

MODERN Drunkard

drunkard.com

MAGAZINE

№ 63

A woman with voluminous, curly blonde hair and blue eyes is the central focus. She is holding a glass of whiskey with both hands, looking directly at the viewer with a serious expression. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her face and the glass against a dark background.

LOCKED DOWN & LOADED

8 Hard Truths the Pandemic
Taught Us About Boozing

COME FLY WITH ME

How to Get Tight Before,
During & After Your Flight

TEETERING ABOVE IT ALL

When NYC Went Low,
Boozers Went High

ADIEU, NIGHT TRAIN

A Legendary Wine Reaches
the End of the Line

La Marinera together, so why not take a moment before takeoff to shut those eyes and dream about the exciting times that lie ahead in Peru?

Passing out on a plane and waking up at your destination is something no fully refreshed traveler should be ashamed about. On the contrary, you're a time traveler, a spaceman, a chap for whom hours and distance have no hold. You can circumnavigate the globe in the blink of an eye. They're only escorting you from the plane first because they're in awe of this, and the applause from your fellow passengers only acknowledges that what you have is a superpower that the whole world can marvel at.

Remember to nod a thanks to the cabin crew as you exit the aircraft, despite your having been asleep for 12 hours and therefore having halved their workload, and then take a moment on the airbridge to breathe in the musky air of foreign climes.

Customs is always a pest, and wherever you arrive in the world it doesn't get any easier. The interviews, the cell, the meal on a tin tray, so why not pass the time with a song?

"In Llama-Land there's a one-man band
And he'll toot his flute for you!"

Your fellow passengers will either sing along or bang on the walls but what's important is that you can begin to enjoy your holiday.

Coming to the following morning can be a disorienting experience for even the most seasoned traveler. The time zone recalculations, the recalibration of body clock, and stationing of self.

With customs behind you and only some paperwork to sign, you can venture out from the airport and begin to habituate. The stroll from the airport down the freeway can allow the globetrotting drinker to consider many things, and isn't expansion of the mind the objective and impetus for setting out in the first place? And after a few hours of walking—a grind with only one shoe—you'll find the surroundings becoming more familiar. More like your own town.

And there's your tavern, the place that's more like home than home itself. What hour is it? You've lost your watch. That sonofabitch back at the lounge must have taken it. But the sun's sinking low now and surely that means happy hour. You'll head on in and see the guys. Everyone enjoys seeing an old pal back from operations, and what's more, you're armed with tales from places that these poor saps have only seen in their dreams.

Maybe it's best then, you consider, that your adventures around the planet remain concealed and covert. Nobody likes a blowhard, not in a bar. The champagne and the frolics will always be there, down the freeway where the jet planes wait. For now, what's best for you is a beer.



Stanley McHale is a derelict dreamer from London, England, who one day soon is going to do some quite incredible things far too numerous and impressive to list here. But just you wait.



Did You Know?



When the COVID-19 pandemic broke out, President Alexander Lukashenko of Belarus not only refused to impose a lockdown, restrict alcohol sales, and close bars, he also told his citizenry to *drink a shot vodka every day* to combat the spread of the virus.

Flying in the face of near-universal condemnation of these "irresponsible" policies, Belarus has logged one of the lowest COVID death rates in all of Europe. Strange, no?



Genetically Predisposed

I'm in a pub in Malta, full of retired British men passing the evening the proper way. I sit on a tall bar stool next to an old timer with a heavy accent. I have a hard time understanding him at first, but his accent disappears as I drink. Soon I can understand him clear as day. With enough alcohol, I can even understand a foreign language. I suspect bartenders are slipping me a babel fish without my knowledge.

He asks my name.

"Bradford Boyle," I reply.

"I knew you were Irish," he says.

I had always been told my family was from Wales.

"No," I reply. "From Wales."

We get into a short spat and he lets the subject drop. We drink more.

I lean back on the tall bar stool, which does not agree with the new distribution of weight. Backwards the stool and I go, slamming onto the floor. Drunk and stunned, I lie there. My drinking companion stands and leans over me. He jams his finger into my face. His accent is back.

"I told you you were fucking Irish."

—Bradford Grant Boyle

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