

## A neglected graveyard

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Dennis Howlett was the man who persuaded me to blog. He's got a lot to answer for.

He wrote a [powerful blog of his own yesterday under the above title](#). He introduced his theme saying:

*Most readers will know that I offshored myself some 15 years ago. Some might remember that we drifted into Spain sometime around 2006, the country I'd like to call home but which is increasingly feeling like a dreadfully poor choice.*

And he concluded:

*Spain is riddled with contradictions. Yes, the wealthy are largely unaffected. Yes, the sun still shines in the south for some 300 days a year. Yes, the country is corrupt across multiple dimensions. And yes, local people try to keep smiling.*

*But when the perceived economic wisdom is that crippling the ordinary man in the street is the way to catapult an economy out of recession then you have to wonder — are our elected officials all dis-eased with a collective madness that has forgotten its recent, poverty stricken past? Where is the ethical compass in that? Why should the banking fraternity remain untouchable?*

*None of it makes sense. So when I am asked what I will do, my overwhelming feeling is that the place I want to call home seems more like a neglected graveyard. An unwelcome place. I am wondering whether there is a fit place where I can look forward to a peaceful retirement. That's sad.*

This is what the politics of austerity - the politics of the bankers - delivers. Sadness, at best. Much worse to come, possibly.

I'd recommend the whole blog.