



ОЧЕРЕДНОЙ
ДОН = КИХОТ
СУМАЩЕД
ШШШШ
ОБОЖРА
ЛСЯ
НАРКОТЫ И
ФМ НАУИ...

Здесь все чище,
чем в Индии...
Вась, представь, по
12 часов индусы
трут своими грязны
ми
РУКАМИ
жопой, потому
что только же увидели
волосы из подмышки
волосы из
жопы
мисор

LOVE DRUG POLICE

давайте же
заценим...

действительно
только кристаллы,
а запах какой

5 лет-5 таблеток... Только
уже кажется, что я сидел не
за жопу, а за 5 банок тушенки.

Mari Jol

Chapter 25. Part One. Inside.

“Dobroe utro!” Viktor shouts loudly in Russian across the jail. Stretching, he is the first to come out of the cells.

“Dobrautra, dobrautra,” the guards and inmates make their daily attempt to pronounce what to them is a foreign tongue twister.

“What’s new, Vitya? What news in your cell?”

“I came in my sleep last night.”

“Well done, Vitya, you’ll never be lost; I had diarrhea all night long.”

“Well, Vasya, not bad news to start the day with; at least its something new,” Viktor laughs, sitting down on the spit-covered steps.

“Hey, Russians, have you heard that yesterday a new Russian was put in the third cell?” a little Indian named Ishmael tells us.

“No, we haven’t. That’s great; new ears have arrived. We can talk about something new. You and I, Vitya, already have absolutely nothing to discuss.”

“What do you mean; we haven’t discussed who has what kind of shit yet,” Viktor says, laughing and looking at the inmates coming out of the third cell.

Out of the cell comes one of God’s creations, who I can immediately tell just by looking at him is going to be a disappointment. Squinting in the sunlight by the door stands a tall thin guy, who reminds me of a young Don Quixote who has just come out of the Auschwitz concentration camp. He has long, dirty hair and patched-up, tatty clothes.

“I think he has flipped out. It looks like we haven’t gained a new companion,” I try to explain to Viktor, but he doesn’t listen to me and goes quickly to get acquainted with the new occupant of our obligatory health resort. Despite my concerns, I also decide to approach. Extending my hand to introduce myself, I immediately realize that my fears are confirmed. Instead of the usual handshake, Don Quixote touches my wrist with his wrist, which has a piece of ribbon wrapped around it.

“My name is Yelisei, and there is the power of Jesus in this ribbon, I always say hello like that. My visa expired, and I was arrested in Chapora. I would like to pick up my stuff, I really need it,” Yelisei starts to talk quickly about himself without pausing.

“Stop, stop,” Viktor interrupts him with a smile, “nobody is in a hurry here. And you have told us everything about yourself in one minute. If you are here, forget about your plans. Here, you will get washed up, put on some weight, and in a month you’ll be released. Then you’ll get your belongings.”

“No, I urgently need to get them. My guitar is there, it will rot within a month; it is very important to me.”

“Ok, I get it; having a new pair of ears around here turned out to be a disappointment. I’d rather go and talk to David,” I say, heading to another corner of the jail.

“Do you Russians have an addition to your ranks?” David asks with a smile and holds out his palm with a pinch of chewing tobacco in it.

“Another nutcase who took too many drugs and flipped out.”

“A lot of them have appeared here in Goa recently,” David agrees, putting a portion of tobacco behind his lip.

“Look, Vasya, our Ashpak went to ‘crack’ the newbie. It’s time for a show.”

Surrounded by his boot-lickers, the bearded mobster whom all the Indian inmates fear approaches Yelisei.

“Well, tell us what are you here for?” he asks in pretty good English.

“Overstay, problems with my passport.”

“I see. And we came to tell you about the rules in the jail. Do you know the jail rules?” Ashpak asks menacingly, enjoying the fact that he has found a potential victim.

“What rules? I speak English badly, I do not understand you,” stammering, Yelisei starts making excuses.

“Our Ashpak is a classic jackal,” I say to David, observing the newbie’s behavior. “He has found a weak victim and is starting to press him. We should support our compatriot, even though he is crazy; I feel sorry for him.”

“Ashpak, why are you talking to him? Look at him, he’s crazy. This is not the passenger you need,” Viktor cuts in.

Looking at us angrily, Ashpak goes about his business.

“Vasiliy, Viktor, you have a visit, your interpreter came,” a guard shouts, coming to the door.

“Well, let’s go and listen to what crazy Psyu has to say.”

Putting on a T-shirt for decency, I go into the jail warden’s room together with Viktor.

“Have you gone out of your mind, or what?” Psyu starts yelling immediately, without saying hello. “Have you decided to make a farce out of the court?”

“Psyu, calm down, haven’t you had a sniff yet, or what? What court? What farce?” I interrupt her flow of verbal diarrhea.

“Yesterday, some of our embassy staff came and met with the Goan police chief, he told them how the day before this idiot gave a show at the court,” says Psyu, pointing at Viktor.

“What did I do?” Viktor begins to indignantly make excuses, annoyed at being called an idiot. “Big deal, I wrote on my shirt, “I love drug police,” I demanded tomatoes, that’s why I wrote it to draw attention.”

“And do you know that you may be accused of insulting and disrespecting the court?”

“And what do I have to do with all this?” I interrupt her, not understanding what is going on.

“Because for them, you two are like two Chinese people are for a Russian – the same person. And you have similar names and surnames: Vasiliy Karavaev and Viktor Kopenko. Do you want to be locked up for a decade? If the judge gets offended, he can easily give both of you ten years.”

“But I didn’t have drugs, I had Novocain in a jar.”

“We’ll know that when the expert analysis comes back. But he had MDMA,” Psyu points at me.

“Calm down, Psyu, I’ll talk to Viktor, he won’t wear his T-shirt again.”

“Who is the new nutcase that has been put in with you?” her mood changing quickly, Psyu changes the subject.

“His name is Yelisei, a crazy Christian preacher. It would have been better to put him in a psychiatric hospital and give him sedative pills for a couple of weeks. And they put him in here...” I try to tell her, but Psyu has lost the thought in her cocaine-scorched brain, and again changes the subject.

“Have you read in the newspapers about someone murdering women? A serial killer has appeared in Goa; he has killed sixteen girls. He robs and then kills them.”

“Stop, stop,” Viktor stops her, “we have had more than enough bad news; we are living among criminals. It would be better if you told us when we’ll be released.”

“You should be released soon. After two months, the chief of drug police will be changed. Pashish will head the criminal police now, and instead of him will be our man whom we have been ‘feeding’ for a long time. As soon as he comes, we will pull you out of here.”

“Psyu, has anyone told you that you look like a Komsomol¹ party worker? So much fuss, and no results; mere promises of a happy future,” Viktor says, laughing.

“Your time is over,” a sleepy guard interrupts our conversation about nothing.

“That’s all, I have to go. Have fun, guys. I’ll come to see you again next week.”

Psyu kisses us on the cheek and, with a wave of her hand, disappears out the door.

Chapter 25. Part Two. Outside.

“Five years ... You served five years for five ecstasy pills?”

“Yes,” the skinny, blond guy named Gregory answers me with a smile, “five years and I was set free with acute tuberculosis. Now I am rehabilitating here, in the Himalayas. I spent five years as if in a dream. Only it seems to me that I was locked up not for ecstasy, but for five cans of stew.”

“What do you mean?” I ask, driving away the flies that are trying to eat my scrambled eggs.

“Before I went to work on the TV show ‘Up to Sixteen and Above’, I worked part time as a night guard at a grocery warehouse. At that time, the Americans provided us with charitable aid in the form of stew. Of course, almost all of it was stolen and sold through commercial shops. They were stealing it by the truckload. I also stole a box of beef stew. I didn’t eat it; I threw it on the balcony for a rainy day and forgot about it. And when I had already been sitting in jail for a while, my mother brought me a package. It was the stew that was lying on the balcony. Apparently, my karma caught up with me. Someone needed that stew back then. Punishment is imposed on us from heaven. I don’t believe that I could be punished so severely for five pills. I was cured from tuberculosis only last year. I thought I wouldn’t live to thirty-five.”

“Grisha, was there really no way to get yourself out of jail? Your father is a famous TV sports analyst, known throughout the country. Your sister is known by the entire population for the film ‘Red Riding Hood’. And you worked on a popular television show. How did it happen?”

“I just got into hot water. The authorities in our country decided to make an example of someone. Who needs to lock up major suppliers? They bring

1 *Komsomol* – abbreviation for the Communist Youth movement of the Soviet Union.

in money every month. So they made me the scapegoat. My arrest was broadcast on TV for a whole month.”

We sit on the edge of Pokhara, in a small place with the amusing name, My Beautiful Restaurant. The few lunatics that have decided to spend the summer in dangerous revolutionary Nepal gather in this restaurant from morning till night. That summer was dangerous not because of the revolution that was taking place in Nepal; none of us even suspected the danger then. That summer was the last summer of a carefree existence for the various smugglers and drug-dealers who gathered in India and Nepal. That summer, the authorities of many countries drastically increased their efforts to combat drugs. None of us had any idea about it then. It seemed that we were just a few years away from the global legalization of soft drugs. The revolution didn't touch us at all. The only indicator of the revolution was that there were no lemons or cheese in the stores. Apparently, these were strategically important products. To the question, “Do you sell lemons?” sellers guiltily answered: “Sorry, sir, we have no lemons or cheese; there is a revolution in the country.”

Having received from Lena the task of taking our child for a walk, I sit in the restaurant, stoned, and discuss Shulgin's new psychotropic drugs, while watching Vasilinka playing happily with some Nepalese children. Lyosha approaches the restaurant on his bicycle. Lyosha and his pregnant wife Larisa are staying at our house. They are our first Nepalese visitors.

“Hi, Lyosha,” my little daughter, playing near the entrance, is the first to greet him. “I've got a pink bike...”

“Hi, Vasilinka, and I have a big black one with a luggage rack,” Lyosha responds, smiling.

“What's new, how is your Larisa? Isn't she due yet? By the way, where is she?” Grisha asks, turning down the volume of the subwoofer, which is blaring trance music.

“It's still too early for her to give birth. In a few months we'll be back in India and she'll give birth there. She is making vareniki² with Vasya's wife at home now.”

Lyosha slowly detaches a large plastic bag from the luggage rack of his bicycle and sits down with us at the table under the open sky.

“Look, today I bought a kilogram of Nepalese hashish. I want to ship it to Rashka.”

“Let's check it out first,” Grisha says, smiling, and breaks off a matchbox-sized piece.

Old man Rico curiously rises from the neighboring table.

“Let me have a look, too,” he says, holding out his bony hands.

‘Psy Rico’, a sixty-five year old Australian DJ, is a friend of another famous trance DJ, Goa Gil. Rico is a Goan freak of the first wave. Having tried LSD for the first time in 1968, he came to Goa and since then he has been traveling around Asia, preferring India, Nepal and Thailand. Once he grew marijuana in huge plantations in Australia and exported it to Europe, but now, being on a well-deserved retirement, he prefers to play trance tracks and throw parties. Pulling from his pocket a small portable microscope, Rico puts a piece of hashish into it and starts examining it closely.

“Well, what do you say, Rico?” Lyosha is the first to break the silence.

“First-class stuff. It should cost about a thousand dollars per kilogram. It's not what they sell on the streets for three hundred dollars.”

“I paid eight hundred dollars for a kilogram,” Lyosha responds gladly, relieved that he didn't pay two and a half times the normal price in vain.

“Only it’s not hashish or charas,” Rico continues to explain without looking up, “it’s poland, as they call it here. This method of preparation was brought here from Morocco by the first hippies. Prior to that it was collected by hand, like in the Indian Himalayas. This method is considered to be the purest. They take a large pot, pull silk over it, and beat flowers of hemp on it like on a drum. Cannabinol crystals go through the micropores of the silk, into the pot. Then they are collected, and they call it ‘poland’. But that is how cheap, third-rate poland is made. You bought poland of the highest quality. You can see straight away that Europeans made it. Not through silk, but through perforated nylon.”

“And how do you know it?” Lyosha asks, amazed.

“Ha! I have worked with ganga my whole life,” Rico smiles slyly and hands us the microscope with a small piece of Lyosha’s stuff.

“Look here, you see, there is nothing except the crystals, no garbage, it is clear that it was sifted through nylon. Its pores are half the size of those of silk.”

“Let me see,” burning with curiosity, I stretch out my hand. “That’s beautiful! It looks as if diamonds were poured into the microscope. Indeed, only crystals, and the smell is really fantastic.”

“You won’t see this in Indian charas,” Rico continues his lecture, enjoying his own knowledge. “Vasya, just imagine, the Indians work the hemp with their dirty hands for twelve hours, that’s why you can find all sorts of different shit in Indian charas. Armpit hair, ass hair, trash, leftover food, and all of that abundantly drenched in Indian sweat,” Rico laughs, placing the portable microscope back into his pocket. “That’s why I love Nepal. Everything is cleaner here than in India, even the hash.”

“It is a pity that not everyone understands that,” Lyosha says, placing the kilogram chunk back into the bag. “Everyone is used to smoking charas advertised by the Jews; everyone wants cream from Manali. We’re going to make charas out of this poland with my wife, we’ll bring it to a marketable condition before shipping.”

“How?” I ask curiously.

“It looks like halva now, but if you put it in the sunlight and keep it there for a couple of hours to heat it up and then compress it, it will turn from green and yellow to black, and it becomes soft, like plasticine. If it looks like that, then it will cost ten thousand bucks wholesale in Moscow, while you can sell it for as much as thirty at retail. We’ll hide it somewhere and ship it next week via the post office.”

“And how is it shipped to avoid any problems?” Ilka asks curiously, sitting next to us.

“We have already shipped it many times and so far everything has reached its destination successfully.”

Having smoked Lyosha’s first-rate poland, we are all silent for a while, lost in our dreams and fantasies.

“Does anyone speak Russian here?” standing at the entrance, a strange character with a Russian face wearing Nepalese clothes suddenly interrupts our silence.

“Yes, everyone speaks Russian here, except Rico,” Lyosha answers, inviting our fellow citizen to join us with a gesture.

“Well, and I thought that there are only foreigners around here. I didn’t expect to meet any Russians at this time. My name is Sasha.”

“And what brought you here? Have you come to Nepal for long?” I ask, pulling out my chillum.

“I don’t even know, I actually just escaped from jail,” he says, sitting down sadly at our table.

“He’s our passenger; it’s clear at once,” Lyosha says smiling and slaps him on the shoulder.

“I am from Goa, I escaped from Mapusa Jail.”

“What did you do?” Ilka asks him in surprise, moving closer.

“It’s long story, but to cut it short: I came to Goa on vacation for two weeks. Two weeks stretched into three months. I ran out of money; some Russian drug dealers proposed that I carry two kilograms of charas to Rashka, and promised to pay me well. So I agreed. I duct-taped the charas to my thighs, but I was too lazy to check it. The Indians had put iron screws in the package to add weight, so the metal detectors went off at the airport. They put me into prison in Mapusa. The prosecutor wanted to give me ten years. I served three months and decided to escape. I pretended to be sick in order to be taken to the hospital. And when I got out of the jail bus, I pushed the guard over and ran through a rice field. I ran into the jungle and hid in a thorn bush. I was sitting in the bushes for a whole day and night. I crossed the river and reached my friends’ house. While I was staying with them, I received a credit card from Russia, I made a phony copy of someone’s passport with my photograph, bought a train ticket with it and crossed the Nepalese border through the forest at night. That’s how I ended up here.”

“You are cool, Sasha,” Lyosha interrupts him, admiring his heroic deeds. “And what are you going to do next?”

“I don’t know yet. I have no passport. I am here illegally. Time will tell.”