Who Let The Wolves Out?

Unlaugh it out...

Robin Williams is no more. The funniest man on earth allegedly killed himself. But that doesn’t sound right; such a thing can’t happen to the inventor of the phrase “You’re only given one little spark of madness. You mustn’t lose it!” How can a person who taught us to heartily laugh, not laugh it out at whatever madness was pulling him down? Sure, a terrible tragedy (such as an untimely loss of a loved one or a financial catastrophe) can push the strongest man to the edge of despair. But when I googled, no such reason surfaced for Robin. Then what was it? Was it the woeful past, the gloomy present, or the pointless future? No doubt, all three must have been accomplices in this heinous crime, but which was the orchestrating mastermind – the past, the present, or the future? It’s a quandary with no off-the-bookshelf answer. And when sitting in a library doesn’t help, it is time for a long walk. For sometimes, a journey holds more answers than a thousand journals...

A few weeks ago, I was in Jodhpur for a weekend getaway. Ritu also tagged along 😊. It’s an annual ritual. Sure, anniversary getaways do not measure up to the thrilling high of a honeymoon, but they do a decent job of countering the lows of monotony. The destination befitted the “20 year” special. Umaid Bhawan, one of the original palaces in India, is now run as a luxury hotel by the Taj Group. There are no direct flights to Jodhpur from Pune. I explored the available options and settled on a brave choice. Not that I am unpatriotic, just that when it comes to choosing an airline—the Maharaja Carrier somehow figures only by a method of elimination.

The connections were excellent, 5:00am wakeup call, 7:00am departure to Delhi, an hour of aircraft changeover, and by noon we were to disembark in Jodhpur. ‘It is such a short haul, not much scope of things going wrong’ I kept cajoling myself as I sat apprehensively through the journey. As our Air India flight hit Jodhpur
runway on the dot, I was bewildered at my silliness. Instead of gazing at a cotton-sea of monsoon clouds or yakking with my partner, thanks to my idiosyncrasy—I had ended up wasting some precious time on my anniversary day. Little did I know that what lay ahead would toweringly dwarf my present bafflement! But before we transit from Maharaja’s carrier to Maharaja’s palace, let’s take a pause and reflect...

So what driving emotion had deprived me the pleasure of the journey? Was it the past (of not letting go my prior traumatic experience with the Maharaja carrier)? Or was it the present (the possible frustration of being stranded half-way through the journey)? Or was it the future (the fear of reaching the destination late that I had so excitedly planned for)? Of course, my set of apprehensions qualify more in the category of irritable bugs; they are clearly incomparable to Robin’s showstopper. However, the correlation might not lie in the magnitude, but in the pattern!

Is there a universal ‘time zone’ pattern that is a downer for some when faced with seemingly standard obstacles? Does it happen more to those who are: (a) unable to let go of the past; (b) powerless to handle the present; or (c) unprepared to face the future? More relevantly, can this logic be extended to the corporate world? A business on its way to a collapse is primarily paying the price for its ill-actions of the past, ill-execution in the present, or ill-strategy for the future?

Those interested in signing up for the crusade to capture the mastermind are welcome to post their comments here. I am sure the audience would love to hear the varied perspectives on who let the wolves out: the past, the present, or the future? I, for one, am looking forward to hearing it more over a home-made Sindhi dinner with the worthiest crusaders 😊...