

LILYANA GADYKA,
the price of war

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Chapter 1. The first meeting

It was almost two years after my breakup with Ruslana, in mid-March 2014, on what would be my last Saturday night in Kiev for the time being, that I met Lola for the first time. At the Caribbean Club, I danced to Latin music while Shakira's Rabiosa whipped up the crowd.

I was wearing short cowboy boots from Sendra and felt light, free, detached from everything that preoccupied me at home. Then I saw her. A relatively small woman in high heels, with long, straight black hair, slim but voluptuous, dancing as if, like Salomé, she had made a pact with the devil.

She moved perfectly rhythmically, completely absorbed in herself. As if I didn't exist. I slowly shuffled up to her and started a silly story about star signs. Later she told me she thought I was from another planet. I got her phone number from a guy named Ricky from California, who later turned out to be from the CIA. How did he get her number? Was she in the same business?

How did I end up in Kiev anyhow in 2010? It all started with a date with the sister of a Dutch Miss Universe contestant in February 2010. This woman was even more beautiful than her sister, and I was deeply impressed by her.

We went out for dinner on Saturday evening at the Greek restaurant Olympia in Rotterdam. Normally, that restaurant was open until 11 p.m., but because we were talking so intensely, we lost track of time and the staff remained passively present until half past midnight without warning us.

She told me about her latest ex-boyfriend, with whom she had recently ended her long-term relationship. He owned a few Grand Cafés in the Netherlands, was filthy rich, had several expensive cars and a huge house in Brasschaat, Belgium.

I immediately felt that I didn't fit into her category of men because I had divorced a few years earlier and was still recovering financially from this 'robbery in broad daylight', which is the best way to describe Dutch divorce law at the time.

Janice was clearly above my financial level. There had been years before when I only had £1 a day to spend, but I survived this ordeal because I lived with one of the most beautiful and sweetest nurses in our country for three years. In the first year I was like a bird that had broken his wings.

In the last year of our relationship, I was recovering financially and in 2010 I bought an apartment in the heart of the centre of Rotterdam. I did this mainly for my three very young girls, so they could go to the cinema and McDonald's more often. In hindsight, Monique had been my lifeline in the first year of our relationship.

But what doesn't kill you makes you stronger. Many men fared worse and had to sleep under a bridge or worse. After three years, our relationship had reached a dead end, and we both wanted to take a completely different direction in our lives.

At that time, I saw a short clip from the Bhagavad Gita on YouTube that really appealed to me. The essence was that you don't own anyone in your life and everything you have is on loan. It's no different in love. Possessiveness is also suffocating. If you love someone set them free!

My nurse was determined to buy a bigger house, but I didn't want to commit myself to her permanently. My love for her wasn't that deep. I took care of my three little girls. She was devoted to her Sphynx naked cats and clearly couldn't handle my children, who, incidentally, behaved impeccably with her.

She liked the children, but they weren't her mission in life. She had never had or wanted children herself,

which says it all. That doesn't necessarily make someone a bad person, on the contrary. It shows self-awareness. I, too, had no desire to have children at first.

The idea never even crossed my mind. But when I had them, I loved it and turned out to be both a father and a mother at the same time. Young children are still uninhibited, not yet socialised, and are usually completely honest. They bring joy to life. Then a subtle process of transformation begins in schools, which does not always lead to the same honest young adults.

I saw buying a house with Monique as a guarantee of a monotonous life, a mental prison that felt to me like a waiting room for death, a rut. Boredom is the devil's pillow. My mother regularly told me that I was a super sweet child, but when I was bored, my parents wanted to call in an exorcist, so to speak.

My decision to buy an apartment in the city centre meant in fact that Monique and I went our separate way. Two years later she found a nice guy and she bought the house Monique had dreamt about for years. So, everybody happy. To my knowledge they are still together.

Anyway, this exceptionally attractive Hindustani lady told me that her ex-boyfriend spent the entire

evening in his study, completely shut himself off and was constantly chatting with Russian and Ukrainian ladies on dating sites. I couldn't imagine that, because I had never met such an enchantingly beautiful woman as her – a Hindustani goddess – even though I have been blessed and surrounded by extremely attractive women for most of my life.

I was the only son and had four older sisters, and from the age of nineteen I lived with the doppelganger of the singer Sade. When I was a child, my father often spent evenings spying from behind the curtains when my sisters were brought home by prospective brothers-in-law, and in his eyes no man was good enough for his daughters, except for one guy, a very handsome chap who was in the air force.

I never interfere in my daughters' private lives. Not out of disinterest, but out of trust, and because I intuitively prefer not to get involved in potential hornets' nests. I have always given my children complete freedom, just as my parents did with me, and my three daughters have all turned out well.

One might wonder whether the importance of a 'good, strict upbringing' is perhaps somewhat overestimated, because it is not uncommon for such children to turn into monsters. Just think of Joran van der Sloot. Most people are naturally good-

natured, and education is often a matter of unlearning valuable traits.

In my philosophy, education should primarily lead to peaceful, critical, self-reliant, mentally and physically strong people who can think logically. A healthy mind in a healthy body as the wise and ancient Greeks said. Looking around me today, that ambition still seems very far away.

That evening with the Hindustani goddess Lakshmi, I wasn't really myself and behaved a little submissively, which is not like me at all. She was so beautiful that I almost fainted. She had something hypnotic about her. I talked too much and caught myself searching for the right words so as not to repel her, which had the opposite effect.

So, it remained a one-time date, and I could never have met her expectations anyway because I was not yet in optimal condition, certainly not financially. I had just broken up with Monique. I was not yet in the position to manage this kind of relationship, so I backed down.

That story about her boyfriend intrigued me and aroused my growing curiosity. Eventually, I also

started looking at those sites and couldn't believe that these Russian and Ukrainian women were real. They were so incredibly attractive, highly educated and talented.

I was used to beauty, because my ex-wife was also one of the most beautiful women in the Netherlands; she was Serbian. We had a great, long relationship of almost 14 years, but every relationship has an expiry date, and in the end, the relationship had become toxic, which is almost always the fault of both parties.

I am not resentful, and when the dust of misplaced hatred had settled, I realised that the break-up had been inevitable. Fortuna and destiny you know! I fantasised that those Russian and Ukrainian beauties were called 'Igor and Boris', had long beards and swindled men in the West by using photos of very attractive women to completely strip them financially.

Such practices are still commonplace worldwide today, and almost every day you can read a story in the newspaper about someone who has been swindled and completely ruined by romance scams. Don't fall for it, you naive fools!

You can only see what someone is really like in real life. Dating sites are nothing more than clever money-making schemes. In Kiev I became befriended with the owner of a dating site, and she

told me the scala of tricks they use. First, the owner of the dating sites has no interest at all that ‘their female candidates’ get a serious relationship.

They are the working stock, and it is not easy to find enough candidates to play the game along. They usually get £10 per date. When you get out with this kind of women for a diner in a restaurant they women get a fee from the restaurant, so the women chose often expensive restaurants.

The same counts when they take you to an expensive club. The dating site provides paid translators, rent apartments, trips, excursions and so on. In short it is merely a profitable earning model with the niche naïve men from the West. It has little to do with love or serious relationships.

As my fascination and curiosity grew, my best friend Hans and I decided to take the plunge in April 2010. We went to Ukraine for the first time in May 2010. In some ways, this experience resembled the film *Coming to America*, starring Eddie Murphy.

At the time, nightlife in the Netherlands was already at an all-time low, and we wanted to really enjoy ourselves in a completely different culture. We struck gold because Ukraine was nothing like other Western European countries and was unique in terms of entertainment.

Chapter 2. Kiev

We first went to the city of Vinnitsa for a few days. The city where former President Poroshenko had been mayor. Then a week in Kiev. We were in complete shock, because the women there were so incredibly elegant, attractive, intelligent, erudite, adventurous, accessible and playful.

We felt like little children in a sweet shop and gained great respect for these women. They formed the backbone of Ukraine. They often had several part-time jobs. And they studied alongside them. Many also had unique talents.

One could paint beautifully, another made gorgeous clothes, and yet another was a talented singer or could play the piano beautifully. We had never seen this combination of looks, talent and brains in our country before.

They were the prototype of the female Homo Universalis, just like the women of ancient Sparta. I was also impressed by a memorial in Vinnitsa for the soldiers who fell in the Second World War. All boys aged 18 and 19. Terrible!

Every street in Kiev resembled a Miss Universe pageant. The men there lived in Valhalla without being aware of it or realising its value and often behaved badly towards those women.

They had gold in their hands and were blessed, but they let this gold dust slip through their fingers, often had an unreliable, indifferent and often corrupt nature, and cheated on their partners as if it were a great pleasure. It takes strong legs to carry such wealth.

In all the years that Hans and I stayed there after 2010, we did not meet a single woman who spoke positively about the men there. I appreciate nuances, but also the gift of clear communication. We live in a time when hedgehog behaviour is dominant.

We often don't say what we really mean, but what others want to hear. In the long run, this is disastrous for society, especially when it is accompanied by self-censorship and an almost obsessive focus on comfort and materialism.

Perhaps we should start focusing on the virtue of honesty again. Because we have a chronic shortage of it. At first, we thought it was some kind of sophisticated personal marketing strategy on the part of these women, but they really meant it.

Most women in the Netherlands generally had a negative opinion of these women. In their eyes, they were all prostitutes, which was not true. The jealousy was palpable.

Wages in Ukraine had been deliberately kept low by oligarchs for decades, making women in relatively expensive cities such as Kiev, Odessa and Kharkiv particularly open to men from the West.

In my view, they were more like freelancers doing a bit of 'side work', and what's wrong with that? Good food, gifts and entertainment. Although I certainly did not rule out the possibility that arrogant and naive men from the West were being used or even fleeced, the women there could become the love of your life, provided you behaved authentically and respectfully and were genuinely interested in them and their culture.

Most men from the West didn't and treated these women as subordinates and weren't really interested in their culture and background. I was immediately accepted there, also because I was zen and came there to enjoy the whole entourage. I am a Gulliver type of person, and I enjoy life to the limits.

And let's be honest, unconditional free love hardly exists in practice, if at all. At that time, there was a considerable surplus of young, highly educated women in Ukraine. Even in the better jobs, such as teaching, people in the big cities did not earn much more than £250 per month.

Their colleagues in Moscow with the same job earned six times as much. It seems fair to conclude that Ukraine had lagged far behind Russia economically since 2000. Can you blame the Russians for that? Or were Ukraine's political and economic elites primarily responsible for this?

After 1991, a handful of oligarchs left their mark on this society. Ukraine was an immense country, larger than Germany or France. I say 'was' because my estimate is that the country will be halved in size within a few years because of the proxy war the US started and please don't question this, I saw it unfolding before my eyes in 2014 when I lived in Kiev.

The women there proved that beauty and intelligence can indeed go hand in hand. In my country, as a woman, you are either a smart, unattractive nerd or a manly woman, or an attractive, silly, relatively stupid woman. I am exaggerating, of course, to illustrate clear contrasts, otherwise the reader will never get the point.

In all fairness, one should never generalise. But broadly speaking, what I am saying is true. The men there often behaved rudely, were nihilistic and took

no responsibility whatsoever, not even for the children they fathered. Men who did stand out from the rest in a positive way often turned out to be Russians.

An agreement with a Russian was an agreement. With a Ukrainian man, it was only an option. I know this sounds harsh, but I don't like to beat around the bush and make things sound better or worse than they really are. But that is not exactly the mainstream view in our current society.

Every day, I must hear from the mainstream media and political featherweights that we are the best at everything, but the irrefutable facts tell a very different story. The sad thing is that over the past 20 years or so, we have come to believe our own propaganda, which is often a harbinger of decline.

In the beginning, Hans and I often had pain in our necks because we had to keep looking back. From that moment on, we fell in love with Kiev, and not just because of the exceptionally beautiful women there. The whole atmosphere was wonderful, with delicious restaurants for little money, beautiful lounge music everywhere, magnificent architecture, a very rich history and, finally, adventure every day.

The city of Kiev was vibrant, energetic, and everything seemed to be just right. There were no tensions, at least we noticed very little of them. Russophobia was completely absent, and if it did exist, it must have been mainly subliminal.

Incidentally, we weren't the first to be struck by these women, because a thousand years earlier, Arab merchants complained that they couldn't get any work done after buying one of these women at the slave market, and this was a widespread phenomenon at the time.

Until about 500 years ago, it was mainly white slaves who were traded, and this is completely forgotten or ignored in WOKE culture. And that also happened after the fall of Kiev in 1240. After Batu Khan's envoys were thrown from the high city wall of Kiev on the orders of Grand Prince Michael Vsevolodovich and killed, the city was razed to the ground by this grandson of Genghis Khan.

The survivors, mostly young women and children, were taken away as slaves and sold at the market. A hundred and fifty years earlier, Kiev had been the largest city in Europe with 50,000 inhabitants, larger than Paris and London at the time, but a problematic

system of succession had fragmented the Kiev-Rus empire.

You stumbled over princes there, who claimed land and constantly fought each other. By 1240, Kiev was a shadow of what it had been since 988. A vibrant, energetic, sparkling city. An important economic hub between Byzantium and Western and Eastern Europe.

In 988, Grand Prince Vladimir the Great, a descendant of Rurik the Viking, converted to Christianity and was baptised in the Dnieper River. His subjects followed shortly thereafter. John the Baptist was nothing compared to him.

In my room hangs a painting depicting the head of John the Baptist being presented on a platter by the Jewish king Herod Antipas to the belly dancer Salome. She had asked him for this in return for her belly dancing skills on his birthday.

She was the daughter of the king's mistress and later wife, Herodias. John had openly criticised this marriage, which literally cost him his head. This scene also shows that women are not only the salt of the earth but can also be deadly dangerous.

That is what makes them so fascinating. So be on your guard. They can make or break you, and beautiful women have more informal power than the

richest oligarch. In addition, these types of women surpass men in everything, including crime, and can be ruthless.

After a dispute, male colleagues go for a beer together and everything is forgotten and forgiven, but women continue until 'death do them part', and I have seen this so often in my career. At Rotterdam City Hall, the administrative wing was staffed exclusively by women, and sometimes they were at each other's throats.

The municipal secretary did not want to get involved. It would only have seriously disrupted his relationship with the mayor and councillors. So, he assigned the task to an operations manager, who quickly turned grey before his hair finally fell out. He became the scapegoat.

When he visited, the ladies feigned perfect harmony. As soon as he left, the often-underlying conflict continued in all its ferocity. This is one of the reasons why you should not create entirely female departments or organisations, unless you want a henhouse.

I also attach no value whatsoever to the assumption that female ministers, prime ministers and presidents of a European commission are more empathetic and

therefore less belligerent. This is an illusion and the opposite is more likely to be true.

I love these fascinating creatures. According to the Bible, their tricks are manifold. A male black widow spider can also attest to this. After mating, he is on the menu as a thank you for his impressive physical performance. Some males outsmart the females and bring their friend along, who is allowed to watch and is then eaten.

Sea squirts also exhibit similar behaviour. They camouflage themselves and take on the colours of a female, leaving the other male sea squirt empty-handed. The younger male makes love to the desired female, while the larger male cuttlefish continues to make advances, thinking he is being treated to a threesome.

Is this all instinct or is it deliberate? When children and young adults master a few tricks after 20 years of study, their parents often call them clever or even brilliant. I have never seen so many 'gifted' people as I do today. When animals without education and born with complex software exhibit the most intelligent behaviour a few weeks or months after their birth, we disparagingly call it instinct.

But what exactly is the difference? There were several motives for Vladimir the Great's religious choice. For example, relations with the Byzantine Empire had become excellent after the soldiers of Kievan Rus had plundered and massacred Constantinople several times.

Their atrocities were beyond description and caused panic and mortal fear among the Byzantines. But over time, coalitions were forged, lucrative treaties were signed, and even marriages were concluded at the highest level. The Byzantine emperor Basileios II had made it a strict condition that Vladimir convert to Christianity to marry his sister Anna Porphyrogeneta of Mamikonian.

But at that time, there was also a persistent rumour that this king was very fond of pork and strong drink. Choosing Islam or Judaism would have made that impossible. The Turkish Khazars had chosen Judaism about a century earlier.

It is interesting to consider how large a proportion of the total number of 18 million Jews worldwide their descendants represent. One thing is certain: their ancestors were never promised anything, nor were the others for that matter. It is all fantasy, fairy tales for grown-ups and the gullible.

Wladimir and Anna's wedding took place in Chersonesus in Crimea. Since the eighth century BC, Crimea had been home to numerous Greek sister cities, often with names like those of their mother city-states. They also travelled up the Dnieper River to trade, bringing Greek culture with them.

When I lived there from 2012 to July 2016, Ukrainian society appeared to be steeped in Greek influences, without the people perhaps realising it. They also share this aspect with Russian culture. After the fall of Constantinople in 1453 AD, Russia, and Moscow in particular, became, to a certain extent, the cultural bearer of Greco-Roman civilisation.

You can see this in architecture, literature, philosophy and many other areas. A kind of Rome 3.0. In my book *Kyj, Sjetsjek and Chryvv*, I outline in more detail the shared history of Russia and Ukraine, from the Stone Age to a few years ago, and that book contains some very interesting historical details. I promise.

After 1240, the once largest city for roughly 600 years led a moribund existence as a provincial town with about 3,000 inhabitants, until Catherine the Great put the city back on the map. After visiting the city, she

complained that the men there spent days in cafés, getting drunk and fighting each other, just as Ruslana later told me about Zhytomir.

However, this book is not about the history of Russia and Ukraine, but about a personal, true story. It is about a woman named Liliyana, alias Lola, who, like Salomé, could dance like the devil. Nor is this book about the geopolitical context of the current US-initiated proxy war, which began in February 2014 in Kiev with a coup d'état.

But completely ignoring this broader context in this book is not an option either, given its impact and the fact that I got to know Lola a few weeks after the Maidan coup and that the period 2014-2017 is a historical turning point for that country.

I was there and I can assure the reader that the real narrative is 100% different from the fairy tales that the mainstream media have been trying to make us believe for the last four years. I discuss this theme in detail in my other recent books, such as *Mainstream Media Mafia* and *Catharsis*.

Essentially, both countries have been populated by more than 150 more or less related tribes since ancient times. Numerous migrations have created a high degree of genetic diversity, a unique mix. In

2010, Kiev was a very special, lively, energetic city with beautiful buildings, countless excellent and inexpensive restaurants and entertainment venues.

When I last visited in September 2019, this metropolis of 3 million inhabitants had been transformed into a boring, deserted city, comparable to Zwolle in the Netherlands. Between 2010 and 2017, there was plenty of entertainment. The city felt like a cultural warm bath.

My love for Kiev was even deeper than Hans's at first, partly because I had been determined to go there for a longer period since 2010, while he was tied hand and foot to his one-man business. Long holidays would have scared his customers away for good.

Entering a meaningful relationship with a beauty from Kiev when you only stay there twice a year for a long weekend was a futile exercise from the outset. An illusion. I wanted to fall truly in love again; I was open for it.

Age differences between men and women were completely irrelevant in that culture, and we felt like we were 25 again. We slept only four hours a day and had boundless energy. This also proves that age and

old age are mainly in your head. You are as young as you feel.

I remember a Tina Turner concert in Ahoy Rotterdam. At the age of 60, she had the energy and charisma of three young girls of 20. The key is to stay as active as possible, mentally and physically, to eat healthily, not to smoke and not to use drugs. Then your telomeres shrink less.

I have hardly changed since I turned 30, and that is not just big talk from a man in midlife crisis, but a fact. From the age of 4 to 20 I was a budding footballer. At the age of 19 I made a conscious decision to pursue science and the doppelganger of Sade.

To train everyday, study several university studies and live together with a beautiful woman give too much stress and you can't serve more master's at the same time if you want to excel. Besides that, playing football on the highest level is a very monommatid life, you must focus 100%.

After I had stopped for good playing football for many years I made the most beautiful goals, in my dreams. I have often wondered why a brilliant professional footballer is considered too old at only 35. You can still be in top condition at a later age.