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Чистое без места и минуты

Психоделика на человека действует, как ускоритель развития

Проблема перехода третьего на четвертый контур - осознавание себя одомашненным приматом и нежелание им БЫТЬ...

Это я в Москве - директор, а здесь - такой же, как и вы, я - обычный отдыхающий.

АНДИ СКАНЕРОВ, ЭМИРАТОВ, превращаясь в нулевое мясо, КОНЦЕТРАТЫ НЕФТЬ, Отходы производства мавзолее и поганы.

Визитка, ширинка, радёт ПСИХОДЕЛИЧЕСКАЯ армия...

Marina

## *Chapter 23. Part One. Inside.*

“Anybody medicine, anybody medicine?” I hear David’s familiar low voice, coming down the hallway. David voluntarily occupies the position of doctor in the jail. Every morning and evening, he carries medicine, given to us for free by the Indian government, to the cells. When he reaches our cell, he puts the box of medicines on the floor, crouches, and carefully starts to rummage, watching the guards slumbering near the entrance out of the corner of his eye.

“Mr. Vasiliy, the doctor prescribed you some medicine,” with a quick movement he inconspicuously throws a little paper bag through the bars.”

“Thank you, David. I’ve been getting sick so often,” I thank him with a smile.

“Disay, look what I’ve got,” I shout joyfully, showing him two tolas of charas.

“What, is it a holiday today in our cell?” Dominic asks with a smile all over his face.

“Yes,” I brag, showing off the two black balls. “There are only three of us who smoke in the cell: me, you, and Disay, so it should last us for a long time. We just need to think up a place to hide it. Sometimes the warden searches the cells for anything illegal, and if he finds this charas, they’ll open a case, and then I’ll definitely not be released sooner than in ten years.”

Rummaging through my things, I find a bag of Indian toffees. Carefully removing the wrappers from four candies, I lay them aside and put the candies in my mouth. I mold four small bars from charas, wrap them in candy wrappers, and then show them to Dominic.

“Great idea, no one would think to unwrap all the candies.”

Having warned the other inmates not to touch the candies, I put the jar with toffees in the most prominent place in the corner, where there is already a whole bunch of different packages and jars for public use.

“How will we smoke? The tobacco ran out,” Disay asks me, rummaging in his pockets in a vain attempt to scrape together at least a pinch.

“Don’t worry, we’ll think something up. In Russia, in the height of Perestroika, all of the tobacco factories closed at the same time, and for a whole month people smoked anything that could be smoked. We, Russians, are accustomed to living in times of change, so we’ll never be lost. As for me, at that time I tried to smoke black tea leaves. When you really want to smoke and there is nothing available, any smoke that can be inhaled will do. What do we have in stock? Peanuts, I think their husks will burn rather well.”

Grinding a handful of dry husks in my palm, I make a mixture for smoking. One charas pea, a pinch of dry husks and I have a jail joint rolled from newspaper.

“That’s fine, it can be smoked,” breathing in the tasteless smoke, Dominic says and passes me the joint.

“It is very sunny today and our walk is in an hour. I haven’t walked stoned for a long time, probably a couple of years,” Disay adds, sighing.

“Hey, Chetsi, will you smoke with us?”

“No thanks, I don’t smoke,” the former policeman answers, keeping a look out near the door.

The lightness in my body again relaxes my muscles and thoughts. The wall slowly dissolves, and it seems that a pleasant sea breeze is blowing on my

body. I'm free again, I'm lying on the hot sand and my little daughter is crawling on me, laughing loudly. My Lena and my friends are next to me. Life is beautiful and amazing.

## ***Chapter 23. Part Two. Outside.***

"Daddy, daddy, our parrots are gone!" my daughter tells me, weeping.

"What do you mean they are gone?" having looked from the balcony into a hollow in the palm tree to check for myself, I descend from the second floor of our house and yell our landlord's name across the courtyard.

"Francis! Come here, you son of a bitch. Did you take the parrots?" I ask the puny Indian, who abandons his pedigree bull and immediately comes running at my menacing yell.

"What parrots?" he asks, surprised, making his usual dumb facial expression.

"Do you see the palm tree growing near our house? At the beginning of the season, a big green parrot family settled in the hollow at the level of our window. They have been a part of our family the whole season: first they hatched, then fed their chicks, and now they are gone. There, you see, someone has smashed the hollow and stole the chicks. Look, the parents are flying around the palm trees, worried."

"I did not take them, for what I need them, I have bull. But today, I saw how neighborhood boys were fiddling with a ladder in the courtyard. If I find out that they did it, I will tear their ears out."

"Thank you, Francis," I thank the lean and wiry Indian of about forty years old in advance.

"Tourists come here, they need something exotic: where else can they have a shower and watch huge parrots eating guava from the window. In the evening, you can go out onto the balcony and see a family of eagle owls peeping from a hollow five meters away from you. In the morning, monkeys come here sometimes. It is like a zoo, you don't see this in Russia. You'd better try to get the parrots back; or we'll move to another house next season."

Francis is a classic specimen of an Arambol fisherman. It's highly doubtful that something could get stolen without his knowledge. I am sure he knows who took the chicks. He and his two brothers own three houses that form a typical Indian courtyard, full of pigs, chickens, dogs, cats, and a breeding bull, all of which they inherited from their father. Located on the edge of a palm grove bordering with the sea, the courtyard is densely overgrown with thorny bushes on all sides and so it is protected from intruders. So do not worry, my darling, we will find our parrots.

"Vasya, Vasya," Francis shouts, catching up with me on the stairs. "I cut down coconuts for you, they are at the entrance, 30 pieces. 300 rupees from you."

"What coconuts?"

"What-what, you asked me yourself."

"I asked you a month ago to cut down the coconuts above the footpath so that my family could safely get to the sea. After all, if a coconut falls on your head, it's certain death. Francis, look at the palm tree, the coconuts are still hanging as they did before."

"I cut down the palms on the other side, these have not ripened yet."

“And don’t unripe coconuts fall on your head, or what?”

“They do, but very rarely. You can walk safely. I walk here every day and they have never fallen on me. Vasya, do not worry like that, you cannot run away from karma. So give me 300 rupees for coconuts.”

“Okay, I will give you it in the evening if you return the parrots.”

“Do not be sad, my girl, Francis promised to find our parrots. Will you come to the restaurant with me for breakfast?”

“Will you pull me through the waves on the way?”

“Of course I’ll pull my little princess. Get your swimming board and come with me.”

“Vasily, I made some fresh kvass<sup>1</sup>, don’t forget to deliver it to the restaurants after breakfast,” my Lena shouts from the second floor. “While you have your breakfast, I’ll finish making pastries. They have already called from the Tchaikovsky restaurant and ordered a hundred pieces. Oh yeah, Vasil, I almost forgot to tell you. We ran out of hashish for cakes. May I take some of yours?”

“Of course, dear,” I shout back, lifting Vasilinka onto my shoulders. How I love my job! Have I really managed to do it? I don’t need to get up early in the morning to clean snow from my car and warm it up after the night’s frost. I don’t have to meet with tax inspectors, I don’t have to pay bribes to firefighters and the sanitary-epidemiological station, and I don’t need to see the permanently disgruntled faces of my fellow citizens. I run along the edge of the sea, pulling a plastic swimming board by a rope, on which my daughter surfs, squealing with joy and leaving a cloud of splashes glittering in the sunlight behind her. How wonderful it is to have breakfast on the beach in your own restaurant! Depending on my mood, I pick one of the three breakfasts I invented.

Breakfast number one: potato pancakes with sour cream, tomato salad with garlic and cheese, pancakes with condensed milk, tea, and a glass of fresh pomegranate juice.

Breakfast number two: fried eggs, Greek salad, cottage cheese pancakes with chocolate cream, coffee with cream, and a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice.

Breakfast number three: oatmeal porridge with milk, cashew nuts and honey, sandwich with tender chicken, fruit salad of mango, papaya, watermelon, grapes and strawberries, and a glass of grape juice.

I usually start thinking about breakfast from when I wake up, carefully listening to my cravings. Which of the three should I choose today? It’s a pity that I do not have three stomachs. Having had breakfast and collected the previous day’s takings, we get back home close to midday. I load four seven-liter bottles of ice-cold kvass onto my scooter, put a box of hashish cakes into my backpack, kiss my Lena and set off to go do the rounds of the Russian establishments. In different parts of North Goa, fellow restaurateurs are always waiting for me. It’s nice when your work is appreciated and loved. The owners and managers of different cafes and restaurants call me every day and order kvass, hashish cakes, and, at the same time, charas, MDMA and LSD for themselves for the night. Wherever I go, I am greeted with a smile, money and a rolled joint. By afternoon, I go home stoned, happy, and with pockets full of Indian money.

“Lena, life is good! I’ve brought a lot of money again. We need more cakes. Can you do another fifty by this evening?”

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1 *Kvass* – a traditional Slavic, sour low-alcohol beverage, which is prepared through the fermentation of malt and flour (wheat, barley) or dry rye bread.

“What did your last slave die of?” my beloved answers, for some reason not sharing my joy, and pours herself a rum on the rocks in a square glass. “By the way, I want to talk to you.”

“So, let’s talk. What’s happened?”

“Nothing’s happened, I just want to ask you about your plans for the future. Tell me, dear, are you’re going to sell kvass and cakes all your life like this?”

“Why not? I really like my job. Every day I earn a hundred dollars, it’s good money.”

“You think that a hundred dollars per day is good money?”

“Well, isn’t it? We have everything. A driver takes Vasilinka to and from kindergarten. You and I have two of the coolest scooters, paid for in advance for the entire season. Leasing this house to tourists, we don’t have to pay for accommodation. In our restaurant, we eat for free. Once a week, we go to a party where we can have as many drugs as we want. What are you complaining about?”

“Maybe you like selling kvass, but I’m tired of it. And what kind of job is that, ‘kvass woman Lena.’ I just started making money in Russia, and you brought me to this village, forced me to make kvass and accommodate tourists. I don’t see any career opportunities in this work.”

“Honey, what’s wrong? You’ve probably had too much heat today. Firstly, no one is forcing you to work. Teach the Indians to brew kvass and make cakes, and just collect the money. And secondly, Lena, you must have forgotten that in order to live with the level of comfort that we have here, in Russia you need to earn not a hundred but a thousand a day. That means working hard from dawn till dusk. Look at the two-week tourists that come to us – they are exhausted and squeezed out like lemons, they can only dream of living like we do. They don’t want to go back.”

“Well, nevertheless, they leave and make careers. And no one really wants to come here to make kvass.”

“Honey, what’s wrong? We have a house full of tourists, things are going well, I would even say very well. Every day we eat fresh fruit and seafood. We have everything. Maybe you made a call to Russia again? What’s happened, did your sister buy another mink coat?”

“How do you know about the coat?” Lena lifts her head in annoyance, turns away and pretends to be looking at something among the palms. “Here, you can’t even find anything to spend money on. If you buy something fashionable, you look like a fool among these rednecks.”

“Oh Lena, Lenchka, I see that I brought you here from Rashka too soon. You haven’t got fed up with the city’s shit yet. But I hope that in time, you will understand that we are living in paradise.”

“Daddy, daddy, Francis returned the parrots! See, they are looking at us from the palm tree again,” my little girl shouts happily, interrupting our discussion.

“Everything will be fine, my dear. Life in paradise continues.”