

# NUDGE //

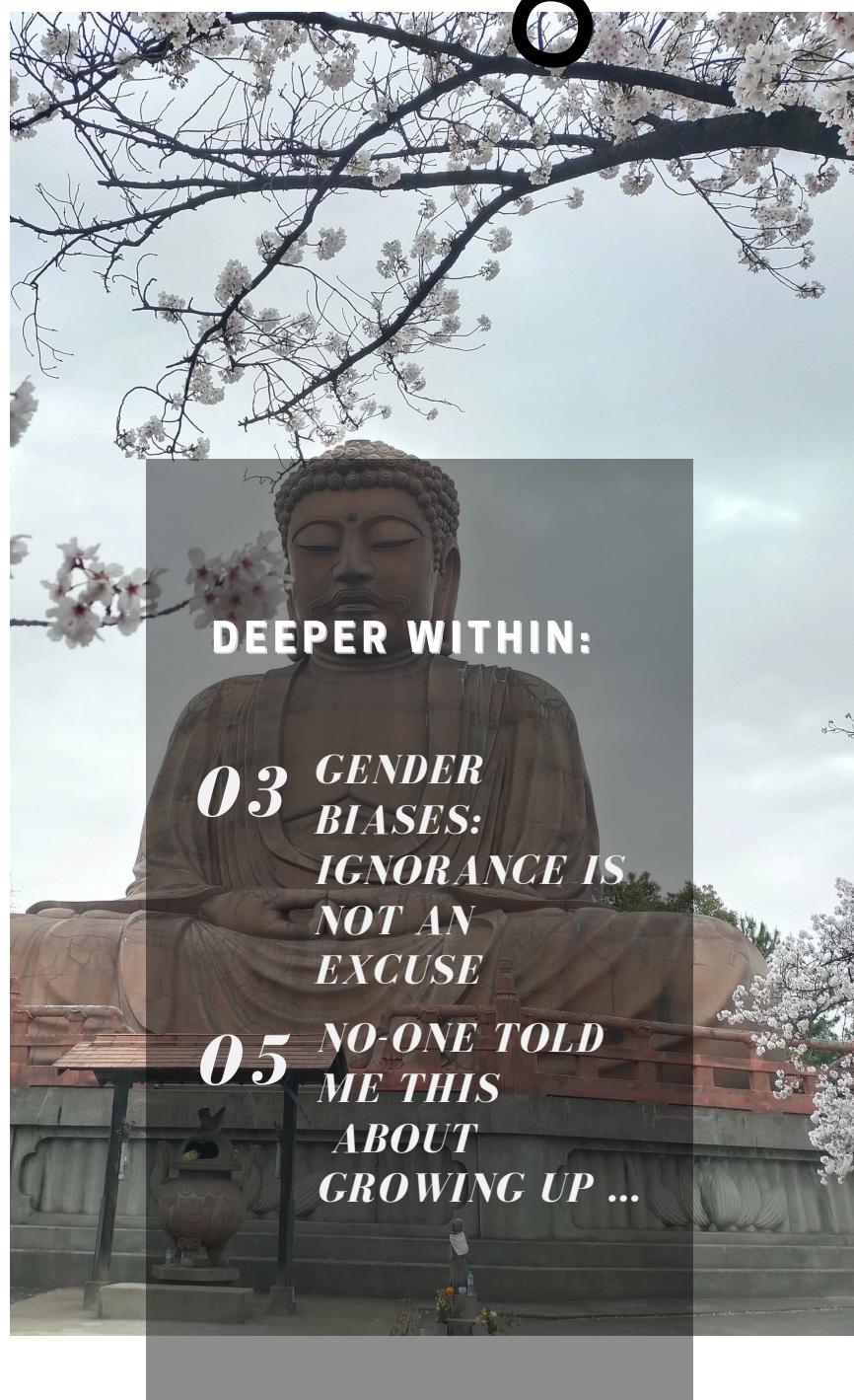
PHOTO DILLON  
WORDS RAJOO MOORLI

Hello lovely people. Spring is here!

We hope you enjoyed the beautiful cherry blossoms across Japan. During the Spring break, our team at NUISG was busy with spring cleaning.

Spring, with its hanami, is special to me in many ways. The warm temperature reminds me of my sun-soaked home in Mauritius. It also reminds me to love and cherish all beautiful - and short-lived - experiences life has to offer. A quote I read from an article in The Economist sums it best. "Hanami parties celebrate the beauty, and fragility, of life."

Our team at NUDGE hopes that you will continue to take the time to appreciate the different beautiful



# VOL. 6 TEAM!

THE FIRST OFFICIAL  
LITERARY PUBLICATION OF  
NUISG

VOL. 6



Dillon  
Loh  
Editor-in-Chief



Enkhjin  
Ulzii  
Design/Managing  
Editor



Banu  
Keikina  
Reporter/Editor-at-  
Large



Rajoo  
Moorli  
Editor-at-Large

experiences you live on campus or at home, even when the semester gets busier. We may find it easier to appreciate such experiences by thinking deeply about how they shaped us into who we are today. To give the lead, we decided to feature two articles in which the authors thought deeply about their personal life experiences. In our first article, we cover the experiences of growing up, re-discovering oneself and navigating a new relationship with your parents as a new adult. Our second article covers the experience of realizing, admitting and rethinking one's bias. We hope you enjoy reading them as much as we enjoyed putting them together.

Thank you very much for your continued support. Wish you a great Spring semester!

# Gender Biases: Ignorance is not an excuse

By Dillon Loh

While I had always known that there was a special day every year dedicated to celebrating the social, economic, cultural, and political achievements of women', it was never something I particularly gave much heed to. Without the flood of Instagram posts taking over my Instagram feed every 8th of March, the globally significant day would just pass by without me even noticing it. It wasn't like I didn't understand that even though the name said 'Women's Day', the significance behind it also involved the other half of the world's population. Rather, it was due to feelings of apathy and ignorance – feelings that were fueled by the belief that I was far removed from being part of the problem - that led me to not have given the date much thought. Quite obviously, however, it wasn't just me that felt this way: according to studies in 2020 by the London School of Economics, 74% of men surveyed indicated that having a sense that gender issues did not concern them stopped them from getting involved in related initiatives, while 51% were reluctant due to 'both real and perceived' ignorance.

It made me start to wonder: how has this way of thinking manifested in and affected the way I looked at the happenings in my daily life?



*Image credit: Ponomariova\_Maria*

About a month back, a famous Twitch streamer, 'JasonR' became wrapped in controversy as people accused him of allegedly 'dodging' games or muting teammates whenever he heard a woman in the team's voice chat. For those who are unfamiliar with the term, 'dodging' refers to the act of intentionally leaving a game for various reasons – in this case, people were accusing him of trying to avoid having to play with women. As one might expect, plenty of discussions started surfacing on the internet, and people were split into two camps: one that found no issues with him choosing who he wants to play with, and those who accused him of being sexist. When I first heard of the controversy, it amused me that something as inconsequential as this became such big news in the gaming community: if the guy didn't want to play with women, why not just let him be? If I

didn't like someone because of my past experiences or knowledge of the person, I'd just as quickly avoid any possibilities of working together with them. To put it bluntly, I found the whole squabble pointless.

It took me a while before I realised that I made a dangerous assumption in my line of reasoning: JasonR didn't know some, if not most, of these women personally. Instead, he has committed to holding a bias against all the women that he teams up with, regardless of their individual identity and without giving them a chance to prove otherwise. To get to the rank where you could queue up with an ex-professional player required an equivalent amount of work, regardless of gender, as that which JasonR had put in (if not more), and my blind acceptance of his actions completely disregarded all of that. This is likely an obvious conclusion to most of you, but my apathy/ignorance towards the greater implications of the initial controversy prevented me from seeing it sooner.

Part of what fuels this apathy towards gender biases is likely the feeling that 'I am already doing the right thing, so I am not part of the problem'. Even if we do treat women with respect in our interactions with them, this does not mean that our thought processes are

entirely free of biases. Just because we treat women respectfully on a consistent basis, we neglect the rare occasions that our discourtesies slip through. Indeed, there were times when I have made ignorant sexist jokes without much thought, thinking that 'it's just a joke, I don't actually feel that way'.

But do I really not feel that way?

Being able to admit to one's biased perceptions is one thing. However, it's a whole other mountain of a task to try and correct it. Even so, I've started to make more of a conscious effort in thinking deeper about the words that I speak and the actions that I take. If we all make an effort to look at the person in the mirror and push ourselves to think deeper of our actions, we'll find that there are plenty of ways that we can still work on being better. Apathy and ignorance are no excuse when our fellow humans' pride, dignity, and safety are at stake.

# NO-ONE TOLD ME THIS ABOUT GROWING UP ...

When I was a kid, I always envisioned that my adulthood would go through the classic college route, eventually leading towards a 9-to-5 stable job that provides a stable income. That part of my journey is almost well and done. Now that I think about it, that might be the simplest (though not the easiest) part of adulthood. There are so many aspects of becoming an adult — and of becoming your own person — that I was never told about and had to somehow manoeuvre around on my own.

The first and biggest hurdle for me was deciphering which of my dreams and goals were actually mine. I've come to realise that my biggest dream of achieving a Ph.D degree and working in a white-coat environment was mostly bestowed upon me by my incredibly Asian parents, who just wanted me to do well via the well-trodden path. The moment I realised it, I was more than halfway into my Masters degree and had only a few months until graduation. With this realisation came an overwhelming sense of loss and confusion. Now that my biggest purpose for all these years was gone, I was in limbo. A limbo of self-doubt, hating my parents for not guiding me better, despair, and loneliness. More than anything, I could not have imagined how lonely it is to go through this limbo. I started to panic, because I felt as

though I was wasting my time trying to finish a degree I do not see myself utilising in the near future. I felt like I should be doing something else that would help me accomplish my own true dreams. But my ideas of what those were were vague at best.

While experiencing this 'existential crisis' (as the world-wide-web crowd calls it), I also went through the darkest and lowest point of my life thanks to some birth-control pills that my body could not get along with. Every day felt like a storm: heavy and rapid. I felt as if I was constantly chasing an opening in hopes of taking a breath, yet I could never catch up. I tried to talk to some people, before bringing it up with the highest-ups, family. For some reason, I would rather have multiple meltdowns and go fight a war before I'd go and cry in front of my parents. When I talked about my struggles, everyone seemed to know exactly what I should or must do and what's best for me in this situation even before any of them have really listened. This kept repeating until one day, when I called up my friend and managed to blurt out bits and pieces of my thoughts through uncontrollable streams of tears and snot, she started crying, too. She said, "I know how hard you've been working not only for school, but also to keep yourself going and

improving. I just wish I could do something to help you feel better". I was so relieved and happy. I realised another thing. I realised that even friendships/relationships of any type have different meanings and values for different people. That day, I knew what I wanted my relationships to be like. I wanted people who truly heard and saw me. The ones who cried with and for me, for the good and through the bad. I wanted people who inspired me, encouraged me to push my boundaries, broke down my prejudices and opened my eyes to the whole wide world. That was the meaning of "relationship" to me. "People can only meet you at the same depth they have met themselves" reads a quote on my Pinterest board. So I'm learning to let go and keep walking towards new people with new compatibilities. Relationships are a two-way street and we can only keep walking until we find roads that meet seamlessly in the middle.

In conjunction with my new-found description of "relationships" came along the unfamiliar and intimidating, yet soft and enticing conundrum that is sexuality. My humble, landlocked upbringing dictated that as long as I bled once a month and lived in constant fear of assault, I must marry a straight man, and birth grandchildren for my parents. After some time away from home and even more time on the internet, I have come to realise that marriage and children are not really a priority for me at the moment.

“  
PEOPLE CAN  
ONLY MEET YOU  
AT THE SAME  
DEPTH THEY  
HAVE MET  
THEMSELVES  
”

My visions of relationships no longer only involve cis het (I used to read this as "sishey" for a bit) men and I am now more comfortable and sure of my boundaries than I have ever been. Life is a journey and this aspect of it, I decided, can also remain as an adventure for the time being. Which reminds me, what would my parents think? How would I break it to my parents if I end up falling head over heels in the non heteronormative way?

I recently discovered that my parents can range from the absolute best to outright "disownable" depending on the topics we talk about. Only recently, I found out for the first time, that my dad doesn't like onions and my mom

doesn't like the horror mysteries that I main. As a teenager — the earliest point in life I remember having my own proper thoughts and values — I was too busy worrying about my own self-image and popularity in school to ask my parents what they enjoyed in their food and free time. And as I started to get to know them properly, little by little, I found that there are many interests we share, but also many things we disagree on. Growing up, all they teach at school is how to respect your parents and how to become a good adult and serve your parents until they die. No one ever said, "Here's how you politely and effectively disagree with your parents". Even as I went through phases of comparing my parents to what I see other people's parents do on social media and hate them for the mental scars they left me with unintentionally, I always returned to "how can I help them understand?". I do understand that the society I grew up in is ruthless; it beats you non-stop with horrible absurdities that either leave you with crippling addictions or eating disorders, while labelling both as "laziness". I do understand that my parents are not bad people. They, too, are dealing with scars left to them by their parents and on. They, too, are trying to fit in. They, too, are experiencing the changes in their bodies for the first time. This is their first time being their age in this society. This is their first time experiencing their children growing up and having values of their own. Of course, it is a privilege to have parents

that I can sit down with and talk to. However, it is a challenge, nonetheless, to learn to see your parents eye-to-eye as adults. All I can do is to give it my best shot and see how it goes, like everything else in life.

Transitioning from being someone's son or daughter into your own person can be an incredibly overwhelming — at times devastating — process. Yet, the ride is still on. No one really knows where or when it ends, we just keep going and adapting to where it leads. As hard as it gets sometimes, I still would not wish for anything I experienced to be any different. I have learned to trust myself to go where I need to go. I have learned to forgive myself when I'm cruel. I have built a shelter within myself for when the world gets chaotic.

I hope that you can find some comfort in my adventures and you remember you are not alone every time your eyes roam these pages. As long as we keep going, things will figure themselves out. Here's to comings, becomings, and goings.

from Bento,  
with love.

**Thank you for your kind support**

**See you in the next issue!**

Have something to share with everyone?  
Send in your article to [nudge.nuisg@gmail.com](mailto:nudge.nuisg@gmail.com)!

Contact NUISG at:



@g30xnuisg



nuisg11@gmail.com



@nagoyauintlstudentgroup

**THE FIRST OFFICIAL  
LITERARY PUBLICATION OF NUISG  
VOL. 6**



@g30xnuisg



nuisg11@gmail.com



@nagoyauintlstudentgroup

Have something you want to share?

Send them to:

nudge.nuisg@gmail.com