

**THE \$247  
TRILLION  
GLOBAL  
DEBT &  
THE DREAM  
MERCHANTS**

**MONEY GITA**  
SRINIVAS MURTHY

MONEY GITA

THE \$247 TRILLION GLOBAL DEBT & THE DREAM MERCHANTS

# Money Gita

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The \$247 Trillion Global Debt  
And The Dream Merchants

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Srinivas Murthy



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DEVAMUNI PRAKASHANA

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To the most fortunate human life.

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# ART IS THE BITCH OF COMMERCE

#kadvasach



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### \$247 Trillion Global Debt And The Dream Merchants

In this talk, ad man Balsubramaniyam gives us insights into the world of creativity and how creative people across the world in movies, arts, literature and most recently in advertising set the tone for the world and make it dance according to the will of those who pay the bills of the creative community....more.

45


12K

63K


23K


ART IS THE BITCH OF COMMERCE

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 Kubera


 We often speak to conceal

You could be right. 



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Do I know you?

A follower.

Of?

Your world.

All right.

What can I do for you?

In your talk, you insisted that love of money is the root cause of all evil.

Lust for Money is.

I used 'love' to tone down.

Can it be debated?

Sure.

Please leave a note.

Will respond.

But a quick question first.

You seem to be following just me.

Hope you are not...

No. I'm not fake.

I've come on this platform using a special privilege.

What do you want to know?



I have a question with the first TVC you wrote.

!!!

It was at least a decade ago.

Yes.

I have followed your work for years

And I do know you.

Not surprised.

Everything is on the walls these days.

Of course it is.

Can you recall the TVC?

Been a long time.

The dumbest piece of mine that worked like magic.

The film opens with a young boy climbing down the balcony holding onto a rope, after getting a kiss from his girlfriend.

While passing the first floor, he sees his girlfriend's sister, who too appears to be interested in him.

She comes over to him and kisses him on his cheek.

The boy lets out a wry smile.

We hear the announcer.

Buy one. Get two.

How did it go?

You sound like a reporter.

Is this for your article?

Academic interest.

That TVC established the brand.

The product sold about 1800% more than the previous year.

The client remained with the agency for 5 more years.

We had a billing of 108 Crores from the client.

The client moved with me when I started my own firm.

He still thinks that ad made his company what it is today.

The brand recall created more demand which in turn created more jobs

They moved from a small factory in the outskirts, into their own campus, in the centre of the city.

More transactions. More growth.

A promotion as senior copywriter for me.

The client established a whole range of flavours with Zingo chips.

Ventured into real estate.

Made movies, and so on.

I can safely say, they are practically still living off that idea.

Honestly, looking back, there was no idea at all.

Just some naughtiness the college kids found to be fresh then.

Do you know where the thought came from?

Tough to say.

Quite like the origin of this world.

I haven't copied it for sure.

You are not dishonest.

How do you know that for sure?

Who are you really?

Read my name.



Follow

Posts 0 Following 1 Followers 0

**Kubera**

@Treasurer of wealth

Devaloka

Follows you

It has all the traits of a fake profile.

Take my word.

Ya, right. I am THE Einstein.

I am really THE Kubera.

This, what?

Let us get this out of the way.

Is it so important that we proceed?

The suspension of disbelief.

Necessary for us to proceed.

Being an atheist, it is out of my character to care for Kubera or the rest of the gang of gods.

Yes.

Aren't you hooked by the fact the Kubera is talking to you?

Staunch devotees.

What about your parents?

What do you mean?

There you go.

From?

It seems you are insured for this life, at least.

Blasphemy as people call it.

Right.

All right.

Tell me about your second TVC.

Is this an interview?

Maybe.

Okay.

Well, I am not looking for a job.

Unless there is an agenda for this,  
I have to get back to the real world.

I know you sold the agency you  
built for years.

For good money.

You are rich.

You don't write anything any more.

You just put your money wherever you  
think you can make more money.

You buy things loyally to be in tune  
with the trends.

To be respected by the common collective.

In effect, you cause the inflation you  
complain about to the rest of the world.

Secretly wishing to get famous doing it.

To be in circulation.

And you call money the evil.

So, let's talk.

Hello, Mr. WHOEVER.

Who the fuck are you?

I am blocking you.

Relax Mr. Balu, you are in safe hands.

I just want to talk about this world of yours.

What else do you know about me?

Things that you yourself, don't know.

Like?

The way it is.

The elements behave according to their nature.

Likewise, we gods.

Just the way we are meant to be.

We are endowed with the ability to know all about humans, animals, plants, every grain of sand and everything else in the entire universe and beyond.

At times.

Now, that's a bunch of bull.

I guess the suspension of disbelief is not your cup of tea.

Tell me, why would I call myself Kubera particularly?

Who knows?

Yes. Unless I am me.

Let me, for the sake of argument, accept you are.

What do you want?

We were talking a while ago.

Me and Narada Muni.

We saw your lecture.

We thought we have been silent for too long.

And it's time we took a stand and made a point.

Oh.

Narada Muni blessed me.

With the ability to communicate in the language of your world.

He opened an account on this platform on my request, using his ability to manipulate subatomic particles at sheer will.

His speciality.

So, here I am.

Spying on me?

And the rest of us?

You have your own people for that.

There are images and there is shame.

Between the two the virtual world carries on.

We are not Peeping Toms.

Nor data miners.

Well, what's your agenda then?

We were intrigued by the title of your talk.

We watched carefully.

We found that only the title made sense.

We found the talk was cleverly made to disprove what the title suggests.

And the blame was put on money for everything wrong with your lives here.

Isn't it inhuman, even by atheist standards, to put the blame on something that cannot defend itself?

You took offence.

I did.

Here I am.



To set the records straight once and for all, before the world.

Through you, of course.

Why me?

Why not an economist?

You come with an interesting back story.

A very important part of your personal data I hold.

Go on.

Entertain me.

But first, for the benefit of those who will read this, talk about the second TVC you wrote.

The one that never got made.

Who will read this?

I'll tell you all about it.

Don't worry.

It is a much-needed interference in your lives.

Trust me.

All right all right.

Go on.

Your move.

Oh, the second TVC?

It opens with the close up of the face of God Narayana sleeping.

As we zoom out, we see Lakshmi is sleeping peacefully resting at his feet.

As we zoom further, we establish the Devis and Devatas around Narayana and the whole of Vaikunta sleeping peacefully.

On earth, a kid at his home, in his room, at night, under the bedsheets, unwraps a lollipop and starts to slurp it.

Narayana slurps in his sleep. We see one by one, all in Vaikunta making a sound, shown to be coming from the universe with big bold letters saying 'SLURP IT OUT, KIDS.'

We cut to the pack shot:

OM Candies.

VO says: For God's sake, give your kids the OM Candies.

Interesting.

Why didn't you make it.

The research!

The enemy of the creative common.

Suggested, it would alienate the other communities from buying the product.

Did you feel bad?

Yes.

My grandmother used to say Narayana himself eats when the kids eat.

There was some emotional and cultural insight into it.

It did make me sad for a few days

But I bounced back.

I see the name was OM.

Yes.

It had been a great brand for over 50 years.

A family business started earlier.

But, times have changed.

Now?

They shut down.

Why?

Well, some big firm bought them.

And closed down.

Om guys were known for traditional Indian savouries aimed at kids and adults.

Lollipop was their mistake.

As it got them noticed as competition.

Now, let me tell you an interesting story.

I am sure this will hook you up.

And you'll be glad that you stopped pretending you have something else to do.

You may also find this is the most important thing you've ever done.

Go on.

There was a time when Lord Krishna was about to leave this planet.

All right.

I'll suspend my disbelief for a while.

Yes please.

Isn't that what the creative ask for from the world to present their idea.

Often.

At that time, there was a thief who had mastered the knack of stealing things people used the least.

So, people never realised something was missing from their homes.

In fact, they didn't know that the stolen things even existed in their homes.

Also, the thief was very clever at his acts.

He ran a shop in another village showcasing and selling the things he had stolen from various villages.

The shop used to do well.



The owner said,

'Yeah, don't worry about it.

Just do the job.'

The servant went and killed the customer.

And came back to the owner to report.

The owner realizing his mistake, ordered the parrot to be killed too.

The servant went back to do so.

But by then there were people and the royal guards had arrived.

The servant seeing this, was about to disappear from there, but the parrot started shouting 'killer... killer.'

Everybody caught the killer.

The killer was brought to the royal court and the king asked the him, if he accepts the charges of murder.

The servant said, 'yes.'

The King asked for the reason for killing.

The servant said, he is an instrument in the hands of the supreme lord, who had devised a plan to kill the person who was destined to be killed.

The king got curious and asked how it was so.

The servant said, his guru had taught him when he was a child that everything happens in this world according to what is called Karma Sutra.

Even a blade of grass, every grain of sand is placed in a certain place and time, for a certain purpose.

The wise would know the reason and logic behind each and every movement in this world.

The king, curious yet, asked why he chose to kill the person and what was the motive.

The servant said, it was his destiny to kill him.

The king told him, that he has something called free will and he could have exercised it to do what is right and refrain from doing harm to others.

The servant said that he uses his free will in the matters that are within his understanding.

But in the matters beyond his understanding, he acts according to the will of those who know better.

Killing someone was not the matter of his understanding, so he depended on destiny that had created a situation where he had to kill.

The king ordered his guards to find out who could be responsible for the murder and kept the servant imprisoned until then.

The guards investigated and came to know that the thief, the owner of the shop and the master of the accused servant was the real culprit.

They brought him to the royal court.

The king asked the head of the guards, how did he find out the motive for the murder.

The head of the guard said, he had taken the parrot into custody from the crime scene and had been taking care of it, feeding it every day.

The verse said by the parrot went like this.

“From the whole comes the whole. Even when the whole is taken from the whole, the whole remains as whole. Om Peace, peace, peace.”

Knowing it as the verse from the Ishavasya Upanishad, the head of the guards, went to the village to find out who the master of the parrot was.

He found out from the villagers that the victim was a kind man who loved taking care of his garden, and was living the life of an ascetic.

He often openly wished that he be called back to the lord as he had no desires to fulfil on this earth.

Every day, he used to wish and pray that his life be useful to someone and he may attain liberation as he had seen the futility and the purpose of life, as narrated in Srimadh Bhagavatam.

The king after hearing this, came to conclusion that the servant may be sent to prison for killing an ascetic man.

The thief owner of the shop may be banished from the kingdom.

And the parrot be kept in the palace, near the temple, free to speak what it desires.

So the thief owner of the shop lived in forest wandering alone, wondering how he had lived his life. And died one day.

He was taken to the court of the Lord of death, where he received punishment to be born as a worm in shit for 10,000 lives, for the killing the customer who had gone to the shop to buy the bell.



After spending 10,000 years in hell going through all that hell offered as described in various scriptures, he was reborn again on earth as you.

The parrot was reborn as the client you write your first TVC for.

The ascetic having attained liberation is never to be born again and remains the permanent resident of the world I come from.

He, out of compassion sent me to you, to tell you this.

It is one of the reasons why I chose you.

And why it had to be you.

I lost you somewhere.

All right.

Assuming it maybe so.

I don't get the logic about how things happened in your story.

It's a pure display of infinite permutation and combination according to the collective, the individual Karma, and the sum of it.

An interpretation of the whole seen, experienced, acted upon by various beings according to their Karma.

Explain.

There was a famous fake guru who happened to have an honest disciple come to him, amongst many.

Despite the guru, that disciple became enlightened.

There was a house lizard in the ashram that used to observe what happened between the fake guru and the staunch disciple.

The disciple had come to the guru with a strong devotion in the teachings of the guru, as lovingly advertised by his followers.

The clever guru who knew the ways of the world used to be cautious about his behaviour with that particular disciple.

Because he was worried that he will lose the respect of the disciple, if at any point he comes to know that the guru is fake.

So he avoided confrontation with him, but made sure he put up a clean image of himself, especially with effort, in front of the disciple.

The house lizard decided that the guru had some shame about his dishonesty with the world and he deserved to be a good disciple in his next life. It wished itself to become a guru in its next life.

The great lizard prayed likewise, to the God with all its sincerity.

Hence, the fake guru, because of one true disciple became eligible to be a real disciple, in his coming life, to wash away his sins for all that he did, as a fake guru.

Is this your answer?

I don't get it.

Yes.

You will, if you pay attention to our conversation.

Go ahead.

But you have things to do.

No. You have all my attention.

Yes. But, there is a pitch tomorrow, for which you need to prepare.

How do you know that?

Well, the meeting is about you investing your money in a startup?

Yes.

I am money. It is in my interest to witness it.

What will you do?

Just be a witness to the meeting and oversee how you perform and what you do.

So that I can tell my friend Chitra Gupta what exactly happened in the meeting whenever, if ever, a situation arises.

Where I have to do my duty as a witness for the good of you and the world at large in your current life.

And the ones you may have to have in future, because of your every action in the meeting.

Are you there?

Yes.

This is too much to digest.

I must take a break or a beer.



# Session 2