

Chapter 1 : Blue Blood and Mutiny - Wikipedia

Blue Blood and Mutiny explains how the merger between Dean Witter and Morgan Stanley played out, with Philip Purcell taking charge of the company after the merger, then being Read more Published on January 8,

Sumana Roy October 6, Houses in small towns have strange nicknames. But naming houses after the colour of walls is something I learned much before that. When I was in junior school, the school captain and her sister lived in a house that fell on our way home from school. From our tin box school vans we spied on them in awe and wonder, the two sisters with long plaits hanging from their first storied balconies. I envied them this appellation for years in spite of the yellow-dirty fellow rhymes that kept me off that colour. That was until my mother, an explorer on a cycle rickshaw on Saturday mornings, this of course nearly three decades ago, took me to visit an old college friend in an old part of our small town. Once inside the house, my nine year old eyes gradually registered the assembly and assemblage of blue: In the dying afternoon light, the globe proved to my brother and me that ours was indeed a blue planet. My brother and I moved around the house like immigrants in a new world. Snatches of conversation between the only two adults in the house, Kumkum mashi and my mother, reached me – she complained to my mother, once her roommate in a college hostel in Calcutta, how her life had changed after marriage. I was too young to understand the dynamics of adult relationships, but the tone of her voice made me feel that this was a happy complaint, the kind my mother made to my father about us, when we asked her for extra servings of food. This made Kumkum mashi furious, and she replied in a voice that was bristly with anger. Instead, she took us by our hands, closed the iron gate behind her, and called out to a cycle rickshaw. Later that night, I overheard my parents speaking. But this was more than a century ago. But it had not ended there. Among married Hindu women, the colour of kumkum is usually a shade of red. Perhaps my mother understood that, and I never heard her calling her friend by her old name again. We visited Neel Kuthi a couple of times a year – the snacks were always exquisite, and that museum world was like visiting a park. But all this was much later. That night, as I overheard my parents discussing this strange word, I wondered what it might mean. Recently, when I began attempting to make my own indigo dye from leaves of an Indigofera species, my mother threw a fit. There was no way she would let me do this – did I not remember how the plant had destroyed a family? Other stories came tumbling out: In the morning, when my mother came to wake him up for his early morning cricket camp, she found the pillow splattered in blood, his nose still bleeding. The ring was immediately transferred to the bank locker where it has lived since then. A branch of her paternal family had lost lives and livelihood to it. Over the next few days, whenever I visited her in the evening, she inspected my hands for traces of the dye, her fear making her preclude the possibility of my having used rubber gloves. At that time, the literatures we invoked were completely different in nature. Glowing Colours from the Plant World, like a prayer. Pour boiling soft water over the leaves, enough for the dye bath that you require. Leave the leaves to steep for twenty to thirty minutes, then strain off the sherry-coloured liquid, squeezing the leaves to extract all the dye. The leaves can be kept and reused for a further dye bath, giving you a tan colour The play, set in February-March of in Bengal, is about the refusal of tenant farmers to grow indigo on their fields as a protest against the exploitative and violent mechanisms used by the British. I had neither read the play nor watched it being performed, but when my mother began paraphrasing parts of it, it seemed that I had been born with the story in my subconscious. How else could I recollect it in images? My father, who usually chooses silence during what to him are inconsequential conversations, brokered the link between what I thought I knew but could not remember how. A few sentences back and forth, and it turned out that he was right: I had watched the social reformer Iswar Chandra Vidyasagar, Harish Chandra Mukherjee, the editor and journalist associated with the Hindu Patriot, the poet Michael Madhusudan Dutt, all these men from history discussing the effect of forced indigo cultivation on the poor tenant farmers in Bengal. But the people and the places in it were a blur for me. My interest in indigo had been its colour alone – I had come to it to turn blue. But even before my nails, that part of the human body that catches colour before everything else, had turned blue, I found myself surrounded by stories of cruelty that the plant had generated. I asked myself, knowing I would never have an answer. And yet, plants and their

produce had generated such human cruelty – coffee, cocoa, sugar, cinchona. Why should indigo have surprised me then? Perhaps it was my naive refusal to accept that humankind could place such great emphasis on a colour. Why was blue so important after all? Jenny Balfour-Paul, in her extraordinary book *Indigo: Southeast Asian mythology*, for example, is full of indigo stories. In Liberia a tale is told of the way post-menopausal women gained from the High God the secret of blue dyeing with indigo thanks to a seeress who broke off a piece of blue sky to eat after which the sky was pulled up high out of reach. The rareness of blue dyes compared with yellows is echoed in the vegetable kingdom at large. Blue flowers are much less common than yellow for example, and edible blue substances are almost non-existent. In the medieval and Byzantine worlds blue was associated with divinity and humility, and in India with infinity and the capricious god Krishna. Many see it as a spiritual or reassuring colour, standing for loyalty, as opposed to yellow, the colour of cowards. Mitra, the playwright, had made a similar catalogue of colloquialisms and sayings in nineteenth century Bengal. Why do they not kill me at once? I can never show myself ungrateful. That eldest Babu, who has preserved my caste; he through whose influence I am living here; he, who by preserving my plough and the cows, is preserving my life – shall I by giving false evidence throw the father of that Babu into prison? I can never do that; I would rather give my life. Before sticks there can be no words; the stroke of Shamchand is a very terrible thrust. Have we a film on our eyes; did we not serve our eldest Babu? But, then, what can we do? If we do not give evidence they will never keep us as we are. Wood Saheb stood upon my breast and blood began to fall drop by drop. And the feet of the horse were, as it were, the hoofs of the ox. Grinding his teeth with anger Why do you speak of the nails? My heart is bursting with having seen this blood. What do I say? I am only a hireling and keep men under me. When I heard about the plan which our master formed, I immediately refused to take any Indigo business on my hand, saying I shall never work for that. Why was I then confined in the godown? I thought that serving under him at this time, I shall be able to make a good collection and shall be able to attend to my friend; but I am rotting here in this place for five days, and again I am to go to that Andarabad. He is a person of a good family. Why should he go to the Indigo Planters? We have now understood, these Planters are the low people of Belata. Then how did the late Governor Saheb go about all the Indigo Factories, being feasted like a bride-groom just before the celebration of the marriage. Did you not see that the Planter Sahebs brought him to this Factory well-adorned like a bride-groom? I think he has some share in this Indigo Company. Can the Governor take a share in Indigo affairs? He came to increase his fame. If God preserve our present Governor, then we shall be able to procure something for our sustenance; and the great burden of Indigo shall no more hang on our shoulders. With fear I die. If the ghost of this burden once attack a person, is it true that it does not quit him soon? My wife said so. And after this, the group of men go on to catalogue a tragicomic list of homespun sayings that the forced planting of indigo by the British planters have generated. A farmer wants to grow paddy – what will his family eat otherwise, he asks. Elsewhere, in Calcutta, Michael Madhusudan Dutt and Harish Mukherjee, the editor of the *Hindu Patriot*, meet to discuss a series that the latter is writing on the indigo farmers of Bengal. Harish tells him that such an opinion can only be held by a city dweller, and that Dutt may know a lot about the ways of the Englishman but not enough about his own people. Soon scenes of violence and coercion follow: Farmers are starving and dying because of the compulsion to grow indigo while the European middleman grows wealthier. Harish Mukherjee asks, almost in a rhetorical manner of speaking, why farmers should be forced to grow indigo when they could paddy or any other food crop. Dutt wishes he could do something about it. Your plays, your poems Your command over both English and Bangla My friend Dinabandhu Mitra has written a play titled *Neel Darpan*. Will you translate it? Benegal, the director of the series, takes us to a performance of *Neel Darpan*. The farmers are complaining about the tortuous conditions. They are dressed in indigo blue kurta and white lowers.

Chapter 2 : [PDF] Blue Blood and Mutiny Revised Edition | calendrierdelascience.com

Blue Blood and Mutiny: The Fight for the Soul of Morgan Stanley is a non-fiction book by American journalist and historian Patricia Beard. The book was initially published by William Morrow on September 18,

Those who called the Group of Eight conservative and accused its members of being stuck in the past forgot that the firm had remained preeminent because, while its executives were nimble, creative, and aggressive, they also kept certain underlying values alive. Chief among those were the emphasis on meritocracy, ethics, and an inclusive, debate-driven partnership. As late as , Morgan Stanley had only 34 general partners, 4 limited partners, and employees, of whom 65 were professionals. It was meagerly capitalizedâ€”in , former chairman Perry E. The business was dominated by "relationship banking," underwriting equity and debt for the blue chip companies of smokestack America. The first Morgan financier was Junius Morgan, a London-based American, who emerged as an international banker in the mid-nineteenth century. Yet despite an enormously successful career, he operated in an era when the United States was still a debtor, not a creditor nation, and the Industrial Revolution was yet to hit its peak. Junius would be overshadowed in the history of business and the development of nations by his only surviving son, J. Pierpont Morgan, who began his career when the great opportunities were American and industrial. Morgan established himself in New York in , founded the company that bore his name, and focusing on "industrial architecture on the Jurassic scale," he set the pattern for the enormous corporations that dominated global industry. When Morgan Stanley was founded in , many of the great trusts and mergers J. Morgan put togetherâ€”steel, farm equipment, railroads, communicationsâ€”would become Morgan Stanley clients. Morgan Stanley was born during the Great Depression, not because that was a propitious time to start a new business, but because the Senate Banking and Currency Committee hearings on Wall Street practices challenged the primacy of the great private banks, and the Glass-Steagall Banking Act of required them to separate their commercial and investment banking businesses. Two years later, when interest rates were low and the economic climate was more favorable, a small group of J. From that time onward, J. In , Morgan organized another great merger, creating International Harvester, which controlled 85 percent of the U. One of the oldest associations was with General Electric: Morgan himself joined the GE board. While Morgan Stanley inherited and then earned the respect and trust of industrial America, the firm was also bequeathed the responsibility and public attention that went with a great name. At a time when the United States had no central bank, the Morgans came to the rescue in times of economic crisis, earning the firm and its principals the awe and, often, the distrust of the general public. In , when U. The Morgan and Rothschild interests secured the bonds with a reserve of 3. The issue sold out, and J. Morgan turned a profit:

Chapter 3 : Indigo: Becoming Blue, Blue Mutiny, Blue Blood | Warscapes

Blue Blood and Mutiny has ratings and 13 reviews. Todd said: One of the most interesting descriptions of the Investment Banking meltdown of Put.

Chapter 4 : The 'grumpy old men' who led a bank mutiny - The Boston Globe

Patricia Beard's Blue Blood & Mutiny guides readers through this boardroom brawl, which ended with Purcell's resignation and \$ million golden parachute. A history of a venerable global institution spiced with first-rate management gossip.

Chapter 5 : Patrick Beard - Blue Blood & Mutiny - Library of trader

By Patricia Beard.

Chapter 6 : Blue Blood and Mutiny: The Fight for the Soul of Morgan Stanley - Patricia Beard - Google Books

RESUMEN Blue Blood and Mutiny Revised Edition The inside story of the power struggle that rocked Wall Street's most prestigious financial institution What began with a shot over the bow ended in a shocking coup d'etat.

Chapter 7 : Patrick Beard " Blue Blood & Mutiny - Amazon for Trader

The inside story of the power struggle that rocked Wall Street's most prestigious financial institution What began with a shot over the bow ended in a shocking coup d'etat.

Chapter 8 : Blue Blood and Mutiny (ebook) by Patricia Beard |

Blue Blood & Mutiny. Anyone but John Mack Purcell was on the high seas in the midst of a perfect storm, but he was still on board, and the Eight were tapping their feet in.

Chapter 9 : "Blue Bloods" My Aim Is True (TV Episode) - IMDb

'Blue blood' is a metaphor, he said, one should not treat it literally. Neel babu's malady, all those who knew him conceded, was that he believed in the royalty of the blue dye, and that he, by tying his destiny with the indigo plant, wanted to become a transferred epithet.