mafia also places law-abiding entertainment companies at a competitive disadvantage by unfairly competing for entertainment dollars that would otherwise flow to the investors and employees of legitimate businesses in the leisure industry and by increasing the tax burden on legitimate companies that have to pay for the government services the Russian mafia consumes but doesn't pay for thanks to its tax evasion.”

The defense lawyers, sounding like little girls, also accused me of bringing the case to humiliate and insult the Commie Ho and other defendants. If it did—good, but that wasn't a reason for doing so much work. In answering, I played it straight—almost, and wrote, “as Charlie Chan once said, ‘truth cannot be an insult,’ if it injures a person's self-respect than that is the fault of the person, not the reporter. The defendants are simply engaging in character assassination—plaintiff seeks to humiliate, harass and is delusional—in order to shut down the argument and marginalize the plaintiff so that they do not have to argue the merits.”

The defense naturally resorted to the trendy, totalitarian lefty view that the victim is the violator and violator the victim. “Kuba, Mundy and Petrovich paint themselves as innocents that merely represent another virtuous soul, Alina Shipilina. A more accurate picture of Kuba, Mundy & Petrovich is that of a green card and visa mill getting fat on the feeding frenzy of obstructionist immigration lawyers that fail to sort out the truly oppressed from the rank opportunists and fugitive criminals. This is a case about the institutional behavior of the Russian mafia, which includes many criminal members and allies posing as legitimate businesses and law-abiding individuals. This RICO action has been brought against the archetypal, intimidating

mobster, an enterprise of organized criminals, not respected and legitimate businesses and individuals.”

The defense also resorted to the technique made popular by the Feminazis of shaming men into submission to their whims by accusing men of violating the very code of chivalry that the Feminazis profess subjugates females by treating them differentially. Sounds contradictory, but it is not if you are a broad. Feminazis will use any means to their desired end that for all things good in society, females should be treated equally with men, but for all things bad, girls should remain protected on their pedestal of angelic purity—hypocrisy pure and simple.

Just like the Feminazis, the defendants’ mouthpieces tried to embarrass and demonize me for violating the code of chivalry by setting up the Russian language website to gather evidence for the annulment/divorce case. They blustered it was “inappropriate and offensive” for making public the Commie Ho’s “personal diary and nude photographs without her knowledge or consent” and including clips of her masturbation video. The defense lawyers self-righteously condemned my actions, as “criminal matters being handled by Detective Henning.” What a bunch of lying hypocrites. As I pointed out to the Court. They knew no crimes were committed by the website, didn’t even cite to any criminal statutes, because the Commie Ho already had made the naked pictures public by selling them to her prostitution customers, such as “Grandpa” in Cyprus. Besides, I owned the rights to those photos taken by her Moscow pimp Leo. As for the masturbation video, Paulsen abandoned his rights but allowed Perlin to use certain scenes, the ones I had, for advertising to the public his stable of whores. Advertising was one of the usages that the Commie Ho signed away when she got paid for the video. As for the diary, publicizing the truth about the Commie Ho in her own words didn’t amount to any crime. At best, the lawyers might have copyright infringement against me but no crimes—not even a

violation or misdemeanor. Naturally, the Feminazis persuasion sees it differently because as with all broads the truth ruins their schemes, and anyone opening that box, especially a man, should go to jail. But that's not what the law says—yet.

What really made these lawyers' alluding to "criminal matters" despicable, however, was that the documents they submitted to the District Court included an affidavit by Detective Henning that stated he referred the website complaint to the Queens District Attorney who had found no criminal violation. Gee, that was news to me! Anyway, even though the D.A. said no crimes were committed, that didn't stop these lawyers from trying to bias the Court by accusing me of such. The lawyers assumed the amount of documents they gave the District Court would cause it to miss the discrepancy between their words and the facts. But even if the Court caught it, that didn't matter much because the lawyers really wanted to manipulate the Political Correctionalist sensitivities of the Court by painting me as one of the new lepers, the new American bogeyman and escape goat for Feminarchy America—a heterosexual male who refused to metamorphose into the Feminazis' modern day, sensitive, androgynous wimp. The defense lawyers were exploiting the modern-day mind set of Mencken's boobs that whenever a guy didn't cow tow to female whims, or become what they wanted, he should go to jail. The lawyers could have saved their energy and just asked me what I considered myself, and I would have freely admitted to being the Feminazis' worst nightmare—a man.

Henning's affidavit proved useful for other reasons. Henning swore that after he heard back from the District Attorney, he closed the case on June 19, 2002; a year after the Commie Ho filed her complaint that I had violated the order of protection and three months after notifying me early in the morning of my imminent arrest. Henning claimed it took so long, nine months, for him to get around to trying to arrest me because he couldn't find a Russian to translate the

website and because of the 911 tragedy. The lazy, incompetent and deceitful will use any excuse. Henning, however, told me over the telephone in March 2002 that my pending arrest was based on the Commie Ho recently filing a complaint for my violating the Temporary Order of Protection, not on a complaint she had filed nine months earlier and which he just got around to calling me about. No, the whole episode was Henning illegally using his police position on behalf of the Ho and her attorneys to intimidate me into keeping my mouth shut to the INS.

When Henning allegedly heard back from the D.A. in June 2002, he didn't tell my attorneys about my exoneration, although my lawyers had called him a few times over the summer and fall of 2002 to find out the status of the case. Neither did he call me in the early morning hours to tell me. The closing of the case was unknown to me until I read Henning's affidavit in October 2003, more than one year after Henning claimed the D.A. made a decision and more than two years after he claimed the Commie Ho filed her complaint. Something wasn't right. My lawyers or I should have been notified about the case's closing when it occurred, not as a result of an affidavit in a RICO case that no one knew was going to happen at the time.

The RICO suit had forced Henning to submit an affidavit that covered up his work for the Commie Ho and her attorney. So perhaps Henning claiming the D.A. decided not to prosecute was also part of the cover-up necessitated by Henning never having referred the case to the D.A. in the first place. Henning probably thought I would stay shaking in my boots waiting for an answer from the D.A. that would never come or not until Henning, with the Commie Ho and Mundy's okay, decided I had been a good boy, and then he would call my attorneys to say the D.A. decided not to prosecute. It was an ingenuous way to drag out the threat of arrest because

without it, they no longer had a club for trying to keep me quiet or at least curtailing some of my activities.

To confirm my theory, I filed a freedom of information request with the Queens D.A. They had no records concerning me—none. I was right, Henning made up the story about his referral of the Commie Ho's complaint to the District Attorney in order to keep the threat of arrest looming over my head. It was just another effort on the part of Mundy and the Commie Ho to protect themselves from the law by stepping on my rights. They probably thought it had worked too, until they got hit with the RICO case. Boy that must have surprised them.

Henning likely committed perjury before the Federal court, but the Chief Judge wouldn't care unless the case made it to discovery where I could show Henning's affidavit false. In reality, federal and state courts generally don't care how much defendants lie so long as a case is dismissed; therefore, it makes sense for defendants to maximize their mendacity in order to obtain a dismissal. If the gamble doesn't work, the worse a judge will do is scold them—big deal.

Another phony “criminal matter being handled by Detective Henning” was the Commie Ho's report to the police in December 2000 claiming I had tried to extort money from her. She didn't press charges, so the cops didn't investigate, and I knew nothing about it until May 2003 when Mundy filed his disciplinary complaint against me. Mundy clearly told her to file the report but not press charges. Doing so allowed Mundy to duck my disciplinary complaint against him for attempted coercion but was that the reason, since he didn't know at the time I would file a complaint?

What other reasons were there for the Commie Ho to file a report without pressing charges, do it in mid December 2000 and then call me two weeks later from Krasnodar on New

Year's Eve feigning a tear-choked voice to wish me Happy New Year and new millennium. Some people thought the new millennium started in 2001, but the Commie Ho was not one of them. She used it as the typical psychological female trick to create in my emotions the false hope of a new beginning and communicate the phony implication that she wanted me back—she didn't. She just wanted to trick me into helping her with the INS, and this pretense, from the female point of view, was one way to do it. Girls always delude themselves into thinking a guy wants to give the relationship another try, and then try to exploit what sometimes is true for wishy-washy men. But that's not a problem I ever had. When the dating ends, no matter who slammed on the brakes—it's over for eternity.

While drafting my response to the defense lawyers' motion, I finally figured out why Mundy told the Commie Ho not to press charges in December 2000 and explained to the District Court the real story behind the false accusation of extortion that never became a criminal matter. "In late October 2000, Shipilina and I met with Petrovich at Kuba, Mundy & Associates to arrange for a separation, to be followed by a divorce. At this meeting I was advised by Petrovich, after he consulted with Mundy, to lie in an affidavit to the INS in order to assure that Shipilina would obtain a permanent green card. Afterward, I consulted with an attorney friend and in no uncertain terms, he confirmed that my decision not to lie was the only acceptable course of action. I notified Shipilina that I would not lie for her to the INS, after that, on December 13, 2000, she filed the perjured police report alleging an extortion attempt by me. The filing of the perjured report claiming extortion came after a divorce was imminent, and after I refused to cooperate with Kuba, Mundy, Petrovich and Shipilina's shenanigans to defraud the INS. Rather than demonstrating moral turpitude in me, the filing of the false report more reasonably infers an effort to create a false record by which Kuba, Mundy, Petrovich and

Shipilina could pressure me into lying before the INS or use to their advantage in a divorce proceeding that appeared imminent at that time. Otherwise, why file a report on which charges are not pressed unless to hold that ammunition in reserve and press charges later.” Another reason was to use the false report to bolster her application for a VAWA waiver.

The defense attorneys’ demonizing efforts even attacked me for approaching law enforcement agencies and the courts as “objectively offensive and repugnant” and an attempt to “harass and incense.” If the District Court buys that, I argued, it would “send a chilling message to any U.S. citizen who foolishly chooses to fight for his rights. If he loses, the courts will still use that to throw out any cause of action that reveals itself later on. The right to pursue justice through the legal system will be a right in name only. Besides I was the one who received threatening telephone calls, so who’s being harassed; who’s being intimidated by a large underworld entity—not the defendants. I’m the one who has been threaten by a bureaucrat with arrest on a bogus charge and told by the F.B.I., the premier law enforcement agency in the world, to watch out for myself in public.”

The attorneys also claimed that because government bureaucrats did nothing to help me, it proved I improperly used the legal system. To which I responded, “Perhaps these bureaucrats are of the same quality that granted two of the 911 hijackers their visas, just months after killing thousands. During all my requests to the legal system, I thought the judiciary would help me, and made three requests for protection orders—but to no avail. I reported threats recorded on audiotape to the police and F.B.I.—but to no avail. So if anything, I’m a dope, but that is not grounds for dismissing a RICO complaint—I don’t think!”

The defense lawyers, like all sleaze attorneys, indulged in creating false impressions by omitting facts and manipulating the meaning of words. For instance, the defense attorneys

manufactured the illusion that Mundy, an upstanding attorney, “reluctantly” filed—long before learning about the RICO suit—a disciplinary grievance against me because of my “assault of frivolous litigation.” There’s that word “frivolous” again. The crux of the false impression is the claim that Mundy didn’t know about the RICO suit when he filed the disciplinary complaint, which allowed his attorney to claim Mundy acted in good faith by using the only means left to him to put an end to my assault of litigation against “innocent” people. The attorneys couldn’t admit the truth that Mundy knew about the RICO suit before filing the disciplinary complaint because it would look like what it was—trying to use the Disciplinary Committee to scare me off of the RICO case, which is a no, no, and Mundy would no longer appear the innocent, upstanding attorney but rather one willing to trample Constitutional rights to reach his end.

Here’s how the defense attorneys created the deception. They recounted the time line of events that showed Mundy filed the disciplinary complaint before he was “served” with the RICO Complaint, which was true, but that implied he didn’t know about the RICO case before filing his disciplinary complaint, which was false. Under the law, “serve” means an official procedure by which the summons and complaint are provided to the defendant. However, a defendant may know about a lawsuit against him even though he has not yet been served. When Mundy filed his disciplinary complaint, he had not been served, but already had a copy of the RICO Complaint as a result of my mailing it to him with a request to allow me to avoid the cost of official service. The defense attorneys conveniently left this mailing out of their time line, which created the intended false impression for the District Court that Mundy did not know of the RICO suit when he filed the disciplinary complaint. Rather stupid on the part of the lawyers since Mundy even talks about the RICO case in his disciplinary complaint, but, once again, the

attorneys were counting on the Court missing that point due to the large number of documents they filed.

Many attorneys will use any ploy imaginable. The defense even made a play for sympathy on the other side of the coin that depicted me as the villain by saying I was on a “quest to harass, intimidate and persecute.” To which I wrote for the District Court, “It seems a little ludicrous that I, a sole practitioner lawyer, eking out a living, could ‘harass, intimidate and persecute’ an entire law firm that advertises on the Internet in Russian and has offices in New Jersey, New York City and Rockland County, New York. Or that I could persecute a lucrative strip club advertised as “Live from the heart of N.Y.C.” in Times Square, a New York City Police Detective, a medical doctor and a wealthy Russian prostitute along with numerous others, including gangsters and Islamic lunatics. If I have caused such trials and tribulations, then why haven’t the defendants filed harassment actions and complained to the police about intimidation? Because there’s no basis. Where are their allegations of my arranging threatening telephone calls and threats of arrest or surreptitiously feeding them drugs? There are none. Only the objection that I sought to redress the harm done to me and protect my physical safety from what I now know is the Russian mafia. The defendants ask this Court to not only grant dismissal because they don’t like me exercising my rights as an American, but also request this Court to act as a medieval inquisitor that would permanently crush my constitutional rights with ‘an injunction barring me from filing any future related claims.’” The American defendants had asked the Court to prevent me from ever bringing another suit based on their actions that had harmed me in any court that existed. Even the U.S. Feminazi court system wouldn’t go that far. I continued, “No the defendants are not the victims. I was the one tricked, drugged and pushed

into this sinkhole of a situation when I ran a foul of a large criminal organization operating out of Russia.”

All the defense lawyers’ lies, half-truths, character assassinations and smear tactics were to bias the District Court against me, to castigate me—an American man—as unworthy of the right to seek legal redress, so that the Court would fine or create a legal loophole to throw the case out. While assassinating my character, the lawyers and their clients hypocritically proclaimed their virtue as do whores their virginity.

### She Works Hard for the Money

At the end of one day while still working in the law library on my opposition memorandum to the American defendants’ motion to dismiss, the idea lit my consciousness to search the Commie Ho’s name “Angelina Shipilina” on the Internet. With a few minutes to waste before my Salsa class, I ran the search. Up pops five pictures of the Ho on [www.Russianny.com](http://www.Russianny.com).

It’s a web site in Russian for Russian professionals living in the Northeast, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Toronto Canada. The site’s sponsors were running a Miss Russian New York beauty contest in which people registered as members voted for their favorite Russian slut. Only girls 25 years old or under and amateurs could enter. The Commie Ho was 28 and a professional model, but that didn’t stop her from lying her way into the contest. She came in seventh using the theme “bringing light to others”—more like darkness and dread. This was the beauty contest the Ho’s mother Inessa told the Ho’s old boyfriend in Krasnodar about back in March. More information would eventually reveal itself, such as the name of the “good boyfriend” that Inessa also bragged about.

The web site allowed members, mostly Russians, to send private messages to any of the girls in the contest, contact other members through a chat room and message board and participate in the largest Russian Internet dating service in America. All very useful for a Russian call girl operation to reach and screen its customers. This was most likely how the Commie Ho and others like her sold themselves, concentrating on the Russian criminal market, the guys with money. She probably only hoed part-time, since I doubted she'd give up the over one hundred grand a year tax free she made stripping 40 hours a week. Another part of the site listed erotica, so I took a quick look and there was a girl looking a lot like her giving a blowjob. She probably did porn on the side as well. Mark and others who knew her checked the photo out, and they thought it was she. As with the Flash Dancers' advertisement, her appearance altered to match the gig, maybe there was no real her at all, only a changeling, a meta-ho-morph in appearance as well as personality.

The defendants in Russia for whom I could dig up addresses were finally served with the Summons and Complaint in November 2003, except for the Commie Ho's mother Inessa and the purveyor of girls Alexey Smolin. The delay, caused by the time to translate the documents, was permitted under the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure but didn't impact the schedule for the American defendants' motion to dismiss. Why was that, I wondered? Anyway, I still needed to serve Inessa and Smolin. The first try at serving them was to have the District Court mail the documents, but that relied on the local Krasnodar postman to make the delivery. Assuming the postman didn't just throw the packages in the garbage to save work, not uncommon for Russian postal employees, Inessa and Smolin probably bribed him to do it anyway since the Court never received the return receipt card. Next, the Court used Federal Express, and neither bribe nor lie nor threat of force kept Fed Ex from the swift completion of its appointed rounds. Smolin was

served at his temporary place of work the “Lucky Grand” and Inessa at the Academy where I hoped the Fed Ex man might attract the attention of the gossipy Russian girls milling in the hallways.

As for the defendants in America that I could identify, they were all served months earlier but two of them claimed the service improper: the Commie Ho’s Russian lawyer Petrovich, and the Cybertech Internet Strip Club Network. In trying to duck service, the lawyer for Petrovich and Mundy argued that when my process server left the documents for Petrovich at the law firm of Kuba, Mundy & Associates, the service was ineffective because he didn’t work there, which was false. The Commie Ho and I had met the guy at the firm to discuss a divorce in 2000, and I telephoned the firm just before service in the summer of 2003 to confirm he still worked there. Who did these guys think they were kidding—not me, but the District Court. Okay, so I’ll serve him at his home address, which I previously learned from the Commie Ho’s mobile telephone records when she still lived with me.

The address I had for Petrovich’s apartment was a brownstone on the Upper Eastside, not bad for a struggling Russian immigrant. The building contained about six apartments, but Petrovich’s name wasn’t listed on any of the buzzers. So I buzzed all the apartments, a trick I learned from Sam Spade in *The Maltese Falcon*, until an older and younger lady opened the front door to the building. They said Petrovich had moved to Brooklyn a couple of years ago, so I checked the post office forwarding records, nothing. Then I looked on the Internet, nothing, and finally got a private eye but none of the leads panned out. Petrovich had disappeared from the residency roles for New York City, but kept the same telephone number he had for his Upper Eastside address where he no longer lived. In the old days before the breakup of Ma Bell, my friend Alan could find the billing address for any New York number, but not anymore because

the number could belong to any phone company and each had its own procedure for accessing records. These Russian criminals are smarter than al Qaeda. Some of the 911 hijackers were actually listed in the telephone book—no wonder the F.B.I. couldn't find them.

Giving up my search for Petrovich's home address, I decided to prove he worked at Mundy's law firm. Alan agreed to call the firm pretending to be one of Petrovich's clients to see if he still worked there. I couldn't do it because the District Court wouldn't believe an affidavit from me. When I told Alan the name Peter Petrovich, he translated it as Peter Peter, which was correct, but something I had missed. It seemed strange to me for a Russian to have the same first name and surname, but I let it go. The firm's receptionist told Alan that Petrovich no longer worked in the office but from home. Sounded like the law firm had its cover-up in place. Alan also talked with a paralegal at Mundy's firm whom he asked where to send documents for Petrovich. The paralegal said to the firm, which was all I needed. Under the law, by receiving business correspondence at the firm, Petrovich could be served there with legal documents because the law assumes people pick up their business mail. So legally, Petrovich received the Summons and Complaint when they were left for him with the firm's receptionist even though he might now work at home.

In response to Alan's affidavit, Dubin the lead defense lawyer, as well as Mundy and Petrovich's attorney, filed an affidavit in Petrovich's name—lawyers rather than their clients always write these affidavits, although the client swears to them. Petrovich didn't deny receiving business correspondence at the firm; he just swore he did not "maintain" his place of business there. Might be true, I doubted it, but under the law it didn't matter, Petrovich had been served. Dubin also put an unnecessary lie into Petrovich's affidavit that Petrovich "served merely as a translator for the law firm on certain occasions." Dubin also told the Court that he would give

me Petrovich's address if I asked, so I asked but Dubin just ignored it. Why was the lead counsel trying so hard to keep Petrovich out of the case?

Petrovich's affidavit raised another anomaly, why did he use an Armenian notary public from San Francisco County in California to verify he was whom he claimed when signing his affidavit? Had Petrovich skipped town or were the defense lawyers trying to make me think he did? What finally dawned in my often overly thick skull was that the name Peter Petrovich was a fake name he could get away with in America but not Russia. Petrovich is a Russian man's patronymic that means his father's first name was Peter, so Peter Petrovich is a man without a surname, not possible in Russia. Also, he used an Armenian notary public because Armenia once belonged to the Soviet Union, so its people would be at the same level of ethical conduct as Russians—zero. Petrovich is hiding his real name. If the District Court includes him as a defendant, and my case makes it to discovery, he won't be able to keep it a secret anymore. But why should that matter to the defendants and their lawyers unless Petrovich is more important and dirtier than I thought. With his full name, I could easily find any Russian criminal records concerning him and maybe U.S. as well. But I needed his surname to determine Petrovich's real identity, which the defense wants to keep secret.

The other American defendant who tried to duck service was Cybertech Internet Strip Club Network, the Internet purveyor of porn and call girls. Cybertech's attorney called me in December 2003, so he had to have received the Summons and Complaint; otherwise, he wouldn't know who to call.

He started off in the usual obnoxious way of attorneys who think they can intimidate people, "My client was never served, so we are under absolutely no obligation whatsoever to respond to your frivolous Complaint!" I'm really getting tired of that word.

“So how did your client get the Summons and Complaint?” I asked.

“That doesn’t matter. You used the wrong name and left the Complaint at the wrong address. Cybertech Internet Strip Club Network is not the corporate name.”

“Okay, I give up, what is the corporate name?”

“I’m not at liberty to disclose it.”

“So why are you calling me then?”

“I’d like an agreement that you wouldn’t do anything until the current motion to dismiss is decided.” I wasn’t buying that. By agreeing to do nothing, the District Court would conclude I wasn’t serious about suing Cybertech; otherwise, I wouldn’t have relinquished my rights to do something immediately to bring Cybertech under the Court’s jurisdiction. A long time ago at a deposition in a multi-billion dollar hostile takeover, I learned to never agree to anything the opposing counsel requests—it’s always a trick and I didn’t fall into it then. Cybertech’s lawyer was also trying to save himself some work, typical.

“If you have a problem with service, then make a motion to the District Court.” I said.

“I’m not yet admitted to the District Court.” That was the lamest excuse I ever heard.

“Then get admitted pro hac vice.” That means for one time only. He ignored my suggestion.

“The Complaint is in the wrong name and was not left at my client’s office, so my client is not obliged to do anything.” He then tried to pump me for some information as to who was helping me.

“Those are depositions questions, and I am not at present in a deposition.” He shut up, and the conversation ended.

By checking with the New York Secretary of State, I found out he was right about my not using the registered corporate name, which was Cybertech Internet Solutions. But I did use the name under which Cybertech created and managed its pornography and escort services website, [www.stripclubescorts.com](http://www.stripclubescorts.com), as well as Flash Dancers', which was good enough for service since Cybertech Internet Strip Club Network and Internet Solutions were in reality one and the same. As for his objection that service was improper because made at the wrong address, I knew it wouldn't hold up because it wasn't the wrong address. Before having the documents served, I called up Cybertech's CEO pretending I wanted to set up a porn site. He said I could stop by his office at 50 West 33<sup>rd</sup> Street to discuss it. I didn't, but did check out that his office was inside the Paradise lap-dancing club, where guys pay to make out, feel up and do more with the hos in a side room, which doesn't nullify service.

My three months of purgatory in the law library, five and six days a week, finally came to an end when I finished my opposition memorandum on December 18, 2003. Eleven years to the day after my mother's death. No I didn't see any connection, only wondered why I ever decided to become a lawyer? Should have done what I liked, Physics, but we've been through that. Regardless of what the matrix had made me, I was still going to try for some justice and retribution before oblivion because as Bob Dylan said, "In ceremonies of the horsemen, even the pawn must hold a grudge." And I knew against whom I held mine—the Feminazis. Without them, the Commie Ho would have been in jail.

A few days after filing my opposition, I received a tax bill from the State of Massachusetts. It seems as though the only activity the bureaucrats in governments and businesses undertake is to shakedown citizens for more money to waste on benefits for illegal aliens and the corporate rich. Massachusetts was never my residence, except for a couple of

years at Boston University decades ago, so why was it sending me a bill? Because I owned a piece of the Casablanca Restaurant on Brattle Street in Cambridge and was unfortunate enough to receive dividends. The amount was small, and if I was a Massachusetts resident, fully deductible, but because I lived out of state, I got nailed with a tax. That Feminazi sycophant state, which had just ripped off federal taxpayers across the country for billions of dollars to dig a ditch for a leaky tunnel in downtown Boston with huge cost overruns, now wanted more from me because I didn't live there. So what happened to the rallying cry made famous in that state, "No taxation without representation?" Modern-day, Orwellian Massachusetts had changed the old cry for justice to one of "No taxation with representation." My vote didn't count in Massachusetts because I couldn't vote there, so why do I get taxed while those who can vote get a deduction? The state got its money.

Months later, however, Massachusetts sends me the all-too-typical threatening bureaucratic letter trying to trick me into paying again by working the scam that the stress hormones their scare tactic was meant to activate would fog my memory. Well, I had my original records, and wrote back, "You lying, cheating, scam artists, I already paid this bill!" I wanted to add but didn't, "You are of the same mentality as the idiots who let those clowns board the planes to take out the World Trade Center, and now you want money from me I already paid that you didn't deserve in the first place. I hope Uncle Usama targets you next." Russia may be a criminal society, but America is a corrupt one filled with cozeners—a distinction in degrees only. Both countries are jungles with predators and prey—guess who wins?

Around Christmas my attention focused on Cybertech. Its lawyer was going to sit on his ass until the District Court ruled on the dismissal motions. Then, no matter how the Court ruled,

he'd argue that I failed to take timely action to respond to his notice that my Complaint was not properly served, and ask the Court to dismiss the case against his client. So I filed for an "Application for Default" against Cybertech, which assumed the Complaint had been properly served. That should force the issue and prevent Cybertech's lawyer from claiming I sat on my rights.

An Application for Default is just the first step in a long process. If approved, the District Court eventually holds a hearing on whether to enter a default judgment against the defendant. The Court would deny the application, which it did, because default is a drastic measure that says the plaintiff wins as a result of the defendant failing to show up and oppose the accusations against him. Courts don't like to do that, and that wasn't my purpose. The purpose was to get Cybertech to appear in the District Court, a legal technicality by which the Court would then have power over Cybertech. The porn lawyer would then have to either accept the service as proper or move that it wasn't. It also showed the Court that I wasn't sleeping on my rights. In order to goad Cybertech's lawyer into appearing, I sent him a copy of the Application for Default even though it wasn't required. The Application showed the District Court the kind of sleaze operation Cybertech ran and exploited the cliché of illiterate goons pimping girls.

Cybertech ran an on-line prostitution business through its Strip Club Escorts at [www.stripclubescorts.com](http://www.stripclubescorts.com). The copies of the web pages that I included as exhibits in the Application showed some tame pictures of hos for sale as "Dinner Companions," Nightlife Companion," "Weekend Getaways," and "Business Trips." Pretty good advertising for hoods, they spelled six words correct out of eight. Cybertech also offered hos for bachelor parties and translation services, which isn't normally part of a call girl operation unless the sluts are foreign, as in illegal aliens. Cybertech touted "We offer numerous packages to suit your needs whether it

is professional or personal. Call now to find out about custom packages to cater to whatever your individual needs might be. No matter what the occasion, our talents will inevitably be the primary attraction at your event.” By “talents” they meant whores.

Predictably, Cybertech’s lawyer sent the District Court a letter opposing my application with the proverbial insulting language directed towards me. But with that letter, Cybertech appeared in Court, and its lawyer would have to either accept service or make a motion claiming it improper. As for the Application for Default issue, the porn lawyer’s letter meant nothing, as did my letter in response. But my response letter did give me another opportunity to show the District Court some more examples of what Cybertech sold and show up the lawyer as unschooled in the law.

Cybertech’s lawyer claimed my Application “during the holiday season is indicative of the underhanded, though clumsy, manner in which Plaintiff has attempted to gain a judgment over Cybertech without providing that company with a fair opportunity to respond to allegations against it.” To which I pointed out that the lawyer didn’t understand that an Application for Default was just the first step towards a judgment for default, and that no matter how quickly the Court acted, a judgment would not occur during the Christmas season. “In addition, there is no requirement that an Application for Default be served on the defendant. Apparently, Cybertech’s attorney does not know this either. But in the spirit of fairness and openness, the application was served on Cybertech’s attorney. In any event, since service of the application has had the effect of prodding Cybertech’s attorney to finally appear on behalf of his client, I request the Court either set a schedule for Cybertech to answer or file a motion to dismiss. The attorney’s reason for delaying his response to the Complaint served six months ago because he was not admitted to

the Southern District appears disingenuous, since he could have applied to the Court to appear pro hac vice—it's only \$25.”

Cybertech's attorney also called the RICO action against his client “ill-conceived,” that I “had to know that Cybertech Internet Solutions was not incorporated under the name Cybertech Internet Strip Club Network” and my “failure to exercise due diligence with respect to the matter of properly designating Cybertech in the Complaint is unprofessional and inexcusable.” These defense lawyers just couldn't get away from name-calling or making claims as to what I knew. The attorney's reference to Cybertech Internet Strip Club Network , however, gave me an opening to include some pages of smut showing that Cybertech operated a porno and call girl site under the name of Cybertech Internet Strip Club Network. Included in my response were pages from Cybertech's “Global Porn Host” site showing one girl mouthing a silver dildo and another drenched in a white substance dripping from her naked body. That ought to get the Court's attention and tick off the porn lawyer as well as the Feminazi sycophants in the halls of injustice.

Cybertech's attorney further claimed I didn't use its registered name in order to “create the unfair impression that there is a linkage between Cybertech and some of the other defendants.” Naturally this less than truthful attorney ignored that Cybertech hosted and managed Flash Dancers website, sounded like a “linkage” to me and probably did to the Court as well. As a final dig at the attorney, I notified the Court that the New York Secretary of State listed Cybertech as an “inactive” corporation, which meant it failed to pay the yearly franchise fee charged every corporation, implying it's a dead beat. The Court decided to include Cybertech in the motion schedule.

On the Road Again

In early January 2004, Blackie called to see whether I'd like to go on one last road trip. His days were numbered, the cancer was back, but he kept hanging in there. For me, life held nothing other than my battle for justice against the Commie Ho, her ne'er-do-well criminal allies and the Feminazis—a true axis of evil. But I had time for a short vacation.

“Where to?” I asked.

“Texas and Mexico where it's warm, and I can walk on the beach one last time.”

“Could be the last time for both of us.”

Blackie laughed, “Yeah, Roy boy, nothing but blue skies ahead.”

To which I laughed appreciating the utter absurdity of our lives and remembering a quote from *A Candle In Hell*, “To realize the uselessness, purposelessness, worthlessness and hopelessness of our lives is to be truly strong.” Both Blackie and I had finally achieved the realization part, knew in our guts the truth of it, but the strength seemed to elude us both. The trip held all the promise of a Pirandello play but still sounded good to me. I always liked the beach. It brought a peace but never any answers, which didn't matter anymore, since I now knew the answers, although too late to do me any good. One final trip to sun, balmy breezes and young girls in bikinis appealed to my foreboding mental state in dreary, gray and cold New York City. Besides, the time spent would bring me a little closer to oblivion.

“When do you want to go?” I asked.

“Well, I'm thinking of mid January for a week. You can fly into Memphis or New Orleans; I'll meet you there. Memphis would be better for me.”

“Let's do Memphis. There's a lull in my RICO work right now. I'm just waiting for the American defendants' lawyers to reply to my opposition memorandum that I filed in December.”

“I thought they already put in their motions.”

“They did, but still get a chance to reply to my opposition. The way the whole procedure works is that the plaintiff first files a complaint. Then the defendants’ attorneys, assuming their clients guilty, use a motion to dismiss memorandum to shout and scream about how evil and misguided is the plaintiff and how innocent are the defendants. After ranting on with as much hostility and ridicule that their command of the English language permits, they throw in a few fake legal arguments and then ask the court to bounce the plaintiff’s case out into the street. The plaintiff, assuming he’s not a goon like the defendants, responds with an opposition memorandum in which he tries to expose the defense attorneys’ lies and asks the court to let the case proceed. Finally, the defense lawyers get the last written word called a reply in which they usually tell even more lies than the first time and more outrageously assail the plaintiff’s character because he has no more opportunities to write another memorandum countering the defense attorneys’ latest falsehoods.”

“So, you don’t get the final word to show up these other lawyers as liars?”

“That’s right, but I can request an oral argument, which I did, and hope this District Judge grants it.”

“Don’t you have a right to an oral argument?”

“No, so you see the more defense lawyers lie in their final memorandum, called the reply, the better for them, since no court has the time to check all the lies, assuming they tell a lot of them like the guys I’m up against. And even if the Court grants me oral argument, there’s no way it’ll give me enough time to expose all their deceptions.”

“What a system! Just like everything else in America, geared for the crooks. So when do they send you their reply?”

“Dubin, the defense’s lead lawyer, called a few days ago to ask me to agree to an extension of time. He said he had been on vacation and didn’t read my 147-page memorandum yet. I’m sure he was on vacation, just as I’m sure he was lying about not reading my memorandum.”

“A hundred and forty seven pages you wrote!”

“That’s how long it took to counter the defense’s lies, prevarications and tricks in their 66-page memorandum.”

“So how’d you know the lead lawyer was lying?”

“Because lawyers always try to create false assumptions in their opponents—the better to upset them with surprises, just a form of psychological warfare. This clown even told me that his second memorandum, the reply, would be shorter than the first. No it wouldn’t; it’ll be longer. That’s why he wants the additional time.”

“Did you give him more time?”

“I told him he could have all the time he wanted. Besides, whether I agreed to an extension or not, the District Court would probably grant it, since courts figure the more time that goes by, the more likely the parties will get fed up with the case and agree to a settlement.”

“Are you willing to settle?”

“It depends; I’ll see. But I’ll have to get passed their motion to dismiss. If the District Court throws my case out, there will be no settlement offer from them unless I win an appeal—if then?”

“Well at least you’re costing them money and a lot of aggravation.”

“Yeah, isn’t that a shame. As a lawyer, you don’t always have to win a case, to win a case.” We laughed and picked some dates for our road trip.

In mid-January I flew into Memphis.

The weather was a little cool but sunny, and Blackie and I figured it'd warm up on our way south. Blackie had changed our destination from Texas and Mexico to Mississippi and the Florida panhandle, "I didn't think Mexico was so far away until I looked at the map," he said.

"You mean you were planning this trip based on what you learned in our third grade class on geography?"

"Yeah," he laughed.

"Oh brother, I can imagine where this trip is going." Laughing myself. "I remember that class, and we like the rest of the guys spent most of our time trying to look up the hot young blonde teacher's dress."

"Yet, I had forgotten about her. No wonder you were always getting into trouble, so you could stay after class!"

Our first stop: Elvis' house. Rather small, and boy did he have bad taste in decorating, but who I am I to criticize the king of rock 'n' roll. We then drove into northern Mississippi just across the Tennessee border where Blackie had booked a room in a casino-hotel. There were a bunch of casino-hotels in this area. Mississippi, always one of the poorest states in the country, finally found a booming industry that attracted the geriatric set. Except for one girl selling spiked juice drinks, who was married and couldn't speak understandable English, at least the English I spoke, I didn't spot one good looking young babe in the casinos we went to. Blackie didn't care, since he liked the thrill of gambling or more accurately the chance of easy money with no work. Gambling only bored me, I wanted to hit on the showgirls, but there were none—not even a show.

Next day we headed due south, still cool weather but now no sun. Miles and miles of nothing, except for one huge confederate flag flying over what looked like a rebel camp. Blackie wasn't up for dropping in to see what was going on there.

“Why not?” I said. “After all, who won the war, them or us? We'll just tell them we're following up on Reconstruction.”

“Yeah, I'll let you off, but don't choke on my dust as I leave you there.”

At dusk, we found a motel in the Capitol Jackson. At 8 p.m., I left Blackie in the motel suffering from some ancillary lung problems to find me some dinner and check out this rebel town. Stopped in a trendy spot for the worst hot turkey sandwich of my life, then drove around. Nothing moved on the streets other than a car or two. What did these people do for a social life, cotillions once a year? I'll stay in New York City, thank you. I went back to the motel. Blackie and I continued to have lots of laughs about our lives that found two middle-aged Yankee men taking a road trip through the confederacy.

The next day, we reached Biloxi on the Gulf Coast. There were no teenage girls in bikinis, no sunny skies, no hot sun, no balmy breezes, just the cold down pour of rain soaking a deserted beach.

“So where's the tropical beach you promised?” I sarcastically asked. “Want to go take a walk in the cold rain swept sands? We can pick up some monsoon gear.”

“Hey, it's not my fault. Last time I was here, it was sunny, warm and girls all over the place?”

“And when was that—July or August?”

“No, it was back in the nineties, same time of year, January.”

“Yeah, probably during El Nino! Didn't you check the weather forecasts?”

“Nah, I didn’t have the energy.”

“Oh, you’re wheezing lungs again.” I needled him. “I can see you at home with your wife, ‘Oh, dear get me this, do that, I’m feeling some palpitations.’ Hey come to New York. I’ll get you some Latina ladies to give you real palpitations.” We laughed at the absurdity of our last road trip on which the gods, as with our lives, decided to rain.

Driving along Beach Boulevard, we looked for a place to stay. This part of Biloxi looked real nice with large old houses lined up facing the Gulf Coast. What a great place to live before the casinos invaded with the traffic jams and the usual riff-raff of which we were two. One casino sign advertised Sarah Brightman, so I told Blackie to pull over. I wanted to catch her act. Probably the hottest babe in entertainment, Brightman knew how to make men want her and ladies want to be like her. She was the complete antithesis of the no make-up, sexless Feminazi that deluded itself into thinking it was beautiful. Brightman epitomized what Mother Nature intended in creating woman, pure femininity and very dangerous for men. She would have been a joy to watch and to daydream about, but we were a week too early. What did I expect for a trip organized by my buddy Blackie? We found a nice quiet motel—well, actually the entire state of Mississippi rates as quiet. There wasn’t much to do in Biloxi other than hang out at the casinos and catch a very tame showgirls act that was probably on the high school circuit.

Our second day, still rainy, and while driving along Beach Boulevard we started talking about our childhoods back in Midland Park, New Jersey. Blackie enjoyed his, except for a pontificating hypocrite of an uncle who naturally was friends with my father—Nazis always stick together.

“My days growing up were hell.” I replied. “As bad as things are now, my childhood was worse.”

“What was so bad? Your father was a jerk, but your mother always seemed nice.”

Blackie said.

“Nice like the Queen of the Damned. She only pretended to be nice for those outside the family, but inside, she was the real horror, ranting and raving. She did more harm to my brother and me than our father.”

“I never saw that. Your mother always smiled and acted friendly while your father never said a word, just gave me a cold-dead stare like what are you doing here.” Blackie recalled mockingly.

“Acted is right. Sincerity never existed behind that phony smile of a mask or the melodious voice she used to trick people. The only honest feelings she ever expressed were cold-blooded self-interest, greed and anger. Not unlike the Commie Ho. Actually, I’d like to resurrect mother, so I could lock her in a room with the ex-wife. Father was never as dangerous; everyone knew he was a miserable jerk. I learned by five to never tell him the truth and avoid him as much as possible, which wasn’t hard since he was trying to stay away from mother and the house as much as he could. Given the she-devil he married, I can’t blame him.”

“At least you had your older brother.”

“Not really. When I was eight, they sent him away to prep school, which left me to face the full brunt of the witch’s brew of mother’s failing looks and menopause. It was around then that I somehow became convinced mother was trying to poison me. Maybe it was her ranting that she wished she never had me, blaming me for the ills of her life and the hormonal lunacy of her menopause. Gee, maybe I could have killed her and argued her hormones made me do it? A unique defense and ahead of its time.”

“Yeah, they would have stuck you in an orphanage.”

“It would have been better than where I was. If only I had known? Anyway, whenever I sat down at the dinner table while my brother was away at school and father at one of his political meetings or working overseas, I’d wonder whether it was my last meal, whether she’d get me this time. For weeks, I searched my food in dread, ate as little as possible, refused to eat anything she didn’t and took the portions myself rather than let her dish them out. I believed she was either using chemicals from my father’s laboratory in the basement, where he sometimes did experiments on projects from work, or killer worms from one of the sci fi movies she took me to. Was it all paranoia I was born with? I don’t think so, but it came from somewhere.”

“No, your parents are responsible for that.” Blackie said with certainty. “A little kid doesn’t go around thinking his mother is trying to poison him for no reason at all. A whole pattern of behavior by both of them over years brought you to that point.” Then Blackie raised his voice, “Damn Den Hollander! Your wife ended up doing to you what you feared as a kid your mother was doing. What the hell are the odds of that?”

I sunk back in my seat with the surprise. “Jesus, you’re right! I never put the two together. The Commie Ho actually feeding me drugs with the fear of my mother poisoning me. Is this the fulfillment of a prophecy or my entire life a revolting imagining?”

“Hey, I read your ex-wife’s diary and her slipping you drugs was no imagining. You’re one unlucky guy Den Hollander,” to which we both laughed at the sheer absurdity.

“That’s not all,” I continued. “After I thought I beat the poisoning attempts, I figured she decided to hire a hit man. She’d come into my bedroom at night and open the window right next to my bed for ‘fresh air’. Why didn’t she open the window on the other side of the room like before, I’d ask myself? So there I lay awake most the night, week after week, waiting for her hit man to put his arm through the opened window and blow my head off.”

“That’s why you’ve always been so hostile.” Blackie concluded. “No one could grow up in those conditions and not be angry all the time. My aunt always said your parents were sick.”

“Well, your aunt should have warned me about them and my future wife.”

Blackie laughed, “Looks like the close of your life is making good on warnings from its beginning. Didn’t you say your ex-wife would eventually hire some Russian hit man to take you out?”

“That she will, that she will. I’m sure of it. She’s got the money and the temperament. She already took out a contract with one of her mafia associates in Krasnodar to keep me from testifying against her before the INS.”

“Yeah, but the INS isn’t going to go to the bother of calling you to testify. They let six al Qaeda terrorists become citizens and didn’t care about the 911 hijackers, so why should they care about one Russian mob prostitute.”

“You’re right. That’s why the Krasnodar contract never bothered me, but when the court proceedings end and she eventually becomes a citizen, then she’ll seek revenge for my audacity to expose the truth about her. But I have a contingency plan for dealing with that.”

“What’s the plan?”

“Nah, that would be telling.”

After a couple of days in Biloxi, we tried to drive east to Florida, but it rained so heavy we went back to Biloxi. Blackie did his gambling while I looked for chicks to flirt with, but the best prospect was a high schooler I came across working behind the counter in a stationary store. Needing a pen, I took the opportunity to chat her up. When I let drop that I came from New York City, girls in the provinces always find that alluring, she smiled, told me about her cousin

who was going to attend college there. She got to giggling at an ad-lib joke or two of mine and then her mother walks out from behind the curtains. I bought my pen and left.

On our third day, still raining, we took in a gun show, nothing else was going on in town. The gun show included dealers and individuals selling pistols, rifles, shotguns and even AK-47s. Many experts consider these Russian assault rifles more reliable and durable than the U.S. M-16. The AK-47s sold for \$450 each, not bad if I wanted to take out a Mc Donald's, but I didn't.

Most people mistakenly think the Second Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, which guarantees the right to keep and bear arms, was passed so that Americans could hunt for food and shoot for sport. Not at all, the amendment exists to give ordinary citizens the power to take down an unjust administration whenever, as the Declaration of Independence states, "any form of government becomes destructive of these ends" by which it means life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. A lot of tin pot dictators throughout history never would have had a chance if their citizens owned as many guns as the average non New Yorker. The effete, feminine, white trash, antigun elite can't seem to understand that. Their new god—the therapist—has pumped them up with so many drugs, excuses and self-righteous delusions that they will live on their knees before any tyranny, all the while believing themselves superior to those willing to pick up the gun to fight for their rights.

Another reason the Founding Fathers wanted Americans to own guns was so they'd have a fighting chance when attacked by some lunatic or outlaw. Nothing better deters cowards and criminals with a gun than another gun in the hands of their intended victim. The Political Correctionalists actually believe the government should eliminate guns from the entire country—the entire law abiding country, but what about the hoodlums and illegal aliens? The bleeding heart lefties have so twisted government priorities that limited resources are used to crack down

on law-abiding, gun-owning Americans who want to protect themselves rather than being used to protect those citizens from criminal illegals.

The following day, still no sunshine, still cold, but less rain, we drove back to the casino-hotel in northern Mississippi near Memphis where we first stayed. No rooms because of what looked like a nursing home patients' convention had filled the hotel. Mother of mercy, could this be my end, wheeling my drooling self into a casino years from now? There has to be a better way. We finally found a motel, and the next day took our separate flights home. What do you say when two old friends know they'll probably never see each other again? Nothing, except the usual goodbyes. Blackie turned and walked to his flight and I to mine. On the plane, I understood that when you are finished, but before it's over, you no longer have those hopes, illusions and preoccupations that get you to the next moment. Life just hangs there barren and empty waiting for the next event to come along, until, finally, there are none left.

#### I'm Looking Through You

When I arrived back in New York, an email message was waiting for me from Traviesa—now that surprised me. She had moved out in such a huff just before the 911 attack that I figured there goes another person I'll never hear from again and probably just as well. She and her Austro-Hungarian cousin had depleted my net worth by at least \$2500 through one favor or another.

Girls are always running an angle to get something from a man by false sweetness and light, pretending to be an object of sympathy and using enticements of sexual delights never delivered. Girls figure all us guy for suckers, and don't give a hang who gets hurt, so long as it's a guy. As with con artists, girls are adept at creating the illusion that a guy can trust them, but once he does—he's sorry. When Traviesa needed a place to stay in April 2001, I thought about

making her pay with sex. But there was something about that girl, maybe her Cheshire smile, that told me when we first met to stay out of her pants. So, what did she want now?

Dear Roy,

You are probably surprised that I am writing you (maybe positive or maybe negative way). It has been a long time so it is hard for me to find proper words, but it is not so hard to write. I want to forget my pride for once because it is childish, even though, it took me such a long time. Lately, I have been thinking a lot and I would like to reach out to you and hear from you again. It bothers me that we said good bye to each other in such an upset way and that time it hurt me because it was not truth, I would never forget what you have done for me and I would be there for you as well.

I am employed in a normal job and I am not little Traviesa anymore... When I think of you I feel very closed to you—when I was lost and alone, confused in a big NY, you were there.... I want to write so many things, but I do not know how you feel about this. I want to know how is everything with you. I want you to know that you were one of my best friends and I think of you quite often. I think we got along great. I remember how you used to say: Where is Traviesa, there is a trouble...

If your feelings are similar and you can break the ice, please, write me. If you are not interested so at least I have tried to tell you that you are still deep in my heart, there is not many people out there like you.....

--Traviesa from Central Europe—Eastern Europ

After reading her email, I wanted to drop everything—to run and hide. Traviesa was accomplished at manipulating guys; I'd seen her in action and listened to her stories. Maybe she was telling the truth, but I couldn't afford to believe it.

Over the years, I have noticed a funny thing about girls: if a guy shows no sexual interest in them, they start confiding all these lured details of their exploits. The kind of stuff most men believe occurs only in the movies—ha! These girls brag like the guys I went to high school with, only they are telling the truth. Having glimpsed the inner workings of Traviesa from her own mouth and tasted the trouble that bubbled in the wake of her nubile hips, I went on Red Alert!

Most of what she wrote didn't jive, especially that part of being lost, alone and confused in a "big N.Y." While here, she and her cousin lived the nightlife, staying out to sunrise, pursuing this guy or that, usually ones with money. After 911, they both went back to Europe.

Two years later, she's contacting me—why? Revenge, maybe, girls are innately vindictive, and they never forget a slight. But what was her game plan? She couldn't possibly think me dumb enough to let her stay in my apartment again, assuming she made it back into the U.S. Suddenly, I pulled away from those alluring words in the email with the suspicion that perhaps this was not Traviesa at all. Maybe the Commie Ho, who knew Traviesa and my connection with her, concocted this email of pretending to be Traviesa in order to obtain incriminating statements from me for use in the reply memorandum that the defense lawyers were preparing. Perhaps that's why the defense lawyers wanted a time extension: to give this latest con room to work.

Since I'm a party in the RICO case, anything I say, no matter to whom or through whatever medium, is admissible in the District Court, so long as it helps the defendants. If it helps me, I can't use it. The reason for this rule of evidence is that while people always lie about the great things they do, they rarely lie about the bad things. So the courts assume that when a person admits something that can be used against him in court, it's probably true. My experience with the defense lawyers told me they would pounce on any statement they could rend into showing me as a bad character.

Writing back in a friendly manner, I asked a couple of questions only Travesia could answer and for her telephone numbers in Europe in order to let whomever sent the email know I would call to check whether it was Traviesa. She answered the questions and the telephone numbers checked out as hers, so this was indeed the Traviesa. But that didn't obviate the

possibility of her scamming me in order to help the Commie Ho and the defendants in return for assistance from Mundy's firm in getting her tight Austro-Hungarian ass back into America. If Traviesa wanted anything, it was a rich guy in New York City. So I played along with whatever her scheme was, but always kept in mind that everything I emailed might go right back to the Commie Ho, Mundy and the other defendants.

When Traviesa asked me about Angelina, the Commie Ho, I answered "Angelina who?" When she asked what I did for a living, I told her I spent most my time on RICO cases, which was true. When she asked about my social life, I told her Mark, who had scored with her cousin, and I chased girls at the Latin clubs. Nothing in any of those answers that the defense attorneys could twist against me.

Traviesa then started writing about romance as girls always do in their eternal effort to make guys think all girls are "good girls." She complained that men only want a good time, but she wasn't "like that." She needed "feelings first, not just this."

How many times have I heard that malarkey? The truth is that girls do want "just this," just sex. There in lies their power and greatest thrill, more of a thrill and more power for them than guys. But they pretend otherwise in order to shake down a guy for as much as possible. To "sex him" as they say, meaning metaphorically and literally: shake those boobies, but when he comes for the goodies—"Stop! I'm not that kind of girl unless you do this or that for me." Baloney, they're all that kind of girl. For years, I stupidly believed girls were actually capable of trust and loyalty and treated them as such. They aren't. The only way to deal with them is to see them for what they are—play toys, and that's it. Any other view opens a man to their sexually exploitative ways, assuming they're young, while behind his back they laugh at his foolish belief in their fidelity. A girl wants men—that's plural—to comprise all the pieces on a chessboard

that she controls with the centerpiece her prince charming who can afford all the things she wants and is dumb enough to believe what she tells him. As Lord Byron wrote, “Man's love is of man's life a thing apart, 'Tis woman's whole existence.” Girls put the same effort and deviousness into sexual affairs as men do their careers and war.

Traviesa’s overly used complaint about men found no commiseration in me. Girls always try to make men feel guilty so that dames will benefit from every man’s efforts to make amends. Feminazis use the same tactic, but expand it to sucker guys into giving them jobs, status and respect they don’t deserve. It’s important to remember that Eve suckered Adam into biting the apple—not the other way around. Although unsympathetic with Traviesa, I was courteous and advised her to stop blaming men, “You obviously have not read the book you borrowed and still have, I assume, *The Anatomy of Love*. You have to make an effort if you want someone to help you raise your children. There are no more old maids, but plenty of middle-aged Feminazis incapable of compromise that will cry themselves to sleep every night until they die because they don’t have a man.”

Traviesa’s emails, however, kept playing the sympathy card, “I know I should give in, but maybe there is someone still waiting for me. Here is not easy to find someone. It is not like N.Y. where you can pick up chicks. People here are more responsible then over there. By the time they reach my age, 26, they are either married with at least an apartment or they have a serious relationship. At the clubs and bars you can find only teens or some empty losers. I do not go out often, almost no clubs....”—more feminine clichés. It must be a law of physics that hot-looking babes in clubs rarely go to clubs since that’s what they always tell me. Guess I’m supposed to believe my running into them in a club is an extraordinary bit of luck that beat the universe’s odd? I don’t think so. Good-looking girls live in clubs.

On another sympathy note, Traviesa claimed that before the Communists took over her country, her family of royal blood owned woods, lands and, I assume, serfs. Ignoring this fairy tale trap, I reverted to the lawyer in me and suggested she look into suing the current government to get back her family's land or for reparations. "You may become a landed princess after all," I wrote with my tongue in my cheek.

Whatever Traviesa or perhaps the Commie Ho wanted from me with these emails, they weren't getting. Traviesa stopped writing for a couple of months, and I assumed the scheme ended, but then one last email arrived just a few weeks before the defendants' reply memorandum was finally due. The email and its timing made some of the hidden intentions clearer. She apologized for not replying to my last email sooner and closed with the clincher: "In May there is a lottery going on the green card, so maybe I will be lucky. You know I am a big spender, so N.Y. is the place for me, where I can improve myself, this job is taking away my motivation and ideas." If only Traviesa was behind the emails, she obviously wanted my help to get her into the U.S. in return for dollars or maybe sex. If the Commie Ho stood, as she usually does in the shadows, then the two of them were setting me up for violating the immigration law.

Normally anyone, particularly criminals and terrorists, can violate U.S. law with impunity, especially the immigration statute. But for a lawyer who has complained to the INS Inspector General about that agency's failure to enforce the laws, the bureaucrats would make an exception to nail me for even the appearance of impropriety. No I'm dumb, but not that dumb. So I suggested Traviesa get her hotel employer, which runs a hotel in New York City right across the street from Flash Dancers, to send her to America, and ended with, "Face it Traviesa, you're not going to be happy until you find a rich guy in New York City." That ended that scheme. Traviesa or the Commie Ho standing behind her wasn't fooling me anymore. No dame was.

After decades, I finally understood the Janus, spoiled nature of girls. They all suffer from that unique feminine illusion that the mere fact of their being female exempts them from civilized behavior.

When a girl speaks words of endearment, paints herself up and dresses in tight revealing clothes, she's advertising sex, not using sex to sell something, but selling sex in return for a heavy tax on a man's life. Like all good advertisers, she intentionally aims to stimulate and manipulate the emotions in men with deception. But when the guy fails to do what she wants or the guy she wants doesn't respond, she curses out criticisms as did one girl in my Salsa class who used the Feminazi tactic of trying to publicly shame men into obsequiousness. Out of nowhere, this girl starts haranguing guys in general for not dancing enough to suit her taste, and exasperatedly claimed, "You can't ask a guy to dance because it will insult their machismo." So I chimed in "Maybe guys want to select, rather than settle. If you walk into a used car dealership, and a driverless car pulls up along side of you, pops its door open, I don't think you're going to get in for ride." Boy did that tick the broads off. So what, it was the truth. Girls will tell any lie, cheat any guy and commit any crime to get what they want, and they want everything—name it, they want it. They are the primordial apostles of greed, whether for money or power.

Feminazi or not, if female, she'll ruthlessly exploit the attraction, protectiveness and tolerance Mother Nature bred in men for girls. For example, a friend and I were walking down the street when this middle-aged broad, obviously a Feminazi, walking towards us sees my friend and breaks into a big friendly come hither smile. Seeing those high beams on him, I'm thinking she's either a long time friend or some older female who's got the hots for him. Listening to their conversation, it turned out she was a civil court judge trying to move up the ladder to the

New York State Supreme Court, and wanted my friend's help. On saying goodbye and again asking for his help, she shines the smile again and kisses him on the cheek with half a hug. As she walks away, my buddy turns to me to say, "She's a lesbo." I laughed, what a phony! Her sexual airs were only feigned female flirtations to get what she wanted. Give her a little authority, and she'll cut my friend's throat merely to confirm her power. My pal thought little of her judicial ability, and said he'd oppose her for the Supreme Court. In a meritocracy, she won't have a prayer at any judgeship, but this is Feminarchy America where females are obsessed with power and will use sex or any other means to get it.

The problem with females as judges or politicians is they are constitutionally unable to handle the pressures of administering the law and politics. They lack the political tolerance and self-restraint that democracy requires. Their passive-aggressive personalities make it impossible to rely on their words while their mixture of timidity and hysteria make it both a waste and danger to give them power. They are unable to compromise because compromise assumes a rough equality, which their innate arrogance will not allow for fear it may unmask their feelings of inferiority. For example, Catherine the Great ended up bankrupting Russia and creating the problems in Chechnya that still plague her country with slaughter in the subway, on airplanes and in schoolhouse bombings. When females move into men's roles in society, it leads not only to less effective social institutions as a result of their incompetence and lack of requisite abilities but to a society permeated with corruption and cover-ups as broads abuse their authority the way princesses did and hide their ineptitude—after all, nobody lies as good as a dame.

Despite females' inability to handle jobs evolutionarily suited for men, Feminazis ceaselessly whine about "equal pay for equal work." The she-males of America, which is what

the Feminazis and their advocates are trying to turn us all into, claim females receive around 77% the pay of men for doing the same job. Sounds like discrimination, but is it?

According to the *U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics' 2007 Time Use Survey*, men spend 144% as many hours working as females do. So for every hour the average guy works, the average girl works 42 minutes. If both are paid \$1 for a full hour of work, then the guy should receive \$1 for each hour he is on the job, but the girl, since she only works 42 minutes out of the hour as compared to the guy, should receive \$.69. An appropriate number for a girl, but less than the \$.77 she now receives. So girls are actually paid more than guys when measured on a per unit of time basis. It's understandable the Feminazis didn't figure this out, since math is not a girl's strong point, so they would logically ignore the mathematical way of making comparisons.

The Feminazis also ignore that the real measure should not be “equal pay for equal work” but “equal pay for equal quality of work.” Take professional basketball, why should WNBA players receive as much money as the guys in the NBA who play better ball. Now if the WNBA went topless—maybe. Holding down a similar job doesn't mean the performance is equal. If it did, then an employer could hire four girls for the price of three men, maintain quality and increase his output by one-third, which would enable him to cut prices and drive his competitors out of business.

Putting the truth about salaries aside, how come the Government and media never talk about the inequality of inheritance between husbands and wives? Spouses inherit money because they put energy, effort and time into a relationship, not unlike building a business partnership. Actually, the laws of many states consider marriage an economic partnership. When the partnership ends with the death of one spouse, the other is guaranteed a certain percentage, but more often than not ends up with the full value of the partnership. Surviving

spouses are usually females, but that wasn't always the case. At the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> Century the average life span for men and females was the same at around 47 years. Over one hundred years later, however, as the result of a disproportionate amount of medical research spent on female-specific ailments and society channeling a disproportionately high percentage of men into the most dangerous jobs in the "tombstone basement," females live an average of six years longer. Since they live longer, females receive more inheritance dollars from men than men receive from females. Sounds like discrimination to me.

In the name of equality, the Feminazi rallying cry, all females receiving an inheritance from deceased husbands should be taxed to the extent that allows for balancing out the inequality of inheritance. The proceeds from the tax should go to all living married men and widowers in order to make inheritance "gender" neutral. Equal inheritance for equal work adheres to Feminazi, or more accurately, female logic, but it will never happen because it benefits men. Feminazism exists solely to benefit females that can't attract a man because of their looks, failed upkeep or attitude. By neutering both sexes, these failed females hope to feel less inferior.

### Every Breath You Take

While waiting for the next flare up of legal hostilities, I began searching for where the Commie Ho currently stripped. The last sighting of her at work dated back to October 2002, when my bartender friend Tom caught her stripping at Flash Dancers. But the following summer my process server couldn't find her there, so he ended up handing her the RICO papers at her apartment in Astoria, Queens. The bouncers at Flash Dancers told my process server that she no longer stripped there, but what about all those bus and taxi posters running around New York City with her mug on them advertising Flash Dancers? False advertising, or one blonde ho was as good as another? Who knew, but I sure wasn't going to believe muscle-heads in a strip club.

To find out whether the Commie Ho still worked at Flash Dancers or some other ho den I hired an investigator. He checked Flash Dancers off and on but no Commie Ho, and concluded she no longer shook her tits and ass at Flash Dancers. The Commie Ho would never switch to a legitimate day job—not enough money, so she was stripping at some other house of ill repute. But which one?

No matter where the Commie Ho lap danced, she'd lie about stripping to the Court, and I would have to prove that as part of my strategy to impeach her credibility. Like all girls, the Ho hides behind a mask of virtue that compels her to lie about the tawdry world from which she makes so much money, at least 500 to 600 grand tax-free from a little over three and a half years in the American dream: July 2000 to February 2004. On her earlier return visits to Krasnodar, she used to tell her acquaintances that she worked as a translator in Moscow, but after my visits in 2001, no one believed that line anymore, if they ever did. In America, she used modeling as her cover. But what Russians or the average American thought about her, I didn't care. It was the Court I wanted to convince of her habit for lying. All I needed to do was catch her in a series of lies, and the District Court would stop believing anything she said, no matter how crucial to her defense—I hoped.

The Commie Ho had not only lied to the INS and the Department of State about her occupation, but also lied to the New York State Supreme Court and the I.R.S. in claiming to work only as a model and bartender. The bartending was false and modeling only partly true, but they created the false impression of how she earned her money because they left out lap dancing. The Commie Ho still didn't realize that by omitting an important part of the truth, a federal judge or jury would see it as an intentional lie. She always thought that lying by omission was not lying. The moment she lied under oath about not stripping, I would need

evidence to prove she lied. That evidence would go a long way to impeaching her credibility by showing she worked mainly as a stripper who made a lot more money that she never declared. Despite the Feminazis' attempts to make such a profession respectable, most judges and jurors consider the girls working in strip clubs as walking frauds and prostitutes.

My search for the Commie Ho's place of employment began by obtaining her Equifax credit report through one of my investigators. Sometimes these reports contain a person's current employer. Different P.I.s are good at different tasks. This one had access to lots of different records while another private eye did excellent surveillance. The Commie Ho's Equifax report, however, didn't show any employer, but it did list four credit cards for her, three from banks—Chase, Citibank and Providian—and one from Macy's. If, as she had done in the past, the Commie Ho used the bankcards for transferring money overseas, it would leave a record trail I could subpoena. The credit cards also provided me with another knife into her credibility because she'll lie about having them in order to cover up her money laundering. Both uses, however, would have to wait until the case moved to a later stage.

My private eye tried another method for finding where the Commie Ho worked. Every state keeps records on a quarterly basis for the employees in that state who receive W-2 tax forms. Hooking doesn't generate W-2s, but some lap-dancing clubs do hire the girls as employees for a small amount, as with waitresses, which requires issuing a W-2. Such clubs take a cut of the money the hos make giving lap dances with the hos receiving most of it. Flash Dancers didn't do this, but if the Commie Ho switched to a club that hired her as an employee, there would be a record. A check of New Jersey and New York, however, turned up nothing, so I assumed she worked in a club like Flash Dancers where the strippers pay the club a set fee each night and work only for "tips" from the customers. Clubs such as Flash Dancers avoid filing a

W-2 or even the 1099 required for independent contractors because each time a girl strips, the club claims the guy who paid her the \$20 hired her. That's the superficial interpretation. The I.R.S. is suppose to look at the reality of a transaction, which means the girls really work for the club because it provides the facilities, tells them what to do and makes money off of the young hos offering their charms to the club's customers. So why doesn't the I.R.S. bust these clubs for literally billions in unreported income? Because the Feminazis in the government believe any means of transferring wealth from men to females is justified and should carry no tax.

The only alternative left for uncovering the Commie Ho's place of work meant tailing her. But to do that, first required locating her at a point in time and space. As of the service of the RICO papers in July 2003, she was living in the apartment in Astoria, Queens to which she had moved in December 2000. Checking the outside apartment buzzers for her building at 28-15 34<sup>th</sup> Street, she was still listed in apartment 4H under Chipilina, one of her aliases. To make sure, I called her apartment telephone number, but she had changed it and switched to an unlisted number. One of my private eyes track down the new number, which also confirmed her address as the Astoria building. This told me she still leased the apartment, but whether she lived there or with some guy elsewhere, I didn't know. After making a number of calls to her unlisted phone number with no living person answering, I still didn't know.

She was living there when my process server had caught up with her, but that was eight months ago. Since then, she could have sublet her apartment, and it wouldn't have shown on the telephone records or the apartment building's outside buzzers. Her apartment's mailbox inside the building's lobby listed no one, which it had since she first moved in, so I couldn't tell anything from that. The building didn't have a doorman, which made getting inside easy but information via a bribe impossible. Hiring someone to knock on her door wouldn't work

because after she opened it to my process server, she'd never open it again to someone she didn't know. The Commie Ho generally didn't make the same mistake twice. Despite my uncertainty, I needed to start somewhere. Logic pointed to her still living in the same apartment, since cohabiting with her main sucker would make it too difficult to hide her true profession. The surveillance would first try to pick her up at her subway station, 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue, in Astoria and follow her to work.

In order to save money and because I had the time, I decided to do the tailing myself. The disguises that Bob, my makeup artist client, gave me back in 2002 should prevent the Commie Ho from recognizing me. Hey, if his work was good enough for *Saturday Night Live*, it should serve my purpose. Besides, the Commie Ho couldn't see that well in the evening light because of her laser eye surgery, and that's when I would try to pick her up.

Her schedule was probably similar to the one she had at Flash Dancers. My earlier surveillances for the INS revealed that she left her apartment at around 6 PM and walked to the 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue Station on the N line, one of the last remaining elevated subways in New York City. Usually, she approached the station going west on 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue to the Northeast corner subway stairs at 31<sup>st</sup> Street and took the steps two at a time on her overly long legs up to the turnstiles. After paying her fare, she would go up the northwest stairs to the Manhattan bound platform for the N or W train. On the platform between 6:15 and 6:20 PM, she generally walked directly to the northern most bench to sit down. Stripping all night long with her size 11 feet squeezed into 5-inch heels took its toll, so she sat whenever possible—something all girls do. Sometimes before sitting, she would stretch in preparation for work. Her hair was always braided into a single strain, colored a bright whore blonde that stood out against the requisition all-black Russian outfit. She rarely wore dresses, except for stripping, and never mini-shirts. Too many

guys hit on her she said, but her legs weren't the best. In the winter, she added a black down jacket. Flash Dancers usually closed around 4 AM, and she'd hop a cab back to Astoria.

Around 4:15 AM, her cab would let her off on the southwest corner of 28<sup>th</sup> Road and 34<sup>th</sup> Street, and she'd walked about a hundred feet to her building.

In mid-February 2004, I began staking out the 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue subway platform in the late afternoon and early evening, invisible behind my disguise. The days alternated among Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the high-income producing nights for lap dancers and assorted hos. Confident she'd show, I first positioned myself on the opposite subway platform, but it proved too cold up there, so I moved inside the station to directly behind the token booth. A New York Times, folded in the customary subway fashion provided additional cover. New York subways get so crowded during rush hours that the only way to read the Times, if one likes fiction, required folding the paper length wise and turning the pages in a mind bending way that only New Yorkers seem to master. The subway fold provided an excellent mobile cover that could expand from nearly seven inches wide to fourteen and twenty eight inches in seconds. The Commie Ho, however, never appeared, and she wasn't the type of girl a guy could miss unless he was blind, which I wasn't—physically that is.

No longer so sure she still lived in Astoria, or if she did, whether she still worked at a strip club, I resorted to calling her unpublished home number again. If she answered, then she still lived there, and I'd have to change my surveillance times. She didn't answer, not once, but sometimes the answer machine came on, sometimes a fax tone and sometimes it rang and rang, so someone lived in her apartment to change the settings, but whom? On occasion, however, she would answer her mobile phone, which meant she was still on the planet, but that I already knew. Where was this slut? I couldn't tail her to work until I picked her up at some place and time.

To determine once and for all whether she still lived in the same apartment, I started calling her neighbors on the same floor as hers. The public library carries a directory that lists the names, telephones and apartments for most of the people living in any building in New York City. Here as in Krasnodar everybody knows the local whore, so someone must have seen her around assuming she still lived there. No luck until I reached a young girl, maybe ten years old. Great, she's not about to lie and wants to prove her worth by helping. My pretext was that I worked for a music video production company.

"We just interviewed a girl name Angelina Shipilina for a role, but she failed to leave us her telephone number. All we have is her street address but no apartment number. We're calling people in her building to try to reach her."

"Oh, I know her," the girl said happy to help. "She lives right next to me. She's very tall and blonde and pretty, but I don't know her telephone number."

"That's okay. Do you know her apartment number?"

"Just a minute I'll ask my mom." No, no, no, I'm thinking, not your mother. Mom will grab the telephone, ask questions, become suspicious and might even report back to the Commie Ho.

But the girl didn't leave the telephone to get her mother, instead she yelled right in my ear, "Mom, what's the apartment number next to us?" Her mother answered back and the girl proudly repeated for me, "It's 4H."

"Is she still living there?" I asked after switching the receiver to my other ear.

"Yes, I see her all the time."

"When did you last see her?"

"Just a couple of days ago."

Bingo, the Commie Ho still lived there, but when did she leave the building to go to work? Could she have actually taken a 9 to 5 job? No way, whores never reform, they just say they do. And she wasn't at Flash Dancers anymore. Strip clubs tend to want fresh meat for their customers, and the Commie Ho stripped and prostituted at Flash Dances for over two years. But at which club was she going now? There were dozens and dozens in the New York metropolitan area, which includes not only the five boroughs but also parts of Long Island, Connecticut and New Jersey. The evening shifts, when girls make the most money, start anywhere from 3 PM to 8 PM and end between 12 AM and 4 AM. That's a wide span of time for the Ho to leave for work during which I'd rather not stand on a subway platform in cold.

An idea from my Columbia University Business School training pops into my head to use a statistically valid sample of clubs from which to figure out the most probable times for her heading to work given a travel time of 30 minutes to an hour. Once again I staked out the subway on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays— still nothing, so much for the value of Columbia's statistics' courses.

What did the Commie Ho do that left a record of her comings and goings—nothing! But I could get to the same point by knowing when she was usually in and not in her apartment. Most people, even hookers, have a basic schedule to which they adhere even though on the odd day it may vary. Humans are, if anything, creatures of habit. Although I doubted the Commie Ho's humanity, she definitely was a creature. A list of the outgoing telephone calls on her unlisted telephone line would indicate a pattern of when she was at home and when she was not. But how do I get it? A private eye, of course. Unfortunately, the Ho's telephone carrier's priority to maximize profits through cutting expenses derailed this strategy. The company had previously listed in each monthly bill the time of day for all the local calls a customer made, but

a couple of years ago, the carrier replaced reporting the individual calls with the total calls over a period of time. This did me little good. The bills, however, still listed the specific times of the long distance calls, which indicated she was often at home from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Monday through Friday, but the information was too little to indicate when she left for work.

The only way to catch her meant staking out the front of her apartment building. Long stakeouts require two guys so that one can keep watch while the other hits the local restaurant for a restroom or deli for food and drink. One leftwing blogger I knew always needed money. We staked out her building from a rented car parked on her street. If she left, I'd drive pass her, turn the corner and leave my partner off to pick her up and tail her to work.

When we started my partner said, "I checked those photos of her on that Russian web site, so I'd be able to recognize her. She's a hot looking babe."

"And that's all. She has no sense of right and wrong; lacks a conscience, integrity and a sense of fair play; is amoral, self-centered, selfish, self-righteous, hypocritical, duplicitous, a phony, pathological liar, dissembler and prevaricator with no socially redeeming qualities whatsoever—a barbarian life force driven by its self-indulgent wants and needs. The nobler qualities of human civilization are absent—compassion, empathy, dignity, self-respect and a respect for others!"

"Ookay," my partner said, "Why don't we talk politics while we wait?"

So we did, as we sat and sat, day after day, early morning, afternoon and early evening but no Commie Ho. I put the stakeout on hold, thinking she might be slipping out the back door or was on vacation in Cyprus or Las Vegas. To determine which, I started snooping around the building on my own.

Dressed in my disguise, I'd wait for a tenant exiting the building, asked for directions to the super's apartment, which they always happily gave while letting me inside, or watched for people turning into the entrance way and quickly moved in behind them, fumbling for my non-existent keys, so they'd hold the door open. Given my appearance, white and anywhere from 40 to 60, no one questioned me. Inside, I checked the side and back of the building. She could go out the back, but to make it to another street required going over a seven-foot wall, not too difficult for a guy, but a girl dressed for work, even in slacks, unlikely. Upstairs, I listened at her apartment door, no noise, looked under it, but no light. Rang the bell and ducked into the stairwell from which I could see the top of her door and whether it opened—it didn't. After doing this a few times on different days with no luck, I switched tactics.

On the roof of the building next door at night, I could see her apartment windows, which weren't visible from the street because her apartment overlooked an alleyway. The windows were always dark. I kept going back looking for the light in the window so that I'd know she was not out of town and could restart the stakeout. On one sojourn while walking up the stairs to the roof door, I saw a red light that I'd never seen before. My next step brought an ear-piercing alarm. The human flight emotion tried to take over, but I said if you run you stand out, so I walked slowly back down the stairs, four flights with the alarm wailing its high pitch noise throughout the building, and not one person came out of their apartments to check it out.

Why was I not surprised? This was the same borough where in 1964 Kitty Genovese pleaded for help after a man stabbed her. The residents heard the cries but did nothing, so the guy came back twice as she lay bleeding on the sidewalk yelling for help, stabbing her each time, sexually assaulting her and finally killing her, and none of her neighbors did a thing. Might history repeat itself with a tall Russian blonde whore? I couldn't be so lucky. The newly

installed roof alarm cost me an excellent spying spot, but I found an alternative by using an alleyway from the next street over to get into the backcourt yard of her building. From there I could see the apartment windows, but still no lights at night.

Where the devil did this ho disappear to? Nearly a month and a half of trying to track her down and still no success. Was the Matrix interfering in my life again? No matter, I knew if I stuck with it, I'd find her.

The lefty blogger, who helped me on the failed stakeouts, came up with an idea that proved the turning point because of workers unable to follow instructions. He suggested sending her by Federal Express a box of chocolates from a fake modeling agency. By paying in cash and using a telephone number that's always busy, there was no way to trace the sender. Eternally busy telephone numbers are maintained by Verizon for technical reasons in every exchange. When making pretext calls, it often avoids suspicion by leaving one of these numbers as a call back because whenever the target tries the number, it's always busy. That allows one to call the target again for information and pretend he couldn't reach me because of trouble on my line or just a lot of calling going on. Either way it doesn't blow a cover, at least initially.

Sending chocolates from a model agency was a great idea because the Ho couldn't resist sweets or the delusion that the world saw her as a glamorous model rather than a whore for money. When Fed Ex knocked on her door, she would open it, if at home. If not, then by requiring delivery only to her, Fed Ex would go back and back until they found her home or learned from the superintendent that she no longer lived there. Tom Hanks never gave up when he played a Fed Ex delivery manager in *Cast Away*, so the guys in Queens should do the same. Once Fed Ex made the delivery, it would post the date, time and her signature on its web site. I'd recognize that signature anywhere. The Commie Ho always feared someone forging her

signature, so she perfected an intricate scribbling of her name that no one would ever bother trying to forge—not unlike Swiss bankers.

After a week of trying, Fed Ex finally delivered the package, but not to the Commie Ho, instead to someone who signed as “A. Anthony”—so much for the truth of Hollywood movies. I called Fed Ex from a local pay phone, using a calling card, pretending to be the CEO of the phony modeling agency that sent the package and asked to talk to the deliveryman. Who was “A. Anthony” and didn’t Fed Ex deliver the package to the Commie Ho. The Fed Ex customer rep said she would have the deliveryman call me back, which did me no good because I wasn’t about to give out my real number. So I made up another story by telling her I was attending meetings out of town and could give her my hotel number knowing Fed Ex wouldn’t make any costly long distance calls. The customer rep in turn arranged a time for me to reach the deliveryman at Fed Ex’s office—just what I wanted.

The deliveryman told me the Commie Ho had not answered her buzzer from the outside entranceway on three attempts, so he left the package with the building superintendent’s 10-year-old son. Great, the kid probably ate the chocolates himself—I would have, at that age. Fed Ex really ticked me off. The deliveryman was supposed to go inside, up the elevator and knock on her door. Instead the idiot took the usual American easy way out by not bothering to go to the apartment at all. But the deliveryman did give me a telephone number for the superintendent.

A couple of years earlier, I had talked to the super on the pretext of looking for an apartment but really to confirm the Commie Ho’s address for INS. His accent and appearance led me to believe he came from southern Russia, which meant I couldn’t believe anything he said about a fellow Russian. But as a result of my recent telephoning of some of the Commie Ho’s neighbors, I learned the super came from Croatia, which meant he hated Russians. People who

lived in any of the countries occupied by the former Soviet Union, despised Russians. The super, therefore, could be relied on to provide that most damaging of commodities to a Russian—accurate information, so I gave him a call.

“Hello, may I speak to the super,” I asked.

A young girl snootily replied, “He’s not here right now! Who’s calling?” Must be the pubescent girl I ran into on my visit to the super’s apartment two years earlier.

“This is Federal Express,” I lied. “We’re trying to track down a package that was given to A. Anthony a few days ago on Monday at around 3:40 in the afternoon.”

“That’s my younger brother.”

“How old are you?”

“I’m 14.” No wonder she sounded snooty, the boys probably just started chasing her, so now she believes herself a femme fatale. Didn’t take long for her to metamorphose into a teen queen. But she was still young enough for me to cautiously rely on what she said. Give her a few years and the lies will flow like breath from her painted lips.

“Do you know what happen to the package that was meant for Miss Shipilina?”

“Anthony brought it to our apartment in the basement, and she came down to pick it up.”

“Do you know what time that was?”

“Around 4:30 PM.” Apparently, Anthony notified the Commie Ho somehow, meaning she was at home when Fed Ex rang her buzzer from the outside entranceway, but didn’t answer, or she arrived shortly after.

“Is she usually home late in the afternoon in case we have to deliver other packages?”

“She’s rarely in her apartment. She’s a model, and I see her go out at 5 o’clock, 8 o’clock at night. She’s always out.”

“When will your father be home?”

“Try back tonight after seven.”

That evening I reached the super. He repeated his daughter’s story of the package.

Then I asked, “When is a good time to make deliveries to her?”

“It’s best to find her before 11 in the morning. She goes to work in the afternoon, maybe 3 or 4.” Just what I needed, I thanked him and set up another round of surveillance with the same guy as before, starting at 11 AM Monday, April 12, 2004.

We parked across the street at the corner facing south with me in partial disguise. Within minutes of settling in for a long wait, the Commie Ho bounds out of the entranceway of her building. Wearing black leather pants and a black backpack in her concession to American style, her vat-dyed blonde pony tail bobbed from an erect head looking straight ahead as she swung her arms loping down the street on those long legs and moving at a speed that for others would be a run. Battle stations, battle stations, the cry went off in my head. We buckled ourselves in; I started the engine and zoomed passed her taking a quick look to make sure it was she. At the light, I turned right and let my “I Spy” partner out, then took off down the block to get out of sight. We assumed she’d also go right at the corner to head for the 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue subway, but she didn’t. Five minutes later my partner calls my cell. The Commie Ho had gone to the New York Sports Club on 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue at 38<sup>th</sup> Street. Driving the car to a parking lot across from the gym, I met my partner and we continued the stakeout.

“That girl is all legs!” My partner exclaimed. “I had to run just to keep up with her. But she sure sticks out in crowd. She must be six-three! And that blonde hair is like waving a flag.”

“Yeah, she’s easy to spot. Makes our job a lot easier.” I replied.

“Why does she walk so fast?”

“Maybe she’s afraid something will catch up with her.”

We sat in the car waiting for the end of her workout.

About an hour later, hair now up in a bun, she bolts out of the gym as from a starting gate and moving at the same fast pace. My partner jumps out to give chase. As we had agreed, I drove the car back to the corner across from her apartment figuring she’d head back home for a shower. The Commie Ho has a phobia about using public facilities, even Laundromats. Germs, I think, rather bizarre for a prostitute, the type of person that most folk consider synonymous with filth.

Sure enough, she arrived back at her apartment with my partner well behind her breathing hard trying to keep up.

“Damn, she moves fast. I’ve got to get myself in better shape.”

“Expensive Russian prostitutes definitely keep themselves physically fit. There were a lot of them at the gym I used in Moscow. They were among the few Russians that could afford one.”

“Physically fit is right.” My partner agreed, “It’s just the rest that seems lacking.”

“Exactly.”

At 1:20 PM she again zooms out, moving south and still fast, but no backpack, hair in a ponytail. My partner sets off in pursuit while I waited in the car for his cell phone call. Once again, she doesn’t go to the 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue subway, but walks further south, making a cell phone call and stopping in a store. Then she walks west to the elevated subway at Broadway, the next stop down the line from the 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue station. My partner is right behind her, panting away, but manages to get on the same train to Manhattan. I drive into the City to wait for his next call.

While parked in Manhattan by the 59<sup>th</sup> Street Bridge, I tried to figure where she was heading, but soon gave up.

My cell rang.

“So where are you?” I asked knowing it was my surveillance partner.

“Union Square, but I lost her. She got into a SUV outside the Virgin Record store driven by a guy in his 20s, white, light brown hair, silver Forerunner Toyota, license AGE 9596.”

“Okay, I’ll run the license to find out whom it’s registered to.” We agreed to try again a week from Tuesday. The SUV belonged to a Joseph Martin, 6 Bradford Avenue, Rye, New York. The driver of the SUV was probably one of her prostitution clients or some poor sucker with romantic delusions about her. Either way, I knew she benefited materially from the rendezvous. But I still didn’t know the place where she stripped. When she worked at Flash Dancers, she often took Sunday or Monday off because the money wasn’t good. Maybe she was off this Monday, and turned a trick to pick up extra cash.

Tuesday, April 20, 2004, the Commie Ho whips out of her building at 11:33 in the morning, arms churning back and forth, pony tail swinging its way to the same New York Sports Club where my partner spots her running on a treadmill. After the gym, trucking at the same fast pace, she goes back to her apartment for about an hour then heads off to the 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue subway wearing a white jacket with black pok-a-dots. She catches the train to Manhattan, gets off at 34<sup>th</sup> Street, Herald Square, and walks a block to the IRT number One train, which takes her further south to Chambers Street. It would have been more convenient for her and have saved a fare, if she switched at Times Square. At Chambers Street she walks toward the river to a luxury high rise at 22 River Terrace. My spy can’t follow her in to see which apartment she went to because

of the doorman. After three hours of waiting, we figure she's in there for the duration and go home.

The next day, Wednesday, at around 1:20 PM the Commie Ho comes walking up her street, carrying shopping bags, wearing the same clothes from the day before and enters her building. That's the last we see of her and end the surveillance at 6 PM. Apparently, she made a night of it at River Terrace—fun or business.

On Friday, we started late at 1 PM certain the Commie Ho would either enter her building coming back from the gym or exit heading for the subway and Manhattan. This time we parked on the same side of the street as her building, just between it and the corner. Sporting a fake mustache with a cap, I sat in the driver's seat. At 3:30 PM, my peripheral vision catches movement on the sidewalk a few feet from my window, as I turn to look, the Commie Ho wheezes pass. Rats, did she see me in the car? She was wearing her backpack, dressed in blue jeans with studs running down the legs, what kind of fashion is that? She probably came from the gym but by a different route that took her right passed us. Well, I knew if she saw me, she'd call her clients at the police station just a block away to come hassle us. We waited, but no cops, so she didn't see me.

At 4:30 PM, she leaves at her usual gallop in her favorite outfit, black slacks and a white jacket with black pok-a-dots. At the 30<sup>th</sup> Avenue subway, she sits on her favorite bench and, as usual, boards the last car of the train. She's consistent—until 42<sup>nd</sup> Street, Times Square. Then something new happens, she steps off the train, waits, and suddenly steps on again just as the doors are closing. My partner made it back into the car, but only barley and obviously. At 34<sup>th</sup> Street, she hops off, looking nervously behind her with fear pulling the corners of her eyes tight. My partner backs off trying to follow her at a distance, but it's clear she spotted the tail. After

ten minutes of twists, turns, double backs and feints around crowded Herald Square, she managed to lose him.

The surveillance was placed on hold in order to let some time pass for her to fall into a false sense of security. But early one afternoon four months later, while rushing for the BMT subway at 42<sup>nd</sup> Street, I froze in my tracks. The Commie Ho was not ten feet from me, wearing a jackal look of discontent and cowardice, staring nervously behind her as though checking for someone following. She hadn't seen me yet, but the moment she turned her head forward again, those laser enhanced, blue gray eyes would pass right over me. The only thing to do was use one of Mark's martial arts' tactics and I thought myself invisible. She turned her head from looking over her left shoulder, swept her glaze right over me without seeing and continued down to the train. The Commie Ho still suspected a tail, so I put the surveillance on hold indefinitely.

The information from this chance encounter and the earlier surveillances indicated to me that she probably no longer stripped, but just did call girl work, a profession much easier to hide from the District Court and the INS. Also at 28, the lap dancing clubs might consider her too old, but she could still hook for \$200 to \$300 an hour and those were Los Angeles rates. The best she did stripping was a little over \$100 an hour and that required standing on her feet all night long. So hooking meant more money, less work and no sore feet—right up the Commie Ho's alley. Another reason for believing the Commie Ho had switched to fulltime hooking was that during the on again, off again surveillance from February to April, I obtained the Commie Ho's mobile records for two months running. One month she made 290 out going calls and the other 370 in addition to the approximately 150 calls made each month from her apartment telephone. The Commie Ho's activities looked a lot like those described in the grand jury transcripts of Los Angeles' largest prostitution ring run by a Russian mother and her daughter.

While I hadn't found any connection between the L.A. ring and the defendants in my RICO case, that didn't mean the model used in L.A. wasn't also used in New York City by the Commie Ho and her associates.

The L.A. call girl ring had offered two types of services: "in-call" and "out-call." With in-call, the guy visited an apartment maintained by the ring where he was charged \$200 an hour. Out-call was where the girl went to the guy's apartment but charged more, \$300 an hour. To make an appointment, the guy would call the dispatcher's number, or go on line and make his request for a blonde, redhead or brunette and leave a contact number. The dispatcher rounded up a girl and called the guy back to finalize the arrangements. Business for the L.A. ring had usually started in the early afternoon and gone to the early morning hours. The Commie Ho's call volume, connection with [www.Russianny.com](http://www.Russianny.com) and her history pointed to her concentrating her time on Russian mob prostitution in New York where she acted as a dispatcher, semen depository or both.

### You'll Lose a Good Thing

In order to dig up more information in Russia for my RICO case, I took a lesson from my annulment/divorce case and used a website. Boy that should annoy the defense lawyers! They'll shout and scream to the Chief Judge and call me this and that—tough. Nadya, my Krasnodar translator, went looking for a Russian website designer who also knew how to advertise. The site would be in Russian and aimed at people, mainly in Krasnodar, so I wanted a Russian from that area familiar with attracting attention to websites. Similar sites for Mexico and Cyprus were planned.

I sent Nadya a CD with the contents of the site. The introduction page stated:

**United States dollars for information concerning any of the people mentioned in the following diary of Alina Alexandrovna Shipilina (Chipilina) also known as "Angelina," a**

**runner up in the Miss Krasnodar Beauty Pageant of 1997. Miss Shipilina lives in Krasnodar, Russia and New York City.**

Click on [Nude Photographs](#) or [Masturbation Video](#) to identify Alina Alexandrovna “Angelina” Shipilina, a.k.a. Chipilina. Click on [Other Photographs](#) for more pictures of Angelina.

Click on [Diary](#) and [Newspaper Article](#) to read about the life style of this Russian prostitute.

Please contact rdhhh@yahoo.com with any information or questions. Valuable information will be rewarded with dollars.

Following are the full names or additional information on some of the individuals and organizations talked about in Miss Shipilina’s 1999-2000 diary that may help the reader identify them. Information on anyone mentioned in the diary, not just those listed below, is being sought for a case in the U.S. Federal Court of the Southern District of New York and will be rewarded.

*U.S.A.*

Flash Dancers Topless Club  
Barry-Night Manager Flash Dancers  
Tatianna, former stripper at Flash Dancers in 2000  
Nikita, former stripper at Flash Dancers in 2000  
Marc L. Paulsen, California doctor

*Russia,  
Krasnodar*

Anastasia A. Vasilyeva  
Tatyanna Vasilyeva Fashion House  
Alexey Smolin  
Dmitri Morosov  
Inessa Alexandrovna Shipilina  
Olga Ponomarenka  
Katya Gerokaris  
Mariya (Masha) Alexandrovna Chebotkevich  
Enya, winner of Miss Charming and Russian Radio in March 2000 Miss Krasnodar Beauty pageant.  
Natasha, tall young with black hair who lives at 138 Rashpilevskaya Street.  
Lena, the poor nurse who prostituted herself with Angelina and Olga Ponomarenka.  
Nadya, who went to work in Cyprus with Angelina in December 1999.  
Inessa, a model at Vasilyeva Fashion House.  
Larissa, girl friend of Marios Athanasiou, manager of the Zygos and Tramps brothels in Cyprus.  
Volodya, sculptor in his late thirties, married.

Andrei, drove a white Mercedes in 2000.  
Mkrtchan, previously taught at the Krasnodar State Academy Physical Training, wife  
Tanya.  
Rey, pimped for Krasnodar models, including Angelina.  
Roma, client of Angelina for whom she wore a black wig in 2000.

*Moscow*

Natasha Gubina from Vidi Vinci Casting.  
Phodes Studio Co.  
Leonid Perlin, President Phodes Studio Co.  
Tanya, Phodes Studio Prostitute

*Other Russian Locations*

Vladimir Gavrilov of St. Petersburg  
Yulya Alyabyev in Kanevskaya  
Alexander Andreevich Rybakov, former police official in Grozny in the 1980s and early  
1990s, born July 25, 1952 in Mednogorsk, Russia.  
Aunt Sveta, owns house at 11/1 Skvoznaya, Yablonovskiye.

The only way Russians would respond to such a site was by offering U.S. currency. The defense attorneys would claim the information tainted because money exchanged hands, but I could overcome that with sworn affidavits or a precautionary instruction from the Chief Judge to the jury. After all, lawyers always pay private investigators for information and they pay sources, as does the Federal Government. Anyway, the information would most likely lead to more for which I could use the District Court's powers to obtain testimony and documents.

Nadya expressed some concern that the site might break the law. Law, there is no law in Russia, at least none that are enforced, not all that different from America. But some Russians still fear as they did when living under the Soviets. Under the Commies, such a site would violate the law because it told the truth, which was strictly forbidden. But apparently Nadya's concerns went deeper than she originally expressed. She emailed me to say, "Don't you think it's criminal to write such things about other people?" This was a strange remark coming from her since she knew the Commie Ho wrote the diary, sold the photographs and made the video for

money. All the site would do is tell the truth. Then I remembered my female Russian instructor in Moscow who refused to translate the Commie Ho's diary when I first copied it. She didn't want to invade the prostitute's privacy, and Cheryl, the Feminist, refused to read it for the same reason. Two girls, like all girls, who would go out of their way to find incriminating evidence to batter a man, didn't want to see the truth about one of their own. Girls united against men. They will hide any secret, no matter how foul, justify any deed, no matter how harmful, so long as it puts a man in jeopardy or protects the truth about how girls really operate. The girls I had come across always tended to lie to men for each other, but was there really a genetic worldwide conspiracy reaching back into time to promote the illusion of females as "sugar and spice and everything nice"?

Nadya's remark was put out of my mind for she had dug up a lot of useful information in Krasnodar over the past three years while collecting a monthly stipend. Assuring her there was nothing criminal about the site, she eventually found a "pcman," who would set the site up and advertise it in Russia for \$700. A little steep I thought, especially for Russia where it amounted to half a year's income for the average household. But Nadya knew how to operate in Russia, and I trusted her.

A problem arose when the Internet host required blacking out certain parts of the Commie Ho's body, such as the close up of her massaging her snatch in the video clip. That struck me as strange because Russians not only allow people to murder and steal at will, well almost at will, they never let morality interfere with making a ruble or buck. But I didn't care, just as long as viewers who knew or previously came across the Commie Ho could identify her. Clearing that up took a couple of months.

Nadya finally emailed me the site's address, but clicking on it only brought up the window "Network Problems." Nadya assured me she'd get the pcman to fix it. Another month goes by. Nadya then tells me that the pcman subcontracted the work out, and she needed to complete some paper work, another month, another stipend. She eventually emails me a different site address, but again up pops "Network Problems." Okay, I finally catch on; my trusted agent in Krasnodar is either scamming me or has defected to the Commie Ho's side. After all, the Commie Ho can now pay more than me having made by then around 600 grand tax-free in four years. Nadya's monthly stipend ended, so much for pretty young Russian girls in their mid-twenties.

Nadya had first started working for me at twenty-one, and, like other early twenty something Russian babes, she always stuck to her work agreements, but by the mid-twenties these Russian girls transmute into thieves in the night and turncoats. Guess they figure they are running out of time. Nadya ripped me off for \$700, but she would have made more in her monthly wage by keeping her end of the bargain. Oh well, and I never even hit on her, although spent a lot of time gazing at her attributes. Just can't help looking more at a young girl's breasts than her face when talking to one. However, with older broads my eyes ignore them completely while conversing, which is as seldom as possible.

### Trouble In Paradise

Uncovering more information on the Commie Ho and her mob associates' web of revulsion for my RICO case continued to consume a lot of time, tolerance and appetite for boredom. The pursuit of justice carries a heavy dose of the meanness of reality that deters many from paying its price. But there's no way other than to pay that price to keep the fundamental problem with people from swamping the planet. No matter when, or where, it's always the

same. People with power, whether individually or as part of an institution, group or government, decide they will take what they don't deserve because they can. Naturally, they always justify in their own minds violating the rights of others with such lame excuses as some god or goddess told me to, it's the correct thing to do, we're superior, we know what's best and any other lunatic rationale humans can invent.

Look at the Bush Administration, it goes knocking on Iraq's door saying, "Listen up boys, this here's your lucky day. We're going to remove Saddam, then make you just like us. That's right, soon your children, 12 and younger, will have the opportunity to buy any addictive drug nature or modern chemistry can make; your daughters, sisters and wives can make big bucks in the soft-core and hard-core pornography industry—hey, a hundred grand a year is more than you'll see in a lifetime, and thanks to Billy Bob Clinton, the girls can give blowjobs while claiming, if their mouths aren't too full, that it's not sex; every house will have a TV with shows oozing sexual thrills, naked breasts at half-time and dirty innuendos for the kiddies to salivate over; however, ninety per cent of you guys will stay condemned to the worst and most dangerous jobs, but the females, just look at the Abu Ghraib prison photo album, will now run the show in order to make up for centuries of you boys sacrificing to protect and provide for them and their children; of course, you'll still have to die to protect the girls from foreign enemies, but now the girls will control your lives according to their whims—isn't that great; you guys will automatically become second and even third class citizens, but it's the correct thing to do—believe us; you'll even have a stock market and homes to invest in so as to build a nest egg for retirement that corporate executives, stockbrokers and financial analysts can steal without the government doing much of anything about it, other than give those wealthy crooks larger tax breaks and low interest loans that you'll have to make up by paying more tribute to our, we

mean, your government—isn't the American brand of freedom and democracy wonderful; true you wouldn't be able to believe what the media says because it uses fake documents and makes up stories, but that's no different than under Saddam, so the media's a wash." Somehow I don't think the Iraqis or anyone in the Middle East wants our democracy, freedoms and injustices.

If America came to my door with an offer like that, I'd pick up a gun too. Now that I think about it, America actually kicked down my door in the 1960s with a similar ultimatum. When I stepped out of high school, the draft said, "Come her boy!" so I went to college instead. But when I twice left college, the Selective Service was on me like a fury trying to add black ink with my blood to the financial statements of members of the military-industrial complex. Profits for the complex that Eisenhower warned against grew geometrically during the war as more and more blood of young American men—not girls, but men, washed the jungle floors of Vietnam. Corporate America and that butcher Lyndon B. Johnson, for whom more females voted than men, weren't going to vampire my blood for a buck. Anyone who did a little research knew the government lied; the real reasons for the war were profits and L.B.J.'s political career. L.B.J. didn't want to appear soft on communism because by his cold war mentality pulling out of Vietnam would hurt his chances of re-election in 1968. Boy was he wrong.

Twice I had to fight and beat the draft: the first time by going underground in California, then back to college; the second time a couple of sympathetic doctors, one whose son also carried the draft on his back, gave me the notes needed to escape the hamburger grinder for good. All an experience today's Feminazis can't even begin to imagine unless America's current wars bring back the draft. If that happens, all those broads who think they are as tough as men will start bawling and pleading that the draft shouldn't take them because they're girls. They'll begin the old whine, "But men start the wars," to which I always retorted, "Tell that to the guys

pushing up daisies in the Falkland Islands, the Seks butchered by Indira Gandhi, the Arabs killed in Golda Meir's 1967 War and those slaughtered during Queen Victoria's Boer War or because of Catherine the Great's lust for beachfront real estate on the Black Sea. No, when the draft comes knocking the next time, none of the traditional feminine wiles will work, not after all the changes in the law and culture they've wrought over the past forty years. The U.S. Supreme Court will reverse its decision allowing the Government to discriminate by drafting only men, and the Feminazis will finally know not just the benefits but also some of the real hell of manhood. I can't wait.

Despite the stupidity and waste of the Vietnam War, sometimes I regret not having gone. In the sixties, I didn't want to die a sucker, which my instinct told me would happen. But looking back, what was I saving myself for? Since then, I ended up falling sucker to one female scheme after another: taking care of the Nazi Ho in her old age, investing with an incompetent and corrupt stockbroker in league with other Wall Street crooks and corporate thieves, marrying a narcotics slipping Russian mob prostitute and falling prey to the Feminazis terror responsible for denying me good jobs that I wanted and invidiously discriminating against me in America's courts and government agencies. Had I'd gone to Vietnam, I would've avoided all the subsequent harms caused by those broads. But I didn't go, so now, as it turns out, I'm a bigger sucker than had I gotten my head blown off in the jungles of Southeast Asia. Better a life of promise cut short, than a life of promises never fulfilled.

Lots of Iraqi and Muslim men apparently feel a life cut short rather than years of U.S. feminarthy scams and discrimination is a price worth paying. After the end of 30 years of tyranny under Saddam Hussein, why should they risk a Feminazi tyranny like the U.S. has had for the past 30 years with its institutionalized discrimination, defamation and intimidation of men

in order to serve feminine malice? Muslim men aren't stupid. They understand American priorities as illustrated by the Attorney General of the United States boasting at a press conference about the successful prosecution of a twenty-year-old guy who posted nude photographs of his seventeen-year-old girl friend on the Internet. The girl was clearly a ho; otherwise, she wouldn't have allowed her boyfriend to snap the pictures. She also probably encouraged him to post the photographs, since hos always fantasize about strangers seeing them engaged in sex, naked or partly unclothed. If they didn't, they would not wear dresses so easy to look up or blouses so easy to look down.

The Attorney General seized the opportunity to pander to broads. Since the girl wasn't yet 18—why should one year make a difference—the Department of Justice called out its Feminazi storm troopers, expended valuable time and resources to destroy this guy's life by throwing him in jail for child pornography. As if the Justice Department didn't have better things to do, but that's the American way these days, and Muslim men know it. So they're not about to sit idly by while America creates a similar Middle Eastern Department where the wheels of justice run over mostly men for grievances hypocritically touted by broads. Muslim men don't want a democracy where females receive preferential treatment for the most desirable positions while they receive preferential treatment for the worst; where the system of justice and prosecutorial discretion rides the public relations bandwagon of demonizing men; and where fighting for your rights as a man means mockery, ostracism and poverty. No, the men in the Middle East and other Muslims are wise to fight and die against the modern American way. Better a dead hero than a live coward.

Muslim men have their own paradigm for organizing society, so who are the American and British one percenters and the Feminazis to make them think differently? If guys in the

Middle East want civil wars, let them. America had a civil war, so did England, why should Middle Eastern countries be any different? But the American and British rich don't want civil wars or ongoing guerrilla rebellions because it threatens their oil revenues and reconstruction profits. The Feminazis also want the Western domination of the Middle East so as to spread their self-exalting belief system that translates into money, power and status for females with a subservient population of men who cater to their whims and think the world of them. American men might enjoy living as hermaphrodites ruled by she-males, but the U.S. Feminazis aren't going to turn Muslim guys into girlie-men.

The guerillas in the Middle East know the consequences of allowing the U.S. collective to turn their country into an economic colony, so to prevent it, they're killing Westerners and those who work for the West. The corporate rich, through the Federal Government, media and academia, self-righteously denounce the guerillas as brutal, evil, barbarian terrorists. But are they? Who invaded whom?

If during the Cold War, Commies from the Soviet Union came marching down my street in suburbia, I'd start shooting too. After all, what right did the Commies have to enter my neighborhood? Sure the town's female Mayor was a Nazi, but after they removed her, they should have left. As far as disputes among neighbors on the block, we'd deal with that in our own fashion. We wouldn't need some Commies telling us what to do. Same applies to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. If while living in New Jersey, I awoke one morning to find a bunch of guys with long beards camped in my back yard, dancing around singing like Zero Mostel, I'd call the police to kick them off my property. If the cops refused because the police chief had cut a deal with the squatters, I'd throw them off myself. I wouldn't give a damn what some book

their ancestors allegedly wrote 2000 years ago said, off they go, with force if necessary. But jingoism, even the American kind, always fails to give the view from the other side.

When people lose their land, have authoritarian governments imposed and their belief systems violated by nations with powerful militaries what are they expected to do? Roll over like a dog, or fight back with any means they have against any targets available to them. Sure the rebels, guerillas and terrorists in the Middle East use personal means to injure and kill others, many of whom are noncombatants, but that's because they don't have the helicopters, tanks and fighter jets that the U.S. and Israel use for killing and injuring their opponents, many of whom are also civilians; oh, excuse me, "collateral damage." If the U.S. gave the Palestinians apache helicopters, tanks and fighter jets, the Palestinians won't use their children as waking bombs or blow up Israeli citizens, they'd go after Israeli government officials, the military and the nation's infrastructure—just like the U.S. does in war. What do the Americans and Israelis think? That a Palestinian girl with no hope for her future children is going to walk up to an Israeli tank made in America and blow herself up. So she dents the tank, and it needs a new paint job, big deal. No, she's going to try to spill as much blood from those on the other side as the latest Apache helicopter rocket attack did in her refugee camp. Same thing throughout the Middle East, only now America is now wearing Israeli boots.

Perhaps I am not completely alien from those victimized in the Middle East by the American rich and the U.S. Government. Both threatened my liberty, interfered with my pursuit of happiness, stood idly by while gangsters threatened me and denied me justice all because an accident of nature made me a man born into a society that turned into a feminararchy. Every day slaps me in the face with the realization that I live in a society controlled by a few, the rich, that benefit from having many, the Feminazis, discriminate against men like me. In this American

society, my rights are repeatedly violated because of who I am. It's not so much different for Muslims fighting against America for their land and way of life, only they generally end up dead. But, depending on the point view, there are some things so dear, some things so precious and some things so eternally true that they are worth dying for.

No, I'm not about to convert to some religion that prevents pretty young girls from flaunting their delicious curves, but I would provide America's Islamic opponents, not the Chechens however, legal services and be a better mouthpiece than those guys hiding in caves. Now that would be an interesting battle in this jingoistic environment. But I am stuck in this story of my anti-Feminist crusade, whose end is my reckoning.