

Disobedient Subjects

Course Brief

Aastha Deshpande

Disobedience of bodies creates sites of revolution, reinvention, and beauty, compelling us to examine the human experience and its spatialities. Using defiance of norm as a mode of enquiry the elective will unpack some larger themes of speculation and argument—Neologism, Attention, and Culture; Design as a function of Empathy; and Who are the Sites of Knowledge?—and tie them to notions that create the inhabited world. Students will be encouraged to articulate what they See. Read. Write. Listen to, while always asserting the will to Incubate-Incubate-Incubate.

As complexities of the world come to infringe upon humanity with sheer visibility of consciousness, consequences, and inequalities, designers/disruptors of the future cannot afford to look away. The course will encourage discourse around biases by identifying and questioning them, rather than striving for 'objectivity/neutrality' (a fallacy like many other western notions of rhetoric and academic rigour). Through debate anchored in critical thinking, students will be urged to sit with their discomforts, watch biases shift and move, and look at the world with a curiosity rather than cynicism or even unchecked optimism.

Kintsugi



Kintsugi(金継ぎ, "golden joinery"), is the Japanese art of repairing broken pottery by mending the areas of breakage with lacquer dusted or mixed with powdered gold, silver, or platinum. This process symbolises a reconciliation with the flaws and accidents of time reinforcing some big underlying themes of Zen. As a philosophy, it treats breakage and repair as part of the history of an object, rather than something to disguise. The essence of Kintsugi is the practice of focusing one's intention on life's hidden beauty and power. Transformative power. Though the original form of the vase has been forever damaged, through Kintsugi's alchemy, the essence of its beauty, not only survives, it thrives. It is a way of living that embraces every flaw and imperfection.

STRIPES

Avantika Padalkar

For some people stretch marks are more like 'stress marks'. At least this is how I've noticed amongst people. Starting from my mother who keeps on reminding me about the stretch marks on her stomach, how it caused due to her pregnancy, and how her skin got ruined because of me and my brother. Or how one of my friends who constantly feels depressed and uncomfortable looking at herself standing in front of the mirror every single time.

Stretch marks usually appear after a drastic weight change, whether you've gained weight or lost it. You can get them from a growth spurt when you were younger. A lot of women tend to have stretch marks on their thighs, hips, buttocks, and breasts. As normal as stretch marks are many women and men are self-conscious about their stripes. They are in constant self-doubt and self-pity, they somehow just want to get rid of them or wish it wasn't there in the first place. Thoughts about them hating themselves, their bodies, their skin, and questioning themselves comes to their mind.

After my mom's pregnancy, she tried everything she could to get rid of her stretched skin. Using all kinds of oils, creams, etc. But obviously, the treatment didn't make much difference. This made her very stressed and sad about how she looked now, how her stretch marks would be visible when she'll wear a saree, and how her stomach became loose and all marked up. She used to get insecure, frustrated, and angry because of it. Sometimes she used to get so frustrated that she used to tell us to look at what happened to my skin by giving birth to you guys. But eventually, she started to accept her scars as it is a symbol or beautiful marks which remembers her of her pregnancy journey and how she was happy during that journey, and when she gave birth to me and my elder brother.

It taught me that all these stretch marks are part of the process of blossoming into the gorgeous women or men you are. They represent a journey of you and your life. Everyone has stretch marks and they're a natural part of our body's growth. Whether you're tall, short, curvy, or slender it is okay as all bodies stretch! That's what makes us beautiful. They are like 'tiger stripes' which gives us an example of just how fierce and incredible our body is. They are like those natural tattoos or works of art which come along with one's journey.

ACT OF INCLUSIVITY

Prarthna Shah

So many kinds of different people are everywhere around us. In school, college, canteen, workplace and even in our families! Some are skinny, fat, fair dark, less expressive, some outgoing extroverts. We all interact with each other. But at some point maybe knowingly or unknowingly we kind of separate people from us. People are judged over their dressing style, looks, economic background, religion, race, communication skills and so much more. Talking about introverts, they are looked at as different people and separated from others, ignored. Their ideas/ opinions are often overseen/ neglected. These actions can be a reaction of actions made by introverts themselves. But unknowingly what happens as a result of these things is that they start losing confidence in themselves. They don't participate in discussions. They feel their opinions do not matter or are not very significant, which may not be the case. They also have amazing ideas in their minds. The reason behind them not speaking up can be that they are comfortable speaking out loud in public having a fear of getting insulted or maybe they can explain it better or are comfortable in some other method of communication. Respecting every method of interaction is very important. It can be due to various reasons, past incidents in their lives or can just be their natural behaviour. So what can be done? Firstly, I feel every method of communication expression should be accepted in our society. At start, may be extroverts who can speak up without hesitation encourage the introverts to speak up. They can help create a safe space for the introverts to express their thoughts. Respecting each other's opinions, listening to them, including them in discussion and decision making can be initiated by others so they feel comfortable. Even introverts should strive to speak up and decrease the gap between them and extroverts. These small actions of kindness, respect, acceptance can be the golden lacquer for one of the many cracks existing in our lives.

KEEP IT QUIET

Astha Desai

A recent conversation with my friends about a male student confessing his feelings to another in their college sparked an interest. The sender was left in isolation, constantly glanced at and joked upon by the majority of the students and later asking my friend about his position, came to know he too had sadly joined the majority. He argued that though he has no problem with one expressing their feelings in private, why should they do it in public? He also said people 'showing' how gay they are bothered him and questioned if it was even necessary as the LGBTQIA+ community has already been granted laws for practising and expressing homosexuality so they could do their own thing quietly. Whenever I am reminded of this, it makes me feel a bit shocked and disappointed. This conversation opened up a spectrum of questions. How law, religion and education partake in setting a collective opinion of homosexuality? How is gay people expressing their feelings in public any different to the straights as media has loaded us with examples of fearless public heterosexual confession and affection? People's past teaching and beliefs get challenged and they feel attacked. Their questioning though from a curious and argumentative perspective still show how blatant hypocrisy and bias prevails when limits are set on how others express themselves especially because you are sensitive towards it. This shows us how acceptance is farce unless we are ready to treat everyone as equals and openly talk about it with respect. Homophobia can be lessened by the education system actively participating in conversation with students and parents. Although law has recently decriminalised homosexuality, it still remains secretive as queerness is considered a sin in our society. I hope I get a chance to have a proper dialogue with my friends about the topic and succeed in changing their point of view.

BEREAVEMENT

Unnati Gandhi

As human beings, we suffer losses of many kinds and sizes in our lifetime. While some of these losses are small and do not hurt much, some are big and hurt deeply. Those that are accompanied by pains that are difficult to bear include the loss of a loved one through death, or loss of good health, a change in your career, or the ending of a long relationship or a friendship.

The grief of loss is hurting and often unbearable. It is not easy to have a positive view of life when one is hurting. Grieving is a very personal journey which has no set timeframe and one that cannot be avoided. Some take years to heal while some heals faster. For me, I lost my maternal grandfather due to a pandemic and paternal grandmother due to heart attack back to back in less than two months. This was an extremely challenging time for me and my family, where we experienced immense grief. Social support is

critical during the grieving process and I am very grateful for the love and support I received from my family, friends and relatives throughout this period.

Months or years after the grief experience when one has recovered, one can see traces of growth as a result of going through a painful experience. Some people are able to see positive changes as a result of the unfortunate situation. Increasing your social life is one of many ways to quickly help the person get over the grief that they are experiencing.

Many people who experience a loss often experience such kinds of feelings where they feel intensely angry at the loved one for dying and leaving them, some replay the memories of the last days or hours they had spent together, start to cry at unexpected times, mainly forget about the importance of self-care. During such times accept the support offered by those around us, be patient and remember to not compare yourself to other grievers. Grief is not the same for everyone. We should open our eyes to the delights around us and start appreciating little things.

THE FRACTURED.

Sanjeeta Patil

A formal union, social and legal contract between two individuals that unites their lives physically, legally, socially, economically and emotionally is called a **Marriage**. But this 'Institution of Marriage' defined socially as_ what provides you security in a relationship, adding a layer to your identity. It is also termed as a "socially sanctioned" relation of two individuals. A family is termed incomplete without marriage. Doesn't this add social restrictions and confines your freedom?

So, what happens when this formal union fails emotionally but not socially?

That is being with someone that you no longer feel emotionally attached to, just for the sake of norms that have been imposed culturally, religiously and socially. What it does is, it corrupts your identity, and self-will and something that is termed to be an important part of your life, (i.e this marriage) becomes a Pretence.

Many choose to live with this pretence for the rest of life, fulfilling the promise of till death do us apart. While some decide to step out of it and carry on with their life, **separately**.

Separation after marriage is mostly categorised as divorce or on the verge of being divorced by society because society looks at such relations as **Fractured**, something that needs to be either mended or something that ends up in the trash bin.

The act of Divorced is expensive. Not just in terms of money, it also consumes your time, effort and if the appeal is not mutual, there is no guarantee of the outcome being according to your terms.

But what if one doesn't want a divorce?

The idea of being separated physically from a person, say, living in two different houses that are a few blocks away. Acknowledging your emotional damage and reassembling, while still being in a relationship 'on paper.'

The separation of two people or a relationship leaves scars. Always. But more damage is done by society. The fingers pointed and the audible whispers of

gossip, it damages people more than being separated. Especially for women. It doesn't just change your identity, it also adds a Label to your identity that lives with you for the rest of your life. Many times it might hamper your career and social life. The gazes that burn a hole in your self-confidence, the taunts behind sympathetic voices that add a layer to your emotional damage. *Now, how can you cope with this? Pay bills? How will you run your house? Will you be able to do many chores in your house? How will you survive without your **better half?***

As if you were less of a human before this relationship. If reassembling your broken pieces, healing your emotional damage, paying your own bills, being independent and being comfortable in your own skin is considered as "incomplete", Then isn't it Better to be Half that society's idea of a Whole.

Expectations.

Pranav Kadambi

Growing up, my older brother and I studied in the same school. We had the same teachers for our subjects, and as I moved up the grades the faculty never changed. My brother was quite exceptional in the academic sense and was very consistent with good grades across all subjects. He participated in school events, competitions and was good with our teachers.

I, on the other hand, wasn't so consistent with my grades, and neither did I excel in the competitions held at school. I knew this very well at the time, and even though I tried putting in efforts, I would be above average at best.

Being the younger 'non-achiever' brother in whatever sense that means, I would receive a lot of slack from the teachers who taught me.

“Why don't you learn from your brother, be more like him”

“No one would believe you're his brother, look at him”

Constantly being compared to my brother, and a constant reminder that I'm not up to the mark of certain standards and expectations. The fact that people's expectations of me were set by someone else bothered me, and it was not my brother to blame. I always wondered why he was so perfect.

The teachers made me start to question myself, and my worth. I started to believe that there was something fundamentally wrong with me. I began to compare myself with my brother, something which I had never done before when it came down to academics. I started to have an image of what an 'ideal student' should be.

For my brother, being the first child brought far more expectations from the side of the family, though it was never said out loud. He was to be the responsible one, and the brother who must get it right, the first time, everytime. Having no older siblings to depend on for help, he was largely independent and learnt how to do things on his own, which was not the case for me. I had the luxury of learning from him.

Shifting schools and having a new environment allowed me to realise that everybody is different with varied capabilities. It showed me that some people might be good in certain skills that I am not, and I might be good in some skills that others are not. I learnt to accept myself rather than striving to be what someone else considered ideal. I learnt to love my own process of learning. Everyone has different paces and varied areas they excel at, unlike the homogeneous method of positioning people according to their academic achievements.

Nationalism.

Yash Bhandari

(INDIAN EDUCATION SYSTEM) IES has been the backbone of millions of dreamers, aspirants, and freethinkers. The right way to success, some might say. But what happens after those 12 years of lost innocence? Where do these dreams land?. We've been taught no, rather fed the national anthem, pledge, the sole identity of our country yet we don't know the meaning of it. We are grated through subjects like cheese, we've been exposed to violence and injustice at such a young age that we grow with them, they are engraved in us, those values shape our identity. Subjects like Civics, Political Science, History are strategically portrayed as least important or subjects which don't hold more marks so we don't learn much about them. That we stay away from understanding what rights are. Why is it so important to teach us formulas and theorems as a basic necessity of our life rather than who Dr. Ambedkar was, communism, secularism, why are such important notions about our history, people known to us through movies or media?. Nationalism is rooted in us since very young age and we grow with it, we grow up believing in such stereotypical norms about caste, gender, race & culture, we're fabricated with truth which is accepted by the society

How can we fill these cracks? What can we do?

What if we started recognising them in the first place, there is a problem.

Reprinting the same textbooks, adding a new chapter or rather skipping some chapter won't do much, but inculcating the same ideas that our taught us, freedom of speech, freedom of choice, right to information, if we shift aside our biases, political fear and start considering students at the centre of this circle, we might go a long way, we won't produce labourers anymore.

Ways of Spirituality

Ninad Thatte

In many families, religion is a significant thing in life. From your childhood, you are taught about your religion's practices. I have been taught many things about mine. I was told to practise them at certain times or events of the day. But as I grew up, I started to find it difficult to follow those timings and events as I was busy with some other things. But then my parents used to scold me sometimes for not following. I then tried to follow it in my own way and used to do it silently wherever I was or whatever I was doing. It was also not a thing that they liked. It was only those timings and the events when they wanted it to be done in front of them.

Sometimes it used to feel like a punishment. This started to make me hate the ways which we used to follow and I started to take every opportunity to not follow them. Now it has just come to practising it when there is a function in the house or there is a festival. Still, sometimes I have to do it when forced on other occasions, but that is never of my own will, it is just for the sake of doing it. But when they are performing it I only join them willingly on random occasions or reciting what they are saying in my mind.

Many people make you feel guilty for not following these practices. But not following the practices does not always mean you do not pray at all. It is just that your ways of doing it might not be traditional and they just differ from theirs. Everyone has their own way of living. At a given time they have their own priorities. As we do work in our own way, even though there are some distinct ways of working, we mould it in a way that we can comfortably complete the work. Similarly, the ways that people follow religion should not always be questioned about it. Not everything which is displayed is the only thing that is being done. So if someone practices alone or without anyone seeing them, it also has the right to still be accepted as equally as the one which is seen by others.

Be yourself !

Vidhi Shah

Discomforts can be defined in many ways. It may be pain to someone, some cracks in their life or maybe the feeling of uneasiness. I describe it as a few letters engraved on a ceramic tile. It has always been a pain in my nerve to me whenever I think about it.

I have been playing with guys since I was a small kid. My best friends were also guys and my parents were never saying me no or never asking me not to play with them. I have also grown up wearing mostly pants, shirts and t-shirts and sometimes wearing tops and skirts. My parents would always put me up with such activities which were first said to be "activities done by boys" like playing football, learning karate and many more. I was told to be bold and brave and not be fragile and timid like how everyone had a thought of how a girl should be. I had never thought that my parents would tell me that I should be like a girl now and I should stop acting like a boy. I always used to question myself whether it was my fault to talk like a guy, act like a guy and even sometimes be bold enough to snap back at someone. My parents every day used to remind me to behave like a girl, sit like a girl, not to interact much with guys, etc.

Sometimes those aunties at the religious function would also say,

"Beta, dupatta pehna karo nahi toh Tumhe kisi ki buri nazar lag jayegi."

These tiny talks would also bother me many times unless i stopped listening to them. I started talking to my parents about it and told them my opinion that it's okay if a lady doesn't wear a dupatta and it's okay to go out with friends even though they are guys. I made them understand my point of view and even told them that they are not wrong also.

These aunties still do tell me that you should not be this way or you should not do that. Some even think that a girl should not hang out with a guy. This mentality is totally wrong. I find that even a girl or woman knows where she stands and she even knows when she should say a yes and when to refuse. Society always tries to overpower people, especially girls whose freedom is snatched by society. She is not allowed to go out for night-outs, some girls are not allowed to wear shorts or one piece in their life even after marriage. They are not allowed to live the night life and they get scolded if they come late at night from their workplace or maybe from any event.

Unpaid domestic work and women

Tanisi K

The dictionary definition of a job is "the regular work that a person does to earn money" or a paid position of regular employment.

We often hear and see in family dinners and other such occasions, women are told or joked at by saying

"Tu toh kuch karta nahi hai"

"bahar nahi jati hai tu.. ghar ka kaam hi toh karti hai"

People randomly saying that homemakers do not work and therefore are not productive is a questionable understanding. Household chores include a variety of tasks such as cooking, cleaning, child care, care for the elderly etc. These tasks were traditionally undertaken by the women of the household. Women are not treated with due respect. Homemakers are especially taken for granted and treated with little dignity. The care they provide is not only unpaid for but it also goes unacknowledged Almost as it is meant to be that way. Why is it so? Why do women who take care of homes get treated so poorly? What inspires people to come to the conclusion that these women are lazy and that they haven't done anything productive?

Here understanding the virtues and vices of the idea of productivity comes in. Keeping a house clean, managing its budget is by no means being unproductive. Productivity cannot be associated with just the monetary benefits. Just because house chores are not paid for does not mean that they are not contributing. These household chores can be done by hiring someone which would cost a minimum of 10,000 rupees in urban areas. The time women spend on taking care of others contributes to the household. By taking the time from the women of the family, men and children can afford to focus their energies elsewhere. For men household chores are not as important. They may

help when they feel like, which does not seem to be very often in this patriarchal society.

Domestic labour needs to be acknowledged, and women engaged in domestic labour deserve to be treated with dignity and respect. Women are human, they are not merely actors in the transactions of time.

Golden Shield

Sharvin Jangle

Growing up, I was made fun of for my choices, how I acted, how I spoke, how I walked, and how I did not fit into the expectations that they have created for a man. For me though, it felt perfectly fine. I felt that I am behaving just like any other person, any other guy. Honestly, I don't blame the kids either, we can be harsh as kids. I used to cry, not because I knew what they meant but because they were laughing at me. My parents got super protective of me. At first, they tried to restrict me in a way. They told me the differences, the boundaries of what a man and what a woman is, and tried to categorise my mannerisms but still I did not know what they were doing and why it affected them so much. I don't blame them either. My mother fought random strangers who called me a certain slur, and I looked at her and asked myself, why was this so important? So when I realised that there is a certain way that they expect me to be and act, I tried to follow it, both consciously and subconsciously. I tried to control how I sit, how I act, and how I walk. I tried to force masculine myself. I tried to make my walk stiffer. as if I wore a heavy shield.

I will not try to convince you that I am a victim in no way whatsoever because I was not. I bullied a lot of people as a reverse strategy. I felt it was okay to do that. In some ways, it gave me power too. Bully them before they bully you. So in no way, I was a good child. But still, that scar was there. I hated making new friends because the first thing that they would ask me is if I like girls or not. I used to skip any conversations about sports, I hated sports, and people on the field judged me a lot. So I skipped sports and any conversations about it. I hated going out of the house during summers, so as a child I spent a lot of time inside the walls of my home. to become who I am right now, took a lot of self-acceptance and self-confidence, lots of fights and rebellion. I realised that it's what makes me different. From hating that part about myself to accepting it and loving it the most. I realised that it is what makes me myself.

The truth

Sakshi S.

A few months ago I met with an accident where we 5 girls were on the way home and a bull hit us on the road. The fact that it was pretty late at night and we were in another city with no one else to look upto, all of us were scared. As we reached the hospital, the first thing that the doctor said after we narrated our story, was that we were making this up and that we were irresponsible and that's what caused this accident. The confidence in his tone was rather astonishing. Later when the police gathered to enquire about the situation, the questions were very absurd and rather disturbing. When friends, family and colleagues came to visit me in the hospital everyone asked me personally whether the story is true and "what really happened?"

The fact that no one believed us, not even our parents or our friends. At the time it felt we were fighting two battles, one being to get over the trauma caused by the accident and the other being called as irresponsible and blaming the whole situation as our fault and a very stupid attempt from our side to justify the story. Who would make up that a bull hit the vehicle at 12 in the night? Everyone has a notion in their heads that since girls are roaming outside and that too so late in the night, and not to forget in Goa, its easy to just assume it must be her fault. But why are we going into stereotypical notions in our head. It was rather difficult to explain people multiple times the story and then being called as negligent and careless. We didn't do anything wrong, it was just our fate. After a point we stopped justifying our answer and just played along. Till date my family thinks I am a bad driver ,which is what caused the accident, but I wasn't even driving that night in the first place. I had up till now seen this only in movies or television where victim blaming happens. Being on the recieving end of the comments and accusations, was not pleasant. On a small scale when we felt so much distress, I can only imagine how much pain would the sexual assault victims must have faced. Victim blaming is very common. This bias involves judging the victim and making it sound, "if i were in that situation i would have done that or you should have done that" Its very easy to stand in the audience and judge, but difficult to be present in the situation and fight it. Its better to keep our biases aside and not jump to conclusions.

WHAT IS NORMAL?

Swamini N

I was 8 walking through the corridors of school, announcing the notice in every class. I entered the class with the announcement. By the time I was done, the teacher said, ' thik se bolo'. This was the first time I realised that something in me was not *normal*. I could not pronounce the words with multiple 'R'. After the teacher told me this, everyone started laughing. This left me with no confidence. In my school days, I was an entertainment for people, as they always asked me to say words and when I couldn't, they started laughing.

Growing up and meeting new people with their own uniqueness made me feel normal. I began to talk in smaller groups of peoples and noticed their responses to my way of speaking, and over time I realised many people did not problematize my way of speaking, which made me regain my confidence slowly. But, I still am overcoming my discomfort at talking in larger groups, especially the one where you have to speak on mic.

You are born with a characteristic which separates you from the rest. It might be the way of speaking, body, hair, marks on your body, which you cannot change and people tend to mock these "unusualness" which impacts self esteem. But with time we learn to grow and accept with these imperfections , which makes us perfect.

It is difficult to overcome your flaws, but is it really a flaw? Or is it something that does not fit in the definition of normal? But what is normal? Aren't we all normal? Who has set the boundaries of becoming normal?

WHAT IS FEAR?

Shivani Patil

From childhood, I have often been told not to get too close to Muslims. My parents always told me to keep my distance. Whatever the conditions, such as don't eat from their tiffin or don't go to their houses, they always stop me from doing anything when it comes to Muslims. Somehow they hate them. They try to convince me that they are not our friends and they can't be. My parents had created a certain mindset. However, when I'm a child I have seen many scenarios which proves that what my parents told me is the truth. In my 10 years of schooling, since I'm a child, I have never questioned them. Why? I'm always scared and have a fear, that if I get too close to the Muslim people what if my parents scolded me or even beat me?

As I get older I have a little bit of courage to ask my parents What the reasons were for doing certain things. My parents have Muslim friends but somehow they are not too attached to them. Theirs, not the issue of back bitching but less trust in them. As I grew up I started questioning them and starting to understand Hindu-Muslim relations. There's no difference in personal religion for me, the person is just a Human Being. I try to convince my parents and talk to them. It may be through the smallest thing like the TV advertisement which shows that during the Ganapati festival the Muslims are doing tha namaz on the road and Hindus are waiting to finish the namaz and can take Ganpati ka murti to their houses.

However, in the back of my mind, I'm always conscious and scared. It has been so long my mind has taken the words which are said by my parents. It's the fear which has been created. Whether the fear of mine or else of my parents.

Idea of Hygiene

-Tejal Patil

I went to see dahi handi with my friends and while chatting with my friends one of my friends said i'm hungry let's eat something and actually we were all hungry at that time and I saw vada pav stall next to us. So I said let's go and eat vada pav. My friends shouted at me while pulling my hand, we can't eat there. I was standing confused and I asked what happened. You all want to eat something else or don't want to eat specially from this place. They said vada pav is okay but we can't eat from this stall. I was wondering what's happening? Why can't we eat there? They just said the guy who is making vada pav is actually a Buddhist. And if someone saw us eating there they would shout at us. I was still standing confused because this was all new to me. Then they said their grandparents and also their parents simply said they are not of or cast. They are low caste people. They and their house are not clean so they just don't eat don't even go to their house. And after this conversation I wasn't accepting the fact but we just left that place and went somewhere else to eat. That's all conversation was still roaming in my head, When I went home I asked the same question to my parents and surprisingly they also said the same thing but they also said u don't have restrictions but if you saw them leaving without cleanliness you only won't go there to eat. I asked them if they visited the house they said no but we know because earlier people used to say that. So they haven't seen anything closely but just made assumptions which are so powerful. But the thing is when you know that person you can't make any assumption and you will end up eating there. So what's the point?

Also rashaan that comes for everyone with the same quality may be the quantity and price will differ. I saw there are different lines for the low cast people and high caste people.

Then after this incident I started thinking about what happens when people start judging other people based on their looks , cast or class?

Also actually we see the people who are keeping our surroundings clean we are saying dirty to them.

How we can decide people with what cast he/she is?

If you haven't seen anything Whatever you call it as dirty?

What is your definition of cleanliness?

What is a sense of hygiene?

It's not actually a cleanliness or dirty thing that is defining this people it's actually a castisum.

Indian Household

Devesh Turakane

In today's time, the new generation seems to be very scared in pleasing their thoughts to the elders. Where does this come from?

Family?

Friends?

I personally think that this behavior gets raised in their home. It is seen that the older generation don't understand the thoughts and thinking of the newer ones which creates a very thin line of difference which over time turns into a big crack. Taking a stand for your thoughts don't work in Indian households these days. Parents generally think that their children are getting misled and then try to force their opinions on the kids which gets more wrong. Parents need to understand that there has been a generational shift and many things change with it. The way you observe your surrounding changes, the way you understand things changes and most importantly which circumstances you grow up in; all of this governing your mindscape and your capturing notions. Also with time, you yourself need to change and accommodate yourself in the newer world or else you'll be left behind and that's what is exactly happening with them. They are been left behind in terms of understanding the 'today'. They think they are totally fair when they force these ideas over their kids but the kids don't get to live by the today's ideas. Even when they try to take a stand for their freedom or personal thoughts, parents try to suppress them by saying "it's wrong and isn't allowed", which is a result of their past conditioning. Whenever kids try to do such, parents consider it an act of disrespect and back answering, which is not even thought by the kid.

Readings

- How to Write a Letter by Garrison Keillor
- How Reading Is Like Love by Italo Calvino on the Ecstasy of Surrendering to Other Dimensions of Experience
- The sound of your voice, On writing well by William Zinsser
- Rules for the study of natural philosophy, The Principia : Mathematical principles of natural philosophy by Isaac Newton
- Factors For The Rise Of English Neologisms English Language
- How new words are born by Andy Bodle
- Politics and the English Language, The Orwell Foundation
- Tongue-Tied, Bitch Media
- Eleven Ways to Love by Dhruvo Jyoti
- forms of assembly by Mason White
- What Fullness Is | Roxane Gay on getting weight reduction by Roxane Gay