

Victor Nikivorov

Q: (reading from book) "A few moments before, a man in plainclothes had walked in and seated himself off to the side. One glance at him said he was military or police and that he was out of place in civilian clothes. He stood up and introduced himself as 'Police Captian Dimitri Nikiforov.'

A: (laughs) Victor, well okay.

Q: (continues reading) "Sending us away, Nikiforov said, 'Don't worry about who's right and who is wrong. Terminate the operation by whatever means.'

A: (laughs)

Q: (continues reading) "When I was in the middle of a brawling crowd two guys jumped me at the same time, but I got rid of them in a hurry, using karate and judo moves. Well, the fight was over. Most of the guys who started it were lying around the floor groaning. After every raid we would go to a bar or club where we'd eat, drink, dance with the girls, and have grand time before going back to the military base.'

A: As you can see, there are many lies here. There is no military base. At that time there were no bars. At that time there was no karate, or Judo. At that time there was only Sambo, unarmed self-defense technique. This is a pack of lies. Why in Kourdakov's account, or the book publisher's, I don't know how, but somehow these facts got distorted. But, none of it happened.

Q: Sergei himself said these things because I have heard the cassette with his recording.

A: Oh, a cassette with his recording.

Q: Don't get angry at me, please.

A: It's a fabrication. It's all lies. However bad life may be here in Russia, whatever economical and political difficulties we may face today, excuse me, we are human beings and we haven't totally lost our memory.

Q: If he is alive, what would you say to him?

A: I would hug him and kiss him. I remember him as a fine, wonderful guy. What later happened, what did life do to him to break him down so? It may be that the man got into some great trouble and he needs some sympathy. If he came in alive right now, I would receive him like a son. And then I would take these papers right there and whack him across the face before your very eyes and say, "why did you lie? Who are you lying to? Before the very God you confess? Why did you lie there?" I am sure that if it were the same Sergei that I used to know, he would break down and say, "Yes, I needed money, I needed to eat, and that's why I lied."