

Тайланд

страна,  
которую ник-  
то и никогда  
не завоевал...



Я и есть  
Вселенная  
Я начинаю  
использовать  
гигантской  
мощности  
ОРГАЗМ

FULL  
MOON



50 \$ В ЧАС  
и я ВАША..

POOH  
MASSAGE



LICENZE

Mari Fee

## *Chapter 32. Part One. Inside.*

“Hello, daddy, is that you? Hi, I miss you. Why don’t you come?”

“My dear daughter, if you only knew how glad I am to hear your voice! I really want to be with you, but I’m very busy. I have a lot of things to do and I cannot come now. Tell me what’s new with you, and, actually, tell me anything.”

“I learned to roller-blade. In Goa no one roller-blades, but here lots of people do it.”

“Do you miss Goa?”

“Yes, I want to swim with you in the sea every day again. Mom says that soon we will go to Goa. And, daddy, I am taking classes in belly dancing, mom says I can shake my butt very well. I’ll come and show you. And besides, mom recently told me a joke – oh, she is such a joker – that you are sitting in jail. I laughed and did not believe her. And I also learned the entire multiplication table. Remember when you drew the round things on the sand and we counted them? Now I know everything by heart. And what are you doing, daddy?”

“I am not wasting my time, either, darling. I exercise every day. I have become much stronger. I have lost my tummy, which you used to call the ‘warm cushion’. I learn English every day. You helped me to translate from English the things I didn’t understand, and now I understand everything and I can speak.”

“You’re cool, daddy. I am proud of you and miss you. Here, mom wants to talk to you, I’ll give her the phone.”

“Hi, sweetheart.”

“Hi, dear.”

“How are you?”

“We’re fine, it’s just that the money your mother gave us has come to an end. Everything is awfully expensive here, compared to India. But I’ll come back to Goa and start selling kvass and cakes, and I’ll be able to make some money. I wanted to tell Vasilinka that you’re in jail, but she did not believe me. First she asked, “Has dad robbed someone?” And then she started laughing. “Dad could not rob anyone, mom, you are kidding.” There is another fucking crisis in the country. No one has any money and I still can’t rent our apartment to anyone. Once I do, we will buy tickets right away and fly to you in Goa. How are you? What’s new?”

“Well, it seems there is nothing new. I finally cured the fungus on my back. I smeared my back with ointment for a whole month. Everyone who sits here for more than two months has a back covered in white spots. But in general, I have only become healthier. I miss you and often see you in my dreams. Well, my dear, we have to finish, the guards are showing me that our time has run out. Bye, I’ll call you in a week. Take care of Vasilinka, I love you.”

“Yeah, I’ve finished already, stop waving your hands,” I scowl at the guard standing in the doorway.

Two guards escort me, leading me down the street in the direction of the jail. I have the right to make an international call once a week. Every Monday, as soon as I wake up in the morning, I write an application for an escort to accompany me to the international phone call office. In order to get an escort it is necessary to remind the warden about it every two hours, which makes him pretty angry. However, it is the only way to get what you want. If you don’t keep reminding him, you can be left without a call. For the rest of the day after the phone call, I usually recollect the conversation and get upset about the fact that I forgot to ask or say something. I mustn’t forget to get some sleeping pills from David. Otherwise, a sleepless night is guaranteed.

Once a week, I walk down the street enjoying the fact that there are no bars over my head separating me from this beautiful world. Once a week, I can enjoy a variety of smells. It turns out that absolutely everything has its own smell. Before jail, I never paid attention to it, only differentiating good and bad smells. Actually, there are many shades of smell. Passing people and cars smell differently. Shops facing each other along the sidewalk also have different smells. But a particularly pleasant, fresh smell comes from the trees and flowers. Rain drizzles; the jail is up ahead around the corner. The guards yawn, paying no attention to me whatsoever and barely moving their feet, dragging themselves along next to me. Am I ready to push the guards away now and run headlong away from the jail, as Sasha and Yelisei did? Vividly imagining myself running down the street, I start to feel my knees shaking slightly. I guess I'm not as crazy as they are, or maybe I'm just a coward.

## ***Chapter 32. Part Two. Outside.***

"I urgently need to get out of Goa; Nick has been arrested."

"What Nick? Go where?" My Lena asks me fearfully.

"Nick, remember the German psychedelic veteran who always dances near the speakers at every party? He has a nice chillum in a snakeskin case."

"Yes, I remember that. I don't remember his face, but I recall a case with the head of a white snake. What has he done?"

"Well, he's done nothing; the police arrested him with three hundred ecstasy pills on him. He is sitting in jail now."

"And what has that got to do with you?"

"It has nothing to do with me; he's just my dealer. I've been buying everything from him recently. If the police press him now, he could tell them who bought from him. I'll go to Thailand for two or three weeks. Everything will settle down here, and if no one is looking for me, I'll be right back. In the meantime, I'll look for land, just in case Goa dies out in the coming years. Maybe we'll have to move to Thailand."

"You promised me that you would get out of the drug business..."

"Lenochka. First, I need to earn some start-up capital. I'd be happy to quit this business, but we need something to make a living with."

For some time we sit in our restaurant, silently watching as on the beach two black castrated bulls, tired of the hot sun, lazily butt one another, both of them unwilling to give way to the other. The heat slows down all living things. Dogs don't pay attention to cats, which, in turn, lazily watch big rats running right under their noses. Everything is trying to find some shade. Having clashed horns, the two bulls remain motionless for five minutes. Apparently forgetting the purpose of their confrontation, the right bull, sticking out his long rough tongue, starts slowly licking the face of his opponent, seemingly proposing that they part amicably.

"Hi, Vasiko, hello, Lenchik," appearing from nowhere, a young bald guy suddenly breaks the silence. "Can I get some soup?"

"Of course, Petya, come in, sit down beside us."

The tall, slim Ukrainian comes quickly into a restaurant and plops down on a mattress.

"Well, the drums clatter and the jerks gather," taking off his backpack, Petya says laughing. "I didn't come alone. I got myself a cat. Now I only move around Goa with it."

A little kitten, still shocked from a recent motorbike ride, stares at us from a completely transparent plastic backpack.

“Petya, you look like an alien from an orange planet.”

For some time, we smile and admire Petya’s orange outfit. A long orange scarf wrapped around his waist, hanging down to his ankles, a short orange jacket, ninja shoes with orange stripes in the shape of the ‘Om’ sign, orange glasses, and a fluorescent orange pendant around his neck.

“Vasiko, Lenchik, you cannot even imagine what a mess I’ve just got into. The police nearly arrested me just now. I will order a meal and tell you everything.”

“Krishna, give me one cold soup with cream and pancakes with tea.”

The kitten, finding its way out of the backpack, immediately starts playing with a piece of hash lying on the table, but having received a brisk flick of the finger from its owner, hides under the table.

“Now, listen. I decided to buy ten grams of coke; my friends should be coming soon. I asked around about who had the best cocaine. Well, of course, everyone said that Tamir has the best. I called him and he said that he is too busy at the moment to bother with it. But he gave me the phone number of some English guy called Murtinian. We agreed with this Murtinian guy by phone to meet at the gas station. I arrived and waited for him, and then he calls me and says that he can’t come because his bike has broken down. And then he immediately calls back again and says he will come, but only for a little while, because he is in a hurry. He arrives a few minutes later and I try a snort. The coke is good, so I give him the money and he gets on his bike and leaves. As soon as I get on my bike, some suspicious Indian crosses my path and, getting off his bike, begins to wave some certificate. Realizing that he is a cop, I jump straight on my bike and rev the engine. And the bastard chases me. He keeps following me and won’t leave me alone. I barely broke away from him. I thought I was going to crash on a turn. My hands are still shaking slightly. That is what can happen in Goa. Maybe I should go somewhere else for a while? What do you think, Vasiko?”

“You won’t believe me, Petya, but I’ve just told my Lena that I want to go to Thailand for a while. Petya, why don’t we go to ‘Taika’ together? We’ll see Bangkok, visit the islands. And from there you’ll phone your Goan friends. If no one is looking for you, you can return safely.”

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“What happened to you?” pulling the headphones out of my ears, I ask Petya, who is standing near the entrance to the airport.

“The day before yesterday, I drove a bit drunk and rolled my bike, as I careened off the road. But I got off well, only broke my arm. I thought I would have to cancel Thailand.”

“Well, compared to Zhuzha and Seryoga Arambolskiy, of course, you got off lightly. The question is why were you drunk? You don’t drink much. Didn’t the guys give you an example by their deaths?”

“Yeah, Vasya, you’re right. As you say: booze is evil. It’s just that in the past we consumed drugs when went to parties, danced one night, or two, or three – it depended on how much you needed it – and then we went to bed. Now where can we go? Well, yesterday I snorted some coke with some pals. We were full of energy, but there was nowhere to put it. That’s why we began to cover it with booze. And you know; in that state, no matter how much you drink, it seems like you are still sober. We got sloshed, set off to look for some fun, and I crashed. I’m lucky I wasn’t killed. That’s how people end

up dying in crashes. I didn't know Seryoga Arambolskiy, but Zhuzha was my friend. There is a saying about men like Zhuzha, 'He was the life soul of the party.' Always happy and cheerful, he also didn't booze much before. And when the parties ended, out of boredom he made a moonshine distillery and began to make exotic hooch with banana, mango, papaya. So he died by degustation."

"I saw Zhuzha on the day of his death; he came to my Hemp with two girlfriends to eat Russian food. I couldn't even imagine that I was seeing him for the last time."

"This is a check-in announcement for the flight Goa – Mumbai," a female voice with a strong Indian accent sounds from the speakers.

"Well, Vasya, let's not talk about sad things, Thai adventures await us," Petya says joyfully, heading into the airport.

Mumbai, or Bombay as it was called before, left pleasant memories only because we got completely stoned on the way from the domestic to the international airport. In all other aspects it was an ordinary, dirty, crowded, large Indian city. But after a few hours, Bangkok met us with a pleasant female voice that meowed from the speakers that it was happy to see us on Thai land. The only trouble on this land was that according to their customs regulations, Russia and Ukraine were included in the list of sixteen countries for which one had to buy a special visa on entrance. After standing in line for four hours, we finally entered the land of former pirates and Siamese cats.

"Thailand is a country that has never been conquered," says Petya, coming out of the airport building.

And I felt it in the eyes of every Thai. Unlike other nations, Thai people are proud of their origins. They do not grovel and fawn in front of everyone they meet, like the Indians do. You get the feeling that Thais do not have an inferiority complex. India was conquered and fucked by everyone. Moguls, Arabs, French, English... After India, where you get used to feeling special, in 'Taika' you quickly realize that you are a guest and that the Thais are the rightful owners of this country. We rush from the airport to the center of the capital in a comfortable, modern bus.

"Look, Vasiko, it's kind of the same Asia, but after flying only a couple of hours, we seem to be in the future. Multi-story roads, skyscrapers, modern cars, it is clean everywhere.

"That's for sure. And also, Petya, sniff the air – it smells of Thai spices and flowers. Almost like in India, but without the shit component."

"Khaosan Road," the bus driver announces, and when we go out onto the street we find ourselves in the former psychedelic center of Thailand.

I would describe this street where the majority of people travelling through Asia gather, as just like Moscow's Arbat<sup>1</sup> if it went through a psychedelic revolution and lost. Having walked a few meters, we immediately meet some Italian and Japanese freaks, friends from Goa. Once traveling on my bike across Russia, I drove from the Black Sea to Lake Baikal (7,000 km) and didn't meet any familiar faces. But here, in Asia, you can easily meet a freak friend, with whom you smoked together somewhere in Goa, Delhi or Rajasthan. Fifteen or twenty years ago you could buy any drug in any quantity on Khaosan Road, but now you can get ten years in a Thai prison for only a few grams of hash. It is surprising, but despite the fact that most of the people around are tipsy, no one emanates aggression or negative energy. The sounds of all kinds of music are heard from everywhere. Street vendors trade briskly, and a huge flow of tourists cheerfully moves from one establishment to another. In the street, you can buy everything a tourist or a novice freak may need. Every fifty meters, the street barbers offer to give us dreadlocks or weave our hair into colorful braids. I love Khaosan Road so much! At every small stall, they offer to make you a fake driver's license for any kind of vehicle, from any country, in just fifteen minutes and for only ten dollars. Dozens of tattoo salons invite you to get a tattoo or piercing. And, of course, the signs advertising the world famous Thai massage are everywhere.

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1 *Arbat Street* – a street in Moscow that is as famous as Broadway in New York.

“Maybe we’ll go and get stoned first, and then we’ll stare?” Petya asks, pulling out a piece of charas from under the plaster cast on his arm.

“Petya, are you crazy?! You brought hash into ‘Taika’?”

“Not only hash, I also have a gram of Dymich and a gram of coke under the plaster,” Petya says, smiling and holding in his palm the chunk that could get us twenty years in prison here.

“Jesus! You’re crazy. Put it back now before the police see it.”

“Come on, Vasya, why are you so nervous? We’ll check into a hotel and get stoned. We are in Bangkok, dude!”

Having smoked and sniffed a line of MDMA, we go out for an evening walk along Khaosan Road. Thousands of lights in big and small lanterns refracting in a rainbow spectrum, mix with sounds and smells. I’m dressed in fluorescent pink trance clothes and Petya’s are all orange; we probably look like two aliens who move by dancing and only stop to take a look at something bright and shiny.

“Well, Vasiko? Let’s do a sex program? Check out all these girls walking around here,” Petya points at two cute Thai girls in very short skirts.

“Oh, I don’t know. Of course I want to, but I have never cheated on my Lena.”

“Who is forcing you to cheat? You’ll just use the mouth of a Thai girl once. Here in Southeast Asia, wives themselves bring geishas to their husbands, if for some reason they cannot satisfy their beloved. And you have a good reason. You’re on a business trip, you’re agitated; I don’t think your Lenka would mind. Look how many beautiful women there are in the street tonight.”

We sit on the curb, drinking delicious Thai beer and watch the tall, narrow-eyed beauties in short skirts. Seeing our hesitancy, a tall, slender Thai fairy of extraordinary beauty comes up to us and, in silence and with a smile, begins to walk around us.

“Look, Vasiko, she’s very young, about eighteen. The nipples on her breasts are still pert. And what noble, refined features. Make up your mind Vasiko,” Petya nudges me, not taking his eyes off her.

“Fifty dollars an hour, and I’m yours,” the eastern princess says, smiling modestly and looking into our Dymich-stoned eyes.

“What the hell,” I agree, taking the sorceress by the hand.

We follow the beautiful girl through some back streets to a brothel, located in a courtyard nearby. After paying the money in advance, I go upstairs with her first to the room, if you can call it that. It is slightly larger than the bed and behind its plywood walls the simulated groans of prostitutes may be heard.

“God, you have such a beautiful body. You should work as a fashion model,” I say, watching as the beauty slowly undresses, exposing the small divine charms hidden under her clothes.

Standing only in silk panties, she gently puts a condom on my erect friend with her mouth, while giving me a gentle massage, touching my legs with her young breasts. After trailing her long, dark hair the length of my body, she suddenly devours me, and my skin feels her breath. Her perfect breasts fit snugly in the palms of my hands. I want the point of highest pleasure to never come. But I can’t resist it and I feel that I am nearly cumming. Attempts to distract myself by looking at the ceiling do not help. I feel that the moment when all my nerves, having tensed, are about to give me divine pleasure, is very close. It’s useless to resist. Slipping my hand under her lacy lingerie and hoping to touch her divine lotus, at the last moment I feel a wave of terror. In my hand, I feel a small dick.

“Let’s get the hell out of here, Petya, this is not a chick, it’s a transvestite,” zipping up on the go, I shout to my friend who is waiting for his turn in a chair in the lobby.

“What do you mean a transvestite?”

“He has a dick in his underpants. And the tits are probably fake.”

Bangkok is an amazing city, a city of contrasts. Coming out of an incredibly beautiful Buddhist temple complex, a few meters away you can watch a ping pong show, where ugly middle-aged women perform tricks with their overused genitals on a small stage.

“Petya, what are we doing here?” I say, watching as the Indian tourists in the front row, in the shadows, look longingly at the naked Thai woman shooting peas from a straw sticking out of her vagina.

“Vasiko, we are doing the Thai cultural program. To be in Bangkok and not see a ping pong show is like going to Moscow and not seeing the Mausoleum.”

“Why couldn’t they hire beautiful young girls for the stage?”

“Vasiko, is there a young girl lying in the Mausoleum or what? Nonetheless, all the foreigners go there to look at the old, dead man. If you don’t like overused chicks, watch the Indian tourists at the front – it’s also a show.”

“That’s the only place I’ve been looking for quite a while.”

“Vasiko, look, she has stuck a cigarette in there. And she can even drag on it,” Petya says, poking me in the side, his draw dropping in amazement.

When the naked woman lying on the stage with a cigarette in her vagina notices that the nearest table is out of beer, she pulls out the cigarette, which is covered in mucus, and puts it out in the ashtray standing on the table, while illuminating the faces of the elderly German tourists with a flashlight. A few minutes later, the bartender brings more beer for the confused krauts, and having turned off the flashlight above their table, gives a sign to the naked woman on the stage to go on with the show.

It is difficult for a European mind to understand the contrasts of Bangkok. Thai law stipulates the death penalty<sup>2</sup> in the form of an injection of cobra venom in the neck for the sale of even a small amount of drugs. At the same time, a concentrated stimulant that works like an amphetamine is advertised and sold everywhere. This concentrated drink is banned for sale everywhere except Thailand. Since ancient times, the country’s population has traditionally consumed a variety of herbal stimulants in order to work tirelessly. Thais are one of the most hardworking people in Asia. And after visiting lazy India, it catches the eye. Through traveling and reading books, I have realized that each country has its own drug. Russia is firmly alcoholic. Since the time of Peter the Great, our rulers have got the people hooked on booze at the state level, turning them into drunken scum, ready to work all day in order to get drunk in the evening and forget themselves. India smokes hash and charas, because they, like the Kagor wine of the Russian Orthodox religion, are practically a part of God. And that’s why the whole nation doesn’t hurry. Muslim countries such as Afghanistan, Pakistan, Iran, and Syria, consume opium on a massive scale. This drug is also a part of their religious practice, and therefore the people of these countries do not want to do anything, constantly being in a state of divine Barakah<sup>3</sup>. American Indians traditionally consumed psilocybin mushrooms and mescaline cactuses. They quickly evolved spiritually,

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2 In a few years the death penalty will be replaced with imprisonment for a hundred years. An amnesty is given once every three years on the King’s birthday, reducing the term to 25 years.

3 *Barakah* or *Baraka* (from Arabic: بركة) in Islam is the beneficent force from God that flows through the physical and spiritual spheres as prosperity, protection, and happiness. Baraka is the continuity of spiritual presence and revelation that begins with God and flows through that and those closest to God.

but they were easily conquered and destroyed by the Spanish, because of the lack of craftiness that is so critical for survival. The barbarians of North European countries drank a decoction of toadstools and, going berserk, rushed fearlessly at their enemies and so conquered new territories. For many centuries, residents of Latin America have warmed their blood with coca leaves, making them more fit for work and aggressive. Knowing the flipside of any drug, you can attempt to explain the abnormal behavior or tendencies of any nation. The use of psychotropic stimulants always leads to an increase in libido, or, in simple terms, under the effect of a stimulant you always want to fuck. The effect of stimulants on the development of the Thai nation is evident immediately. Perhaps that is why Thailand is called the country of sex tourism. Prostitution, homosexuality, transvestites, pedophilia, any sexual perversion – everything is legal, semi-legal, or can be obtained by paying a small amount of money. When we buy tickets to Koh Phangan island, we get acquainted with the owner of the tourist agency, an elderly Jew who left the USSR thirty years ago and spoke Russian tolerably.

“Why would you want to go to Koh Phangan? The trance parties are controlled by the drug police there, and there have been no illegal parties for about ten years. I know where you can find pedophile villages in Thailand. I can sell you a ticket to one of these villages at a cheap rate. There you can rent a girl or boy for a couple of weeks for a few pennies. I do not advise you to take one over eight years; usually by the age of ten they already have the whole complex of sexually transmitted diseases. Poor peasants from the neighboring villages give their children to brothels themselves, because they are unable to feed them. By buying such a child, you give him a chance not to die of hunger. At the age of twelve, they are kicked out of the brothels into the streets like expired goods. And only a few of them survive to adulthood. Unfortunately, this is the harsh reality of Southeast Asia.”

“No, thank you,” we say in unison. “We have our own children, and we do not feel like having such an experience at all.”

Having traveled by train across Thailand and crossed over to Koh Phangan island, we are finally in the land of former pirates.

“Well, here we are, at the famous Full Moon Party,” Petya tries to shout over the music, and pulls the gram of Dymich from under his plaster cast.

“But I think we’re the only freaks here. Petya, look at the way everyone is staring at our ninja shoes. It seems like everything is trance here: the music, the design, the only thing that is a bit strange is the people.”

“Yes, the majority of the people here are sex tourists, they don’t care what music they dance to.”

Having poured the gram of Dymich into a bottle of water, I gulp down half of it at once.

“Vasiko, I see you are going for it?” Petya says, taking a few sips.

“I want to feel the energy of this island today, I want to do it properly. I have fifteen minutes to examine this reality,” I say, flopping onto the soft grass.

“They decorate the parties very well. Just like in Goa, at Hill Top, the palm trees are colored with fluorescent paint, the only thing that is different is that the local artists also worked on the boulders sticking out of the ground. Everything is expertly done. Fluorescent fractal figures braided from yellow and green threads, high-quality batiks with psychedelic paintings. However, what are these rosy-cheeked figures with plastic buckets in their hands doing here? Why are they constantly drinking out of them?”

“Vasya, they are the usual two-week European tourists. You must have got out of the habit of seeing normal tourists in North Goa. They drink alcoholic cocktails: vodka, rum, whiskey, cola, sprite and ice. There is one liter in a bucket. It costs as much as an ecstasy pill.”

“And how much does ecstasy cost here?”

“As much as it does elsewhere, pills go for the same price everywhere: from Moscow to Europe. Maybe a quarter less, but no more.”



“And do all these people prefer a liter of booze to an ecstasy pill?”

“Vasya, wake up, we are in the twenty-first century, the time of the psychedelic revolution was in the past century. Society prefers alcohol to all drugs.”

“Petya, I must be going crazy. I can’t get my head around society’s choice. It seems to me that the whole world has gone mad. What can all these people think about when they hear trance music? They don’t care what kind of music they move to on the dance floor. To be honest, the MDMA is starting to bring me up. Let’s go to dance,” I call Petya, who is sprawled on the grass, “Come on, let’s show them some real Goan freaks.”

“No, Vasya, somehow I still feel too uncomfortable to dance among these perverted mugs, I would rather lie here a bit longer.”

“Well, I’m off, I desperately want to get on the dance floor.”

Before even reaching my destination, I abruptly start to feel the world around me begin to transform, adjusting my perception to only positivity and vibrations of love. The drunken mugs don’t stand out any more. My perception refuses to see them. I see the world only from its best, most beautiful side. I am wearing pink trance pants and a yellow fluorescent cape like a psychedelic Batman would have, which follows me as I move quickly among the dancers. It seems like I am soaring above the dance floor, watching the movements of my body. It is as if my body is trying to draw a huge hieroglyph across the radius of the dance floor, and to decorate it with the colorful traces that my glow-in-the-dark clothes leave in the air. This giant hieroglyph is visible only to me. I repeat this hieroglyph over and over again, making magic passes with my hands in an attempt to understand the meaning of this sign. The music is so beautiful that it seems that if it were to stop right now, I would probably die. It’s impossible to stop. Pausing for a moment to sip some water, I discover that I am immediately surrounded by several transvestites, who insistently try to grab my dick or pinch my ass. Each of them, competing with one another, offers me to go private with him in the nearby bushes. For the first time in my life, I’m in a position where the majority around me has a different sexual orientation. Having grown up in working-class neighborhoods and raised on concepts like ‘real men aren’t fags’, for the first time I don’t know how to react to this invasion of my personal space. But the solution is found fast. Why should I need aggression, if there is dance? Dance is like a dynamic meditation, in which all of the factors that annoy me break down into molecules. Only the most beautiful things are left, flowing around me at high speed. All of the negative dissolves into a white light. The feeling is that I’m in a racing train and someone colored everything behind the window with fluorescent paint. The world seems both very bright and vague at the same time. At some point, I realize that I don’t exist any longer in the usual sense, in the way I am used to perceiving myself. The self to which I am accustomed does not exist; there is the realization that I am a part of this beautiful world. I am a particle of the Earth, and not even just of the Earth, but of the entire Universe, and not just a particle – I am the Universe. And there are actually no parts at all; there is only the Universe – harmonious, living, pulsating. From the awareness of the integrity of myself and of the Universe, I begin to experience an immensely powerful orgasm. Not the simple kind of physiological orgasm that a person experiences during the peak of sexual pleasure, but an orgasm a thousand time stronger, that has nothing to do with sex. Shivers run continuously throughout my body, and it goes on and on. Convulsions of huge pleasure roll over me to the beat of trance music. It’s not me who is controlling my body now; the Universe is dancing through me.

“Vasya!” Petya yells in my ear, trying to get through to me, “maybe it’s time for you to rest a little? From the side, it seems that you’ve been having a continuous orgasm for about thirty minutes. Let’s go and lie on the grass, or you’ll pass out. You’ve taken almost a gram of MDMA tonight. This dose could easily knock out an unprepared, normal person. It’s dawn already and you have been dancing non-stop all night.”

His words of reason gradually bring me back to my senses.

“Petya, you right are, my body needs to rest.”

We stretch out on the trampled green grass, eating two ripe, juicy mangos. My hands continue to move to the beat of the music. Sometimes I catch myself thinking that I even drink and swallow to the tune of the music. The orgasmic waves continue to run throughout my body periodically. As it begins to get light, I notice that the crowd surrounding me has completely changed. Drunk from the night before, the sex tourists lie asleep in the arms of transvestites and prostitutes, and out of nowhere on the dance floor there have appeared beautiful people dressed in elegant trance clothes. With sunrise comes the heat. The smiling DJ, who appears to be in a daze from happiness, turns up the volume and gives a sign to a Thai standing near a tap that supplies water to lawn sprayers, which are mounted on braces between the tops of palm trees over the heads of the dancers. The pumping crowd merges into a single happy cry, expressing the joy of the Victory of light over darkness.

“Hello, lads, what brings you here?” I hear a familiar Russian voice.

Near to where we lay, dancing and smiling joyfully, are Vlad Lenk, Fox, Alina, Zont, and our Nepalese-Australian psychedelic old man, DJ Psy Rico.

“Fancy meeting you here, that’s unexpected!” Petya exclaims, rising from the earth and wiping the mango juice off his hands onto the grass.

“Time really flies; the last time I saw you was in Nepal six months ago. You are the only living people for us now. Petya and I had started to think that we were the only freaks here. Since evening, it seemed that only perverts gather here.”

“Vasya, the freaks only come to the parties in the morning. In the evening it’s simply unbearable to have to look at all the drunken perverts,” says Vlad, sitting down nearby.

“I’ve already got that. When will you come to us in Goa? Vlad, you haven’t been to India for a couple of years. Don’t you miss it?”

“To hell with Goa and Rashka. I have found my Paradise – it is Koh Phangan. I am satisfied with everything here.”

“And I bought a load of different electronics on credit in Rashka for a total of twenty thousand bucks. I sold them quickly and came here,” Fox’s always-cheerful girlfriend, Alina, interrupts us with a smile. “Now I have a good reason to stay here forever.”

“Alina, what do you think about India?”

“There are only drug addicts, alcoholics and grasses in India. I don’t want to go there anymore. Alex Zheltok barely managed to escape, and he was the first Russian restaurateur, a well-known character in Goa. Someone just grassed on him. It’s good that his people warned him. A warrant for his arrest had already been issued, but he managed to get out of India almost at the last minute. And Hanuman? He was wanted by the Goan cops when he came here. Our own people, Russians, grass to the police.”

“Alina, I think you are slightly exaggerating. I live there and everything seems calm. Of course, there are less normal people, but Goa is still alive. You say that Russian informants work for the police. Do you know even one by name?”

“Vasya, you are so naive, when you go back to Goa, rack your brains and think a bit. Whom haven’t the police touched for many years? Why are other people banned from throwing parties? Who holds the best parties? It’s likely that he is that one. However, you can’t touch such people, because all of the dirty work is done by their pushers. And they always come out as clean as a whistle.”

“Those are the laws of this business,” Zont adds with a smile, pulling a rolled joint from his pocket. “And here, there are no grasses for now. Here the passengers are more serious too, because your life is at stake. They’ll shoot a grass without blinking.”

“Vlad, what do you think about Rashka? Has it been a long time since you were in the motherland?”

“Vasya, they are grassing on each another in Rashka too. For that reason I stopped taking charas there; now I bring it here.”

“You’re a desperate man; you could get the top punishment, an injection of cobra venom in the neck.”

“Vasya, don’t you worry, I have a profitable connection with God, he protects me,” Lenk says, smiling and pointing at the sky.

“And how is Hanuman doing here? I saw him at the beginning of the season, he left Goa with paranoia.”

“We see him from time to time. He gave up cocaine, exercises, teaches yoga to tourists, reads a lot of Buddhist literature; he doesn’t go to parties anymore. But as for us, you can regularly see us in the morning, either here or in some other cool places. You came to the right party. Vasya, let’s go, I’ll show you some really serious guys. Suckers don’t come here in the morning, only serious characters come out at this time. Do you see that group of guys with dreadlocks dancing on the right over there? They are Dominican boys, very serious passengers. They control the supply of cocaine. I advise you to stay away from them. They do not sniff coke themselves, but they’ll kill any competitor, even though they look like ordinary freaks. And there, can you see the guy in the pink robe, rubbing up against a young boy? Although he is a fag, he controls the red light district in Amsterdam, with all the prostitutes and drug dealers. He doesn’t even touch drugs himself, but he does serious deals. A dozen ‘camels’ work for him. He has had some more plastic surgery, and now he is resting on the island. Although he looks as if he is forty years old, in fact he’s about seventy. Look how he is hitting on that guy.”

Pausing, I watch as a stout man in a pink hat and a long, knee-length pale pink robe is trying to pull a skinny young man. The young man pretends not to notice that the strange man dancing next him is hitting on him. The guy pretends to scrutinize the DJ and lazily swings one hip.

The old pervert stands back to back with the young man, as if looking at something in the opposite direction, and begins to swing one thigh, occasionally slightly touching his buttocks to the young guy’s. After a few minutes of such foreplay, he takes the young man by the hand, and they are dancing in sync, still looking in opposite directions.

“That young fag didn’t play hard to get for long,” Lenk laughs and leads me across the dance floor.

“And do you see those serious Thais over there, not smiling or dancing? They are the local boys. They sell ecstasy, Dymich and ganja here.”

“Well, and we are the Russian mafia,” adds Zont, smiling as he walks next to me, “we sell Nepali charas and LSD. Everybody knows each other here, and there are no grasses. No one pokes their nose into anyone else’s business. Vasya, do you know why? Here, in the country of former pirates, no one will joke around. They’ll bump you off without hesitation, and then throw your body into the sea. Because everyone knows: the price at stake is their lives.”

For a while we dance in silence, looking at the different characters gathered in the morning at this place. Zont is at the DJ console, playing his favorite morning trance music.

“How is Romashka doing in Nepal? Have you heard anything, Vasya?” Fox asks me, stomping his foot to the trance beat.

“I guess he is still in jail, he was given two years.”

“What about you, Fox? Have you asked Zont whether he is helping Romashka? When I last talked to Romashka, he was angry at Zont. You know that Romashka took the blame upon himself; while Zont, as soon as he got out, immediately ran to Thailand, even though he had promised to help.”

“What do you mean ‘help’?” Lenk cuts into our conversation. “It seems to me that Zont has flipped. Firstly, after jail he stole Romashka’s girlfriend.

Vasya, I will show you her later. She is a former Israeli sniper; she was shot in the leg during the war. She leads a wonderful life on her state pension here. Well, she is now pregnant with Zont's child. And Zont takes between three to five drops of LSD per day; I've been afraid of him recently. Sometimes he talks nonsense, confusing reality with his hallucinations. He proposes either cheating the Dominicans out of money or shafting the Thai carriers out of ecstasy, and sometimes he starts yammering something about God. He has definitely gone out of his mind, it will come to no good."

"That's not surprising considering how much acid he takes," I say, scrutinizing Zont's insane face at the DJ console.

"Vasya, do you remember Andrey Red, the former lawyer? He hung out with us in Nepal? He flipped because of acid too. First, he accused us of being fags, then he had an obsessive-paranoid idea that everyone wanted to fuck him, so he began to run away from everyone. In the end he fled to Sri Lanka. Now he is on the booze. Vasya, I think that our Kazan friend Andryukha just saw too many fags while tripping, there are loads of them here, and after that his feminine side twitched."

"What do you mean?" I ask Lenk, watching as the fag in the pink robe touches the young guy's ass.

"Well. We all have the Yin and Yang, feminine and masculine. There is no person who is a hundred percent man or woman. Men can be gentle and affectionate, and women can be brave, like the Amazonians. Depending on the amount of masculinity or femininity, we feel a belonging to homo- or hetero-sexuality. Andryukha's balance twitched. Rather than accepting himself as he is, he was frightened and invented an unseen enemy in the form of a global homosexual conspiracy. Recently, I've been reading the work of a German nineteenth century philosopher, Otto Weininger. His book is called 'Sex and Character'. He convincingly explains the reasons for all sexual deviations, describing the basic problems of gender relations. The only pity is that this guy, who wrote such a work, hung himself at the age of twenty-one after refusing to accept the imperfection of sexual relations."

"Vlad, I'll definitely borrow this book from you to read. In Goa, we have a character with similar symptoms too, Vanya Chelyabinskiy. After gorging himself on acid, Dymich and coke, he started accusing us of some sort of conspiracy. It seems he grew up as a regular tough guy, but he came up to me once at a party and asked, 'Vasya, I don't why, but each time I look in Freak Stephen's eyes, I get so sexually aroused. Maybe he wants to fuck me?'"

"Vasya, we had the same shit here with Andryukha. These guys don't know where to draw the line with drugs; their minds explode. Only a few become normal again."