

/ How trade frames happiness

Anything other than that Ikigai and Mojo is a circus of which we are all hapless jokers playing to the tune of the pied piper from the hoardings and screens with the desire to be seen in a procession.

“If making the world a better place” has indeed been the generous claim of most top companies in the world, One wonders why small countries like Burundi, Congo, Niger, Malawi, Mozambique or Madagascar have ‘escaped’ their attention. Some of these countries have a GDP less than a billion Dollars even as the reserves of some of the top companies may have in excess of a trillion dollars each.

That ‘escape’ is inadvertent and not deliberate. It is driven by neuroplasticity.

Eyes feed the mind and the mind now only sees what the eyes want it to see. Those nations don't fall within the spectrum of a good vision.

Six-Sigma of Happiness

While business has replaced the business of life and the matrix of their progress is studied in the graph of balance sheets, one wonders where is the elusive promise to make the life of its employee under stress or customer under its spell any happier, let alone make the world better.

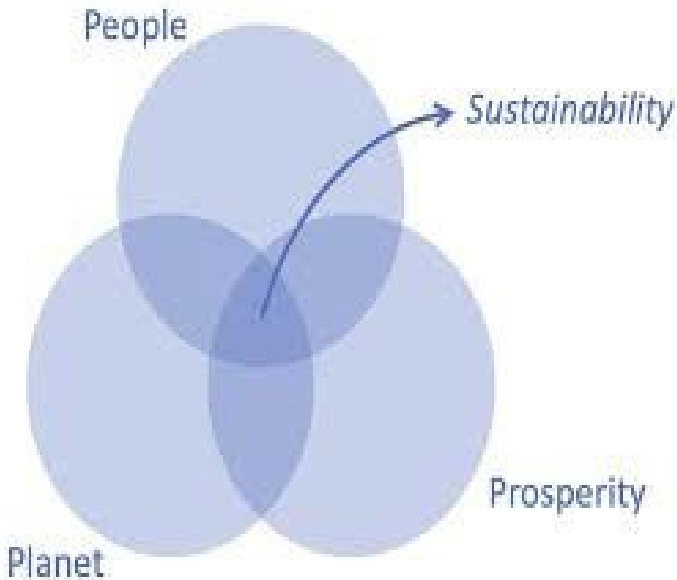
The internal customer or the employee at this stage is constantly under the threat of losing her or his job if s/he isn't able to meet the next quarterly target.

The HR justifies this 'retrench' as 'refresh' and even careful productive pruning. The high performers too reach the level of their incompetence sooner or later and turn into corpses while Corporations are built on this high pile of such corpses and the Pied Piper plays on.

Poverty, disease and hunger must dance naked while some logos must bedazzle you on the hoardings on the 5th. street at Manhattan inviting you to their claim of making the world a better place even as a half eaten 'apple' never sees mildew and their colorful 'windows' must remain closed to the sounds of hungry breath in Burundi or Madagascar.

If a coke's success is measured in the caliber and girth of its cash flow, well then here '*lies*' (*pun intended: lies*) its '*truth*' about its god being better than Pepsi's or vice versa. The promised happiness from this thirst quencher then is reduced to mere momentary fizz

and fury that goes flat soon thereafter.



Lets invoke the bard again from Macbeth, “..and then way to dusty death. Life is but a poor player that struts and frets its hour upon the stage and then is heard no more. It’s a tale told by an idiot full of sound and fury, signifying nothing!”

The point being that social capital must be built. Altruism must be at the core of a business and not just claims of making a better world.

Such a corporation would be built as a citadel on the solid foundation of bricks piled by happy souls that lent their hands to it and not a biblical fable such as that of the Tower of Babel.

When the missionaries came to Africa they had the Bible and we had the land. They said 'Let us pray.' We closed our eyes. When we opened them we had the Bible and they had the land.

Desmond Tutu