



Радичу. мой адвокат, если вытщит, заплатить ему придется 5,000 USD..

Капучино

Дух свободы, как в Амстердаме, неужели в России тебе можно будет так жить???

Go to GoA

Я чувствую себя Че Геварой

Я готов стать бабчиком, Любашки Кончало..

У меня есть план, все у меня получится

M. T.

Chapter 9. Part One. Inside.

“Psy, what’s going on? The judge said that drugs were found in my possession.”

“Yeah, dude, you’re in trouble – the cops stated in the charge sheet that twenty grams of MDMA were found. If it had been less than ten grams, you would have been released on bail. With more than ten grams you’re looking at ten to twenty years in jail.”

“The cops told me that, but they didn’t find anything on me.”

“You must have stepped on their toes at some point.”

“I can guess where, but this is getting completely out of hand.”

“There is nothing you can do about it, you’ve been framed. You’re in trouble, deal with it. How is your hand? Why did you slit your wrists? Don’t you want to live anymore?”

“I do. It’s an old prison trick. I was trying to scare them so they wouldn’t add drugs to my case.”

“And? How did that go? Did you succeed?”

“They couldn’t care less,” I say sadly, sitting down near the bars.

“Take it easy, the day after tomorrow you’ll be transferred to another jail with better conditions and less mosquitos. William is the best lawyer for drugs cases. He got my Murtinian out of here with a kilogram of cocaine. Here, sign the papers. If he gets you out of here, you’ll pay him five thousand bucks.”

My lawyer standing next to Psy, who looks no different to the Indian cops, hands me a pen and some paper through the bars.

“Sign this, it is your contract for his services.”

Having taken back the papers with my signature, William starts quickly explaining something to me, pausing so that Psy can translate what he is saying to me.

“Listen carefully. Tomorrow you and the witnesses will go to your place with a search warrant,” Psy starts to interpret what the lawyer is saying, trying not to miss a word. “Do you have anything illegal at home?”

“But they have already been to my place and didn’t find anything, right?”

“According to the official charge, you were detained in the morning selling drugs on the street opposite the school.”

“Psy, you’re not confusing things, are you? This is bullshit. Have you used anything this morning?”

“I haven’t used anything yet,” Psy interrupts me resentfully, rubbing her nose. “As a matter of fact, I have made up my mind to give up drugs. I’ll soon be leading a healthy lifestyle.”

“Yeah sure; I’ve been hearing that for five years now.”

“I can’t do it anymore, now that I’m an official representative of the Russian Embassy in India. I didn’t graduate from the FSB1 school for nothing.”

“So what do you do at the embassy?” I ask her doubtfully, imagining Psyu snorting cocaine with the consul.

“I am an official interpreter with our embassy now. I even received a certificate. In the case of a nuclear war or some other calamity, I will be evacuated to Russia on the first plane, along with the embassy officers.”

“Psy, can you go on with interpreting, I’m not all that interested in hearing about nuclear wars right now.”

“So listen and don’t interrupt. In order to be released on bail, you can have on you less than one kilogram of hashish, less than one hundred grams of cocaine, less than two hundred and fifty grams of heroin, less than twenty kilograms of marijuana, or less than ten grams of MDMA. Anything higher than that is considered a commercial quantity, and thus a serious offense. That is why I’m asking you again, do you have anything illegal in your house?”

“I have a small marijuana plant and some mushrooms. The plant is young, about twenty grams, not more. A hallucinogenic mushroom has started growing, but as far as I know, psilocybin mushrooms are not illegal. Synthetic psilocybin is scheduled, but nobody has bothered to learn how to extract it from the mushroom. The chief of the drug police, Pashish, didn’t even notice the hydroponics cupboard or the mushroom plantation when he came to my house.”

“Don’t worry, tomorrow they will notice. But so much the better. The quantity is below the minimum, you won’t be locked up for this. Your mushrooms and weed won’t be added to your case, on the contrary, they may distract their attention during the search. You don’t have anything else in there, do you? Where did you buy the MDMA? Was it Apollo, by any chance?” Psy suddenly switches to a different subject.

“I didn’t have any MDMA on me. Psy, don’t you believe me? I didn’t buy anything from Apollo either.

“I don’t give a shit about whether you’re lying to me or not. You’ve fallen foul of Pashish somehow. If you choose to, you will tell me. I’ll see you next time, in another jail. I’ve got nothing more to say. Say goodbye to William. Kisses. I’ve got to run.”

Chapter 9. Part Two. Outside.

Traveling halfway across India with my new friends, I smoke chillums with them virtually everywhere. We smoke in cars, bike-cabs, buses and trains. The acceptance of smoking hashish in a chillum can be felt through the reaction we get from the people surrounding us. Sometimes the people traveling on the same bus with us would say something against a cigarette being lit up, but never against a chillum. No sooner have we recited the mantra praising Lord Shiva (to whom a divine bird is said to have brought a cannabis leaf) than a neighbor joins in our praise of the Indian gods. “Bom Shiva, Bom Shankara,” every Indian knows phrase this from childhood. We are currently making our way through the empty state of Rajasthan, enjoying smoking Himalayan charas. The couchette car with shabby seats we are in seems terribly exotic, I can’t recall the last time I was in one. Three dirty, noisy fans buzz overhead. Sweet and aromatic, the cloud of charas is instantaneously sucked out the open window, blending with the dull desert scenery. Policemen passing by us don’t pay any attention. I feel the inebriating smell of freedom again. Just like in Amsterdam, people smoking hashish don’t bother anybody. Will I ever see times like these in Russia? I think I might, but definitely not in the near future. I could start out by opening Hemp clothes stores in all the major Russian cities. If I succeed in this, people will become more tolerant of cannabis in a few years. If hemp was freely talked about across the country, marijuana would cease to be considered a drug. Indeed, many countries have acknowledged that tobacco and alcohol are far more dangerous than ganja. It’s too early for our society to legalize marijuana, but we could at least decriminalize it, like they did in Amsterdam. When society is ready

for it, Sam will be able to lobby a bill in the State Duma allowing citizens to possess a minimal quantity of hashish or marijuana. Will it ever be possible to see happy faces in the streets instead of gloomy ones? Right now it's hard to believe. The alcohol magnates will do anything to stop that from happening, as marijuana could become serious competition for their business. But, as Lisyutsky puts it, it only takes ten per cent of the population to officially admit to smoking, for the rest of the people to reconsider the necessity of alcohol in their lives, provided there is such a wonderful alternative available. If that happens, no alcohol oligarchs will be able to stop us. I gaze out the window thinking about my role in life – could it be possible that I will be able to influence events in my country? A butterfly spreading its wings in Japan can cause a tornado in Brazil. I must take my chances, I am ready to become that ganja-loving butterfly. Strange pictures, unusual people and animals, slide past the window; but I am not seeing them anymore. In my thoughts I am in Russia. I feel like Che Guevara. I love my homeland but detest the scumbags living there. Since my childhood my soul refused to relate to all the shit that my compatriots radiated. We saw different countries on TV, both near and far. The faces of those people on the black-and-white screen looked more human than those around me. It seemed to me that the gloomy faces that surrounded me everywhere were endemic to Russia only. The rest of the human world had built a border so that they didn't have to see the dumb grin of the Russian drunkard. Many years later, when I went abroad for the first time, I confirmed my theory that the center of all evil is located in Russia. The further I got from Russia, the more happy and joyful were the faces I met. I could always tell my countrymen from other foreigners, regardless of which country I was in. The main differentiating factor was in their eyes. Their confident step and condescending attitude to everyone else around them hid the darting, self-conscious eyes of a slave. Their eyes lacked freedom. The freedom that makes people open their heart and smile at other people. My fellow countrymen's eyes almost always expressed a hidden fear and uncertainty, which they masked with aggression. Our spirit of freedom was suppressed by tsars, prime ministers and presidents for way too long. In order to get rid of this fear, the whole nation drank, and drank hard. Ever since the times of Peter the Great, our people had been alcoholized on a government level. People's freedom was taken away and replaced with booze. If my country had an alternative to alcohol – light drugs, psychedelics to be precise, substances that alter the human mind – people would be able to make a quantum leap in their perception of reality and catch up with the progressive world. The train keeps rolling on and I dream that, one day, free happy people will inhabit my country. The same way that the first psychedelic gurus dreamt some thirty or forty years ago. Many of them traveled across India, just like me, trying to find answers to the questions that they couldn't answer at home. Just like me, they probably took this train headed to the psychedelic capital of the world – Goa. The names of the pioneers of the psychedelic movement pop into my head: Dr. Timothy Leary, a Harvard professor; Stanislav Groff, a doctor and scientist who introduced holotropic breathing to the world; Robert Anton Wilson, a philosopher who changed my perception of the world; Terrence McKenna, a scientist who devoted his entire life to studying psychedelic plants and their effect on the human mind. All of them and their many supporters dreamed about changing the world around them for the better. Can I be holding a means of changing the world in my hands, too? My heart begins to beat faster, and my brain, covered with cannabinol crystals, paints pictures of a happy future for the whole country. I can see my happy countrymen smiling at each other, I can see a president with clever and honest eyes. I can see my country not being involved in any wars, and not having any hungry or homeless people. But, of course, a millennium will pass before society reaches that level. Is it possible to speed up the process of evolutionary development? Once upon a time, after the ice age, Neanderthals made a quantum leap in their perception thanks to the micro-doses of psychoactive compounds that got into their food. During a short period of some three millennia, the human brain tripled in size. Maybe now is the time to make another quantum leap, and break the stagnation that our society is drowning in. All we need is to alter the perception of ten per cent of the population. Shortly thereafter, it will hit the rest of the population, like an avalanche. But that is a concern for the future; right now I have a real task – hemp. I have a plan and I will succeed.