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HALF THE SKY: An answer that makes the most sense of existence, of "Who am I?"

1 message

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Two days ago we started watching Netflix's 6-part series titled *The Business of Drugs*. The deep pockets of Netflix and the First Amendment of American documentaries is deserving of *aarti*, especially if this freedom of speech also helps awaken.

If I were to improvise an image for both, it would be Mount Fuji and the Milky Way. Abstract improvisation in honor of Salvador Dali's *The Persistence of Memory* would be Awakening and *The Vast Mind* (which, though fictitious names, remain Quantum probabilities of Eternity. A future Salvador Dali will be able to paint Awakening and *The Vast Mind* but you will not know remember. What do you remember of any other existence, besides this?)

However, the freedom to examine the worst of unbridled capitalism also makes you the canary in the mine. You will get affected the deeper you go down that shaft of callousness and indifference of the living. (Keep going down for two decades and see what it does to your self-inflicted trauma of choice.)

And you cannot better the Big Gringo when it comes to the best resume for the job of making documentaries worthy of a standing ovation:

"Amaryllis Fox is best known as the former CIA agent who worked on the counter-terrorism task force to keep Weapons of Mass Destruction (WMD) from the members of Al Qaeda. Fox's stint with the CIA began when she developed an algorithm as a university student to identify likely

terrorist safe havens. The CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, heard about "the algo" and recruited Fox, who became one of the youngest female officers at just 22.

When Netflix announced a docuseries, 'The Business of Drugs' to be hosted by Fox, we expected the level of engagement to be at par with Fox's career with the CIA, and we were not disappointed. In six episodes, Fox delves into the economic backgrounds of players of illicit drug trades around the world. Each episode is divided between six illicit substances as Fox examines "the business of drugs"."

Both of us were deeply disturbed by the last episode "Opioids" where Fox exposes the role of the pharmaceutical industry in exacerbating America's opioid addiction due to "unregulated capitalism." There is no question this has been the best documentary on drugs; and I have seen plenty and read far more.

(I have been having big breakfasts for about two decades. I have heard stories like:

"In 2011, the then-smaller Jalisco cartel dumped 35 bodies on an expressway in the Gulf coast state of Veracruz.

In 2012, the Zetas drug cartel dumped 49 decapitated bodies on a highway in northern Mexico, and that same year they strung nine bodies from an overpass and left 14 severed heads near the city hall...

In the first half of 2019, Mexico set a record for homicides, with 17,608, up 5.3 percent compared with the same period of 2018. The country of almost 125 million now has as many as 100 killings a day nationwide.")

So how do I qualify "best documentary" in the least words? I just have to quote what Netflix says about it in their trailer: "Forget what you know. This is the real story."

Yes, *The Business of Drugs* is disturbingly real, and episode "Opioids" deeply so. I fear Big Pharma, Big Tobacco, and Big Alcohol are positioning themselves to slice off a lucrative chunk of legal addiction for which incarcerated blacks remain guilty as jailed. (If there are still doubts about the insidious nature of The One Percent then their *Nuplazid* is for you. Or if you prefer a healthy alternative, Panama Papers and The One Percent.)

Today morning at around five, after reading the world news that now daily adds to the 20-year-old reinforced negativity, I faltered slightly. So, I went for a walk. I put on my Bluetooth Enacfire and Manish Vyas began singing Atma Bhakti.

(I just love this wireless wonder as music has always rooted me. My first Sonly Walkman in 1980, an expensive cutting edge of Japanese technological ingenuity and supremacy, also cost me a 350-kilometer bus ride to Singapore. It is something like tenting overnight for a Black Friday sale. Music has always affected me, deep bass at times. I always thank her for corrupting me into becoming a happy hippy. Music can also give you bad trips. If it glorified *Imagine* for me, it can also make others glorify guns, drugs, white power, or narcocorridos.)

With Spotify in your ears, the divine sings to you while you admire Mother Nature. It is the best season on Earth to be spiritual. You do not need a *japamala* (bead-counter) and mutter repetitiously to stay connected in dysfunctional delusion: "Ram", "R

"Vikram Thite, Political Observer

Answered January 18, 2018

How many times should we chant Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Ram? What is the significance of it?

Words of my Guru -

The aforesaid mantra, if chanted with steadfast devotion, 1 to 2 crore times, it help cleanse and purify your mind and subjugate the tongue thereby, you avoid hurting anyone.

The 13 letter mantra "Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Ram", if, chanted 13 crore times gives you Darshan of the Lord Ram (it is a guarantee).

Significance - 1 crore of Naam Japa cleans 1 astrological house of your birth chart, thus chanting 12 crore times cleans all of your 12 astrological

houses. Another 1 crore purifies 9th art of the horoscope knowns as Navamsa, it is also known as Sookshma horoscope.

In short, 12 + 1 crores erases all your past bad karmas and makes you eligible for Moksha.

Hope this helps!

Shri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram!

Vikram Thite"

Awakening to the Observer gives Consciousness the chance to lead and free you to experience Her. The tired, confused, betrayed mind begins to seek rest in the Vast Mind. Dishonest disbelief makes guilty-as-charged sense.

There may be a question from a fundamentalist: "Can I trust the Mother that gave you 1001 Revelations?" I will respond: "How else will I live without the Observer now?"

Repetitive "Ram", "Ram", "Ram", "Ram", "Ram", "Ram", "Ram", "Ram", "Ram" is not a birth. I would wish on my enemy. If there is doubt then a question that will answer: "Who indoctrinated your pandit to baptize you into 'Ram', 'Ram', 'Ram'?"

After an hour I am back from the nurturing walk. Still, some sad negativity of *The Business of Drugs* remained. I questioned myself (and was just as surprised as you will be): "Why are you doing all this now?" "Why are you trying to make ears hear?" "Why are you making dishonest disbelief dishonorable?"

Did I search for answers: The Resurrection? Jesus? The message of the Last Judgment? Shri Mataji? The hundreds of Kash's meeting Her in his Sahasrara? Quantum Mechanics? Consciousness? Why are you?

The big "Why?" answered for the benefit of dishonest disbelievers:

She made me realize that since I could now pinch Her perked nipples I will be able to make all Her daughters divine while worshipping Her as the Mother. I rest my case.

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