

# Globalisation

I used to be a very strong proponent of globalisation.

Until I realized that it meant that it was fine and acceptable jobs were lost in one place, and it was also fine and acceptable for another person's land and livelihood and way of life to be lost in another place to accommodate these new jobs that were originally stolen from somebody else.

That is what is happening right now in the world.

The USA is losing jobs to Bharat and people in Bharat, especially farmers, are losing land that they had for generations to accommodate these new jobs.

People are eating up farmlands, cutting trees, polluting lakes, destroying our wildlife, destroying our environment and destroying our entire sublime way of life that we had for milleniums.

People are leaving their homes and farms to come to the city.

They are sacrificing relationships, friends and neighbours they had known for generations, to come and live lonely lives as complete strangers in an unknown and unfriendly city.

**All in the sole pursuit of money.**

Money can only buy useless material things that you will soon get tired of or be forced to discard when it outlives its purpose.

**Money cannot buy time, contentment, happiness, health, trust, love, compassion and respect.**

These things are only earned by the strength of your character and your actions over long periods of time.

Read the article on things I have figured out to understand

what is really important in life.

The only people who now have an obscene amount of money in Bharat are the Corrupt Representative DFIs, corrupt bureaucrats, Pimps of Dalal Street and Wall Street, new found global investors who are actually just benami black money recyclers of the Representative DFIs, neo rich IT/BT/SEZ coolies and semi-literate formerly chaddi and towel wearing sheep herding landlord farmers with cash but no class.

All these types are just parasites and only suck the life blood of the original locals who have every right first to their land and their way of life.

**The only benefit of having the Global Investors/Wall/Dalal Street Pimps is similar to the benefit of having a parasite.**

**A parasite will contribute nothing of value to its host.**

**Instead it will suck the lifeblood of its host dry.**

**And when the parasite has had its fill and the host is completely destroyed, it will move on to another willing and completely unaware sucker host.**

Though I have benefited and continue to benefit from globalisation, I am not so sure about globalisation anymore.

There cannot be a loss of a way of life that has existed for generations as a source of stability.

The returns may have been average, but the returns were stable and consistent and matched inflation.

Nobody should be allowed to move if they are moving only for the love of money.

Damn those who place money as the source of all their happiness.

## **My definition of true Development, Economic Success and Globalisation**

Read my article on the true meaning of development.

**For the truly enlightened, remaining in harmony with the wonder and beauty of Nature is the most sublime, blissful and supreme embodiment of development.**

True economic success means protect the principal and provide stable and consistent returns that match inflation.

**The principal consists of Nature, the land and livelihood of the original locals, and only then money.**

Globalisation means that people must be free to move to any land they choose, not for the love of money, but for the love of the job itself, and love of a way of life of the new land.

In true globalisation, the people who move to a new place, must adopt the local language, culture and good customs of the locals and also mix and integrate with the locals.

In true globalisation, the locals would also not discriminate or harass the outsiders, and even adopt their good customs and treat them just as they would treat other locals.

### **The “wonder” of Globalisation in Bangalore From Pensioners Paradise and Garden City to Most “Dynamic” ☐ Silly Con City**

A Glimpse of Old Bangalore	The visit of Queen Elizabeth 1961
A Glimpse of Old Bangalore	Behold the “wonder” of globalised Bangalore

The people of my grandparents generation(those born in the mid to late 1800s to 1915) must be rolling in their graves and cursing us from heaven.

This was the golden generation.

They gave us freedom, they fought our wars, they set an example for our parents to live by.

But it is mostly the people, especially the men, of my parents generation(those in their mid 60s and above) who have failed us.

They did not teach us what was taught to them by their parents.

They brought in the corruption by tolerating and encouraging bribing.

They brought in the crime by not speaking out and protesting when terrible things happened.

They continued to follow the wretched colonial practices that the golden generation fought hard to get rid of.

They started placing value to money (especially black money) over accomplishment and character.

They continued to inculcate the alien culture of FUKUS colonists into us.

I could not believe that even today after 70 years of independence of Bharat, the children still sing "Ba Ba Black Sheep" and "Mary had a little Lamb" and also "London Bridge is Falling down".

I could not believe even today's children studying English in Bharat, read Shakespeare, Dickens, Yeats and Shelly, and not aware of the works of Vyasa, Basava, Sarvajna, Vemana, Thiruvalluvar, Ghalib, Kabira, Khusrao, Tulsidas, Kalidas, Tagore, Vivekanand, Shankara, Bhaskara, Maulana Azad, Salim Ali and many other sterling writers and poets of Bharat.

They inculcated the so called "Green Revolution" that has destroyed agriculture and poisoned our land and environment.

They inculcated the delusional belief that Bharat could only “develop” through “Industrialisation” and “Globalisation”.

They took pride in making us IT/BT/SEZ coolies.

They brought use the “wonders” of plastic and disposable bottles and other disposable goods that used to be recycled in the past.

The time of our grandparents did have its faults – the caste system, religious riots, sexism and discrimination against women and other despicable things.

But these faults continue even today, so how can we criticize them we continue to perpetrate these wrongs.

In the days of my grandparents, there were no house loans, there were no car loans and there were definitely no Megamart jeans on EMI.

In fact there were no jeans, most people wore tailored trousers or lungis.

There were no Tommy Hilfiger, Zara and Arrow shirts made in China and Bangladesh and owned by billionaires using slave labor to make these “readymade” shirts.

Most people in cities bought cloth from Raymonds and Binny Mills and got their friendly neighbourhood tailor to stitch their clothes to fit them perfectly.

Most people in the villages got by with handloom and khadi clothing.

Most people lived in rented houses and were able to buy a house only after they saved diligently for a lifetime.

But, at the same time, these people still managed to educate their children well because of good quality education which was relatively cheap and affordable.

There were only government and convent schools where one had to actually study hard to get into.

Even children in government schools were taught English grammar from Wren and Martin and mathematics from Loney.

There were no "International Schools" and colleges with fat donations for lazy rich kids who don't bother to study.

There were no teachers telling parents their children could have ADHD and to take their children to fraud drug dealing Psychofartherists.

There was no bypass to college for lazy rich and "backward class" students.

**You only got seats in a college by merit and that took intelligence and hard work.**

There was no promotion or quota just because you were a "backward class".

There were no EMIs, being a lakh pathi was a great thing and only a handful were lakh pathis.

Only the Tatas and Birlas were crore pathis.

There were no dollar billionaires at all, in fact the dollar was less than Rs 12 at that time.

There were no cell phones, there were only trunk calls which were connected by an indifferent telephone operator who was also probably snooping on your conversation.

You had to beg a politician, or be a doctor or big government official or politician to get a telephone line.

Most people took the bus or cycled.

Only the very rich had cars, and the upper middle class could only afford second hand cars.

There was a long waiting list to buy a scooter and a car.

Most people cycled and there were plenty of cycles made by Hero, BSA, Raleigh, Atlas and Hercules.

Farmers from neighbouring villages came to Bangalore dressed in their chaddis and towels, travelling by bus and cycles and matador tempos to sell milk, sheep and vegetables.

Milk and vegetables that we now call organic, but which they simply called milk and vegetables, because the "wonders" of the Green Revolution still had not cast its cursed spell on Bharat.

Neighbouring villages included "15 minute drive from city center" suburbs like Whitefield, Hoskote, Nelamangla, Bannerghatta, Malur, Gunjur, Anekal, Banaswadi, Kamanahalli, Devanahalli, Domlur, Koramangala, Marathahalli, Vartur and Hennur.

Most farms around Bangalore had huge 30 ft diameter wells that had at least 60 ft of water in them.

These wells never went dry and were used not only for irrigation, but also for cooking and drinking.

Most local children in the farms around Bangalore learnt swimming in these wells and used to dive right from the top of the wells into the well water that was about 60 ft deep.

There was no Rs 1/kg rice.

Farmers actually worked in the fields and did not have Representative DFIs promising them free water, electricity and free afternoon lunches at their fields.

Water was plenty, even though there were occasional droughts.

Things like shoes, watches, toys and bags were handmade.

There was fine handmade clothing, footwear and articles of

daily use.

There were bullock carts and ox-driven ploughs.

There were neighbourhood markets where people actually took cloth bags to buy groceries.

Glass bottles were used for selling milk and other liquids.

People actually saved their glass bottles and returned it to the milkman and the nearby grocery store.

Many people also bought fresh milk where the cow was brought and milked just outside their house.

Plastic was unheard of. Nuclear energy was unheard of.

Only the cities had electricity and most villages got by with lamps.

You did not get “fresh” broiler chicken that was slaughtered two weeks ago and then shipped 300 or maybe even 500 km in a “chilled” van and then sold as dressed “fresh” chicken in your nearby Dalal Street Pimp owned discount “supermarket”.

Instead you picked a fat live desi country chicken and the local butcher cut it for you.

Most people had chickens in their backyard and they cut a fat chicken for a favoured guest.

Meat, chicken and fish were expensive so people ate them only on occasions.

**There was no factory farming like today that has made meat extremely cheap because it assigns zero value to the lives and feelings of animals.**

There were no stray dogs. A person who had a dog had to get a license from the municipal corporation to raise the dog.



People read newspapers and listened to the radio for their news.

There was only radio (not small transistor radio, but the big Grundig radio) with Aakashvani, Vividh Bharati and BBC News from London.

There was no TV at all, let alone "breaking news" from prostitute babbling bimbos with verbal diarrhea like Barkha and know-all pompous pricks like Arnab.

There were politicians like Lal Bahadur Shastri, Maulana Azad and Rajagopalachari.

There was a president like S Radhakrishnan.

There were no helicopters, and no Dalal Street Pimps lending helicopters to Representative DFIs to hop around the country giving teleprompter speeches written by some professional speech writer.

A professional speech writer who has no real ideology or principles, and who would switch to writing speeches for any political party that paid him a few bucks more.

During the time of elections, politicians actually had to travel through the countryside on the ground and meet and talk to people.

Most things were made in Bharat.

There were no Chinese Ganesha idols.

Most things of quality were made in USA, Germany or UK.

Japanese goods were of bad quality.

The Chinese did not make any goods. The only export from China was noodles and chop suey.

There were cabarets in Brigade Road and some politicians were frequent visitors.

Restaurants were not forced to closed at 1130pm.

There were fountains at Minerva circle. There were very few traffic lights and there were more traffic circles.

People did not have fridges, so meals were cooked twice daily.

There were no Dalal Street Pimp owned supermarkets, only small family owned grocers and neighbourhood farmers markets.

There were no Dalal Street Pimp owned chain stores and malls.

There were only single screen movie theatres and one had to stand in long queues to buy tickets.

There was Tragedy King and Jubilee King – their movies ran for 25(Silver), 50(Golden) and 75(Platinum) weeks, not days.

There was Jim Reeves and Jumping Jack.

People actually sat down to dinner and gathered together in the evening and talked to each other.

The stock market was only for Banias and Marvadis and speculators who wanted to recycle their black money.

Most people kept their money in banks.

There were no mutual funds, but there was LIC.

Being a teacher, doctor or in the army was very respectable thing and these sort of people were very well received and they even made decent money to live very comfortable upper middle class lives.

There was no such thing as an IT/BT/SEZ coolie.

In fact there were no calculators at all, leave alone computers. People used slide rules and log tables.

Bribes were almost unheard of.

A person taking a bribe would be shamed and looked down upon.

There were mostly arranged marriages.

In fact many took place where the bride and groom did not even see a photo and got to see each other only on their wedding day.

Women took the bus and there was no "eve teasing"(a disgusting euphemism for what is simply called sexual harassment in the rest of the world).

There was no need for fans in Bangalore.

Most middle class and upper middle class people lived in large bungalows with large gardens in Richmond Town, Basavangudi, Chamarajpet and Gandhi Bazar.

The houses were without fans but were still built in such a way that they remained cool even in the hottest summer.

People could drink water from the tap.

In fact when you opened the tap, you got water.

There was no need for a sump or water tank or booster pumps.

Bore wells were unheard of.

There were fish (koilemeen) and crabs in the rice fields.

Lakes and rivers were much cleaner.

There were a huge number of clean lakes and rivers full of clean water.

People not only fished, but they actually swam in lakes and rivers and even used the same water to cook and drink.

The Silly Con city actually lived up to its name as the Garden City and Pensioners Paradise.

There were no harmful chemical pesticides.

There was mostly traditional medicine, not drug dealing Western medicine like today.

Elders were respected. Children even at 40 years of age and above would tolerate their parents slapping them.

There were joint families. There were no old age homes.

Most children took care of their aging parents and these aging parents looked after their grandchildren.

These grandchildren were told many stories and legends by their grandparents.

My mom grew up in Bangalore in the 50s.

They lived in a rented Bungalow of about 1/2 acre in Richmond town.

She still talks about those times – no need for fans, walks to Mayo Hall and Cubbon park, chicken coops and fruit trees and no traffic

And the best part of all the owner decided to sell the plot to my grandfather for less than Rs 1,00,000 (about Rs 35 crores (Rs 35,00,00,000) now based on Bangalore absurd real estate valuations) which was still less than my grandfathers retirement savings.

But my grandfather decided it was too expensive and they moved to a cheaper part of town and bought a house there. I was born there.

Even when I was growing up in the late seventies and early eighties Bangalore was still not a bad place.

There were still lots of Bungalows and land was relatively cheap.

There were power cuts but water was not a problem.

There were no problems with traffic.

There was very little serious crime.

Any serious crime made headlines for months, and even years.

Billa and Ranga were the most hated men in Bharat for almost 5 years.

**The summary of all this is:**

**My grandfather was an honest upright decorated World War II army officer in the government and managed to retire and stay in Bangalore and buy a house and educate his two daughters to be doctors just out of his life's savings and a regular pension and not from EMIs and Bank Loans.**

**He did this in the 60s.**

**He was not a rich man according to American standards in the 60s.**

**But he did the same thing here in Bangalore that somebody would have done in America at the same time.**

Try doing what my grandfather did anywhere in America today, leave alone Bharat.

The only difference is that he cycled on Bangalore's beautiful tree lined roads, while the dumbass Americans of his age were demolishing inner cities, cutting trees and building so called freeways and express highways.

Even when I was in America for many years, these so called American freeways are as clogged as Brigade Road and Tannery Road.

Atlanta, Chicago and Los Angeles have 16 lane "expressways" and traffic still crawls at 5 miles per hour.

So what is the point of demolishing Tannery Road, if 10 years from now we will still be going the same 5 kmph due to clogged traffic.

Look at today's Silly Con City.

The bungalows are all gone.

There is too much crime, and everybody forgets it the next day since another more serious crime crops up.

Even two year old nursery school children are raped in their own school premises by school attendants who are actually supposed to protect these precious children.

There is overpopulation and traffic jams that go on for hours.

There is no water.

You cannot breathe the air.

The "nationalist" slogan shouting "Bharat Mata Ki Jai" government is the one encouraging the hastening the recolonisation of Bharat to the hands of foreigners who really have no other interest in Bharat other than pure self interested business intentions to take for free whatever the gullible idiots in this country eagerly offer it.

They will then milk Bharat dry, by taking back to their own countries all the profits they have earned at the cost of land and livelihood of millions of Bharatiya who were sacrificed for these foreign "investors".

**It must be remembered, even the British East India Company**

**first came to Bharat as foreign “businessmen”.**

Before we did business with these enterprising foreign “businessmen”, Bharat had a 25% contribution to the world GDP.

Once these foreign “businessmen” got strong enough, they started to conquer and rule Bharat, milked Bharat dry and we ended up with less than a 2% contribution to world GDP and more than 50% of the world’s malnourished children.

Not to mention the burden of “coconuts” continuing to rule and exploit us with the cursed and wretched legacy of FUKUS “democracy” and “capitalism”.

The “wonders” of which continue to lay waste to Bharat and further enhance the rape and loot of the FUKUS colonists by the new “coconut” sahib – the Representative DFIs and the Global Investor/Wall/Dalal Street/Lala Pimps.

**Do you think these new so called foreign “businessmen” will not have the same intentions as the British East India company?**

**Have we really progressed and really developed?**

From handmade in Bharat clay Ganesha idols, to cheap plastic Chinese Ganesha idols?

From **Bangalore actually living up to its name as the Garden City and Pensioners Paradise**, filled with middle class 1/2 acre bungalows with gardens and running drinkable tap water, where you could walk to or cycle to any place of need, to now becoming the most “dynamic” □ **Silly Con** city only with only for the “wealthy and select few” 1500 sq ft “Villas” and 1200 sqft “Luxury” Apartments with no water in the “suburbs” which you cannot reach without a motorised vehicle.

And considering today’s traffic conditions in Bangalore, if you wanted to reach safely, the only motorised vehicle I would recommend is a bus or your own four wheeler.

Try running around on your motorised two wheeler and soon there may come a day where you are run over by a bus or another four wheeler.

From cool environmentally friendly bungalows built with local materials, with no need for fans and continuous fresh air and natural air conditioning, to glass and steel buildings with Italian marble, where you must have an air conditioner at all times if you want to avoid breathing in your own sweat and avoid fainting and dehydration and being cooked like a mutton dum biriyani because of the heat and humidity and stale air which is locked into these glass and steel buildings.

From a neighbourhood market and grocer that benefited a local farmer/grocer you knew, to buying things from chain stores that only benefit Dalal Street Pimps who become even more richer billionaires who then bribe the Representative DFIs to give them even more loans to borrow and finally default on like the King of Good Times.

From fish and crabs in organic rice fields, to farmers stopping growing of rice because it is not profitable anymore.

From farmers wells with 60 ft of water around Bangalore that were also swimming pools for local children, to "luxury" villas and apartments with infinity swimming pools and golf courses that have sucked out water even at 1000 ft and now going down to 1500ft.

From Bharat building the greatest and most magnificent of temples in the world, including rock cut temples with timeless statues and carvings that have lasted for milleniums, to building the worlds tallest statue of Sardar Patel, one of Bharats' greatest leaders in modern time, using Chinese factories and Chinese labour.

**If what we have today is "development"**



and “globalisation”, I say f□ it and the donkey it rode in on.

The only thing that grows consistently is cancer and we all know what happens when we have cancer.

We should practice sustainable development, otherwise we will die miserably with the cancer of growth.

We are doomed if we follow this type of globalisation where the only determining factor is low prices, instant gratification, EMIs and the pursuit of the money at the cost of everything else that is dear to us including Nature.

It is now the time of our generation, those born around or after 1965 (Generation X onwards) to go back to the times of our grandparents.

There is this golden saying :

**If Shah Jahan went for the lowest bid, the Taj Mahal would never have been built to be so beautiful and everlasting.**

The so called “savage” Native Americans figured the many sayings below a long time ago.

Way before the so called “civilised” and “modern” FUKUS colonists who have still failed to realise:

**Not till you have felled the last tree  
Killed the last fish  
Poisoned the last river  
Will you know that you cannot eat (or  
drink)**

## money

There is another Native American saying:

**Preserve what was given to you for 7 generations.**

They did not just mean money, but also their beautiful and spiritual way of life and nature.

There is another Native American saying:

**We did not inherit this earth from our ancestors,  
We have borrowed it from our children.**