

DID LISA HAVE A SAN JOSE FUCKBUDDY?

Note: Again, if you're satisfied that my book is truthful and accurate I suggest you spend your reading time with more significant material. Noam Chomsky's Manufacturing Consent, for example, which in my view is the most important book of our time. If you care about the world, and want to know how it works, I mean. If this subject is not of interest, there are plenty of books out there that will make you feel comfortable. I'll not recommend any, however.

The following is a chunk from the long letter I sent to Lisa's brother Marc (normal font), Lisa's reply (**bold**), and my analysis of her reply and other notes (in red). This is necessary because with some people (I'll not list them from my book) are easily susceptible to Perception Management (PM) and/or gaslighting.

I'm going to number the next 5 incidents.

This is the one where Lisa was supposedly out shopping all morning with only her room key on her.

1. It's early February of this year and we're in San Jose dealing with a very serious problem I have with this expat here in Pavones. A real nutcase who took issue with my website. One thing led to another and another and then I heard a rumor that he was going to use his connections with the police to have me arrested on trumped charges - even possibly have me killed. Serious shit. We're at the Balmoral Hotel in San Jose and I'm at a newspaper office talking to reporters. Lisa goes out to buy construction materials. I get back early, I'm in the shower. I come out just as she's coming in the door. I look at her and immediately get a bad feeling. She seems rattled, like she didn't expect me in the room. Then I notice that she does not have her purse, a big green one. In fact, she only has the room key. No bag or packages, no pockets in her tight dress. Just the key.

I walk back to the shower, asking what's up. She says she's just getting back from the hardware stores. I know this can't be the case - she needed her purse, money, the list of stuff, etc etc. I ask if maybe she came back and went back out. No, she repeats, she's just now getting back from shopping.

This was godawful. Because of the shit I was going through with the expat asshole, my problems with Lisa were not on my mind - I was not suspicious of what she might or might

not be doing in San Jose. But I suddenly realized that if she was lying about when she got back, there could only be one reason: she was out seeing her boyfriend. I mean why lie? And if all she took with her was the room key, it's possible he was in our hotel, a different room. (Also: in her claimed trip to the hardware stores nothing got done.)

I was not going to the hardware store in this incident. I am fairly certain of this.

My version of events is true. It's in my notes for that awful day that she was coming back from "shopping" all over town with no purse. Period. She's lying, figuring it's her word against mine. By the way: This stuff verifies the Weston/hit man scenario, as described in the book. It also verifies that Lisa took the threat seriously as well.

I believe you were taking a nap and I went out for an hour to look through the Ropa Americanas. The day I went to the electrical cable stores I brought a notebook with me that showed what type of cable I needed.

Regardless, I did have my purse with me. I came in the room and threw it on the chair. That is all. You misremember this and make it into a big wrought theory.

When I pointed out that she didn't have her purse with her when she came in, she said, "Yes, I did." She said she put it down on the chair when she came in. I know she didn't do that - the first thing I'd noticed when she opened the door (she was still outside) was no purse. She was lying.

(Later she would write me a note saying that if she didn't have the purse "it doesn't mean that much." She also said, "Sometimes I go out with just money in my hand." This backing off from what she said about the purse in the room is revealing, and also missing the point. Of course she could have gone out with no purse but with innocent intent - although it's not possible that she went to those hardware stores without her purse. *But why would she lie?*)

I did have my purse with me.

No she didn't. Who are you going to believe here?

But if I ever go out without my purse, it doesn't mean I am fucking some other guy. It just means I went out without my purse.

Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar.

And a lie is a lie and you don't lie in a case like this unless you're covering up a truth about bad behavior.

I had my purse with me and I came back with it. You had just woken up, and perhaps come out of the shower, after a nap. I had just come back from the Tico Times office, as described in the book. It's in my contemporaneous notes on that day. Keep in mind I was writing my book at the time and Lisa knew it and approved of it. That she gave Part One to friends at Montauk and encouraged me to put an intimate chapter on my website proves this.

The only reason she would lie is she was meeting her boyfriend. If you can think of something else, please do, and let me know what it is.

Lisa has surely told you about the tape recorder. Here's the story of that.

The following incident is all anyone should really need to verify that Lisa was cheating on me with a guy, a fuckbuddy, in San Jose. Which puts all the other incidents in perspective, along with her unceasing attempts to make me (plus my friends) believe I'd lost my mind. Which equals Lisa being a sociopath, by whatever definition you care to use.

You can [Click here](#) to hear the Holiday Inn tape.

2. A couple weeks later we're at the Holiday Inn in San Jose. At this point I know the truth; I have a need to prove what's been going on, to confront her with it. So I bought a tape recorder. First day at the HI I put it in my luggage near the phone, turned it on record and went out to buy snacks. I wanted to see if she would call her boyfriend. (Lisa makes a big deal about how "despicable" this taping was - Marc, given everything, can you understand why I would do this?)

You do this because you are behaving childish and insecure, because you have not yet owned up to your own fears.

These are your issues and you are making them mine through repetitively abusive interrogation.

I am still a bit beside myself that you tape recorded me not once but twice. And where are the results of your second tape recording incident? Oh, not here.

No one can live in a relationship of constant surveillance for very long. I felt you went way too far at this point. Your treatment of me, your control, telling me who I can't dance with, accusing me of these affairs constantly, never taking my word at face value unless I have receipts. Lord help me if I don't have receipts! Because if I don't, you condemn me and ruin the love we have.

Why? You want to save our love? Stop this jealousy and CONSIDER, merely CONSIDER, that you have put things together incorrectly.

The above is of course irrelevant to our purposes: Is Lisa so chronically dishonest that she deserves the label "sociopath."

I came back a half hour later and don't yet deal with the tape, which is still running. Well, she finds it. Here's where my own denial comes in and how successful Lisa was in her gaslighting. We have an emotional scene about trust and so forth. She says let's listen to the half hour tape. I say no, I don't want to do it. In spite of everything, I want to trust her, and show her that. It was crazy, in retrospect. (Okay. Frankly, I figured to listen to it later, alone.) Lisa also repeated several times that she "can't wait to see what I write" about the incident in my book. Meaning she knew I was writing it and approved of the writing of it.

However: She goes out for a few minutes and I listen to the first 8 or so minutes. Just Lisa turning pages in a magazine, a few coughs. I turn it off, leaving the tape where it was, about 8 minutes in - like a quarter inch on the take up spool.

The next day I go to the dentist, Lisa stays in the room. Before I go I consider taking the recorder, listen in the taxi. God help me, I didn't do it. Denial. Before leaving I do register exactly where the tape recorder is in my bag. Call it a half assed premonition.

Three hours later I return and notice the tape recorder is in a completely different place in my bag. This bothers me -- Lisa had handled it. Notice that Lisa does not deny this. Lisa brings up the tape, jokes that "It's not like there are 18 minutes missing." (Referring to the doctored Watergate tape.) I flash that this may be another example of her not thinking before she speaks, giving something away, but I let it drop from my mind. Denial. I'm too

distraught and still in love and not thinking clearly here -- not having listened to the whole tape before leaving it with her, alone.

A couple days later at home I decide to listen to it. About 10 minutes in, I'm brought up short, like an electric shock. There's a click and the sound of Lisa by herself in the room - the magazine page turning, her coughs, all the ambient sounds - end and suddenly it's the next day, when I was gone at the dentist. How do I know it's the next day? The day I went to the dentist it was very windy. We were on the 12th floor and the wind was whistling against the window. We had remarked about how loud it was. This sound was very clear on the tape. Just that whistling wind after the click and nothing else, apart from a light bump one time, as if the recorder was picked up or moved. (As a test I later recorded over another tape and the click sound was identical to the one on HI tape - it was the sound of recording over the existing tape.)

About 12 minutes later on the tape (after just the sound of the wind) there were a few seconds of garbled sounds and clicks then another click (the tape being shut off, as I found from redoing it on the other tape) then the original tape recording kicked back - the sound of Lisa and I talking when I got back from shopping. It was apparent that whoever recorded over the first recording had screwed up, waited too long to stop the rerecording and was trying to repair the damage. Very unsuccessfully.

The tape I used was new, right out of the box, the recorder brand new. (I subsequently used the tape for interviews: in 8 hours of use there were no technical problems - not that technical problems were a possibility here, not with the clearly recorded sound of the wind.)

I confronted Lisa with this and she denied having recorded over the tape. We listened to it. She could not deny - never has - that the original tape was recorded over. I said she obviously did it while I was at the dentist. How else could it have happened? (She has now changed her view on this - she says the tape "somehow got screwed up." It didn't get screwed up - it was *recorded over*.)

Here's Lisa's explanation: When she packed that afternoon the tape must've gotten bumped in the luggage and the buttons got pushed.

This is not even in any realm of possibility, for the following reasons:

When I did listen to the tape, I noticed that it was indeed where I had left it - about 8 minutes in, a quarter inch on the take up spool. So, here's how the machine had to have been "bumped in the luggage": first two buttons (record and play) would have to be pushed simultaneously. Then 12 or so minutes later the stop button. Then the rewind button pushed, then at 8 minutes into the tape, the stop button again.

Plus, how to explain the sound of the wind and, other than that, silence, if the machine was being tossed around in the luggage? (Also: If the recorder was packed in the luggage the wind sound would have been inaudible.)

Doesn't work at all. Impossible. Literally impossible. When I pointed this out, Lisa got angry, saying "It's your problem." (She also suggested the maid might have done it, saying she'd seen them watching TV in rooms. What can I say to that?)

Lisa makes a major issue out of how she suggested we listen to the tape right away at the HI. Well, sure, no matter what, a person would suggest that. It would seem strange if she didn't. But one of my major wishes in life is that I had listened to the tape right away. No question.

Lisa recorded over that tape, most likely because she had called her boyfriend when I was out, possibly to arrange a meeting the next day while I'd be at the dentist (or whatever, but that seems likely). *Why else?* You have another theory, please tell me.

Incredibly - still another example of not "thinking before speaking" - Lisa recently said, "Even if I did do it (record over the tape), it doesn't mean..." Here she stopped, shut up, and when I asked her repeat that, she left the room in a huff.

This is significant in that Lisa is not denying my assertion that she said the above. This is significant since her recording over the tape means everything.

I would be more than willing to send you a copy of the tape so you can judge for yourself what happened.

I did not record over your tape.

You forced me to provide you with a possible explanation for the problem with the tape. I have provided one; it is only an idea, a postulate. You do not like it. Nothing I can do about that; you don't like that explanation, hey, I tried. You forced me to come up with some alternative, and that was one scenario, but that is all it is, a scenario.

I don't know what happened and I don't know when it happened. I didn't record over your tape. **To sum up: the tape was purposely recorded over the next day while I was at the dentist. There is no other possibility. And if the maid didn't do it, Lisa did.**

Even poor rattled Rick knew it, too. Here's a passage I cut in my first edit of the book:

Rick is rereading my description (and Lisa's fact-confirmation) of the HI Taping Incident (in this document), really giving it some analytical thought. He puts the manuscript aside and looks at Lisa, clearly contemplating the phraseology of his eventual conclusion, which is this, and his tone is conciliatory, sympathetic: "Look, maybe you had an innocent reason for recording over the tape, like maybe... I don't know.... maybe you were angry at Allan or something." (At least he didn't theorize about an embarrassing fart on the tape, is what I'm thinking here.)

Lisa's response: "No no no no no no." (Lisa may have strung out more noes here, there was no counting them. Lisa then denies having recorded over the tape. When Rick looks away in discomfiture at being lied to right to his face, Lisa says this: "I'm never going to hear the end of this." Meaning from me.

In fact I never brought it up, let alone not let Lisa hear the end of it; there was too much godawful distracting stuff going on as Meanwhiles. Although Rick's analysis was

large bore ammunition, in the face of continuing *undue stress* I just plain forgot to lock and load it.

It was incredibly stupid for Lisa to admit in writing to my version of this incident, since by doing so she's in effect admitting to everything. If you look at my version of this incident in the book, it's identical to what I have here.

Since there is no explanation - none whatsoever - of the condition of that tape, other than she recorded over it, we really need go no further to verify that Lisa was chronically cheating on me. And -- as this document also verifies -- that she was trying to make me think I've lost my mind, i.e., I'm paranoid, beset with the Othello Syndrome and on and on. In fact, she repeats this stuff scores of times here, in her reply.

[CLICK HERE](#) to listen to the HI tape. Should you have the interest and stamina to listen to it, you'll know without doubt that Lisa recorded over it. If you can come up with a reason she would do this other than she called her fuckbuddy while I was out, I'd love to hear it.

Hold on. There's another possibility: Maybe Lisa farted on the tape and was embarrassed. The Amy Theory.

You can also [Click here](#) to read one of Lisa's many multi-page letters-with-a-whacky-diagram attempting to explain the unexplainable, along with endless protestations of love and devotion. Notice the energy that must have gone into this. Now multiply that by a hundred or more (all the other similar letters) and you have a picture of an obsession (to deceive) more powerful than mine.

3. By now I suppose I *am* obsessed - to confront Lisa with what she's been doing in a way she cannot deny.

The following is the Airport Incident.

Mid August, Lisa is returning from her visit to see you and Fran, etc. She will arrive in San Jose too late to take a plane that day down here. So she'll have to stay overnight. I tell her I'll wait here in Pavones and pick her up at our

little airport in Golfito. What I actually do is fly up to San Jose to surprise her by meeting her flight. Part of the reason is that I miss her and love her, but also because I think there is a possibility that her boyfriend will meet her at the airport - if I could surprise her in this the lies would have to end.

I'm at the airport an hour early. When her flight lands I station myself in the 2nd story parking area overlooking the exit - I have a perfect view of the area where people come out to catch cabs. I'm 10 - 15 yards away, no obstructions. This was not a casual observation - I figure it's very possible her boyfriend will not meet her, so I don't want to miss her in any case. She doesn't know I'm there so she will not look for me. I have a dozen roses for her. **Right: The clownish bouquet.**

Marc, I stared almost unblinking at the tiny area where people come out for cabs. There is a baracade no wider than a door they have to pass through to get to the sidewalk. And people come out in ones and twos. No mob scene - and anyway, my view is from high, close and perfect. I saw everyone - one by one -- who came out to get a taxi.

I sit there for almost two hours, until I know something is wrong (one time I went down to look at the arrivals TV, right next to the gate. The area in question was out of my site for maybe 10 seconds while I ran down the stairs.)

When I get down there I find everyone from the flight is gone. No Lisa. Then I realize my mistake and my heart sinks.

Only then do I realize that if someone is meeting an arriving passenger the passenger uses another exit, one that was just out of sight from where I was watching. I'd screwed up big time (yes, again).

When I got back to the hotel (Lisa had already arrived and knew from the desk clerk I had checked in, although she did not know I'd been at the airport) and I asked Lisa how she got from the airport, she said, "A taxi, like always." She described how it took 5 minutes **(my mistake here: according to my notes, she said it took 10 minutes)** to get a taxi because of her two huge bags.

What are the chances she got a taxi and I missed it? Zero. I did not miss Lisa, a striking figure (in her bright yellow dress I know well), struggling for 5 minutes with two huge silver suitcases I also know well, from a few yards away and with my (admittedly obsessive) stare. Zero chance.

She was lying.

Seeing how long this was getting I left out the "taxi switching" at Tracopa and the "disappearance" of the taxista's phone number (that whacky diagram of the airport). Fortunately, as you'll see below, Lisa herself brings it up, in a classic blurt. Also: While I was visiting my old friend Captain Zero Lisa wrote me letter in which she confirms the bit about the "disappeared" taxista's phone number. (More bad PM.) [CLICK HERE](#) to go to that letter - believe it or not, in the letter she claims to have "found" the page in her notebook that "disappeared" (in two hours) that night. Truly: Aside from something being wrong with Lisa, there's something wrong with her.

Her boyfriend met her and I missed it. *Otherwise why lie about getting a cab?* You have another theory?

The worst thing is this: Here's what I would have done had I caught her with the guy. I would have said, "Lisa, the lies are finally over. Do you want to start again, change your life, be a real human being?"

I lost that chance. Lisa of course sticks to her story of the taxi. Says I have "no proof" that her boyfriend met her and that it's my "problem" I didn't see her get a cab. Like the tape. My problem.

I took a cab from the airport to Tracopa.

I was wearing a yellow dress and green scarf, my hair was put up.

You missed me.

I got to Tracopa and dismissed the cab.

I thought there would be a long line in Tracopa. There wasn't. Lucky me. I gave them my bags.

Then I went outside and got a cab to the hotel. I spoke with the cab driver about coffee plantations and the beauty of Heredia. I took his phone number in case we ever wanted a day tour of the area. I even showed it this number to you.

As I say in the book, there is zero chance that Lisa would have dismissed the taxi at Tracopa, leaving no one to watch her stuff and then having to pay another taxi for a trip (to the hotel) already paid for (the fixed fare from the airport). I'll not repeat the reasons here.

That is what happened. There is no boyfriend. There is only your insecurity and your fear. More insecurity and fear on my part. I realize that all this is insane, but please don't kill the messenger. I must repeat: I'm merely proving that my book is true as written and that Lisa was committing emotional battery against me.

The following incident was cut from the book (it was overkill, since by then the reader knew what Lisa was doing):

4. A couple weeks later (agony for me, though I didn't press Lisa about this stuff) we go to San Jose again - I have two dental appointments and Lisa can buy construction stuff. My second visit is to be a long one. From 1 PM to 4, maybe longer.

I left this one out of the book - overkill. It was the time I hired the (other) clown to follow her and he showed up with a broken leg.

I pay the desk clerk to write down Lisa's comings and goings while I'm gone. (By now I am truly obsessed - wouldn't you be?)

I'm at the dentist until past 5. I get back and to my surprise the desk guy tells me Lisa is not back yet from shopping. I call the cell; it's now 5:50. She's a half hour away, still dealing with buying stuff. She gets back to the hotel at 6:30. By her account she'd been doing this shopping since 1:30 - 5 hours.

She'd sent me an email (from a café) at 1:30, saying she had forgotten something at the hotel (close by) and was

going back to get it then go shopping (the hotel stop would take about 10 minutes). I got this email the next day.

Why would she send me an email while I'm in the dentist chair telling me a detail like she's going back to the hotel for a minute and then going shopping? At that time, 1:30, Lisa should not have known she was going to be late. And there was no way I'd get the email until the next day anyway. So why send it? Made no sense if all was as she said. As far as she should have been thinking, she would get back to the hotel after shopping way before me, and could then tell me in person this little detail about returning to the hotel for a minute.

The desk clerk told me this: Lisa went out around 1:30 all right (the time of the email was indeed 1:30), quickly returned to the hotel (as she said she would in the email), but: she remained in the hotel for almost 2 hours, then left (to go shopping). And I called her on the room phone at about 3 from the dentist. No answer. The desk clerk also called the room. No answer. Lisa was in the hotel all right, but not in our room. **(Or if she was in our room she wasn't answering the phone.)**

And she told me she just stopped by the hotel to pick up the part she forgot, then immediately went out shopping. Took 5 hours to do stuff that maybe should have taken 3 hours at most. The missing two hours? She was with her boyfriend in another room is the logical explanation. (Same scenario as the Balmoral time, when she came in with only the room key and was probably in another room with her boyfriend.) *Otherwise why lie about when she left the hotel?*

She'd sent the email as an alibi (even though I wouldn't get it until the next day) - she forgot something and would be delayed in her shopping trip. (Lisa went on and on about taking buses as why it took so long. Well, she knew she would have to go to three stores and be loaded with stuff, so the logical thing would be to hire a cab, for 5 bucks - in this case the total traveling time would have been no more than an hour. Figure a max of 2 hours in the stores and we're left with a missing two hours, the amount of time the clerk says Lisa was in the hotel but not in our room **or not answering the phone.**)

Can I prove that Lisa didn't take buses instead of a cab and somehow took 5 hours to this shopping? Could the desk clerk have been mistaken? (The hotel lobby is tiny, by the way. You can't miss comings and goings, plus I'd paid him well, plus he knew very well what Lisa looks like.)

I'm taking the word of someone who *could* have been mistaken, true. But it's unlikely. Not impossible, just very unlikely. So this one isn't like the other three above, in terms of probability. It's not zero chance that I'm wrong. But if you take everything into consideration (the nonsense email, the missing hours, the other 3 incidents, etc), it's pretty obvious what happened.

What happened is I left the hotel around 12:30, after you call and wake me up from a nap.

I realize I'm gonna be late, it takes a long time to get things done at these hardware stores, and I want to take the bus because the cabbies always try to rip me off.

Bullshit. Lisa loves to make deals with cab drivers. And they don't always rip you off. You make an hourly deal and that's that. This is a giveaway lie, right here.

I take the cross town bus to an area near Hospital del Ninos. Then I get on another bus. While the bus is waiting to take off, I realize I do not have the part for the refrigerator. This is important, so I get off the bus.

I walk back across town (west to east) and stop in an Internet café to cross another item off my "to do" list, which was to e-mail a photo to your web designer for your web site. And I zip off a little I Love You this is what I'm doing with my day e-mail. That is all.

I walk back to the hotel.

(In trying to explain how the desk guy didn't recognize her when she went right back out, she said, "I think I changed clothes when I went back to the hotel." This made no sense - she went out for 15 or so minutes, came back for a forgotten item and decided to change her clothes? But aside from that - I pointed out she was still wearing the clothes from when I left. So she says, "Oh. Right. I guess I didn't change clothes." **So I thought I might have changed clothes. I did that one day I was there, it was cold and I was underdressed.**

It was cold in San Jose, Costa Rica. Riiight.

Another time in trying to explain the missing two hours she said maybe she took a nap when she went back to the hotel to get the thing she forgot. **I never said that. Yes she did. I did not take a nap. I know she didn't take a nap: she merely said she did as a way of explaining the missing time.** I got my stuff, I peed and I left. I was in the hotel maybe half an hour, tops. Then I went back to the bus to Uruca, but instead of taking the slow crosstown bus I just walked to the area where the buses wait, and then I went. To Reimers, then across the street to La Costa, then to Samsung, then to Bosch, then I try to get a cab (but can't so I take the bus) to that town on the hill where the GE warehouse is. Then I take a cab back to the hotel.

Can you picture this? You go out, realize you forgot something, then quickly go back... and decide to *take a nap*?

There was no nap. I know there was no nap, but she told me there was.

Point here is: if Lisa has to make up multiple absurd, self-contradictory stories about the missing hours, then she was lying about where she was.)

While I was in a dentist chair going through the worst physical pain of my life, she was with her boyfriend. Nice image. If you have another theory based on the above, let me know.

I was not fucking some guy while you were in the dentist chair. We have to take her claim of innocence in context (as described in my book and backed up on my website): Knowing all we now know - the events since the writing of this in October of 2004 - can anyone doubt that Lisa was with her "boyfriend" while I was at the dentist?

5. In February, a couple weeks after the incident wherein Lisa lied about coming back from shopping without her purse **I did not lie**, we went to San Jose again. The situation with the psycho expat here had worsened, or so we thought - someone had told me the guy had hired someone to kill me. (I would later find out that this was false information, but for our purposes assume that Lisa and I thought it might be true. **Would death threats induce or increase a**

person's paranoia?) **Paranoia has nothing to do with the facts of what happened, which is all we're interested in here.** We were in San Jose meeting with our lawyer and a criminal attorney to see what preventative measures we could take. (The asshole expat is mainly worried about info I have on him based on my 1997 investigation for Men's Journal about a murder in the area.)

We check into a hotel under a false name, in case I am in fact in danger. A fleabag hotel we moved out of after the first night, it was so sleazy. There's this guy, call him Cal, **Cal? How about Ron? Ron who ripped us off, and you made me pay _ of what you paid him. Ron who preyed on your paranoia to the tune of a thousand bucks. Yes, when I wrote this to Marc, I called Ron "Cal." Keep in mind all the facts Lisa verifies - the hit man fiasco, etc. This is an overall boon to my general veracity, aside from Lisa's sociopathic treachery and emotional battery against me.**

...traveling with us, who came up with the false story about killers looking for me (he was looking to make a few bucks). Lisa had a persistent cough for like a month. I'm in our room with Cal and Lisa goes out, I forget the reason she gave. **You told me to leave so you could talk to Ron in private. A lie. I've never hidden anything from Lisa, including all the details about this hit man fiasco. In fact, I'd make a point to have her hear everything, asking her opinion as to what we should do. She agreed that I might be in danger; agreed with all the precautions I took. So where's my paranoia?** Comes back and says she met some gringo staying in the hotel who heard her coughing and said his Costa Rican wife was a doctor and could examine her right in the hotel. She says the guy is coming to our room later with a time Lisa can meet with his wife. Lisa says his name is David and he's a commodities broker staying in the hotel with his Tica/doctor wife and two young kids. **I didn't say then that he was staying here with his 2 young kids. I didn't see the kids in the room until she was there later. We'll see about this claim.**

Later there's a knock on the door and Lisa quickly answers it. **I didn't get up to answer it, you did, you were closer to the door, no? I do not remember clearly. I remember very clearly - and it's in my notes on that day. Lisa all but jumped up to get the door.**

I catch a glimpse of this gringo, maybe 30 or so years old, lean and... at least okay looking; it was just a glimpse... as the guy says to Lisa, "Do you have a blood type?" Lisa steps out of the room and the two talk out of earshot. Lisa comes back and says the guy's wife will meet her at 6 PM in the hotel.

You thought he was 30? I thought he was your age. Yes, my mistake. I only caught a glimpse - I only remembered he was lean and had a moustache. That Lisa corrected me on this was convenient, since the "David Peter" I eventually located was more my age (mid to late 40s).

So Lisa leaves the room at 6 PM, presumably to get examined in the hotel by the wife. I'm with Cal, discussing the situation I'm in; I am not thinking anything is weird, not yet. My concentration is on this crazy situation. In fact it's a couple days later that I realize something wasn't right with Lisa and this guy.

Lisa is gone about a half hour. **I talked to her at around 5-10 minutes, tops. No, it was longer than that.** Says the wife/doctor says she has an allergy. Again, I'm too distracted by my situation to think about Lisa's possible deception - which was too horrendous a thought, given that we both were worried about my physical safety.

Here are the things I realized later:

Why would this guy ask Lisa if she "had a blood type" (exact words). She said the wife/doctor was a nutritionist, but even so, why would the husband ask such an off the wall question? Why did he need to know that, when according to Lisa, the blood type question did not come up in the wife's examination. And why step out of earshot if he's just telling her when to meet his wife?

I don't know why she needed the blood type. I already hypothesized that, since the shot is a shot of vitamins (there is no "cure" for gripper) she probably was a believer in the theory that persons of different blood types need different vitamins. This theory is propounded in a book ranked much higher than any of hours on Amazon, "Eat Right For Your Blood Type", which has spawned a mini-industry of follow-on workbooks. I am speculating. I don't know.

Any "theory" I try to produce to defend myself is meaningless to you. Any "theory" you produce has all the weight of a certified check.

Given that the "wife/doctor" had an office in San Jose (Lisa said), the couple obviously lived in the city or near it. Why then stay at this fleabag hotel?

How should I know? Maybe he didn't live in the city. He said he was from Miami. I just know what he said. I don't know any facts.

Lisa got no prescription or even a recommendation of what drug to buy, nor did the wife give her a business card or office number - odd, if the couple were trying to drum up business, as Lisa theorized. (No charge for the exam - also odd -- so no receipt). **This was not an exam. She spoke to me for 5 or 10 minutes in the hallway of the hotel.** In other words, there is no way of checking if the story is true - if the wife/doctor actually exists. I never saw her or the kids in this tiny hotel.

Later, when I told Lisa I was skeptical about this guy and his supposed Tica wife/doctor, etc, she made another mistake. She said that next morning the whole family was downstairs having breakfast when we were doing the same, and didn't I remember? **That was no mistake. I saw them all there.** Not only did I not remember, but I know for a fact that there was no family having breakfast. Because of my situation, or how we perceived it - possible hit men on my ass - **would that make you paranoid?** I was extremely aware of who was in and around the hotel. **After all I've been through in my life - no, I was not paranoid. I was merely vigilant. And again, as a Meanwhile: Lisa is here verifying the hit man fiasco.** I recalled precisely who was in the dining area (very small, like 5 tables):

You don't recall precisely because you don't recall the family; and you were pretty wound up over your so called hit man. I was not wound up. I was merely being careful and vigilant as to who was in and around the hotel. If you read Zero you'll know I'm not the type to get "wound up." **Depressed and disgusted, yes, wound up, no.** a Tico reading the paper over coffee and an older guy having breakfast. No

one else. No question of that. **Total question of that you are completely wrong.**

(I was remembering this just a couple days after the fact, not just now). Given that the wife/doctor had examined her the previous day, in that small dining area, some sort of "Hello, how are you feeling?" or some kind of exchange would surely have occurred, which I surely would have remembered. (Or Lisa would have pointed out the "doctor" who examined her, sitting a few feet away.) Not that this matters, since in any case I knew there was no one else there for breakfast aside from the two guys. Zero chance there was that family of four there as she claimed.

It is not for me to guess the workings of other people's days or relationships, and if they don't say hello I don't take it personally. Sometimes people have things on their minds. If the "doctor" who had examined her had been sitting a table away, don't you think Lisa herself would have said something? Pointed out the "doctor"? Of course. But no matter. I could not have missed a family of four sitting right there. No family of four. A lie. Another one, a very revealing one since if there was no family of four at the hotel, the guy who came to our room was her fuckbuddy. Why else would she lie?

But who knows, right? Maybe I'm disturbed and paranoid as Lisa says, and am blanking this out for whatever reason - so I can be miserable, maybe.

Recently I went back to the hotel and persuaded the desk clerk to show me the check-in sheet for the day we got there. Lisa had pointed out the room the family was supposedly staying in - room 207, a few doors down the hall from us. (The hotel had maybe ten rooms.)

According to the registry, room 207 on that date was occupied by a gringo named David all right. He signed in as "David Peter." Number of occupants: *One*. Stayed one night, the night we were there, then checked out.

"David Peter" is not a real, full name. The guy checked in under a false, or partial, name. **You are assuming this. Sounds like a weird name, but it's an assumption and you should say so.**

It's an assumption made for good reason. Look in any phone book and see if you can find the last name "Peter", with no "s". Try the Manhattan phone book. I did. No "Peter" as a last name. Not an assumption. "David Peter" checked in under a false name. Period.

(I would too if I were screwing someone's girlfriend with the other guy in the same hotel.) No family of four, just David Peter - I suspect that the guy's middle name is Peter.

I asked the desk clerk if there could have been a mistake with the number of occupants. She said, no, no way - if the register says one occupant then it was one occupant, since they charge per person. When I told this stuff to Lisa she said the guy must've sneaked the wife in to save money. I don't know why he sneaked her in. Maybe it's not his wife. Maybe he didn't sneak her in. How would I know? I don't.

I tell you what I know. Then you make me answer questions I can't possibly have the answers to, and I speculate, give you a theory, and I tell you I'm guessing. She can't answer because - like the HI tape and everything else - the answer is that she was lying, for reasons that are obvious. Then, you don't like my guess and call me a liar, like you did in your last e-mail. You concluded that e-mail by saying you didn't know how I could live with myself. So stop asking me to figure things out like this. I don't know. Lisa loves to say this sort of thing is my problem. Well now it's her problem, explaining all these transparent lies.

Right. A commodities broker and a doctor sneak into a fleabag hotel (\$15 a night) to save a buck (literally a buck, I think - a buck per person). Plus, what about the 2 kids? He sneak them in too? Plus, according to Lisa, they then have breakfast - the four of them - right in front of the desk clerk? (The hotel is not only tiny, by the way, but you have to get buzzed in the front door. No one sneaked anyone in.)

Oh, so it's probably the guy checked in under a false name but that he couldn't sneak someone into his room? I disagree. The hotel wasn't checking passports, and Ron came and went freely into the hotel and they never asked for his name. Oh, excuse me...Cal.

Again: The great thing here is that Lisa verifies my version from the book.

Clearly, Lisa was lying when she said a family of four was in room 207, and that they ate breakfast the next morning. (I already knew that; then the registry proves it.) **Clearly not, they were there for breakfast, and she was there the night before and the kids were in the room staring at the TV.**

I don't know if they all slept in that room, I have no idea if they even slept there at all.

(As usual, Lisa came up with details and as usual screwed up. She said she saw the wife's dress hanging in room 207 - she saw this from outside, said she never went in the room. I looked at the room when I went back. The only view from outside the room through the door were the beds and two windows. No place to hang a dress - the closet was on the near wall, out of sight completely.)

Women like to twist the necks of hangers and hang dresses from moldings of window and doorways. The dress was hung high. She had to stand on the bed and hang the dress over the window instead of using the closet? Right.

If Lisa was lying about the family of four and the doctor/wife person, what does that mean? She was meeting her boyfriend, as she had done at the other 2 hotels (that I know of) before this incident.

If you have another theory here, please let me know.

She had him come to our room. (*Why not? - she'd invited the surfer she'd flirted with two days running to our house.*)

I did not invite any man to our room. Sure she did: combine this incident with the others - the HI tape and the airport incident - and we know without doubt she invited "David Peter" to her room. And we know she was fucking Esteban Mora - a birds of a feather sociopath - since 2003. It all fits. Does anyone believe that all this shit - all these incidents - could happen via my old Malevolent Gods Toying With Us theory? In other words, that there are innocent

explanations for any of these incidents, let alone all of them?

Looking at the above 1 - 5, one thing is certain. If *any* one of them is true as I've written it, Lisa is having an affair here (this doesn't count all the other stuff, the "we" slip episode being only one example). This is inescapable. And she's kept doing it, even after knowing that I knew about it (after the tape incident if not way before that). The phrase "I couldn't help myself" comes to mind.

My arguments that Lisa was obsessively cheating and gaslighting me into thinking I'm losing my mind (emotional battery) are what's called *cumulative* arguments. Meaning, for example, of incidents 1 - 5, if one, say, has an innocent explanation, it does not destroy my conclusion. Far from it.

To put it another way: Anyone reading incidents 1 - 5 (with Lisa's stipulations to the facts) should, in my view, agree with the conclusion I come to in each one, i.e., that Lisa was cheating on me, or attempting to, and gaslighting me (emotional battery).

If only *one* incident equals her guilt, then all her protestations of innocence go out the window.

And let's face it: If only one is true, then we know they *all* are.

This doesn't count any of the dozens of other times you accused me of things and made me cough up "evidence" of receipts and phone bills and what not and you were...Wrong! Classic misdirection. She wasn't fucking someone else on some other day (there were not "dozens" of other times), so she obvious can't have been doing it any other day, right? Picture a lawyer defending a serial killer saying, "The cops followed my client on Tuesday and he didn't kill anyone, so the cops must be delusional with all their other evidence."

If only one is true... And they all are.

If I've made this stuff up, or even misrepresented it, then I am in severe need of help. Psychopathic. Nuts. If not, then Lisa is. It's one or the other, no question.

Or maybe you have some weird thought pattern you need to change, some inner animal that is out trying to prove you're the silverback. I don't know. I have a weird thought pattern problem but Lisa is claiming the maid recorded over the tape. I'm tempted to say that I rest my case.

I love you like crazy and I adore you and I am affectionate, and all that is genuine. Not the behavior of someone having an affair.

Exactly my point. Why not dump my sorry ass and get on with her pursuit of uncommitted dick? (Which we know without doubt was transpiring at this time and continued to transpire after I had to leave my home, as recounted in my book.) Answer: She was playing the sociopath game of domination. She had to win; to fool me. That she would not give up in this, in trying to make me think I'm crazy, is emotional battery.

I do not know if the alcohol and codeine have anything to do with it. Yes, one in three men in alcohol treatment programs have serious jealousy, but that doesn't mean the alcohol causes the jealousy. But you should consider that you might be part of that 33%.

I'm not going to deal with this drug/alcohol horseshit, since it has nothing to do with the facts that are put forth here and agreed to by Lisa.

By the way: Try finding one person in either Pavones or Montauk that has seen me drunk or drugged up. Even one. On the other hand, I have several witnesses who have seen Lisa drunk.

Her answering my letter to her brother in the manner she has is probably the dumbest thing she's ever done. She cannot later deny these events or the vital details - the sound of the wind on the HI tape being a great example. It's the clearly recorded sound of the wind of that proves without doubt when and where the tape was doctored - she

admits to that, her best theory being that "the maid did it." And that's just one example.

Phones and phone cards. [Click here](#) to go a chapter that explains how Lisa keeps in touch with her fuckbuddies.

<http://cygawa.aweisbecker.com/contents/pdf/part1/phonecards.pdf>

- **Was Lisa Trying to Make Me Think I'd Lost My Mind?**

Actually, Lisa's constant denials are in themselves gaslighting, i.e., trying to make me doubt my own senses, but here's Lisa's verification (via the Marc letter) of her gaslighting maneuvers of hiding the cell phone and then the phone cord.

Lisa has been doing various deceits to "prove" that the cell fuck ups (especially the San Jose one) are innocent. This spring, after a car trip, she said she couldn't find the cell phone; she must've left it somewhere - in a hotel we stayed at maybe.

This is old news, isn't it? No, it's not old news, especially not to Doc Bruce and poor Rick, the couples counselor Lisa and I so disconcerted that he called us "fucking nuts" and refused to see us again. What it is: An incident Lisa cannot explain as anything other than an attempt to gaslight me. She uses this "old news" line whenever she can't respond to an incident. By the way, Click here to go to Lisa's verification that Rick did call us "fucking nuts." (I've cut it down.) John: here's the page to post:

Date: Fri, 26 Nov 2004 13:41:09 -0800 (PST)

From: "Lisa LaMagna" <lisajean2000@yahoo.com>

View Contact Details

Add Mobile Alert

Subject: Re: Love to you on day after

Thanksgiving

To: "Allan Weisbecker" <acwdownsouth@yahoo.com>

Hi Allan,

hold your judgement on the therapists for a few days.
i can see why you

think they are not helping but we will talk about that. i don't want to write to you. i'd like to talk to you. and i can't wait to see you.

remember when rick said we are both nuts? well, i now know why i am nuts.

yeah it's damned cold here too, but it's pretty and no wind.

i love you, lisa

Allan Weisbecker <acwdownsouth@yahoo.com> wrote:

The next day she said she found it in the car, under the back seat. **I did. Adonias and I were in the car and I looked back from the drivers' seat and saw it sitting under the seat covered in dust.** It must've fallen out of her purse on the road, she said. Well, her purse has a huge flap to prevent this, **The purse also has a large and open back pocket which I often keep the phone in.** plus nothing else fell out, plus... **plus, as I say in the book, I'd searched the car the previous day and looked under the seat...** look, it just was so unlikely. But it was almost an identical scenario to her story about it falling under the bed in San Jose (which was also extremely unlikely). Proves it could happen, right? (The other thing I noticed was that when she claimed she'd lost the cell, she spent almost no time looking for it. **I would have to be a CIA ace to concoct all of this. Or a sociopath. (She'd also have to be an "Academy Award-winning actress, etc.)** I meanwhile combed the house.) But I didn't really figure out what was going on until the next "try."

Do you really think I have the energy to go through all these hoops? Don't you think I'm busy enough, engaged enough in my life, to spend time planting all these weird red herrings? As usual, she's digging quite a hole for herself here in her assertion that she'd have to be demented to do this stuff - and then she does not dispute the facts. Really bad PM, Lisa.

Soon thereafter, we got back from another trip. As Lisa unloaded the car she came in with some stuff and said, "I can't find the cell phone." I knew it was in the car somewhere - I'd used it on the road - so I didn't worry. (And again, Lisa hardly looked for it.) A while later I happened to open my computer bag (which I'd brought on the trip and which Lisa had brought into the house afterward) and there it was, tucked in there. Then I remembered. The cell had been in the car's front console; I remembered putting it there.

Here's what happened and Lisa doesn't deny it. Unloading the car, she had taken the phone from the console and put it in the computer bag, then brought the bag into the house and immediately said she didn't know where the phone was. **(Her exact words were, "I can't find the cell phone.)** Within *seconds* of putting it in the bag, she tells me she doesn't know where it is. (There being no reason for my opening my bag, she figured it would stay "lost" for a while, thereby making her point.)

I am not hiding things to make any point. Then how does she explain why she put the phone in my bag and then immediately said she "can't find it"?

Her explanation was that it had been a long day.

It was surreal, and sad, trying to persuade me in the above way (after the first lost-in-the-car ruse) that cell phones naturally, innocently get misplaced.

Important for our purposes is that once again - as with the Holiday Inn tape and almost all the rest - Lisa does not deny what happened, as put forth in the book. So she is admitting to her gaslighting behavior. Does anyone out there disagree here? And does anyone out there disagree with my assessment that this is emotional battery?

Incredibly, there were three more incidents like this over the next couple weeks. I'll just relate the last.

I return home from my movie biz trip to the states. Lisa unpacks my bag for me. Folds my shirts and puts them in the dresser. The next day I'm looking for the cell phone cord that connects to the computer for www access, and which I'd brought on the trip. She has no idea where it is, helps me look around. Can't find it. Then she pulls it out of my

drawer, saying she found it while "hanging up your shirts." This was ridiculous since she'd folded the shirts and put them neatly in the drawer. Why was she suddenly, while looking for the cord, hanging my folded shirts?

She'd unpacked my bag two days before and damn well didn't accidentally **accidentally** fold the cord my shirts - she knows how important the cord is. (It's bulky and could not have been accidentally included in a folded shirt.) Plus, a week or so later when I brought this deception up, she said she found the cord while *looking for it* in the drawer. Not while hanging my shirts.

I can not remember the details of taking the shirts out of the drawer or putting them in or on the hangers or whatnot. I don't remember. **Yes, it's best to claim a memory lapse here since there is no explanation for this incident, aside from her attempt to make me think I'm losing my mind (and that "shit happens" with cell phones - or their cords.)**

However, you already apologized to me for this.

I love this. I apologized to her? Riight. Point being that she is admitting to the facts from the book here as well. Clearly, no question, she is admitting to trying to make me think I had lost the phone cord, since she does not dispute that only she could have put it in the drawer and not by accident. And in the next paragraph below she repeats what I quote her as saying in the book: that she'll not help me any more in finding "lost" stuff.

Don't ever ask me to help you find something if you're going to accuse me of gas lighting you when I find it. Have you noticed how good you are at misplacing things? **Yes, Lisa, like my passport wallet, when you hid it and then "found" it in plain sight, forgetting that if it was in plain sight you yourself would have found it when you helped my search for it for a half hour the previous day then again that morning. [CLICK HERE](#) to go to that passage from the book. I try to help and you turn it against me.**

You can't find your reading glasses? Sorry dear, you're on your own now.

I did not do anything untoward with your cord. **I'm going to go out on a short limb and predict that hardly a soul**

reading this believes Lisa on this one. Maybe not even her mother.

By the way: I left out the Keys Lost On The Beach Incident because this was getting so long as it was. But that one was a doozey, no?

If all this isn't emotional battery - violence to another human being, I don't know what is. Does anyone doubt that my doctors' explanation for my immune system breakdown was Lisa-induced stress? She literally nearly killed me.

And the last of these maneuvers (as described in the book) was her hiding my passport wallet, which was laughably transparent, since if the wallet was in plain sight (on my desk) Lisa herself would have found it when she twice helped me search the office. Here is the beginning of an email that verifies that that did happen. You decide who to believe in how the incident went.

Printable View This message is not flagged. [Flag Message - Mark as Unread]

Date:Sun, 31 Jul 2005 12:56:57 -0700 (PDT)

From: "Lisa LaMagna" <lisajean2000@yahoo.com>

View Contact Details

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message was sent by

yahoo.com. Learn more

Subject:A reply.

To:"Allan Weisbecker" <acwdownsouth@yahoo.com>

Allan,

I had drafted a detailed reply to your email and just stopped myself.

There is no point. Now you think I hid your passport wallet.

Lisa

Do You Yahoo!?

Tired of spam? Yahoo! Mail has the best spam protection around

<http://mail.yahoo.com>

Had I strangled her for this passport wallet incident: Is there a jury out there that would have convicted me? Maybe, maybe not.

But Christ, this Appendix, the Lisa part, is already getting out of hand, in terms of length and how dispiriting it is to organize it. And there's so much to go...

As of this writing on September 3, 2006, one day before advance (pre-release) copies my book are shipped, I'm going to skip to a matter from Part Five of the book. As I say, there's much more to come, but with the deadline looming I'll have to come back and finish this section.

A quote from Part Five:

I tell Doc Bruce that I've exchanged a flurry of emails with Lisa's ex-boyfriend after I sent him the Marc letter to offset Lisa's gaslighting of him about me, the back and forth Q & A that resulted clearly putting the lie to virtually everything Lisa wrote or said about her relationships to the two of us, going back to the very beginning. Everything is a lie: what she did, when she did it, how many times she did it, and how she felt about doing everything she did.

To say that someone lied about *everything* is a serious charge, one I better back up if I'm to maintain credibility, no?

Providing the proofs that Lisa lied about *everything* is a complex task, one to which I'll return when I have the time. One problem is that I've decided not to reproduce Lisa's ex's emails verbatim, for this reason: Although since his rush of insight about Lisa's treachery the guy has done an about face regarding Lisa and has insulted me in a couple ways, I don't harbor much animosity towards him.

So I'll not make his correspondences public, but rather paraphrase them. (If I catch wind that he's backpedaling on what he wrote I'll put them up, in all their fractured syntax/misspelling glory.)

Here, though, is a passage from the letter to her brother that accomplishes the same as much of Lisa's ex's correspondences with me:

And the deceits go on, no let up.

Recently Lisa had me read her 14 page letter to Fran (**her mom**) about our relationship. Admits to "dumb" behaviors and "idiocies" -- not dishonesty or bad behavior. She made another mistake, though, a big one - a version of not thinking before she speaks. In describing to Fran her getting back with [her ex], she said this: "I had two reunions with Noel, each lasting one to two weeks." (**This refers to her screwing her ex and lying about right at the beginning, after her first visits to Pavones.**)

I reminded her that she had told me her two "reunions" with [her ex] had lasted 4 days (the first one, in January) and one night (after her second visit to Costa Rica in February).

"Oh..." she said. I could actually see the wheels turning as she went back over what she'd told me. "Right." Then she said she had "made a mistake" in the letter to Fran.

Yes, I made a mistake. (Bold black is Lisa's reply.)

Of course what happened was that she told Fran the truth, deciding later to have me read it and not thinking about all she said in this long letter. **You are wrong.** This was a big revelation - her second "reunion" with [her ex] was supposedly a brief deal wherein Noel "sneaked" into the upstairs bedroom at his house and woke her up and she gave in (what was she doing sleeping in his house to begin with?) - this was a big deal since at this time Lisa and I were clearly committed. And she'd repeated this "one night" story many times, including recently (in other words, the lies continued). But now that incident was one to two weeks.

I was writing in generalizations. I made a mistake. This is not a "revelation."

You already knew the truth, that it was just 1 night, because you (a) eavesdropped on phone calls to both [her ex] and Vanessa (b) forced me to trick [her ex] into sending a clarifying e-mail and (c) later went through records of all my phone calls

from the period to be able to tell who I was talking with and during what days I was with [her ex] or not.

The above is bullshit: Via Lisa's ex's emails, it was not one night, and it was Lisa who initiated the sex and they fucked again in the morning.

But all of that evidence means nothing in the face of your paranoia. Don't you see? I provide evidence when I can and you still don't believe it. "Evidence" like "the maid did it." It is nearly impossible to defend myself. For obvious reasons.

And I recalled that I could virtually never get her on her cell phone during that February. Now that was explained - she'd been with Noel for way more than one night.

And the four-day reunion in January, which she said had started around the 14th. After the Fran-letter revelation I asked her when that first reunion had actually started. She said she spent 3 days with Noel in Montauk around his birthday, January 6. I asked if she had sex then (this would explain the two week estimate). She said, "I don't remember." **My brother really didn't want to hear about this.**

I did not remember, that is correct.

According to Lisa, she'd spent 3 nights sleeping at [her ex]'s house and was telling me she doesn't remember whether they had sex. She remembered the restaurant they ate at on his birthday **well, yes, I'd never been there before, and it was really nice (!!!!!)** but didn't remember if they had sex. She had written a detailed proposal on living with me (on New Years Day) but then didn't remember when she decided to get back with [her ex] sexually. (I would think that would have been a decision/situation she'd remember, wouldn't you?) And she could look me right in the eye and say that.

When I pointed out how absurd that lie was, she said, "I would bet it was on the 8th." (When they first had sex.) **Or it could have been the 6th...**I reminded her that on Tobago she'd told me she'd only been with him 4 days in January - again, an often repeated claim, even after the 4th (or was it the 5th ?) time she said the lying is over. She actually said this:

"Right. So it wasn't the 8th."

"You're changing your bet?"

"Yes."

"We're back to you not remembering."

"Right. I don't remember."

The above is verbatim. **And notice that Lisa does not correct me: she is verifying that the exchange is accurate as quoted. Amazing. Bu the above is just the tip of the berg in the lying she continued to do after looking me in the eye and swearing that the lying was over.**

You know what? I'm going to end this section here, even with the voluminous stuff there is to go. It's just too much.