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ESCHATOLOGY: Sunshine, thank you for the Silence of Your footsteps. (October 8, 2020)

1 message

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The decades of decadence and delusion



Kash's father (second from right) with group of close friends drinking toddy (coconut wine) at 6 1/2 Mile Kapar Road, Selangor, Malaysia. (From Left to Right are Harcharan Singh, Pagah, name unknown, Kash's father and Manjit Singh [deceased])

1. The day he drank nine and a half large bottles of extra-strength "Guinness Stout," a feat matched by few alcoholics, and awoke next day surrounded by a forest of legs. He had drunk himself senseless the previous night and awoke to find himself sprawled under a table in his friend Deva's Tulang-Tulang restaurant in Petaling Jaya, Malaysia. The legs belonged to patrons having breakfast on their way to work. His brother-in-law lay snoring nearby, his turban trailing embarrassingly a distance from his bald head.

2. The day he drank a pail of toddy (coconut wine) at Kapar Road, Klang, Malaysia, together with his four friends and then wallowed like a crazy pig in the mud as the monsoon rains fell in torrents.

Hours later he found himself walking into the Copper Kettle pub in Petaling Jaya, all caked-up with mud, dirt and slime - only in a pair of jeans, minus T-shirt and shoes. They started drinking again. Feeling famished he insisted with all sincerity on being cooked and served a whole goat to satisfy his hunger and that of his four alcohol-crazed filthy friends.

For some reason the remaining customers lost their appetites, and confidence, in the lone massive bouncer who meekly tried to strike a friendly conversation with these sub-human beings. It was probably the first time he came across such filthy, drunk, demented men . . . and probably the last. (The shock of such a stunning sight must have subdued him into caution.)

Somehow they kept the peace and no incident took place. They were the only patrons in the pub.

After they had finally stumbled home his brother-in-law Harcharan Singh stole the limelight in this epic insanity. By just answering to the call of nature at night he won hands down because in the morning his parents found the sofas and carpet reeking of urine. His mother-in-law, who had come all the way from Seremban, was also there to witness such a crowning glory of her son-in-law. For that his brother-in-law truly deserved a standing ovation.

3. The day he left to see his best beer buddy, Manjit Singh, just a month after marriage. He started drinking and, without calling home, continued for another three days. On his return his fresh, beautiful bride - with all the innocence, love, peace, humility and compassion of a typical Indian bride - just told him that next time if he called back it would make her happy! For the next eighteen years this shakti of a woman kept absorbing all the social madness of her spouse with a serenity and detachment matched by few. (His insatiable thirst for alcohol could not be quenched until the Kundalini pierced his son's Sahasrara and the Divine Revelations shattered the Mirror of Delusion into a thousand pieces.)

4. The day he took his spouse, pregnant with Kash, to visit a relative. But before that he wanted to show her his favorite countryside toddy (coconut wine) spot in Kapar Road, Klang, Malaysia (see photo above). Under this convenient pretext he ended up guzzling a huge quantity of this cheap, sweet-sour fermentation. Hours later he decided to return home. As he started his motorcycle and came out of the cooling shade of the coconut estate, the hot tropical sun hit him into a senseless high. He never knew what happened until the next day.

That was when his spouse informed him that he had driven so recklessly that vehicles had to veer away onto the countryside road shoulders to avoid killing him. He denied having done so but found out the truth soon. He could not start his motorbike. The pistons were burnt from the sustained maximum-throttle, maximum-speed, death-defying drive!

5. The day he drank non-stop for nearly three days without sleep. His uncle, Sukhminder Singh, arrived from India on a Sunday afternoon. They went on a drinking binge, together with his unforgettable brother-in-law, Harcharan Singh. They shifted from restaurant to pub to girlie-bar to 24-hour convenience store to sundry shop in a non-stop merrymaking of beer, wine and liquor. When there were no places left they just sat by the roadside, bottles in hands, indifferent to traffic, pedestrians and their own self-esteem.

They drank through Monday and finally it was Tuesday night. Only Harcharan - with head resting the cluttered table, saliva oozing from the corner of the mouth and arms slumped on both sides - was too intoxicated to continue. Uncle and nephew continued but had to finally call it quits, not because of lack of capacity but cash. They had drunk non-stop for about 55 hours. No one was bothered about families or jobs.

6. The day he drank himself senseless in Brickfields, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia and lost all sense of direction home. He stumbled, staggered, and groped around the area at night, completely disoriented and trying desperately to find his way home. He faintly remembered tripping and falling on something soft. After a number of furtive attempts to get up, he just collapsed and went into deep sleep.

Next day the morning sun greeted him. A woman was hanging laundry on a clothesline some distance away, her face reacting as he stirred groggily to his feet. He had slept in a long-jump sandpit of a nearby school.

All around humans were going about their business. The blare of horns reminded that morning rush hour was on.

7. The day he and his buddy brother-in-law drank themselves senseless at home in Jalan Aman, Kuala Lumpur. They had started before lunch on hard liquor, and by late evening were completely smashed. The highlight of this great day came when Mr. Harcharan, in a crazed stupor, fumbled for a place to empty his bloated bladder. He found a suitable spot nearby, right on his sister's dressing table. He then fell right backwards onto bed, without zipping his fly.

8. The countless times he sped on his Honda motorcycle through highways and by-ways, without headlights or through red lights, in a drunken craze of utter recklessness to life and limb. But somehow he always cheated death and lived to drink again, and again. And yet again.

9. The day he guzzled the best Swiss beer in Geneva, Switzerland and chased it down with 'speed,' till his brains went into an emergency shutdown. In the morning, he found himself freezing in some bushes in a beautiful park, without the slightest notion of how he ended there. Elegant swans glided on the weeping willow-lined lake. Well dressed Swiss, with an air of educated dignity, were strolling around. There was muted disgust at the sight of him emerging disheveled from the undergrowth and groggily struggling to just stand up.

10. The day he bought forty liters of cheap wine from a Montreal bootlegger for his 1993 birthday. He then went on an extended drinking binge at his younger brother-in-law's house in Park Extension.

The next night the ambulance had to be summoned when he began having serious breathing difficulties and was slowly losing consciousness after having inhaled a killer joint (marijuana). His body began feeling cold and clammy, respiration very slow, coming at intervals and in danger of becoming unconscious. He was also trying his best not to vomit for he might choke to death in the process. This was the most life-threatening and severe alcohol poisoning and drug overdose ever experienced. In all his life he had never come so close to death.

He somehow managed to mumble to his sister-in-law that she will find him dead soon if the ambulance is not summoned. (She had not done so earlier, afraid that the police might come and lay drug charges against them.) Sensing the gravity of the situation, she complied. When the ambulance arrived his brother-in-law Harjit was in the toilet, vomiting on the floor and himself. His spouse went to help remove his stinking clothes. This creature then stumbled out, stark naked and unaware of the ambulance staff observing him. (It must have been hard for them to breathe in the basement smelling of cigarettes, pungent weed, fermented wine, fresh vomit, rotten burps, and stale farts.)

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The list goes on and on. 25 years make a very, very long list.

<http://adishakti.org/introduction.htm>